

Lee Rollins Jan 8th / 64.

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My dear husband,

I wonder where you are whilst I am writing this; off on your travels somewhere. I hope you are having a pleasant holiday, though you have not had the miserable voyage before it which made Cullabead life so wretched. Dr Hargreaves has been this morning. He says Mamma is much better since he was here a fortnight ago, and though he must always be prepared for a change, still his life may run on even for months. He is quite easy and comfortable, and now that I sleep in his room and get up regularly twice during the night to prepare his punch, I rest better than I did in my own room, where every unexpected noise kept me awake for hours. He seems now to have got quite accustomed to the cultured state of things. I do not receive callers, and I do not go out of the garden unless Mr. comes to take my place, but otherwise all is as usual. Filian is most deep and thoughtful. I don't know what I should do without her. I always breakfast in bed now, and she brings the tray up for me both and

then takes charge of the dining room break
fast, and she is so bright and cheerful,
she evidently enjoys all that she does.
Mabel is equally willing, but her abilities
do not go so far, and she has not the self
denial which I like to see. Mabel
forgot her letter to you last week until the
last minute, so I do not suppose she told
you about the poor children's party. We
had it in the den, which had been decorated
for the occasion. There were eleven poor
children, ours and two people and
two Bears waited upon them during
tea, and then Mr. C. read them the story
of Cinderella, and then the children
who were dressed in character to wait
upon their guests, acted it to them.
I only just went up into the room to
receive them. Mr. C. saw the whole affair
safely through. Afterwards the people
and Bears came in for tea and a
round game. They are going to act
the trial scene in the court of Venice
at Mrs. Bears on Monday, and at
Mrs. Josephs on Thursday, I doing
the dressing both times, but of course
I undertake nothing else. I wish
you could see what a good collection

I have made for Portia. The Indian em-
broideries come in splendidly for the
Venetian gentlemen. I enjoy doing
the dressing. Seen at Mrs. Bears, after
the act, there is to be a Gay Symphony, in
which I like to take the piano part, and
Mabel the nightingale. Tonight is Miss
Douglas's children's party, from seven
to eleven. I have got very pretty dresses
for the children, rose coloured skirts, and
pale grey polonaises. They have cost
making and everything, 10/6 each
dres! Agnes, our cook has made them
after I set out and planned them.
She has a good machine and she has
all in evening, free to do what she likes,
so she is glad to earn a little extra.
You see though I keep quiet enough, the
children get a good deal of amusement.
I will write to her letter and send her
the extract about Major Crickton.
Mabel was very pleased with her letter.
I read it aloud to them all. Noel is now
looking forward to his. I think if the
new master at the College here, is a Quaker,
Noel might go to him, but he had better
still wait on for the Marlborough school
ship, as we can arrange for his father's

after that. I did send a card for Mrs Carter
a very pretty scene landscape, but it
was in the separate packet, which perhaps
you did not receive with the letter. I am
glad the Bishop has written to him.

You need not fear my giving a hearty
welcome both to him and his wife,
if ever they come to the Hollies. There
are few men I should be so glad to
see. And I have not quite given up
the idea of sometime seeing him at
Dorchester!! It lies strong upon my
mind that I shall one day see India
again, when my time of watching and
waiting here is ended. What a comfort
the children are, so good and loving
and bright. And the servants too, are
so ready to do all they can. Mr C is always
ready to come in and help, and so we
go on smoothly enough, even under
the anxiety which is upon us now.
Things seem to fall wonderfully into their
places, and when one feels to be so clearly
in the path of duty, that helps. Mamma
sends her love to you. She cannot read
or work, but she says the time never
seems long. Her mind is full of thoughts.
Yours ever lovingly E. J.