



The Raven at her Writing-Desk

Letters 1849 - 1889

of

Amelia Louisa Vaux Gretton

(née Le Mesurier, a.k.a. the Raven)

Selected and with an Introduction by her sister Adelaide Granet

Given by Adelaide to Amelia's son

George Le Mesurier Gretton

Sori, Liguria, 1898

This digital version of the 1890s typescript was edited by five of the Raven's descendants in 2015-16. In the mid-1980s a great-great-granddaughter Priscilla Chenevix Trench (granddaughter of George Foster Gretton) made a photocopy of the original typescript (no longer to be found). She and three other great-great-grandchildren, siblings Edward Gretton, Hester Hawkes and Thomas Gretton (grandchildren of John Cunliffe Gretton), together with Emily Gretton, a great-great-great-granddaughter of the latter lineage, worked together to produce this edition.

The introduction to this edition by Emily Gretton.

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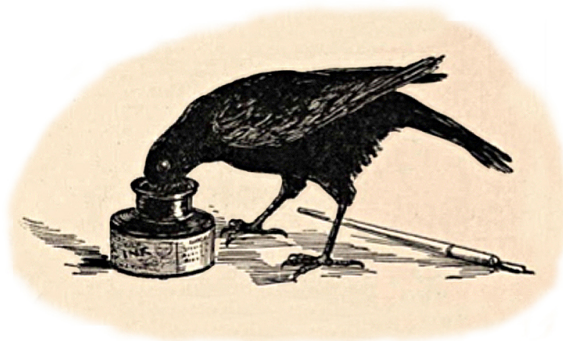
And this is our great great grandmother!
Her courage, her adventurousness, her spiritual grace, her wit, her writing so lucid and so elegant.

Formidably well read and well informed. Interested in everyone and every event. Above all her great humanity and compassion for the sick and the dying. It is an honour to read these letters.

This is a story of love, terrible loss, family and faith. It is also a historical document. It spans the second half of the 19th century. It spans the oceans, by sail and by steam. In Australia she casts a withering eye on early colonial society. In Italy she chronicles the life of an anglo-italian banking family against the background of the Risorgimento. And cholera. In Britain she engages with provincial society, the American civil war, the future career of Kaiser Bill, imperial expansion, education for the gentry and for the poor, sponsored emigration, church schisms, literary lions - and lionesses -, socialist agitation, Irish terrorism, London fogs.

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This drawing may be by Sir John Tenniel (1820 – 1914)

Introduction to this edition

A Victorian Life Through the Letterbox *Amelia Louisa Vaux Gretton (née Le Mesurier)*

The forty years' worth of letters contained in these volumes, written by a nineteenth-century Englishwoman, open with her marriage and the emigration of the happy young couple to Australia. From there her life is a journey of both loss and joy. Her letters range across varied subjects: politics, literature, travel, education, and much more. She wrote with a vigour, engagement and interest that is readable and remarkable.

As with many Victorian women, Amelia Gretton (née Le Mesurier) dedicated much of her life to family. Judging by the letters to her sister, she was affectionate, involved, and dedicated to her family, both immediate and remote. If any of her letters to friends and acquaintances had survived, it is likely the same interest and engagement in the lives of others would have been evident. Despite having had an erratic education, she developed a keen interest in politics and the arts, and alongside her Anglican devotion, a strong interest in theology. She knew many languages, including Italian, French, Latin and German, and was well-read in them. At different stages of her life she successfully published both fiction and non-fiction (for a bibliography, refer to the end of this foreword). As well as being raised in Italy instead of England, she had opportunities to travel which, even in a century when technological and social shifts meant travel was becoming easier and more common, were unusual. Thus, while the letters provide considerable genealogical interest to her descendants, they also possess historical and cultural value. Her relationships, her attitudes and opinions, her journeys and encounters, and the general trajectory of her life, all provide an absorbing and informative window into her strata of the Victorian world.

However, it is truly but a window. Almost all the letters are from Amelia to her sister Adelaide Granet (née Le Mesurier), and many of them are only excerpts. After Amelia's death, Adelaide made selections from half a lifetime of correspondence, and had these typed and bound to bestow on Amelia's descendants. Adelaide's own introduction follows this foreword. Her handwritten footnotes enrich the volumes with explanation and commentary. She redacted also: occasionally ellipses mark an omitted name in the original, but there are also places where Adelaide obscured some names or words in black pen. Not unnaturally, she seems to have actively chosen how to present and interpret her sister's life. Her target audience must be remembered. While some pieces of information slip past regarding George Mussell Gretton that are curiously unflattering for a son and grandchildren to read (while fascinating for a descendant further-removed), in general it may be wise to assume that Adelaide sought to present her sister in the best of possible lights. Perhaps she

was looking back to a dying generation with nostalgia – her sister was dead, and she herself was widowed, nursing a dying daughter.

Adelaide did not provide any background on the Le Mesuriers or Grettons, since her intended readers, like Amelia's son George, would already have known about the families. Therefore, to preface these letters, it is necessary to establish some context for the people and families mentioned. Information is drawn from the letters ahead, and from the memoirs of Amelia's son, held by the family. For reference, a full index of persons may be found at the end of the letters.

Amelia was born in Italy in 1823, the eldest child of an English mother and Channel Islander father. They were a family of more pride than substance, balanced between class and assets. Financial difficulties would define Amelia's life. Her mother, Amelia Augusta Wright (1796-1845), was the youngest of several children born to Stephen and Louisa Wright (née Dixon) of London. The will of Stephen Wright, who died the year after her birth, left some property and money, but these only benefited directly his widow and his eldest son Stephen Amand Wright (who features in the letters to follow as the younger Amelia's "Uncle Stephen"). When Louisa Wright died in 1809, Amelia Augusta was only thirteen: with whom she subsequently lived, and whether she inherited anything from her mother, is unknown. But in July 1822 she was in Genoa to marry Edward Le Mesurier (c.1792-1855). Possibly they had met in England and become engaged there. He had served in the Navy as a lieutenant during the Napoleonic Wars, but by 1817 was on half-pay and living in Genoa. The Le Mesuriers were a distinguished and ancient Channel Islander family, hereditary governors of Alderney. Edward's main contribution to history was the gift of a Newfoundland dog to Lord Byron, while the poet was travelling to Missolonghi. Despite good connections, Edward's financial situation seems to have been continuously precarious. He moved his family to Ancona in around 1837, and shortly afterwards suffered severe losses in a defrauding scandal. Later, in 1855, Amelia's letters imply that his death was related to stress that could have been financial in nature. She was then a widowed mother in her late twenties, with one sister newly married, another in ill-health, and a schoolboy brother: perhaps for a time she assumed the role of head of family.

Several siblings had followed the younger Amelia into the world, though only three survived infancy: these were Augusta Rose (1827-1860), better known in the letters as the elder "Gussy"; the compiler of these letters Adelaide Julia (1832-1913); and Edward Algernon (1839-1903), known by many nicknames. Gussy, described as "lame" and in lifelong ill-health, appears to have been Amelia's closest confidant, but no letters between them are known to survive. Adelaide may have taken on that role after Gussy's early death. The age gap between Amelia and Algernon is sufficiently large, that her role may have been as much maternal as sisterly, especially since their mother died when Algernon was just six years old. Glancing references in the letters suggests this had a great impact on the family. Amelia, perhaps still a teenager to begin with, was her mother's sole nurse through a final sickness of many

years. Her two romantic novels written in the mid-1840s both show a fascination with religion, particularly Anglicanism versus Catholicism. During the second half of the 1840s, Amelia herself became involved in a dramatic romantic story. She fell in love with her first cousin George Mussell Gretton (1824-1850) and became engaged: the union was forbidden by her father. George was impecunious, his profession was precarious, and he had a reputation for wild behaviour.

He was the son of William Walter Gretton (1786-1848), a barrister, and his first wife Mary Ann Wright (1787-1834; sister of Amelia Augusta), who had married in 1816. George was the youngest of their three children. His eldest brother John had died young (1819-1830), and the letters suggest an uneasy relationship with the next brother William (1822-1852). After Mary Ann's death, William Gretton married Sarah Norton, a maid employed by his sister. She and William had one daughter, Augusta, who died unmarried in 1881. William's finances were in poor straits, although Sarah did much to regulate this, for which she is remembered with approbation in George Le Mesurier Gretton's 1920s memoirs. In the 1830s he took the family to live in Europe. Thus, like Amelia, English George was raised largely abroad. When he wanted to be a soldier, a commission in the British Army was too costly, and so for a time he became a second lieutenant in the 4th Hungarian Hussars.

Amelia claims to have reformed George and brought him to become devoutly Christian, but her father's change of heart towards the match seems to have been based on George's small inheritance from his father (£75 per annum). William Gretton's will was proved in May 1849 and the pair were married that November. Within weeks of the marriage they sailed for Adelaide, South Australia, where some mutual Wright cousins had recently established themselves. In Australia their limited funds would go further, allowing them to buy land and live more prosperously than would be possible in Europe.

Tragically, George died just days after landing, of typhoid contracted aboard ship. Amelia's few surviving letters from this period are heart-rending, and show the trial of faith that she endured. She never wed again, although had there ever been mention of another romantic affair it would presumably have been excised from these letters by her sister.

Six months after her husband's death, their child George Le Mesurier Gretton was born in Adelaide, and the next year Amelia took him back to Europe and the fold of her family in Italy. She had very little money of her own, and took up the pen again as both author and correspondent. She and her son frequently travelled and relocated in the years ahead, but wherever she was, she would always have a desk or find one: the letters in which she describes her life and world come from many countries, from many ships, from many addresses. It is with her son a toddler that the main bulk of the letters begins, and - with footnotes from her sister and from her great-great-grandchildren - some part of her life may now be read in her own words.

Emily Gretton, 2016

A note on the digitisation and editorial process

In the 1980s the original typescript of this collection of letters was lent by Vice-Admiral Sir Peter Gretton to his niece Priscilla Chenevix Trench, and she photocopied it for posterity. In 2015, these photocopies were digitised via OCR software with the aim of preserving and disseminating their content. Another descendant, Emily Gretton, organised this. Emily also handled the formatting and clean-up of the OCR file, transcribed Adelaide's handwritten footnotes, and wrote this foreword. The proofreading, footnoting and illustration was done, and all editorial decisions made, by Edward Gretton, Thomas Gretton, and Priscilla Trench in consultation with Emily. Hester Hawkes (née Gretton), compiled the indexes.

Except where otherwise stated, all footnotes are original to the letters and were written and initialled by Amelia's sister Adelaide Granet thus: A.J.G.. Although she did not invariably initial them, or always underline her initials, underlined initials were added in this version to all her notes to distinguish them from the editors' footnotes, which have been marked as (ed. 2016). We have noted the original pagination of the typescript in parentheses at all of its page-breaks. In two places (original pages 40-44 and 58-59) hand-written 1897 annotations indicate that the numbering and binding order was wrong in relation to the dates of writing of the letters: we have changed the order of the relevant letters, and noted our changes.

While the content of the letters has not been altered, some changes have been made for the sake of efficiency. Either Amelia herself or the typist rarely added the correct accents to French words. These have all been corrected for this edition. Inverted commas now surround all ships' names and publication titles, for clarity of reading. We have kept Amelia's archaic and in some cases erroneous spelling style, but have otherwise made spelling consistent. We have also standardized the various ways in which ellipses, and cuts that Adelaide made, are indicated in the typescript. A large numbers of redundant dashes, for example alongside punctuation marks, have been edited out. Neither Amelia nor her 1890s transcribers seem to have been fond of paragraph breaks. Paragraph breaks in the typescript are indicated with a 12.7mm tab; paragraph breaks inserted by the 2015-16 editors, for ease of reading, with a smaller (3-space) indentation.

Bibliography of Amelia's Works

It should be noted that this list is almost certainly incomplete, since Amelia published many items anonymously. The attribution of *Recantation* and *Constance* is only known through a brief reference in Adelaide's introduction. The attribution of her publications in all the journals bar *Household Words* are known through hints in the letters and elsewhere and research by Thomas Gretton.

Nonfiction

"A Peep into an Italian Interior": an account in six parts. (1853) *Chambers's Journal*: 485 (p.241ff); 498 (p.41ff); 508, (p.200ff); 514, (p.300ff); 516 (p.331ff); 521 (p.409ff).

Volumes of *Chambers's Journal* are available online through Google Books, the Hathi Trust, and other resources.

"Three Days in an Italian Home": an account in two parts. (1855) *Chambers's Journal* 57, (p.65ff); 58, (p.84ff).

"At Home in Italy" *Chambers's Journal* (1856) 131 (p.1ff).

"Garibaldi": an essay in 3 parts. (1856) *Chambers's Journal* 144 (p.215ff), 145 (p.233ff), 146 (p.246ff).

"The Italian Caffè and Conversazione" (1856) *Chambers's Journal* 151 (p.321ff).

"Ranalli's Italian History" (1857) *British and Foreign Evangelical Review* 19 (p.1-47), 21 (p.493-520), 22 (p.733-762).

"Religion, Love and Marriage in Italy" *Chambers's Journal* (1857) 166 (p.145ff).

"Religious Observances in Italy" *Chambers's Journal* (1857) 187 (p.76ff).

"From Ancona to Loretto" *Chambers's Journal* (1857) 205 (p.355ff).

"The Santa Casa of Loretto" *Chambers's Journal* (1858) 222 (p.211ff).

"The Carmelites of Jesi" *Chambers's Journal* (1858) 223 (p.228ff).

"Life in Turin" *The English Woman's Journal* (1859) 20 (p.119-123) and 21 (p.188-197).

The Vicissitudes of Italy Since the Congress of Vienna (1859) London: Routledge, Warnes and Routledge.

Available online: <https://books.google.co.uk/books?id=mJkBAAAAQAAJ>

The Englishwoman in Italy: Impressions of a Life in the Roman States and Sardinia During a Ten Years' Residence (1860) London: Hurst and Blackett.

Available online: <https://books.google.co.uk/books?id=KDUBAAAAQAAJ>

"Sicily As It Was And Is" *Westminster Review* January 1860, (p.121ff).

"Sicily and its Rulers" *Chambers's Journal* July 1860, 340, (p.7ff).

Fiction

Recantation (1845) London: Francis & John Rivington. Concerning the religious debates over converting to Catholicism, and a doomed romance.

Available online: <https://books.google.co.uk/books?id=RQEAAAAQAAJ>

Constance (1848) London: Francis & John Rivington. Concerning the religious debates over converting to Catholicism, and a successful romance.

Available online (2016): <https://books.google.co.uk/books?id=615iAAAACAAJ>

"The Blind Man's Wreath" (1854) *Household Words* IX. Story of dying mother and blind son.

Available online (2016):

http://www.djo.org.uk/media/downloads/articles/1767_The%20Blind%20Man's%20Wreath.pdf

George Lemaurier Gretton
from his aff. Aunt
Sori Ligere. *May 1898* A. J. G.

— L E T T E R S —

of

A. L. V. G R E T T O N.

1849 - 1894.

Selected by A. I. G.

Photograph of the front page of the 1980s photocopy of the 1897-98 typescript, with Augusta Julia Granet's inscription.

LETTERS OF A. L. V. GRETTON 1849 – 1894

Selected by A. J. G.

INTRODUCTORY.

Out of my dear sister A. L. V. Gretton's letters to me, from 1849 to 1894 - some fifteen hundred in number - I undertook to collect such as would best tell her grandchildren the story of her life. Those from Adelaide, South Australia in 1850, are nearly all to our father and to an aunt. The most touching of them must have been written to our sister Gussy - then twenty three - who was much nearer to her in age than myself - then only seventeen - and who was her most intimate friend and companion. But I have not found one of them.

I have been asked to write something of my eldest sister's childhood and early youth, and to fill in the gaps between the letters. I was afraid of saying too much; the letters, of which oh! how reluctantly, I have destroyed so many, seemed to say enough, and I refused. But now seeing how eagerly all into whose way this collection has fallen - even those who never knew her - find delight in reading it and in hearing all I can tell of the writer, I comply for the sake of those who hereafter will have no one to answer their questions.

She was born at Genoa of English parents¹ in 1823, and early shewed such intelligence and power of memory, that one is disposed to regret - as she herself never ceased doing - that she had no regular education. She read fluently at four years of age, and reading was her passion through life. Our parents taught her a great deal by conversation, for she was their constant companion, and she learnt French and Italian colloquially from servants.

At nine years old she was sent to a day school at Genoa kept by ladies in decayed circumstances. Here her first trial awaited her. She has often told me of it; she was asked "what is an article?"² (p. II) and the discovery of her total ignorance produced a burst of tears! She has also told me how her inaptitude for fancy work was a constant source of disgrace in the eyes of her teachers and schoolfellows!

At this time I was born; she was allowed to be my godmother, and thus began the tender care and supervision which never failed me for sixty-one years. When she was eleven or so, she left attending the day school and was given better teachers for both French and Italian, and her talent for drawing began to be cultivated. But two

¹ Edward Le Mesurier (c.1792-1855) and Amelia Augusta Wright (c.1796-1845) (ed. 2016).

² An article is a particular sort of word (alongside nouns, verbs, pronouns etc.) In English the articles are 'the', 'a/an' and sometimes 'some'. (ed. 2016).

journeys, and a flitting³ of the family to Ancona on the Adriatic, soon interrupted these lessons. She had no other teaching; no history, no arithmetic, no divinity, no preparation for confirmation, though she read every theological work she came across, and took part in any religious discussion at which she might be present. Her knowledge of history both ancient and modern, which was remarkable, was entirely self-acquired. Between thirteen and fifteen she was almost always ill - a strange series of fevers laying hold of, but not eventually injuring, her splendid physique. At fifteen when our brother was born I have recollections of her as quite grown up and extremely handsome. She was already quite an adviser and confidante, as well as friend, to our parents, their prop and stay through years of anxiety and misfortune. A winter spent in Rome in 1840 and two years in Florence added greatly to her cultivation, and during this time she learnt to paint well in oils, and went out into society a great deal. She also began giving me some elementary teaching. She never was confirmed but received her First Communion at Florence at the age of seventeen. Before she was nineteen our mother fell ill, and with brief intervals remained so till her death when Amy was twenty-one. The illness, an internal one, was of such a character that, from what I have since heard, in the present day one trained (p. III) nurse always, and at the last, two, would be considered indispensable. But this young girl, occasionally helped by some servant - mostly alone - without knowledge or experience, entirely nursed her mother for nearly three years; at the last our father was there, and friends came and helped her. During the great part of those years, Amy was alone with our mother and the little Algie; they went from place to place in Italy trying to find relief for the sufferer, while our poor father with my other sister (Gussy) and myself, had to remain in Ancona where he had business. The angelic mother's patience and intelligence no doubt made the task of nursing her easy, but as I think of all this young girl had to do, of the sufferings she witnessed, the incessant hard work and loss of sleep she endured, - sometimes for a whole week never taking off her clothes - the torturing anxiety and responsibility, the lack of means to give the beloved invalid all the comforts she needed, the care of our little brother - the trouble of our dear father's embarrassed affairs laid upon her besides - I pause and marvel at all she accomplished. Truly never was the "grâce

³ "flitting": in the 19th C. a strong implication of changing one's residence to escape from debts. In around 1837, then based in Genoa (in the Kingdom of Sardinia-Piedmont), Edward Le Mesurier decided to set up as a banker in Ancona, in the Papal States; we do not know whether he had to borrow money in Genoa in order to do that, but in the light of what happened later, it seems likely. In 1840 he was defrauded of £1500, in Rome, as part of an ambitious and organized multi-country scam involving forged letters of credit on English Banks. The scam is described in detail in "The Great Continental Swindling Company" published in the "Museum of Foreign Literature, Science and Art", volume 43, September - December 1841 (p. 346 -355). A. J. G.'s 1897 note suggests that she is conflating the 1830s move and a 1840 fraud-induced insolvency (ed. 2016).

d'état"⁴ she confided in to the end of her life, more specially conferred. In the intervals of nursing my mother, Amy who had been "a scribbler" since she was eleven years old, wrote a book which was published some months after my mother's death, and had some literary success. It was called "Recantation"⁵ and went through two editions. "Constance" another story dealing like its predecessor, with the life lived by English people in Italy was published a year afterwards.

In the spring of 1845, having lost the mother she adored, her best friend and dearest companion, heart stricken but full of courage, she took up her position in the home at Ancona, as governess to me, mother-sister to my brother, friend and helper to Gussy who though (p. IV) an invalid, assumed the housekeeping, and tenderest most dutiful daughter to her father, who found in her affection the best alleviation of his sorrow in losing a beloved wife. Our life at Ancona was of the most retired, and except the family of the Russian Consul no young people ever crossed our threshold.

On Christmas Eve 1845 there suddenly, most unexpectedly, appeared a cousin, young, radiantly handsome, George Gretton by name, twenty one years old. My father was away on business; only an aunt who was staying with us, and Amy, had ever seen him before. It was when they both were children in England, twelve or more years before but neither had forgotten the other; in him the vision of a pretty little girl in apricot silk, had not been obscured during years of adventure as a wild schoolboy and as a still wilder Lieutenant of Hungarian Hussars. Finding himself in perplexity a week previous, as to where to go - having found the Danube he was to travel by, frozen - he had taken a sudden resolve to come to see "if the little cousin remembered him!" On her side he was not only welcomed as a charming play-fellow: her letters⁶ tell us that for several years previous, having heard of the troubles his high spirits and beauty and the lack of a mother's influence had brought upon him, no night had passed - even through the whole period of her devotion to her own sick mother - without her praying for her cousin George, praying that he might be led to know and love God.

Naturally they fell in love and were engaged before many weeks had passed, and then began a second and far worse trial for her - the struggle between two duties and two loves.

⁴ A Catholic concept concerning the 'grace' that comes to you when you do your appointed role in a way acceptable to God (ed. 2016).

⁵ See the Introduction to this edition for details (ed. 2016).

⁶ e.g. 9 November 1884 (ed. 2016).

Our father disapproved and at first forbade - then very reluctantly and sadly allowed - the engagement. She had loved her father as few daughters ever do - and to him she was the very apple of his (p. V) eye - his pride, his stay, his joy. Never faltering in her love to George nor in the conviction that he was sent to her in direct answer to her prayers, her love for her father was as great as ever, her distress at acting against his wishes most pathetic.

The two men never understood each other, and during the four years that the engagement lasted, it was grievous to think what she suffered. I slept with her, and cannot remember a night when I was not awakened by her sobs. What wonder that the strong young frame nearly gave way, that her health became seriously affected? At last Mr Gretton's death (leaving George a slender portion of his father's large property) and my father's anxiety for Amy's health, made him agree to their marriage, and to the only means of subsistence open to them - emigration to Australia! This was to him and to me the culminating agony of it all. My sister Gussy, in her perfect unselfishness, bore up well, though, lame and delicate as she was, the separation must have been even harder to bear than to us. She accompanied our father and Amy to Leghorn⁷ where the marriage took place. I remained with friends at Ancona refusing to be comforted. The first letter is to me, written just after the wedding.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.1)

1849

Leghorn,
19th Nov.
Monday - 1849.

My dearest Addy,

I have only time for two or three lines to tell you that all is over, and that the old man⁸ and I are married.

On Saturday at half past 7 in the morning we arrived at Pisa and found Mr Irving waiting at the Station for us. All yesterday the preparations were made; this morning at half past 9 we went down by the train to Leghorn, Papa, Gussy, all the

⁷ The English name for the Italian port Livorno (ed. 2016).

⁸ "Old man" was George Gretton's pet name. A. J. G.

Irvings and Maria. Ditz⁹ was waiting at the Station with two carriages, and first we drove to the Consulate where George had to take an oath that no impediments existed; afterwards we proceeded to the Church: the old man was very pale, Mr Sleeman¹⁰ very smiling. We were all seated in a semicircle in front of the altar, till Mr S. ascended the steps and stood in front of the Communion Table: then we two were placed before him, accompanied by Papa, Gussy and Mr Irving, who was bridegroom's man; the rest remained at a little distance. Then the service began; it all seemed like a dream; I was extremely composed. Ditz very nervous at first, but after he had taken hold of my hand and put on the ring he brightened up, and he repeated his responses very prettily. Afterwards he and I came back to the San Marco Hotel alone, the rest following; we had a breakfast, Mr. MacBean¹¹ the Consul being present.

Now we are all going off to Pisa (p.2) where we part at the Station, our vetturino being there waiting for us to take us on this evening to Lucca.

Dear Papa bears up very well; Gussy is in high spirits. Dear Mrs Irving is the kindest of the kind. The only drawback is that I am as hoarse as a crow, having a bad cold.

We are the first people Mr S. has married, at which he is much pleased. I wrote you from Rimini. Give my best love to Aunt, Eugenia, & the Kielchens;¹² thank Mrs K. for her very kind letter to me.

God bless and watch over you, dearest child; believe in the unchanging love of your most aff.te¹³ sister

A.L.V.Gretton.

Papa and Gussy leave on Thursday morning.

(The first letter received from my sister after her marriage. I was at Ancona (on the Adriatic) our home then; my father and my sister Gussy had gone with her to Leghorn. Gussy was 23; I was 17; Amy was 25. A. J. G.)

⁹ Another pet name for George. A. J. G.

¹⁰ Reverend Thomas Sleeman, Chaplain in Livorno (ed. 2016).

¹¹ Alexander MacBean, British Consul in Livorno 1843-1883 (ed. 2016).

¹² Mr Kielchen was the Consul General for the Czar of Russia in the Papal States: he seems to have resided at Ancona (ed. 2016).

¹³ A.L.V.G. very often abbreviates "affectionate" thus or nearly thus (ed. 2016).

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.3)

1849

26th Dec. 1849
Plymouth.

My dearest Addy,

My sweet child, the tone of your letter made me sad but you must not think so gloomily. If ever Papa should marry and you not be happy, you must remember that you always can come to us with Gussy. Ditz has said this to me repeatedly, and believe no time or distance will ever make me think less of you, or love you less, as you used to fancy. Don't think because you may be unhappy now, that you will always be so; never be persuaded into marrying any one you do not love with all your heart; you are young enough to wait for several years. Remember this; on the other hand always be frank and open.

Be active dearest and learn all you can; do not be sad; always remember what I told you about prayer. Ditz and I say our prayers together night and morning which is a great comfort. Do everything to be a comfort to dear Papa.

Take great care of Gussy; tell her not to make too light of her ailments.

Once more God bless you.

Ever your aff.te sister

Amy.

(Her last letter to me before sailing for Australia. A. J. G.)

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.4)

1850

"Trafalgar"¹⁴

¹⁴ The barque "Trafalgar", 717 tons, Captain George Richardson, sailed from Gravesend December 16th 1849 and Plymouth 26th December 1849, and arrived at Port Adelaide, South Australia 30th March 1850, with eight Cabin passengers and 290 Government Emigrants, of whom at least 70 were Irish, and 117 from southern England (as far north as Berkshire, excluding Middlesex). There was one family of seven (the Galliennes) from

near the Equator
about 3 degrees N. lat.
Thurs. Jan'y 17th

My dearest Aunt Louisa,

In the hope that we may yet fall in with a vessel that will convey our letters to England, I begin one to you. I have written a long one to Papa, to go by the same opportunity. When you have read this, will you send it to Aunt Elisa and Lizzy, who will thus have an account of our adventures.

After we sailed from Plymouth which was about 8 on Wednesday evening, the sea very speedily became rough, and every one of the passengers were sick to a considerable degree. For three days none were able to leave their cabins except Ditz who would not give way, but had courage enough to sit down to breakfast and dinner, though he was sometimes very sick in the interval. If he had not been so well, I should have had no one to take care of me, as the emigrants were just as sick as their betters, and the Steward had no time to attend much to any one, but Ditz looked after everything, and took care of me most excellently. By Sunday I was able to get up on deck and since then have been quite well.

We have hitherto had a very rapid passage, with a favourable wind, sometimes going at the rate of 230 miles in twenty four hours, but now that we are getting near the Line we are almost becalmed. It is very warm indeed, like July in Italy; but as soon as we are a few days sail south of the Equator it will become cool again. We are both of us perfectly well, and now that we are getting used to a sea life, the time passes quickly enough.

.....

Jan'y 31st

In despair about a ship - I had not gone on with my letter, now (p.5) there is one.¹⁵ We have had most prosperous weather - all quite well and happy. Ditz very dear and good, and kindness itself to me. Hitherto we have got on very fast.

God bless you dearest Aunt,
Ever your most aff.te niece
Amy.

Guernsey, home of the Le Mesuriers. Built in Sunderland in 1845, the "Trafalgar" had made similar runs in 1847 and 1849, and would make another in 1854 (ed. 2016).

¹⁵ It was common for ships, meeting in the ocean, to exchange letters for sending back toward a home port (ed. 2016).

latitude 27.
Longitude 20.

Weather beautiful, much cooler than a few days since. We have a girl recommended by the matron to wait on us.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.6) 1850
(*On arriving at Adelaide South Australia. To our father. A. J. G.*)

Wellington Terrace.
North Adelaide
S. Australia
Wednesday April 3rd 1850

My dearest old Ned.¹⁶

"Eccoci alfine in Babilonia!"¹⁷ We cast anchor at 6 P.M on Saturday 30th March, having made passage in ninety-three days, which would have been considered a very short one some time since, but they say a new method of sailing has been discovered by which much time is saved. The "Constance" adopted it, and arrived here in 77 days! We anchored ten miles from the port, waiting for the visit of the officers of health, but the gentlemen passengers went on shore in the mail boat which immediately came alongside for letters, to see what could be got in the way of accomodation in Adelaide. My old man and Mr Platts went up together to the town, and he soon found out the Wrights; he met an old gentleman as he was wandering about a wide expanse of country looking for Wellington Terrace, who took him to the house. The Terrace is nothing but a common, marked out and named in plans of the town, on one side of which stand a row of very small houses, each consisting of two ground-floor rooms with a kitchen at the back; the Wrights occupy two of these, joining each other. They welcomed George most heartily and would not hear of his looking for lodgings, in fact there was not one to be had in the whole town for love or money, for so many ships have lately come in, (fourteen or fifteen within a few days), that every room usually let was occupied. So without their kindness I know not what

¹⁶ Our father's name was Edward. He delighted in his daughters calling him "Ned". A. J. G.

¹⁷ This phrase is taken from the libretto of Rossini's Semiramide, which reads 'Eccomi alfine in Babilonia' (Here I am at last in Babylon). It has been modified into the plural form 'Eccoci' (Here we are), possibly to reflect the writer's pride in her newly married state. (ed. 2016)

we should have done. Edmund gave up his room to us, and is gone to share one of his brothers' in the next house.

On Sunday afternoon George (p.7) came back to the ship with Edward and Arthur who insisted on sharing the expence of the boat, which was higher than he expected, as contrary to usual custom instead of the ship having gone higher up the creek with the morning tide, she still remained at this inconvenient distance. They brought me a quantity of most beautiful grapes equal to the finest in Italy; you may think how I enjoyed them; I eat, as Algie would say, nearly to bursting. Edward Wright is just as grave “posé” looking as I expected: a very nice good fellow, but not to be compared to Arthur who is a perfect gem. He is just one and twenty, very good-looking, tho' not quite tall enough; perfectly gentleman-like and pleasing, and so full of kindness and attention that he has quite won our hearts. Before he and Edward, or Ned as they all call him, left us, we agreed not to disembark till Tuesday, as on Easter Monday, being a sort of holiday, the prices of conveyances would be higher than usual, besides we hoped the ship would go nearer up to land which would lessen the expence for the boat. Now I really think this was very prudent and praiseworthy in the poor creatures longing to be on shore.

So on Tuesday morning Arthur, having begged a half-holiday from his employer, Mr Morphett¹⁸ (Mr Cassels' friend) came for us with a boat; we had advanced a little further up, but were still six miles off, but the ship draws so much water, and the creek is so shallow I believe she can go no further. The approach to Port Adelaide is very curious; you wind through a creek not wider than a river, bordered by sands which are covered with shrubs which seem growing actually out of the water; a number of pelicans stand along the shore, and beautiful parrots are seen flying about. About two hours rowing brought us to the Port; there are a good many ships, and an air of great and increasing prosperity; carts and teams of bullocks, porters, bales of goods etc in every direction; (p.8) still it will take some time to make it like Liverpool, to which Mr. Melhuish compared it; you sink ankle deep in sand at every step which is rather uncomfortable.

All our goods and chattels were now landed from the boat and placed in a dray, and then we got into what is called a spring cart, being a rough sort of gig without

¹⁸ (Sir) John Morphett (1809 - 1892) South Australian pioneer, landowner and politician (ed. 2016).

any hood, with two seats in front and one behind in which poor Arthur squeezed himself amidst a number of small packages, while George drove. The road is about eight miles from the Port to Adelaide; it is not at all picturesque, chiefly sand and stunted bushes. In general appearance very like the road between Pisa and Leghorn. Here and there we saw two or three clusters of huts, which Arthur told us were called "townships", such as Islington, Albert-town etc; as yet they are all in embryo, but in a very few years' time will most likely be handsome well-built places. We did not pass through the tangible part of Adelaide on our way to this invisible Wellington Terrace, but made a *détour* which brought us to it at once. North Adelaide by-the-bye is to be the fashionable end of the town; at present some of the streets have no houses, others have one or two. It is all young in fact, all growing up.

All our cabin furniture has turned out most useful; we have furnished our room here with it, and by that means have not robbed the poor boys of any of theirs. Our apartment is not much larger than our cabin was, but we can accomodate ourselves to anything now, and are very thankful. I should certainly enjoy some space to unpack and air all my clothes in, but not having it, pazienza. It is astonishing how with a little good humour one can reconcile oneself to anything; we have to arrange our own room and make up our bed, for though the boys desired the woman who cooks and waits on them to attend to everything for us, she with true colonial independance, has not volunteered her services more than the merest (p.9) necessity requires; so as after all she has plenty to do without us, we think it much better to make a merit of necessity and do without her.

We have engaged by Edward's advice, the woman who attended to us on board ship, as factotum; she is to have £16 a year; she is to come when we are ready for her, in the meantime is gone to some friends in the country. She is the daughter of a farmer, and says she can manage a dairy and poultry yard, and kitchen garden; besides having been some years in service, she can cook, sew, and iron; she is called Lucy Brown;¹⁹ is about thirty and very plain; she was laid up for a month during the passage with slow fever, during which time the dear old man discharged all her duties. Of his tenderness and care for me I could not say enough were I to fill

¹⁹ Given in the passenger list of the "Trafalgar" as Lucy P. Brown, servant, age 28. The list does not assess her attractiveness (ed. 2016).

pages; for the last two months of the voyage I was so sick and out of humour that I was anything but agreeable, but it only served to make him more kind. Since we have cast anchor I have been quite well, and my appetite is so voracious that I am quite ashamed of myself. The boys vie with each other in getting me the finest grapes, and are delighted to see me do such justice to them. Arthur is housekeeper; George stipulated that they would let us bear our share of the expences, or we would not consent to come. They are all good excellent fellows; Frederic the youngest is a nice white-headed little fellow of nineteen, quite the pet of the family; he has very nice manners and we like him very much. Edmund is the most talkative; he is getting on very well as Architect and Surveyor; a short time since he gained a prize of £50 for an essay on roads. Fred though so young gets £160 a year from an Australian banking office. Edward amongst other things is a land agent, and in that capacity is well able to advise us; he says farming, that is to say growing wheat, does not pay at present, and recommends George not to embark on it; but there (p.10) are a number of things which when looked after by oneself, answer very well, such as dairy produce, eggs, poultry, fruit and vegetables; all these sell at a very advantageous price; then there is another thing open in buying horses and reselling them at a good profit; they say this would answer very well as George is a good judge of horseflesh. In fact no one need despair of always earning an honest livelihood, and in time of laying by money. They seem much pleased at George's ideas of beginning in as small a way as possible, to feel his ground as it were before embarking too much capital; besides another advantage is that the more capital you leave untouched and free, the more your income is, for they say 20 per cent can be got on good security.

Living in the town is not so cheap as one thought; these four boys, living together in this simple way spend nearly £400 but in the country it is quite different; meat, tea, sugar, bread, are all very cheap, but the extras are dear. From what we can judge this would not in the least do for Bob;²⁰ people must look upon things as we do, who mean to get on. I think the Wrights are quite pleased with both of us; they want us to take 50 acres on lease which Edward has the letting of, at five miles distance, with the right of purchase in five years time at £5 an acre; they say it is even now worth much more from its situation; the rent is only £21 (twenty one) a year and there are

²⁰ George's brother (real name William) who had been for several years in the British Army. A. J. G.

three little houses already built upon it, so we should have no expence for building. There is grass for grazing cattle and horses, the soil is good etc. Basta for to-day. I must leave off dearest old Ned, for the letters must be soon at the post. I hope and pray you and the dear children are all well. That dear Algie is to be a godfather in about six months; I hope the new Algie will be just like him in everything. Make yourself quite happy about me for if I had searched the whole world I could not have found a (p.11) better husband; I love him more and more every day.

I daresay in a year or two we shall have you here; if we take these fifty acres, with the houses already built we shall be ready for Gussy whenever she likes to come; I suppose they are mere huts, but still anything with a roof is a great thing. The sky is most heavenly, more beautiful even than an Italian sky, but there is something buoyant in the air; one does not feel languid. I will write again the first opportunity meantime must conclude with my old man's best love to all.

Your most affte child

Gogo.²¹

P.S. Ditz²² has just come up from the post to hurry this off; - he has heard of something which might turn out very profitable to us. Alfred Lambert's wife, is not perhaps aware that she is entitled to property near Adelaide, belonging to the late Col. Light to the present value of £15000 or even more; it is said that a person holds it who has no right to it, it being hers under her marriage settlement. Ditz will make further enquiries; if this is true it must be so managed as to turn to our advantage for all the trouble it may entail etc.

(This letter was received some weeks after that of the 18th April which conveyed the fearful news of George's death. He died on the 12th of April! A.J.G)

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.12)

1850

Mitcham,²³ April 18th 1850
Thursday.

²¹ Amy's pet name at home. This is the last time the poor thing signed herself by it. A. J. G.

²² George's pet name. A. J. G.

²³ A place near Adelaide to which they had removed my poor sister. A. J. G.

The ship by which these letters²⁴ were to have been sent does not leave as soon as was expected so I have time to send you a few lines, my dearest Papa.

Do all to comfort and support poor Gussy; I tremble for her: I am very calm myself, too quiet, but inwardly I am very restless. I feel as if I never should be better here in this far distant land, where he only came to find a grave. And who dreamt too that the typhus is a most prevalent and fatal disorder here in the autumn, carrying off yearly great numbers? It was prevailing just about the time we arrived; I do not say this affected him, for he must have brought it from the ship where latterly there had been several cases among the emigrants, and three fine young men were carried off; the women and children recovered. Singularly enough this gave me no alarm nor had I any misgiving about him, though for nearly a fortnight before landing he complained of a fulness about the head and feeling bilious. He asked the ship Doctor to feel his pulse, who remarked he could have no inflammatory tendency it was so singularly low. This as I now am aware was a peculiar characteristic of the disease, but Thy will oh God! be done. Thou hadst some motive for this, which we cannot fathom. Thou knowest we were not ungrateful, nor unmindful of Thee.

Every day almost, and I remember it now as striking me as so peculiar, my dearest husband used to say - "how much we have to be thankful for, Amy! (p.13) We do not think enough of it all; what a blessing neither of us are ill". And so he used to go on enumerating all our causes for gratitude. In our daily prayers too, we always prayed together for a blessing on our undertaking, for cheerfulness, perseverance, industry and the preservation of health. But God has willed it otherwise! Oh he was so good, so unspeakably affectionate and careful, so full of thought and kindness, his heart too seemed expanding with fresh tenderness at the expectation of having a little child; he used to talk of it already, with so much love; and always end by saying, "But above all things he must be brought up very religiously, to learn to take a delight in it from the first". He was so prudent too, so active - each day only drew us closer to each other, and made us more completely one. And yet he is gone in all his fair hope and promise, in the opening of a career of usefulness and worth, without seeing his children clustering round his knees, or a home springing up which he had formed by

²⁴ Evidently several other letters - probably one to my sister Gussy who was then with her Aunt Miss Wright in Devonshire - probably also letters from the Wrights came by this ship, but I saw no others. A. J. G.

his exertions. And the idle, the useless, they remain, while such as he are taken! Surely it must be to "remove him from the evil to come".²⁵ Oh! my darling husband, no one knows all you had shewn yourself to me, how worthy you were of being loved.

The Wrights have been very very good to me, more than I can describe. They expect their father and mother from day to day; I grieve at the gloom I shall cast over them, though I am very calm, strangely so, it seems to me. If I could follow my own impulse I would return at once to Europe; this is no place for me now, particularly as in three weeks Dr Woolrich, one of those who attended my loved one, is going back. He came here for his wife's health, (p.14) lost her, and in sickness of heart is going back. He has his children and sister with him, and an excellent woman servant, whom he told me should do everything I might require. He is a kind good man, it is an opportunity not to be met with again, but I must remain here two months at least, to administer as it is called, before the Bills we brought on the Union Bank can be rendered available and invested; of course, as my principal, if not my only source of income, will be derived from these funds, I must look after them; and two months hence I suppose it would not be prudent for me to leave, particularly as I should not have this kind Doctor and the nurse on board. But oh! that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away.

Edward Wright hopes, when everything is paid, there yet will remain £800 clear to be invested for me in different ways, at present at nearly 20 per cent; but this rate of course cannot keep up; besides when I return to Europe I cannot at the utmost count on more than 15 per cent as the Agent's commission is 5 per cent in such cases, for management. Still this is so far above European interest and so safe, that everything that can, had better be realized and invested here. Mr Parker, a barrister, has looked over the articles of agreement; he says they are not worth anything unless sanctioned by the Court of Equity, which, taking the circumstances into consideration, will make good my right; but all this must cost much. However it will have to be gone thro' in England, as it is principally with regard to the property

²⁵ "The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart: and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come." Isaiah 57.1 (ed. 2016)

there that he anticipates some legal difficulties. I cannot see why they should arise, but the cause of the widow and fatherless is not sacred to many in this world; but I think Mr. Parker sees more difficulties (p.15) than really exist; not having a copy of old Mr. Gretton's Will he cannot well understand how things really are. But I think Mrs. Gretton²⁶ will do me justice - William too if he has not sold himself to Jews. Oh! if I live it is my only ambition so to act, so to pass through the world that people may respect my husband's memory by seeing the veneration which I shew it, and if I live, and his child is born I trust it may be a boy, to bear his name, and grow all he hoped his son might be. Oh! what an affectionate Father he would have made, denying himself every present indulgence to provide for the future. It was so he used to talk.

But you see if £300 or 400 can be in time realized out of the family property and invested here, I shall get up my income to £200 a year, besides other contingencies from annuities falling in etc, and on that in some quiet part of Europe, either the country in England, or Guernsey, or else some part of Italy, I could live; here it would be a mere pittance, giving one the gross necessaries of life, nothing more -- Oh! to a blighted heart Australia is no fitting home -- All is here to be done by energy, and hard work and privation. With him, for him, I could have done anything, but now that this great object is removed, I have nothing in common, with this place. Oh! I must go back to earn money to have a monument made in Italy which I will send out for him.

Don't write to people or say to people I am so badly off - I am too proud for this. If God wills it I will be father and mother too, I will work for his child - I will paint, and paint so well it shall be a source of income, and I will write, unless my pen be not too steeped in tears. Now I cry far too little. If I had some one to cry with me it would ease my heart. But you see I have all my energy still; I am not like poor Aunt Eliza when she

Page 16 of typescript is missing (ed.2016)

(p.17) young children; sometimes in summer they are carried off in great numbers. In winter ladies can rarely leave the house owing to the thick mud in which you sink up

²⁶ Her father-in-law's second wife and widow. A. J. G. Her father-in-law William Walter Gretton died in October 1848 (ed. 2016).

to your knees. The roads are so bad that in the mere drive down to the village the other night I thought the jolting would have killed me. Frederic held me in with both his arms. All this, had my poor Angel lived, would have been as nothing; we should have laughed at the rudeness and discomfort of the place, lived on, and for each other. But everything is altered now.

Edmund and Arthur fear a good deal that their father and mother will be disappointed; Edward, who is a veteran colonist, has seen everything from the commencement, fancies all perfection, and has no misgivings. The "Fatima" may be in from day to day, but they have found no house for their parents as yet, but will have at last to put them in the little tenement at North Adelaide where they received us. Each house has two rooms and one at the back; the room in which he was ill, has been whitewashed, and everything that was in it, all our trunks and boxes carried into an open yard and aired. The fearful poison seemed actually to have sunk into everything. Oh! fearful, fearful malady, equal to plague almost, in danger. If I could have received it I should have done so, for I did everything for him, and inhaled his dear breath up to the last, and kissed his hands, and face, and chest long after he was dead. The expression of his eyes was beautiful when they looked his farewell to me. And now adieu, dearest Papa; see that Algie is put into mourning for him; he was so fond of Algie! Mind too and pay Stephen Wright for all expense he may incur for letters etc; they cannot afford to lose anything through me; I am so fearful of (p.18) leaving anything unpaid.

It seems doubtful, if I shall be able to sell our pictures here, but I shall try.

Ever your aff.te child

A. L. V. Gretton.²⁷

(This letter written six days after her husband's death received by Papa in London and forwarded to me in Guernsey, was the first intimation of the catastrophe of George's death. And it was also our first news of their having reached Australia! A. J. G.)

--- new page in typescript ---

²⁷ By "the children" she meant Gussy Algie and I. A. J. G. (This footnote does not relate to any of the extant text and presumably refers to a passage from the missing page 16. - ed. 2016.)

(p.19)

1850

Thursday.
April 18th 1850
Mitcham near Adelaide.

My dearest Aunt Louisa.

I have hardly courage to write - I know not how to speak to you of my loss - I cannot pour out all the misery of my heart - I fear to distress you. "Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away!"²⁸ Oh my God! give me a calmer spirit; I am so restless: I cannot say Peace, peace to my tortured soul.

And he is dead - my husband dead. Oh would God I had died soon after him, that the same grave held us now! Life is so desolate now; it stretches itself before me like a weary desert, a valley of the shadow of Death. And yet I have prayed to live that I might look upon the face of his child and trace his likeness there. Poor fatherless child, born to a heritage of tears; poor child, that had he lived would have been so rich in his love. I am very calm, too calm; I scarcely cry at all - I wish I could, my heart feels so tightened - I could cry if I were out of this country; Oh that I could flee away!

I have written all the particulars of his illness to Gussy and Papa; you must get the letters from them, I cannot enter upon them again. Oh! my own Ditz, my adored husband, have you left me all alone in this bleak world? Oh! how we loved each other; he was like an angel to me all through the voyage, so gentle, so careful, so unwearied in his kindness. What an awful, fearful illness this malignant typhoid is! What suffering, what delirium! For five days before his death he was perfectly unconscious, excepting that he knew me, calling me by the tenderest names, fastening (p.20) his poor bleeding lips to mine, and kissing my hand. The last day he did not even know me, till the last, last moment when the Almighty permitted consciousness to return, and his dying eyes rivetted themselves upon my face with a look of the deepest import - I have seen such a look in paintings of the Man of Sorrows - it was full of pity, tenderness and resignation. It has been a great comfort to me, both from the expression his dear eyes conveyed, and also to know that he

²⁸ From the Old Testament, Psalm 55: 6 (except for the exclamation marks, ed. 2016).

was aware I was kneeling at his side. Half an hour before that I had sufficient strength to read aloud the prayer for the Soul at the point of departure, and some other passages; the boys knelt down and prayed with me. We know not if the poor angel heard us, but surely the prayer of a Wife's agonized heart at such a moment will have been borne upward to the throne of Grace? The last articulate sounds that fell from his lips on that day were the words of the Lord's Prayer. Was he conscious himself, though unable to manifest it to us? These are mysteries God only knows. It was at 6 P.M. on Friday 12th that his dear spirit passed away; for more than three hours I continued kneeling by him; this saved my heart from breaking.

From the first almost I had had strange forebodings; it was better perhaps; the shock was not so great. On the 3d April I sent off our letters; he then walked about and merely complained of headache and a little feverishness at night. But that same afternoon he became much worse and from that day grew rapidly and fearfully ill. He had two doctors both considered clever - Oh how I wished for a Homeopathist, but his symptoms were such as Laurie²⁹ describes as the very worst.

On Saturday night after his funeral, Frederic and Arthur brought me down to this village. I am boarding at a quiet house, with a kind old woman to take care of me; one (p.21) or other of the Wrights, sometimes two, always contrive to be with me; the last three days they have all gone into the town for business, but one or other comes out in the evening, but it makes no difference to me whether I am alone or not. It is strange how little I seem to care for anything; as if few things could ever give me pain or pleasure again. I think a great deal of dear Gussy,³⁰ she seems so associated with his memory and she loved him so, and he loved her so well. I pray God she may bear up; I shall want her to take care of me and my poor baby. I think of my baby too, but with deep deep sadness; it will be born into such a world of sorrow with no father's love to welcome its existence. And he would have loved it so! Even in his delirium he spoke of it.

Poor dear Addy³¹ I shall be able to take care of her too now. Oh that I could come back soon! I wanted to leave at once, but they say it will take at least two months before I can properly dispose of what resources we brought with us; there are so

²⁹ Probably Joseph Laurie M.D. "Domestic Homeopathic Medicine" London 1849 (ed. 2016).

³⁰ Her and my sister, the sweet, patient lame invalid - then 23. A. J. G.

³¹ Myself aged 17. A. J. G.

many legal forms and technicalities; and then it will be too late I suppose, I must wait till after my confinement which I suppose will be the end of Sept or beginning of Oct. But I long to flee away!

.....

Sunday April 21st.
North Adelaide.

I came back yesterday having been a week at Mitcham; many reasons induced me; I wished to save the expence, and also to save the expence to the Wrights, for one or other of them came down every afternoon and I knew it must be inconvenient to them. Then I (p.22) wished to look after all his things and mine which had been left open and scattered about a yard, by the Doctor's orders, to be aired; I must look out too for all that I can make up my mind to part with, to endeavour to sell them to the best advantage; all my coloured things too that I can find purchasers for, I shall sell; they would only spoil by keeping and the voyage back, besides what will they ever be to me again? I shall always wear black.

OH! my darling, dearest, dearest Ditz, the world shall see how your wife loved and cherished you! His tenderness for me increased every day; what he was to me on board that ship no language can describe. I am now again occupying the room in which I nursed and watched and lost him. It was at my own request; they wished to change it with one of theirs, but I preferred being here once more; I am surrounded with memorials of him, the furniture of our cabin, our boxes, everything as it used to be. All, all save him! Oh my God, let this cup pass from me, give rest to this weary life, take to Thyself this bruised heart, yet not my will, but Thine be done!

I hope and pray Papa may not have made up his mind to come out here; even under happier circumstances this would never have suited him. Now, unless very strong causes arise to detain me, in five weeks I hope to leave by the "Thomas Chadwick", under the charge of Dr Woolrich, who attended my poor angel.

Monday Evening.
April 22nd.

I hear that there is an opportunity of writing by a ship that leaves tomorrow for Bombay, our ship the "Trafalgar". We have determined to send some letters by her, and others by a ship that in a day goes from this³² to Batavia; both opportunities are

³² A. L. V. G. often uses "this" where we would use "here" throughout these letters (ed. 2016).

said to (p.23) be good. Alas! you will hear these fearful tidings soon enough. I every day become more earnest in my wish to return; like Noah's dove I seem to have no resting place for the sole of my foot in strange land; I want to see my poor Gussy and Addy - I suppose I may yet be of use to them, poor darlings, and Papa too, if he does not marry; and my poor Algie.³³ But though I love them all dearly what is it after all to his love? My life seems inexpressibly lonely, aimless, hopeless - but I pray for patience and resignation.

Give or send this to Aunt Elisa to read, and she will let you have mine in return; I cannot remember what I say in each, and perhaps there may be something about him omitted in one, yet mentioned in the other. The Wrights felt his death very much, particularly Edmund and Arthur; the last was so depressed for several days I feared he had taken the infection. Now of course they are getting better, I always try and keep up when they come home not to weary out their kindness. It must be a terrible thing for them to see me always before their eyes; they are as good and gentle as possible: Edmund has made a design for his grave; I have bought the ground, to secure it from being disturbed - there will be a railing all round, a foot stone and at his head a Cross. He had a great respect for this sacred symbol; it is headed by the letters I.H.S. which also he looked upon very reverently; I remember we spoke of them only a few days before he was taken ill. Then his name, date of his death and age, and lastly this text from the Revelations which I chose - there was not room for a longer one - "Thou hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood", Rev. V. 9., but it is comprehensive and most suitable I thought to the Cross. Poor darling! I did not think myself justified in laying out more than the merest simplicity demanded; it is all to be made of the (p.24) wood of the Gum tree, and will last uninjured five or six years; meantime if I live, I will make it an object of my life to procure a fitting monument which can be sent out here at less expense than it could be made in the Colony; in Italy it could be beautifully done, particularly at Florence or Pisa, and I could direct its progress.

Farewell my dearest Aunt, comfort my poor Gussy; tell her that she must bear up because he would have wished her to have all her strength to take care of me.

³³ Her and our only brother - then aged 11. A. J. G.

(This was also written six days after her husband's death - He was twenty-five! A. J. G.)

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.25)

1850

Adelaide- S. Australia
9th May 1850.

My dearest Addy,

You are the only one that I have not yet written to; I do not know when this may leave, but I will at least begin it. Writing is the only thing I can apply myself to; it is a comfort to speak of him, and when my heart seems oppressed beyond endurance I pour out my feelings to such of my friends as I know can sympathize.

It will be four weeks to-morrow that he was taken from me! Only four weeks! It seems so long, so long. Will life always be as long, as burdensome? It is very fearful to dread existence, to find it so unutterably weary. I wish so much to return to you all, dear ones: if I do not leave, as I so much wish, by this opportunity with Dr. Woolrich and his children, I shall be kept here for several months or longer perhaps - and I seem to fancy I should never get away if I delay now. Yet I cannot decide till the "Fatima" comes in with my uncle Stephen, as there may be letters from Papa giving some clue as to his movements, and showing whether the suppression of the Free Port at Ancona ³⁴will at all influence his plans;³⁵ you know he might have decided to come out here. Still I hardly think that possible. The "Fatima" has been daily expected for the last fortnight, and my time for deciding draws to a close; at the latest Dr Woolrich will leave at the end of this month. He is a very religious man which gives me confidence in going with him; (p.26) he has a nice sister-in-law and five sweet children, and a very experienced nurse. If I require her he will give her up to me; he says as a sick nurse she is unrivalled; she has brought up all his children. The Doctor is considered very skilful; they say he gives up a practise equal to £2000 a year by going away; there is a sort of comfort in hearing him well spoken of as a

³⁴ It appears that this normalization of the status of Ancona did not occur till after 1860 (ed. 2016).

³⁵ Papa had indeed in the desolation of the winter following her marriage thought of giving up living at Ancona. But though he sent Gussy and me to London the spring of 1850 and himself followed us there, we all eventually went back to Ancona in 1851. A. J. G.

physician; one thinks less "if this had been done, or that not been done" etc. What I try and think is - God willed it thus, and He without whose knowledge not even a sparrow falls to the ground, decreed that he should be taken away, for some deep mysterious, yet all wise purpose. It is this feeling of utter dependence upon God that makes me fear so little the voyage back, and encountering the probability of being confined at sea. God is everywhere; if He judges fit that I should live, He will preserve me; but oh! dear ones, all of you, should you hear that He had released the weary soul, I beg of you not to grieve; there is something so soothing in those words "where the weary are at rest"³⁶ - and in the promise that "sorrow and sighing shall for ever flee away".³⁷ ...

But mind, I do not think I am going to die; no, it is my impression I have yet much to do. For what has been done I thank our Heavenly Father; had not His goodness brought my loved husband first to me, what would he now have been?... unknown, unwept, unlamented ... without hope, almost without Religion - instead of the dear memory he has left on earth behind him. My poor little baby, I think a great deal about it; I pray so it may be like him. If I leave this when I wish, I must make a few clothes for it on board in case they are wanted; I think it would be better to have all over before (p.27) reaching England; it might save much expense. I shall ask the Moons if they can receive a sorrowing woman and a little child with the same kindness as they welcomed two happy young creatures not many months ago. If they will take me in for a few days it would give me opportunity to get up my strength, and decide on what to do.

I know not where you all may be; I am groping in the dark; still a voice within me seems to say "Go back, now or never". If Papa has taken you and Gussy to England, I imagine this will find you still there; perhaps he has got married; perhaps he has given up Ancona - Oh I get bewildered! ... If he has done either of these things, then I think he would let me keep you and Gussy with me, and we might spend a year in Guernsey or some cheap part of England; if Crewe Reade and his wife are at Avening, I have thought of that - or Guernsey, to be near³⁸ Algie and he would live with us, and what Papa pays Mr Corfe, he might give me for his living. Then, if Italy

³⁶ From the Old Testament: Job 3: 17 (ed. 2016).

³⁷ From the Old Testament: Isaiah 51: 11 (ed. 2016).

³⁸ Algie was at school at Elizabeth College Guernsey. A. J. G.

is quiet I should like to go back there, and live at Pisa or some such place to pursue painting as a means of earning £50 a year. A great object will be to spend as little as possible the first few years; if by not drawing all my yearly amount of interest from the money invested here, I can let it accumulate, when it reaches £1000 capital it will, at 15 per cent which I should receive for it, be worth £150 a year to me, besides what I may get from the property in England; but at present when I leave and everything is paid, and my passage home £60, I do not think more than £700 will remain to be invested.

Everything here is so dear; my mourning, of the simplest though deepest kind, merely what was necessary, was charged £14, more than half what all my wedding clothes cost me. I have sold nearly everything coloured that I brought with me, (p.28) and collars, cuffs, tippetts, dresses, all are gone. Even had I wished to wear them again they would only have spoilt by keeping; here moths and dust are most destructive. I feel a sort of satisfaction in thus parting with anything that conduces to female vanity. Do you remember the words "Can a maid forget her ornaments, or a bride her attire?"³⁹ Yes; the ornaments may be forgotten, but not the bride's attire; I have kept everything I wore on my marriage-day - and nothing else, excepting those two shawls which were dear Mamma's. But his clothes I cannot make up my mind to part with; everything he has worn seems sacred in my eyes; his oldest clothes are what I value most, each has some recollection attached to it. All we brought out for household stock I part with as I can find a purchaser; but all are grasping and try and take advantage of my situation. The Wrights being so much engaged, I have to manage most of this myself; sometimes people come and look at the things just as if it were a shop. I should have felt annoyed at this once, but it seems of no consequence now; I think it is a duty I owe to him on account of his child, to realise all the ready money I can, in order to touch as little of the principal as possible - but it is hard work.

I have not yet been to see his grave; they will not let me go until the railing and cross are completed and put up; they are very good, poor fellows; they wanted at their own expense, "as a favour to themselves" they said, to put up what I had ordered; but I begged of them not to mention it. "He shall not be buried at the hands

³⁹ From the Old Testament: Jeremiah 2: 32 (ed. 2016).

of strangers",⁴⁰ however kind and considerate they be. Poor darling, his Amy will work too till she can provide a more durable monument than this. I wonder if William⁴¹ will sorrow much for him! I am sure Papa will very deeply, and you too, dear, but none like poor Gussy. Do all you can to comfort her; tell her I shall come (p.29) soon and that I must find her well, and able to take care of me and the poor little child. He used to say how delighted Gussy would be with it, and so she must be now, for his sake! How sad our meeting all together again will be! How sad! I think of it so often, and seeing William again too, that will be inexpressibly mournful, for my dearest one loved his brother so, and grieved so much that he never came to meet us at Plymouth. Ah! what a difference in the life and in the aim of those two brothers; and yet the useless, comparatively unloved one, lives!⁴² - perhaps the Almighty has spared him yet awhile that he may become more fit to die. Poor dear William, this may work a great change in him perhaps. I wish very much to see him again.

In the whole course of my life I have never been so much alone as now. They are so kind that one or the other of them always arranges so as to come out by a little after five to take me for a short walk. I cannot walk for long. I seem to have grown so old and helpless, yet I am very well in health. All I suffer from are occasional attacks of oppression at the heart; if I can have a good cry, then I am relieved. I find out now that at first they were all very uneasy about me and feared I had taken the fever - and that I seemed almost delirious. To me it appears strange, I bore it as I did - Dead! dead - Oh awful! - dead - and I was there alone, with none but men around me, no woman except a poor kind German girl whom they sent for to sit up all night with me. But they were so kind - the three who were with me when he died, Edmund, Arthur and Frederic, they cried so bitterly over him, just as if he had been their brother; and Edward the eldest, he watched all night his dear remains. God bless them for all their kindness to him and me.

(p.30) I find that a ship I thought had sailed does not leave till to-morrow, so I send this by her.

⁴⁰ Possibly adapted from Ezekiel 28:10 "You shall die...by the hands of strangers" (ed. 2016).

⁴¹ George's only brother. A. J. G.

⁴² Two years after his brother, William Gretton died of yellow fever at Hayti San Domingo W. Indies, within an hour or two of his young wife. They had only been married ten months and her father Sir John Burgoyne had got him appointed Consul on the Island. The poor young couple, scarcely landed were attacked and died of the epidemic. A. J. G.

God bless you all.

Your aff.te sister

A. L. V. Gretton.

I hope you have written to Aunt Caroline as I wished.

Thursday, 9th May.

Since we came here I have written by three ships - the "Condor" to Bombay, the "Trafalgar" ditto, the "Livonia" to Batavia; all overland.⁴³

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.31)

1850

Adelaide, S. Australia.
Wednesday, June, 5th 1850.

My dearest Addy,

I have sent you a long letter by the "Jane" which sailed some time since. I have hoped long ere this the "Fatima" would have come in; they expect her every day; yesterday a ship arrived with dates up to the 2nd March from London, but no letters for me. I have such a yearning to return, sometimes it seems quite to overcome me; at others I am very passive, in fact it is better I should always be so, since my movements depend on those of others; but to-day my hopes have somewhat revived by hearing that in all probability Dr. W. will end all his various plans by returning with his whole family as at first intended, and in that case I shall leave also, even if he do not start till a month hence. The prospect of seeing you all would support me during the voyage; I should like to bring my poor baby amongst you in its first infancy and helplessness. The only tie I have here is my husband's grave - I should like to have been buried by his side. To whom much is given, of them is much required; and if in youth I was perhaps gifted with powers of intellect and innate religious feeling, much has been required of me in return; but in this wreck of all that renders Life desirable, I see yet much to be thankful for; had he died

⁴³ "overland" here indicates that the letters were to be sent on from Bombay or Batavia to Port Said, then over the Suez isthmus to the Mediterranean, then landed somewhere in Italy (perhaps Brindisi) and thence on by mail-coach and train to their European destination, in this case Genoa. The alternative was a voyage round the Cape of Good Hope, or Cape Horn (ed. 2016).

two or three years since, so far, far, less prepared than now, or had I not been with him, I should have sunk beneath the stroke.

As it is I strive to remember that there is a world to come (p.32) "where the wilderness and solitary place shall be made glad, and the desert shall blossom as the rose"⁴⁴ and flowers that never fade shall blossom there for us.

I hope you are very very kind to dear Gussy, and do all to soothe and cheer her; I am sure, quite sure you are Papa's constant friend and companion, and a great comfort to him. When I come back, it will be time enough to think where I shall take up my residence; if Papa is not married, then perhaps he may like that I should live with him and you and Gussy; I would pay my share of the expenses. If he marries, then he would make you and Gussy an allowance and you could live with me; but sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.⁴⁵ I have written to dear Algie by this opportunity; to Papa I will write next time.

I fear the tone of my past letters will distress you, but remember that I had no one to speak to, and they contain the outpourings of my heart. Ah! dear child, may you never, never know the shadow of a grief like this! I am so alone, so unutterably alone without him. All the people here are so inferior to him, in feeling, manner and appearance that they seem of a different race; I should have been so proud of him amongst them. What care he would have taken of me now! But what recks it to dwell on all that might have been - it is past as a dream; but God will have mercy on me for He sees I do not murmur, and we shall meet again "the redeemed of the Lord".

God bless you, dearest Addy. Give my best, best love to dear Papa and believe me

Your ever aff.te sister

1. A. L. V. Gretton.

(N. B. All the letters she must have written to our sister Gussy have been lost or were possibly destroyed by Amy herself as too harrowing to be kept. A. J. G.)

--- new page in typescript ---

⁴⁴ Isaiah 35:1 (ed. 2016)

⁴⁵ Sermon on the Mount, Gospel of St Matthew, 6:34 (ed. 2016)

(original p.40)

1850

Repositioned: now, according to A. J. G.'s annotation, correctly placed (ed. 2016)

Adelaide. Australia

Tuesday 11th June.

My dearest Papa,

My last packet of letters was sent by the "Ceres" via Batavia and Overland; she left this on the 5th inst; by the "Thomas Chadwick" which sailed a few days previous to the "Ceres", I also wrote. The "Fatima" is not yet arrived: every ship that appears the Wrights fancy must be her, and they are becoming quite fidgetty, though there is yet no cause for anxiety. Ships sailing in January or February from England generally encounter adverse winds in the Channel and have a longer passage. That was one of the reasons which induced us to choose the "Trafalgar" as she left in December; ah God's will be done! But could we only have foreseen! Many ships have arrived here with as many emigrants as we had without one death having taken place, whereas we had twenty.⁴⁶ I torture myself needlessly by thinking whether if those symptoms of headache, fulness of the head and biliousness which he complained of while still on board, had been taken in time ... what might have been the result; and when I recall the unaccountable feeling of security, the absence of all alarm, that pervaded my mind, I accuse myself of negligence in not having been more watchful, and I almost think my senses are forsaking me. And yet, on the other hand I reason with myself and say, that in a hundred cases the same symptoms are felt on board ship without any results following; that in numbers of people the effects of a long sea voyage and absence of cooling diet, besides the warm relaxing weather, would take exactly the same form. I myself always awoke with a headache and (original p.41) a sensation of fulness in the head which I attributed to the motion of the ship: others of the passengers complained of this also, and so the thought of possible danger or infection never crossed my mind, though at night I used to complain of a close bad smell that seemed to rise in our cabin from the deck beneath, through the boards of the floor. We mentioned this before the Doctor, before whom my poor darling also mentioned his headache and asked him to feel his pulse; he said it was singularly low, but never uttered one word of caution or offered

⁴⁶ The records of the "Trafalgar" show only one death during the voyage, that of a Government Emigrant, Mrs Leason, aged 30 (ed. 2016).

to prescribe; so what wonder, that we, ignorant of the insidious inroads of typhus, or of its infectious nature, should never have dreamed of danger? I once or twice gave him some Bryonia and Aconite, but the medicines seemed to have no effect either on him or me at sea; I attributed this to the saline particles in the air or some such cause ... and then he was so cheerful, so active, so little occupied with himself - so busy always with me, that I did not, could not, think him ill.

The strange thing is that while wrapped in such security, thus free from apprehension, we were so thankful that we had escaped all illness, he in particular was always drawing my attention to this and enumerating all we had to be grateful for; he used over and over again to dwell upon our happiness in being at last married, the kindness we had received in England, the good ship we had secured, the prosperous voyage, and to crown all, our exemption from the illnesses with which so many of the poor emigrants were attacked. I am so glad he was thankful poor darling! At least he offered to the Almighty the tribute of a grateful rejoicing heart; he was not of those who in the days of their happiness forget Him from whom it all proceeds. Even when he was ill, before (original p.42) he became delirious he used to comfort me by saying how thankful we ought to be for having found such a kind welcome from the Wrights and a home with them; what should we have done had he been laid up in a lodging? - Oh he was so good, so very good! On board ship he used to be so hurt and distressed at the irreligion and carelessness that generally prevailed. He was particularly so on Good Friday, when he asked the Captain whether there was not to be service on deck as on Sundays. Being answered in the negative, he came into our cabin, and said "of all days in the year this ought to be observed", and then we read the service together, but singularly he would read it all himself, not even allowing me to read the lessons. It is a consolation for me now to think of this, and of the unaffected sincerity with which he revered that solemn day; on that day fortnight he was taken from me!

Oh! surely, surely, it was not from the neglect of a dose of medicine, or suchlike measures, that so precious a life was quenched, that an existence on which so much depended was cut off!! Without being a fatalist it is surely reasonable to think that it was decreed, by an all-wise though inscrutable Providence that he should be taken; and though now we cannot fathom the reasons of this mysterious dispensation, it was ordained in mercy to him - and to me likewise. Yet it is hard,

hard to bear; hard for us to say "it is good to be afflicted", when affliction comes in such a form as this! I have stood alone in this great trial; I have not known what it was to have those with me who could teach me to draw comfort from Religion, who could speak in the language of Him who said "Blessed are they that mourn". Those I have been with have learned more from me, than they could impart: and so far I believe even this great trial has had its blessings; I meanwhile seem abandoned (original p.43) to myself. What would I have given for a good clergyman to come and reason with me; for one who could have come to pray at his bedside, even though he was unconscious!

I think now he must have heard me pray, and been strengthened and comforted, for after I had ceased, we observed a sudden change in his face, a brightness, a calmness stealing over it, and the livid dark hue which had overspread his features passed away like the withdrawing of a cloud. Edmund Wright was so struck at the change that he called out "There is hope, there is hope, he is reviving!", but now I think it was that Peace had dawned upon the fainting soul, that Light illumined the dark Valley, and that according to the words of the prayers I had repeated "the Lord had made His face to shine upon him". And oh! when my longed for rest shall come, may I again be united to him, amongst the redeemed of the Lord, and celebrate the Mercy and Justice of a decree to which now I can only bow in humble soul-crushed submission; but "now we see through a glass darkly".⁴⁷

I still yearn inexpressibly to return; as soon as I possibly can I shall do so. I have such forebodings about poor dear Gussy; I dream so much of her, and Mamma, and my dearest one all together, that sometimes I think she may even now be very ill. Oh! that strange superstition about a glass! While still on board ship he placed a tumbler full of water upon a swinging tray; without any visible agency it fell down and was broken. He said to Mr Platts "this forebodes death to some one I am nearly interested in within a month"!! Mr Platts has since told me that he is almost positive it was the 12th of March, or very near it. I was so struck at the time that I prayed if it did portend evil, that it might be averted; and then putting my trust in Providence I did not dwell any more upon it. But here in Adelaide the first night after he was (original p.44) really ill, a tumbler broke without anything having touched it,

⁴⁷ St Paul: 1 Corinthians 13:12 (ed. 2016)

as I can vouch for; and the night following another, precisely in the same way. It is strange, very strange. ...

Jaundice is very prevalent here, a sign the climate cannot be healthy. All the people looked dried up, the children all tall, lanky, and sallow. The men only live for business; money, money is their idol. As my dearest husband truly said after only one day in Adelaide, "it is the worship of the Golden Calf with 20 per cent written between its horns".

P.S. The "Fatima" arrived; I have all your letters up to 17th January: I have not yet seen the Wrights, they land tomorrow. God bless you all.

Your aff.te daughter,
A. L. V. Gretton.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.33)

1850

Repositioned: now, according to A. J. G.'s annotation, correctly placed (ed. 2016)

Adelaide.
Sunday 16th June.

My dearest Aunt Louisa.

By the Wrights who arrived in the "Fatima" on Tuesday the 11th inst I have received all the letters, and the different things you so kindly thought of sending me! The day after by a ship which sailed from London the 12th March I received the dear children's⁴⁸ letter from Ancona dated 19th February. I trust that long ere this they are in England. I calculate that if they arrive in London about the end of April, they might enjoy at least three months before the fatal intelligence can reach them. Poor darlings! It will be a dark cloud even to Addy's young heart; but to poor Gussy a stunning, fearful shock. Oh! God preserve her to me! What should I do were she also to be taken. I am very anxious about her health; from even the little they say I see how delicate she is, and now when this comes to try her! ...

I was able to support the meeting with the Wrights. I had looked forward to it with inexpressible dread. On Tuesday morning a ship was signalled, but having so long

⁴⁸ She means Gussy and me. A. J. G.

expected them and been disappointed, the boys scarcely thought it would be the "Fatima"; in the evening however at the usual dinner hour only Fredk and Edmund came from town, full of delight, for their parents had really arrived and they had been on board to see them. Edward and Arthur remained on the ship; the other two with their usual consideration came back to give me the intelligence and bring me the letters. They were so joyful I tried to conceal what I felt, but when Edmund in the gladness of his heart exclaimed "Oh Amy, now they are come you will be happy again" (p.34) I thought my heart would have broken. Oh Heaven! to talk of happiness to me. The next day the whole family were to come up from the ship, and I cannot describe the agony with which I waited for them - Oh! I was so alone! All joy, all happiness around me, and I, with my blighted heart so solitary amongst them all!

About three in the afternoon of Wednesday the 12th (two months since he had gone!) I heard the carriage stop at the Verandah, and then the trampling of feet and cheerful voices as they came into the little sitting-room, with which mine communicates. I could not move - I could only pray for strength - I asked to be sustained in my desolation. Presently the door opened, and Mrs Wright and the girls⁴⁹ came in, and I went into hysterics. They were very kind, and cried a little, but it was soon over. How could it be otherwise, with all the happiness that filled their hearts? When I was more calm I saw my Uncle; he cried too. Who could do otherwise at such a moment on seeing me? - but after a few minutes the impression passed, and the joy returned. How natural it was, how very natural for them, but Oh! how terrible for me! Oh that I were with those who loved him and could weep with me! The poor boys here have been most kind, most sympathizing; for two months, ever since he was taken, up till their parents' arrival, they devoted themselves in every way to me, were most gentle, most sympathizing, and would talk to me about him for hours together. God bless and reward them for all they have been to me! But now they are so joyful with their parents and sisters that all previous sadness seems forgotten, and the sound of their gay voices and merry peals of laughter fill the house.

They have crowded themselves most uncomfortably not to disturb me; I wanted the girls to share my room, (p.35) they would not, and since they have been up here

⁴⁹ Probably Lucy and Amelia (ed. 2016).

Mr and Mrs W. have been in one small room, the two girls in the servant's room, the boys all crowded in another - and all on purpose not to disturb me. On Wednesday they hope to be able to take possession of the house in the country, which the sons had engaged for them. The whole family will live together there; I have not seen it, but they say it is one of the best houses in the Colony, three miles from town. My uncle is most kind in telling me that as long as I remain I must make my home with them etc; I shall of course offer to pay my share towards the housekeeping, and indeed towards the rent, as I shall occupy a room and cause the sons to be much crowded.

But Oh! that I may soon be able to return; I yearn so for old loved faces, and dear familiar voices, and to see those who loved him as he deserved. Only two people in the world besides myself, ever did him justice, or even guessed half the goodness in his noble heart - those people are Gussy, and Augusta DelaRue.⁵⁰ The latter, in a letter I received amongst the others by the "Fatima" says "most earnestly do I pray for your prosperity; such is my opinion of George that as far as earthly happiness is concerned, I believe yours to be secured by your possessing such a heart as his." Ah yes, noble, devoted, brave yet tender heart, filled as his dying accents truly said, with love towards me surpassing all power of expression! Noble heart, none will ever know all the treasures it contained, or perhaps credit all the fruits it would have brought forth! Oh precious life so early closed! Who dare pry into the counsels of the Most High, and enquire the Wherefore of His decrees? Oh! for the torch of Faith to burn with a brighter steadier light, to guide the fainting heart through the dark valley (p.36) of the Shadow of Death; if I could only once convince myself at this was pre-ordained in the counsels of Eternity, that it was not the absence of this or that remedy or precaution which caused his death, I should feel more at peace.

The conduct of the doctor of the ship is considered grossly culpable; when he heard him complaining of headache, and felt that his pulse was low, he ought to have used preventative measures, knowing as a medical man that these symptoms were the precursors of typhus. No fear, no suspicion crossed my mind; I merely thought it a little biliousness which was caused by want of exercise and the spring of

⁵⁰ Madame de la Rue whose brother I married in 1854 and who was known in the family afterwards as "Aunty". A. J. G. ("mesmerized" - we would now call it hypnotized - by Charles Dickens in Italy in 1845 - ed. 2016).

the year, such as I had often seen him with before. Oh had I been more alarmed! This is the regret that tortures me; did I neglect him? I who ought to have watched over him with the same sedulous care that he shewed towards me! And yet every day when we prayed together, and asked for patience, industry and energy; for the continuance and perfecting of our mutual love, we also never failed to pray for the blessing of health, and to be spared "if it seemed good unto the Lord" to each other. We were not unmindful, nor ungrateful, yet He who gave, saw fit to take away. His will be done!

Another thing that tortures me as you may imagine, is the regret we did not come out in the "Fatima", and yet there, as Edward represented to me last night for the twentieth time, we surely took the wisest and most prudent course. Had we waited for the "Fatima" we should have lamented the detention at Plymouth, the long voyage (127 days) and then have found ourselves here without their having a room to offer us, or leisure to devote to us, and the season too the most unfavourable for seeing the country or settling in it, for the heavy rains which fall now every night render the roads one sheet of mud and water. So the outcry would have been, "what a (p.37) pity you did not come a few weeks sooner". We acted for the best, God knows! Young Stephen who is very prudent, sanctioned and approved our decision; who could foresee? In the "Fatima" there was such a careful Doctor and the most rigid cleanliness was enforced. In our ship amongst the emigrants all was dirt and filth, yet I remember the "Trafalgar" was considered a much more desirable vessel than the "Fatima", on account of her superior size and sailing properties.

One thing that strikes me so with Mr and Mrs W. is their constant bickering together; it jars so upon me. It is so different to what we were, to what we should have been! The more we were together, the more we seemed to harmonize; at the close of the voyage our ideas were so in unison that if he proposed anything, I often interrupted him with a smile, to say that the same idea had just occurred to me! Oh blessed peace, oh perfect love, the very realization of what married life should be! I found the other day that he had marked in my Bible the verse "Whoso God hath joined together let not man put asunder".⁵¹ Poor Angel!

⁵¹ Gospel according to St Mark, 10: 9 (ed. 2016).

While they are busy moving down to their new house I am to go to stay for three or four days with Mr and Mrs John Morphett. We brought out a letter to him from Mr Cassels whom we knew so well long ago in Genoa; he is one of the most influential people here, and the most refined. They often have pressed me to go and stay with them, but I never felt equal to it; nor indeed do I now, but I think in the bustle of the move it will be a relief to the family here to get me out of the way. I am sorry to go so far away from Mrs Colley⁵² who has been so kind to me; I really feel towards her like a friend, my only friend here! My aunt is very kind indeed to me, so are they all, but as yet I cannot say I know the (p.38) girls at all, they are so full of happiness and glee, frolicking about with their brothers. I keep as much out of the way as I can when they are all together, for I must surely act like a blight upon them, though I exert myself to the utmost for I think it selfish to embitter the existence of others by the indulgence of one's own feelings; so after dinner I always retire to my room till tea, and sometimes when it is over I go back again; if I feel able to bear the noise I remain, for they seem to fear I should fancy myself neglected; but certainly the hours I pass in the midst of the buzz of voices and laughter, are most trying ones. In the morning I do not come out to breakfast, till the greater part have dispersed, so that all is quiet. The day is not so bad as I sit at work with my aunt and the girls, and as I said before she is particularly kind and gentle to me. So is the old gentleman, but it distresses me so to hear how irritable he is; Mrs W. told me that the last month at sea they knew not what to do with him; indeed he admits himself that he was half mad with ennui⁵³ and irritability. He looks very aged by the voyage; Mrs W. on the contrary is I think improved in appearance. They speak with great affection of you and your kindness to them; also with satisfaction of their visit to Cheltenham.

Edward Wright has invested all my money at 20 p. cent for three years. I shall endeavour to draw as little of the interest as possible, to let it accumulate; besides so long as it remains in the colony there is no Agent's commission to pay, but on transmission to England there is 5%. Until I return and see the position of things, I can form no plan as to where I should wish to live. You will see by my former letters to Gussy that I have suggested her money should be sent out here to (p.39) be

⁵² Probably Isabella Daniels (1821-97), wife of Richard Bowen Colley (1819-75), an accountant and politician (ed. 2016).

⁵³ "ennui" (French): boredom. The word 'boredom' was coined by Charles Dickens in "Bleak House" 1852, so A. L. V. G. could not have used it in this letter (ed. 2016).

invested and allowed to accumulate. If I have time I will write to her by this mail per "Pakenham"; she was to have sailed a week ago, but has been delayed; there is no certainty as to the precise time when ships leave this.

It will be a great pang leaving this room, where all that rendered Life beautiful passed away from me; these walls echoed to his voice, his feet trod this floor and it is a trial to quit all that is a memento of him - but long as this pilgrimage may last, it yet has an end, and there will be a dawn in the grave to bid the slumberer awake, and we shall meet again.

I am, my dearest Aunt
Your aff.te niece
A. L. V. Gretton.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.45)⁵⁴

1850

Lockleys⁵⁵
nr Adelaide
S. Australia.
Sunday, August 25th 1850

My dearest Aunt Louisa.

I have not written to you for a long time, not since the letter I sent you by the "Pakenham", shortly after the arrival of the Wrights, but as I know you see all I write to Gussy, it amounts to the same as if I addressed you personally. I last wrote to her on Wednesday 21st inst by the "Sultana" to Bombay: the very day after, I received a packet from her and Addy concluded 3rd May, announcing their arrival in London. Poor darlings, their journey was a very trying one, and I think they got through it wonderfully. Dear Addy's letter was in bright spirits; I calculated she had at least three months of enjoyment before her, ere all was to be clouded by the intelligence of my despair. As for my poor Gussy she seemed very, very weak, so weak indeed that did I not hope for the benefit to be derived during the three months interval, I

⁵⁴ Letter rearranged in sequence, according to instructions in the typescript (ed. 2016).

⁵⁵ Lockleys is now a western suburb of Adelaide (ed. 2016).

should tremble for the result of the fearful shock - she was so wrapped up in him! and well he deserved her affection!

In bodily health I am wonderfully well; in mind too thank God I am much better - those terrible conflicts within my soul, the doubts, the repinings that at times seemed almost overwhelming, have in great measure subsided, and I feel as if calmness and strength had been given to me. I am sure I was tempted by the evil Spirit when those struggles took place, and I used to yearn so for the advice of some good clergyman. All my feelings, all my misery seemed pent up within myself, and above, beneath, around me, all was darkness; (p.46) darkness that could be felt . But lately I have been much better, within the last fortnight particularly; the book Mrs Colley lent me by Dr Hook, "The Cross of Christ"⁵⁶ was of such great comfort; I mentioned its title in a letter I wrote about the 5th of this month to Addy which went by the "New York Packet". I can contemplate the most perplexing things so calmly, I quite marvel at myself, and ask, "is it indifference, or resignation?"

For instance it appears most likely from what Gussy writes, that the course of a few weeks may witness the arrival of William, who seemed disposed to set out without waiting to hear from his dear brother. I was in some measure prepared for this by what Stephen had written to his father in a letter which arrived by a previous ship, and I had been much distressed by the unfeeling remarks which the old gentleman had made on the bare possibility of such a contingency, speaking to me of him in terms most unsuited towards his sister's son, and most painful and indelicate towards the brother of my husband; saying for instance that "he hoped I should not allow this unfortunate young man to fasten himself upon me"; "that he supposed he would come out as an emigrant, or £20 steerage passenger, that he would not ask him to his house or introduce him to his family, etc etc". Oh how my blood boiled! I did not think there was so much of earthly passion or excitement left within me, but I replied nothing. We were alone, and I tried to remember that all this was but the spite of a foolish old man, who has never forgiven the slight William passed upon him six years ago, by refusing to see him in London, when his mind had been prejudiced by his father's representations. I determined to say nothing to either the girls or any of

⁵⁶ W. F. Hook (1798 - 1875) "The Cross of Christ: or Meditations on the Death and Passion of our Blessed Lord and Saviour" 1845 (ed. 2016).

the sons, as it would have distressed them to think their father had given me pain, and it is impossible (p.47) to check him when his mind has taken any particular bias: but it almost drove me into a fever, having thus to repress all I felt. Oh! it seemed so cruel thus to speak of my husband's only brother, and one too whom he loved so much, and who for his dear sake I feel called upon to defend and care for!

Thus some days passed, when the receipt of Gussy's letter shewed me that the probability of William's arrival was increasing, and after deliberating for a whole day, I took the opportunity when the old people had retired in the evening, to state the whole case to the brothers and sisters. They were inexpressibly hurt on hearing what their father had said, and when I told them my firm determination should William arrive, not to allow him on any consideration to set his foot within these walls unless at their father's earnest and repeated invitation, their distress knew no bounds. But I felt I was acting rightly and that they would appreciate my motive. Edward, who takes the lead in everything, was sadly vexed, indeed they all displayed just as much delicacy of feeling as their father does the reverse; they begged me not to mind what he said, as he is really weak in intellect and perception, assuring me too, which I believe, that could he only be made to see how ill-timed his remarks were, he would bitterly reproach himself; at the same time they were afraid to reprove him, for his hatred to poor William would only acquire greater intensity, if denied utterance. Edward however is to talk to him, and bring his mind to a proper state, and then they assure me he will be the first to welcome William with cordiality.

Should their expectations be deceived however, my resolve is taken, unless fully sought after, William shall never come here.⁵⁷ I will see him at the Colleys' or at Edward's office, or not at all, sooner than see him an unwelcome visitor under this roof.

(p.48) As for what is to be done with him now, I do not attempt to contemplate beyond the present. In the precious life so early closed, the prosperity and welfare of many was bound up; of myself I say nothing, we were one - but Gussy, how she depended upon him, how every prospect of happiness with her, looked towards him for its completion; and William now, who really might have been brought back from

⁵⁷ It was a strange mistake altogether, and my sister's brother-in-law never left Europe till two years later when he went poor fellow, to die in the West Indies. A. J. G.

idleness and folly to his brother's example and advice! Had we now been settled in the little quiet home we had so fondly anticipated, we should have hailed William's coming with delight; I think in conjunction with his brother that his plan of breeding and breaking horses might have proved very advantageous, while living with us his expences would have been very small and we should have regulated all his actions. Oh! we should have been all so happy, and then Gussy coming to us. What joy, what delight! Never, never to be realized in this weary world. Now I do not attempt to imagine what William will do should he come out to this colony; I leave all to the Disposer of events who ordains everything for the best; neither do I suffer myself to dwell upon the agony of meeting with poor William. I have been sustained through so much, I shall be supported through everything that may yet befall me; besides have I not known the most bitter of earthly trials in comparison of which every other sorrow seems light to bear? and yet this child, if that too were to be taken?... Oh surely if God wills that I should live, He will spare it to me. He preserved me for it. He did not suffer me to die with my husband, in order that I might train up a soul for Heaven, and that the father's name and memory should be loved and honoured through his child. Oh if he could but have lived to see it! And yet it would have seemed harder still to lose him then; but he was so young to die, he was (p.49) beloved, so loving - oh! it is hard to bear.

Thursday Evening 29th August 1850

A ship for England direct, the "Will Watch" is positively announced for tomorrow, and by her I send this letter. Time moves slowly on, but still it does move, and I feel so thankful as each day that passes brings me nearer to seeing my poor baby. It will be such a privilege to have again an object in existence, something wholly dependent upon me to rouse me to exertion.

We have had rain the last few days which has refreshed the air and dispelled those terrible hot winds which had so early manifested themselves. In general they do not commence till December and disappear the end of March; it was a most unusual circumstance their continuing till the middle of April, which was the case this year. During the last five or six days of his illness they prevailed and carried death with each burning blast; such is their effect upon the atmosphere that fresh meat becomes corrupt and full of worms in the course of three or four hours; judge then to a patient exhausted by fever what the consequence must be! A lady from India, told

me that soon after her arrival in Adelaide last February she was ill with high fever which so reduced her, coupled with the close burning heat that prevailed at the time, that all hope seemed past; her husband who is a medical man accustomed to Indian practice, had no hope left, but wrung his hands and prayed that the wind might change. It did change, and she recovered. It is worse than the worst sirocco ever felt in Italy, and yet you know how trying that is; it exhausts the frame so much that the strongest men seemed weakened by it while it lasts. The duration is generally limited to three days, but when my poor darling was ill, (p.50) this visitation was double in duration; at least we had three days of it - then an interval of a few hours during which it was vainly hoped that rain might come, and then three days more of the same awful, close, oppressive heat.

If I remember right in the first letter I wrote from Adelaide, on the 3rd April by the "Condor" I mentioned it was warm, but still an elastic cheering air which prevented one from feeling languid; it was on the 5th (Friday) that the hot wind came on, drying up and exhausting everything. On that 3rd of April when I wrote, the dear Angel had walked twice into South Adelaide and back, a mile each way, although complaining of his head, and having no appetite; but as every spring in Italy he was affected the same way it gave me no uneasiness, and I sent off my letters with a light happy heart. The next morning he got up to breakfast, but soon lay down again, feeling drowsy and his headache still continuing; in the evening he seemed so feverish that we agreed it was better to be prudent and send for a doctor, although not a shadow of fear crossed my mind, having been myself often apparently so much worse when I was subject to fever in Italy. That was Thursday Evening the 4th April; on Friday the 12th all was over. Oh how fearfully rapid! on the ninth day! It all seems like a dream! He was so gentle and so good all through his sufferings, I am sure it was an index of his mind. Even in delirium all was peaceful, and kind and loving. No dreadful apparitions, no violent expressions - no angry reminiscences - all was good feeling, and simple faith, and the purest love towards his wife and unborn child. Oh that it had but pleased God to permit him to have lived to see his child! Sometimes it seems hard to understand why some have such bitter trials, while others go (p.51) through life so evenly; but we cannot search out all mysteries now, we must pray for a meek and submissive spirit.

I am so thankful that I can look back on all his goodness and tenderness, unalloyed by one shadow or one dispute, while day by day only developed fresh stores of excellence in his character and principles. His care of me on board ship must indeed have been beautiful, for I heard of it again only two or three days since from a lady to whom Mr Platts had recently described it, as most touching and devoted. I am so pleased to hear of such a tribute to his memory as this, for it is so genuine and unsolicited, and coming too, months after he was gone, shewed how deep an impression he must have made. On Saturday I am going to stay two or three days again with Mrs Colley, and thus be able to attend church on the first Sunday of the month; without her kind roof to stop under, I should not be able to do this, as a long service and drive backwards and forwards in one day, would be too fatiguing. The first Sunday in October falls on the 6th of the month, and it will not be prudent for me I suppose to venture so far from this, by that time, though I have a presentiment I shall not be confined before the 11th or 12th.⁵⁸

And now I must say Goodbye. I rely of course that all I say about Mr and Mrs Wright does not pass beyond our immediate family. I should be sorry were it to reach Stephen, for he cannot help his parents' faults, and his brothers and sisters mean so kindly by me I should be very sorry to give them pain in the least thing. The old people too are very fond of me, I believe - but they have so little feeling left except for their own quarrels, that they are not congenial. Lately however they have gone on much more (p.52) peacefully together, owing I believe to the remonstrances of the sons, who said that if they persisted in their disputes, they would live away from them. This has had an excellent effect, but Mrs W. is getting very low-spirited on account of the monotony of this country life. Fancy a person low-spirited with husband, children, all that can make life beautiful around her!

God bless Papa and the dear children. Give them my tender love, and to Aunt Eliza and Lizzy, and Aunt Caroline; accept the same from your aff.te niece,

A. L. V. Gretton.

Lucy and Amelia send many messages.

(After this I have found no more Australian letters. After the birth of her boy, my sister was three or four months in Adelaide and then came back to us. We met her in

⁵⁸ Her little boy was born prematurely on 4th September 1850. Though a little delicate in his first infancy, he has grown into a very fine man. A. J. G.

London May (or June) 1851 and afterwards we all lived together first at Ancona - then at Genoa. A. J. G.)

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.53)

1852

Pisa 17th November.

My dearest Algie,

We have not written to you for a long time, not since your birthday. We have had one letter from you since then, a very nice one, which gave us all great pleasure; and we should have replied to it much sooner than this, had we not been completely engrossed by dear Baby being very dangerously ill. Thank God he is now much better; but he has been very, very ill; in great danger even; and you may fancy what agony I was in. It is now rather more than a month that he was taken with a fever at the Baths of Lucca; at first I was not alarmed, but after three or four days, finding he grew worse, we brought him to Pisa. We had not been here more than a day, when the fever attacked his brain, and for some time he lay almost insensible, scarcely conscious of all the remedies that were being applied to him. He had leeches behind his ears, and afterwards to his temples; ice kept constantly on his head, blisters, mustard poultices, besides a number of other annoying and painful applications. We had Dr Gason⁵⁹ (the English Doctor here) constantly with us, besides an Italian doctor to consult with him; besides this we sent to Florence for Dr Trotman to hear his opinion of the case. For 48 hours the danger was very great, but afterwards a favourable change took place, and he recovered his consciousness, though the fever went on for 15 days, the time these attacks generally last. It left him so thin, so weak, so changed that it would have made your heart ache to see him; but since then he has gradually been getting better, and now he can run alone about the room, though with rather a weak step, (p.54) not in the firm bold way he walked before his illness. I forgot to tell you that his pretty little head was shaved when he was at the worst, and as he is still very pale and thin, he altogether looks quite a plain, sad little boy.

⁵⁹ Possibly Dr Joseph Gason M. D., who in the 1850s published articles on Florence and Pisa (ed. 2016).

We do not quite know how long we shall still remain here, as Papa has not yet been able to get away from Venice. We expect him however early next week, and then I suppose something will be arranged as to where we shall go for the next two or three months. Longer than that it seems useless for us to look forward to. I should be very glad for us to get settled somewhere or other, and be able to have a house of our own; and feel less like wanderers than at present, and have you with us sometimes, dear boy! We think and talk a great deal about you, darling Algie, you cannot tell how fond your sisters are of you, and how the hope of seeing you is one of the brightest they ever look forward to.

I suppose you have heard that poor William's⁶⁰ little boy arrived in England the end of September from Hayti; he was taken to the Burgoynes who have charge of him; they say he is very like his poor father.

Your holidays will be beginning before long I suppose; I wrote Lydia Stow a long letter just before dear Georgy fell ill; I told her then how strong and stout he was, and how proud I was of him; I little thought of how soon his illness was to come and change his beauty into suffering and weakness. But I do not mind his looks, being so very thankful it has pleased God to spare him to me. You can never know my dearest Algie, how precious this little boy is to me, for I hope when you are a man, and your turn comes to take part in the joys and sorrows and cares of life, you may not be tried so severely or so early as I have been. He is all that is left to me; the only relic of my hopes and dreams; my love for you dear, is just the same as it ever was (p.55) - nay more so, because I look to you in future years to be a great friend and comfort to me, just like my Son, and a wise good elder Brother to Boroo.⁶¹ So now God bless and keep you darling Algie,

Always your aff.te sister

A. L. V. Gretton.

(In 1851 my dear sister and her baby boy joined us in London and returned with us to Ancona. The summer of 1852 was spent at Bagni di Lucca. Algie (our brother) was at school. A. J. G.)

--- new page in typescript ---

⁶⁰ William Gretton her brother-in-law (who died at Hayti of yellow fever in June or July 1852). A. J. G.

⁶¹ Her pet name for her little boy. A. J. G.

(original p.58) *Repositioned: now, according to A. J. G.'s annotation, correctly placed (ed. 2016).*

1854

(Written four days after my wedding. A. J. G.)

Genoa

22d April 1854

My dearest Countess⁶²

I shall not dwell upon how much we miss you, nor how silent and deserted the house appears, but rather say how constantly my thoughts have followed you in your journey, picturing you to myself as happy as even my out of the way notions could desire. When we came back on Tuesday afternoon, it all looked very dreary, and several times I heard your voice calling "Raven, Raven",⁶³ once I actually went into the next room to see if you were not there! A little after I went down to see Mrs Granet whom I found wonderfully well: at nine I left her discussing some broiled chicken with her tea, and went to Aunty's where all the company of the morning assembled. Papa's dinner went off extremely well, speeches were made and healths drunk. Colonel Dundas in an elaborate eulogium on the bride said "she was a splendid specimen of humanity!"

Everyone was charmed with the whole day's proceedings which had passed over without a cloud or a drawback, indeed my child it is rare to hear of such a cheerful, brilliant wedding. By the bye you will be amused to hear that Mrs Granet had no hysterics, no fits, as you took your departure. A few tears and the dreaded scene was happily over. On Wednesday evening Gussy and Papa went to Aunty's.⁶⁴ I have not yet presented myself there, having felt very tired, stupid, and anxious about my little son. Yesterday however he was a great deal better, better than he has seemed for weeks; today he is again not quite so well, but I attribute it (original p.59) partly to a change in the weather, for the rain has come at last; and partly to a whitlow⁶⁵ which pains him a good deal. On Wednesday morning when he went into your room

⁶² One of my pet names. A. J. G.

⁶³ My sister's pet name given by herself after her Widowhood. She read somewhere that "the Raven is the most faithful and most domestic of Volatiles" and applied the name to herself. A. J. G. (ALVG signs herself as 'the Raven' in this letter; the first time in this collection that she does so. – ed. 2016)

⁶⁴ Madame de la Rue's pet name. A. J. G.

⁶⁵ An abscess in the soft tissue near a fingernail or toenail (ed. 2016).

and perceived you were really gone, he burst into tears, and for a time refused to be comforted. He talks constantly about you and your consort. When the hats from Spezia arrived yesterday he was charmed and said he supposed his⁶⁶ was a present from Uncle William and that Charley's was from Aunt Addy. I wrote on Wednesday a long letter to the Chepmells,⁶⁷ and Gussy undertook the same office towards the Carsons. Dear little Aunty is very gay and affectionate, and pleased; everyone was so delighted with her breakfast. The affection she and Emile⁶⁸ shewed you pleased me more than everything else. It was very nice to see how warmly they welcomed you to themselves.

I do not write you a longer letter my Countess, thinking this brief summary of our news sufficient for you. Give my true love to the Oyster⁶⁹ and say I shall give him a second salute when he brings you back smiling and happy as when you started.

God bless you my darling child
Always yr affectionate sister
Raven.

(In the autumn of 1852 my sister and baby, our sister and I came to Genoa to meet our father. We were to stay there a month and remained years! In the spring of 1854 I married William Granet the brother of that friend Augusta de la Rue who is so affectionately spoken of in the earliest letters of my sister. A. J. G.)

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.56) *Repositioned: now, according to A. J. G.'s annotation, correctly placed (ed. 2016)*

1854

Genoa
Friday 19th May. 1854.

My princely Pido⁷⁰

This moment have I received with the greatest pleasure and affection your long letter of the 13th or 14th. I have also to acknowledge another received since I

⁶⁶ "this" in the typescript (ed. 2016).

⁶⁷ Perhaps Edward Charles Chepmell 1820-1885, writer on homeopathy (ed. 2016).

⁶⁸ Emile de la Rue the husband of my sister-in-law, a Swiss. A. J. G.

⁶⁹ My dear sister's name for my husband. It certainly was appropriate to the outward reserve and inner beauty of his character. A. J. G.

⁷⁰ Another very old pet name of mine. A. J. G.

wrote, which was on Saturday the 13th, and I must again repeat that your writing so often pleases me very much; still I hope I am not selfish enough to wish for such long letters when you are tired, or would like to talk to your Oyster. I have sometimes repented of the long letters I used to write from England,⁷¹ as I lost many a happy hour by it; though after all my conscience would have reproached me if I had not thought of you poor lambs whom I was leaving so far behind me - so it was all for the best, I doubt not!

You will be surprised to hear that within an hour I start for Ronco;⁷² the party consists of Aunt, Charley and Beppina; the Raven her son and Kate.⁷³ Aunt requires a change very much indeed, her nights are dreadful:- she could not go alone, so that induced me to make up my mind, and go also, for my head grows heavier and more stupid every day. The little boy thank God, really is quite well, still a little mountain air will brace him up; as for poor Neilon, she is in such a dilapidated condition that if this little trip does not improve her, she must be sent home. I do not think we shall remain more than four or five days, indeed a long residence at Madamina's⁷⁴ would not suit my Raven resources. I sent Doctor Millingen⁷⁵ this morning 80 frcs for his different little attendances on my son; - since you went away he has been completely (p.57) under Homeopathy, and I hope we have done with Allopathy and Calomel⁷⁶ for a long time.

Your little belle-mère gave us a fright yesterday; she had violent headache and looked flushed and feverish; she took some red medicine and today is much better. Give my tender love to the Oyster; assure him of my real affection, and say how glad I am to think I was the first to discover what a beautiful Pearl his shell contained. Now the shell has completely fallen off, or rather the Pearl grew too large for it, and stands revealed to all.

⁷¹ During her very brief honeymoon. A. J. G.

⁷² Ronco Scrivia is about 20 km north of Genoa, at an altitude of about 300 metres (ed. 2016).

⁷³ Kate Neilon - the little boy's nurse. A. J. G.

⁷⁴ The mountain inn-keeper had that title. A. J. G.

⁷⁵ Perhaps Julius Michael Millingen (1800 - 1878) doctor, archaeologist, fighter for Greek independence (ed. 2016).

⁷⁶ Allopathy is the use of remedies producing effects different from or incompatible with those produced by the illness: the opposite of homeopathy. Calomel is Mercury chloride, Hg₂Cl₂ (ed. 2016).

Algie⁷⁷ is a darling; when there is a letter from you, he rushes up, glowing with joy to bring it. The dear Baroness⁷⁸ as usual is heroic; not a regret for her loneliness, not a sad look. She would try and persuade one she likes being left alone! Today she and Algie dine at the Persano's.⁷⁹ We have not heard from Papa since Sunday; he was quite engrossed with Uncle Harry.

Farewell my Pido and my child. My best love to your husband (I like that English word, it is derived from house-bond, or house union.)

And believe in the affection
Of Mrs Raven.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.60)

1854

Nice.
Saturday 23d September.

My dearest Child

Yesterday evening brought us Aunty's letter, by which I was sorry to find the poor Oyster had taken such a severe cold. It was a good thing however such prompt measures were taken, and I hope the attack has been quite cut short. It is exactly the way Papa used to be in when he was so susceptible to cold in 1835, only much less intense. By using great care for some months he will quite get over it; if on the contrary he exposes himself, or takes cold upon cold, he might run the risk of an illness of four months duration such as Papa had; besides all the sequel of great weakness on the lungs, sensibility to air etc. I think you will be obliged to leave Genoa for some time this winter; prevention is so much better than cure that William himself will see the necessity of this.

Aunty wrote a very pleasant little letter; tell her so and thank her for it with my best love. I do not think we shall prolong our stay here beyond the fortnight, for even if we

⁷⁷ He had been taken from school before he was fourteen and put into the office of Messrs de la Rue & Co (my husband was a partner in that firm). A. J. G.

⁷⁸ This was a pet name for our dear sister Gussy. A. J. G.

⁷⁹ The Condessa di Persano, an Englishwoman and a great friend of us all. She was married to a naval officer who became Admiral of the Italian Fleet, and earned for himself most grievous shame, and for his country profound humiliation, at the Battle of Lissa 1866. The poor Countess did not long survive that blow. A. J. G.

were pressed to do so, poor James is so uncomfortably lodged, being turned out of his room on our account, that I should have great scruples to continue here, particularly if the cool weather comes on, when he would be even less able to rough it than now. He sleeps in a little bit of a room, with no furniture but the bed, his clothes on the floor or in boxes. It seems so strange that it has never occurred to him to send into town to buy a second-hand chest of drawers, and a washing-stand. But I never saw people to whom the possession of wealth brought so few attendant (p.61) comforts. He is a good, kind-hearted simple fellow, very weak and languid; and so easily knocked up that he cannot even walk as far as I can. I never knew anyone so young, with so little of youth about them; it makes one sad to see him. As far as regards himself I believe he is quite cheerful now. He says it is such a change having people in the house after the previous unbroken monotony of his life for the last two months. He seems literally to do nothing, a little drawing, a very little reading, still less letter writing; the rest of the time is dawdled away.

The walks are beautiful; in all directions groves of beautiful olive trees, large and luxuriant, not scanty as they are near Genoa and at the Baths of Lucca. Villafranca is a beautiful harbour divided from the smaller one of Nice by a mountain, on the ascent of which, completely embowered by olive trees, this house stands. Following the high road about a quarter of an hour's walk brings you to the point from which Villafranca first comes in sight. It is an exquisite view, and you descend, winding among the trees, till you come upon the beach with the little town sheltered under some rocks and the fishing boats drawn up upon the shingles, and the sea so calm and glasslike that it seems never to have known a storm. It is just the scenery of Provence, such as one imagines it, soft, harmonious, and enervating. I can fancy the English delighting to sun themselves here in the winter months, but it is not a place I should like always to live in; it is much too lazy in its temperature. After the exciting air of Genoa it is very pleasant for a time; it appears to repose the mind. I try to think as little as possible, to put all care aside; but unpleasant visions of domestic "guai",⁸⁰ of the poor Genitore's (p.62) plans and woe-begone face, haunt me, and as I wrestle stoutly with them in the day they assert their supremacy in the night, and worry me constantly in my dreams. I assure you my Pido, sometimes I am quite bewildered to know what to advise him.

⁸⁰ "guai" (Italian): trouble or woe (ed. 2016)

Gussy, I am happy to say, is much better; she has been out twice on a donkey, thanks to my insistence, and could not but acknowledge she liked it very well. Once she went up to see the view from a fort called Monte Albano and last evening we went to Villafranca which was my second expedition there. On Thursday James accompanied me, the little son and Neilon, into the town, and then gallantly provided a cittadina⁸¹ to take us home. Boroo was of course delighted with the sight of a new place, and agreed with his attendant it was much finer than Genoa. The days are still too warm to admit of getting out before a quarter past five, and night comes on inconveniently fast. Our kind hostess is always in great agitation until we return, though we are seldom later than 7, and is always astonished at the length and distance of our walks. At half past nine she always wishes James to go to bed, and Bianchieri is seldom up much later. I always make Gussy retire at this hour, and my early habits are much commended. The Baroness remonstrates, but nevertheless by ten o'clock is always fast asleep. As for me, I dawdle a little about my room, but always am glad to get to bed before eleven, and sleep till half past six or seven. The Baroness slumbers till half past seven or eight, and this is the best thing possible for her and joined to sitting out for two or three hours every morning, wholesome food, an excellent appetite and her donkey rides, will make her quite strong I hope. But the inertia one has to combat in her, is quite disheartening at times. Boroo (p.63) and I always get out by eight and walk till near nine when we breakfast.

The servants are getting into capital training; the man-servant gives us forks now that we no longer have cold meat, but utterly ignores the necessity of egg spoons! Sometimes he forgets to make the tea, and presents us with an empty tea pot, but these are minor considerations and the whole machinery works quite harmoniously. Gussy has a cup of soup at one, and sago of an evening when we have tea, so altogether she is well nourished. Last night there was a storm, and it rained hard for several hours, so today we could not sit out. Luckily I had almost finished my rocks,⁸² all things considered, I think they have turned out pretty well; the difficulty of the spectacles seems to be surmounted, the quick changes of light and shadow was the most hard to manage, as the sun travelled much faster than I did, and I was perpetually finding myself completely at fault. James has not recommenced his

⁸¹ "cittadina" (Italian): from the context, this must mean a small town-carriage (ed. 2016).

⁸² A sketch she was making. A. J. G.

sketch, he says it is so very difficult. I daresay the next thing I attempt will succeed better; now that the rain has commenced however, I must be very careful about sitting out, as it would not do to get a return of rheumatism. Ideas of a literary kind have not presented themselves; indeed the constant society of these dear good people is not suggestive. We all get on extremely well together, but new strata of thought, or taste, or feeling, have not yet rewarded my psychological researches.

Aunty seems pleased with Algerino,⁸³ I hope my Countess, you talk to him sometimes for he dearly loves you. Do not forget to look after his stooping head. Have you written to Mrs Jenny about Jacopo? My darling son is a general favourite; he eats voraciously and is stouter than ever I remember seeing him. Poor Emile's foot seems (p.64) a tedious affair. Little Aunty did not mention herself, but her poor little writing was very crooked, which told she was in pain. In a few days we shall know if Leitch Ritchie⁸⁴ accepts my paper or not. Algie must begin in a short time to enquire if there are any letters for me at the Post. Heigh ho! Well my child, it is of no use to be discouraged. If I learn to paint landscapes well, I may perhaps turn an honest penny that way, though poor Mme Borzino's⁸⁵ fate is not an encouraging example.

Commend me with warm affection to your Oyster for whose amusement I have scribbled down everything I could think of. My love to Algie, Aunty, Emile. Compts to Henry and the young amateur of the Healing Art.

Your faithful sister

Raven-friend.

(My husband and I came back from our honeymoon in time to find Cholera in Genoa! It was a most awful visitation. Nearly everyone that had means left the city. My Mother-in-law died of the epidemic in August. My sisters and Algie and the child and my brother & sister-in-law stayed on - as we also did. In Sept. the plague ceased and my sisters went to Nice for a much needed change. My father was away on business. A. J. G.)

⁸³ A variety of "Algernon". A. J. G.

⁸⁴ Leitch Ritchie (1800-1865), at that time editor of "Chambers's Journal", published in Edinburgh (ed. 2016).

⁸⁵ Léopoldina Zanetti Borzino, 1826-1887. She was the niece of Daniele Manin, one of the three leaders of the 1848-49 Roman Republic, and had as a consequence been forced to leave Venice, first for France, and then for Genoa, where she met her husband Ulisse Borzino. Thereafter she worked as a painter and lithographer, in Genoa and then in Milan (ed. 2016).

(p.65)

1855

Genoa.
Saturday 10th Feb. 1855.

My dearest Addy

Your letter yesterday touched me exceedingly, and I cannot express how much I appreciate the Oyster's kindness. He is a dear good fellow, and I applaud myself more and more for having been the first to do justice to his excellence. I agree with you in thinking it would not be advisable to mention to Papa what you say concerning his kind offer of Algie staying with you, as he might then think Gussy's and my remaining here unnecessary, and propose our accompanying him to London: Whereas now he is perfectly satisfied with the necessity, as with the prudence, of Genoa being our home for some time to come. I think what makes me serene under a good many causes of anxiety and worry just now, is, my being so thankful you are safely shielded in that good Oyster's shell, and that there is no longer any wringing of my heart in hearing you talk of going out as a governess: also for the good qualities the said Oyster manifests as a brother-in-law, not wishing to estrange you from your family, not shewing any purse pride or exclusiveness, and lastly for Algie having a regular steady employment.

To all these I must add my own personal motives for being thankful for my lot: first of all that dear little son of mine, who is indeed a child to warm one's heart. He is a noble fellow; the other night he shewed a trait of fine feeling, which I must briefly relate. Algie, (who I regret to say will waste his money on bon-bons) made a distribution of "caramelle". I promised Georgy one after dinner if he read well: as he did not, with (p.66) some tears he resigned himself to his fate, and hoped to merit it on the morrow. When Kate was undressing him soon after, not knowing anything of what had passed, she presented him with one of those that Algie had given her: the boy accepted and put it in his mouth, but scarcely had he done so, when he hastily withdrew it, and said "I had forgotten, I can't have it", and being pressed by Kate who thought this arose from some scruple at depriving her of it, he sobbed out: "I tell you I don't deserve it, I read badly!" He is so well and blooming it is a pleasure to look at him; I think you will altogether find him much improved.

Then the longer I live, the more pleasure I have in looking back at the happiness I and my dearest Ditz had together. Thackeray says it is but a selfish philosophy which derives resignation for one's own sorrows from contemplating those of others: but so it is. My reflections upon the Crokes have taught me a good deal. I think it is far better to have bright, soothing memories than harsh, grating disappointments, such as so many people encounter, even in the first onset of their married life. Here are these people only three months married, and already undisguisedly miserable, seeming to have no consciousness of the duties and responsibilities of marriage. It is a great privilege to have so many instances of his care and devotion towards me, of his patience towards my caprices and fancies, to recall; to have them to relate to Georgy to serve as examples to him should he live to be a man and have a wife in his turn. It is the same respecting dear Mamma; what an inestimable blessing it is for us all to have had such a Mother! I thought so much of her on the tenth anniversary of her death! What a new page in Life opened to me soon after!

And now God bless you my child.

Your aff.te sister

A L V G

(The day before our father's sudden death. I and my husband were at Nice. A. J. G.)
(Our mother died 7th Feb^{ry} 1845. Our father 11th Feb^{ry} 1855. A. J. G.)

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.67)

1855

Genoa
12th February 1855.

I little thought my dearest Addy, when I wrote on Saturday so cheerfully, so pleased with many things in my lot, of the dreadful agony and grief that was impending over us. For him, poor dear Papa, I can hardly say I grieve - so full of bitterness, of unceasing struggles, of mortification, of racking anxiety was his life. Having the most perfect trust and assurance that he is numbered amongst those who sleep in Jesus, I ask myself as I look upon the calm repose of him whose troubled existence we so well know, whether it would be right to wish him back again to a continuation of the same. And I answer - No. But for ourselves I grieve - for myself especially, for a thousand things in which I have been wanting, in which I have not made sufficient allowances for him, rise up accusingly before me; if I could only have nursed

him through an illness, have sat up with him at night, have cheered and encouraged him, I should be more at peace. But God willed it thus, and His ways are not our ways, His judgements are past finding out. We have the consolation of knowing he was spared the anguish of seeing his end approaching, and shrinking from the seas of trouble on which his children were to be launched: and that he died in Gussy's and my arms; - and also that for many, many months, the most uninterrupted harmony has prevailed amongst us all. I do think he was as happy with us as a father could be, and Georgy used to delight him by his affection. Poor little child he was present when he was seized yesterday, and the shock seems to have made him almost ill: Adèle took him upstairs to her apartment all day, but nothing would cheer him. In the evening when he came down he asked me to (p.68) read something out of the Bible about very sick people and Jesus curing them! He thinks his poor Nonno is very very ill, but does not know he is dead. We are afraid to tell him. This morning he seemed so sad and so occupied with the scene of yesterday, that I wrote to Mrs Brown⁸⁶ to say I would send him there for the day, though it rained hard. Poor dear Papa; he would be pleased to think his little grandson loved him so. Aunty has been like a little angel. She sat up all last night watching him, sometimes kneeling by him to watch if there was the least, least sign of breath: Kate as she always is, a treasure in the time of trouble.

All the people are very kind in writing and coming - but it is horrible. And yet, why wish him back to such sickening anxiety as he has had for the last six weeks, particularly the last fortnight? I am certain, though it can never, must never, be known beyond ourselves, that this gnawing, miserable anxiety has caused his death, joined to feelings of mortification and over-acute sensibility which in different ways have been preying upon him for months past. Yet with us he was most amiable, most affectionate, and seemed to enjoy his home; sometimes he used to say very sadly, it was hard to have to go away and begin the world anew. I know it used to make my heart ache to contemplate it for him! Now he has been saved all this; saved besides fresh disappointment, fresh mortification, fresh trials. He also tried to take the cheerful side, and spoke of his happiness at your marriage and at Algie's steadiness and good prospects. All this remains to him; and now I must do my part and try to be active and energetic and discharge my duty faithfully towards Gussy and Algie. Oh how I thank God he was pleased at all I had proposed, and seemed so

⁸⁶ The Hon Mrs J. Yeats Brown; she was the mother of Fred and Monty Brown A. J. G. (née Stuarda Erskine, 1810 - 1863: ed. 2016).

fond of me, (p.69) leaning on me, confiding in me, just as formerly! He was very fond of you, my dearest Addy, speaking of you always with so much affection and pride. Poor Gussy is very low, but comforted like me by thinking how affectionate he was to her lately, quite as he used to be years ago. Algie is very sad, poor child.

God bless you, my best love to William

Always your aff.te

A. L. V. G.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.70)

1856

(Written to me whilst I was staying in London in July or August. A. J. Granet.)

Extract from a Letter of 1856. Genoa.

.....
Enclosed is Mr Kay's note to "Hogg's Instructor".⁸⁷ He never sent it to me or returned the M.S. till last night, so of course I could not copy out the passages I spoke of with the alterations requisite for a less serious Magazine. As it is, I think without further troubling yourself, it is better to send the M.S. to Edinburgh with Mr Kay's note. He says he has requested the Editor to write to him at once to say if it is suited, and that it is unnecessary to give any instructions as to what is to be done with the M.S. in case it is declined, as they will at all events take care of it, and he hopes that it will soon be published. All you have to do therefore is, to put it up along with the note, and frank it with the requisite number of stamps. You might write in a corner "Rev: D. Kay, Genoa",⁸⁸ or else seeing a strange hand, the packet might be tossed aside with other unread contributions.

You are very kind my dear child to think about the National Magazine,⁸⁹ but without an introduction, I think it is quite hopeless, besides at starting they must be well stocked with good contributions from the various distinguished collaborateurs. Thank you too for all your efforts about the pictures. Do with them whatever you think best. Whether to leave them or bring them back. Thank you also for executing all the

⁸⁷ A weekly magazine published in Edinburgh, edited by James Hogg (1806-1888) (ed. 2016).

⁸⁸ Probably the Rev. David Kay, Presbyterian minister in Genoa until 1862, buried in Dunedin, New Zealand, 1901 (ed. 2016).

⁸⁹ The "National Review", a quarterly first published in 1855 (ed. 2016).

commissions about Boroo. I think his good looks in his manly garb will repay your trouble. He insisted on kissing his Uncle William on both sides of his face this morning on taking leave. We only shook hands, sparing the Oyster the embrace which is to take place when you return. We had (p.71) quite a "società" last night - Oyster, then Mr Kay for an hour, then Mr Strettell⁹⁰ who remained to see the eclipse. He spoke with earnestness about the Oyster, said he had a great respect and regard for him, and had never seen a man so wonderfully improved by marriage in every respect. Algerino⁹¹ dined yesterday at Aunty's, and in the evening went to a little dance at the Browns, the first they have had since poor Balfour's death. Please also enclose the accompanying receipt in an envelope addressed Messrs Chambers, Office of Chambers's Journal, Edinburgh. As this letter will be a double one, the receipt will make no difference, yet if I posted it here, it would cost 80c. Forget it not, I beseech you for when they get it, they will send me the money for "Garibaldi", and we want it badly!⁹²

Boroo, tell his Uncle, is working hard at his maps: the agreement being that William is to give him four sous⁹³ each as soon as he has a set of 20 ready. He traces the outlines which Gussy and I colour, he standing by and designating the different countries etc. He knows geography now quite as well as Algie did at his age and is very fond of it. He is forward in everything except his reading.⁹⁴

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.72) 1856
(*I had been taken to England for my health. A. J. G.*)

Genoa
21st August 1856
Tuesday 2 p.m.

⁹⁰ Alfred Baker Strettell, British consular chaplain in Genoa (ed. 2016).

⁹¹ A diminutive of Algernon (Algie's name) A. J. G.

⁹² This must be the article in "Chambers's Journal" nos 144, 145, 146, on 4, 11, 18 October 1856 p.215 intermittently to 249 (ed. 2016).

⁹³ A sou is a five-centime coin in the French currency: A. L. V. G. often refers to Piedmontese currency as though it were French (ed. 2016).

⁹⁴ George was then only just six. A. J. G.

Your letter to Gussy my dear Countess, came up about two hours ago. The 'spesa' was brought by a humble adherent of the cook's with the unwelcome intelligence that he was in bed, and was to be bled copiously and have ice, (I suppose a piece always in his mouth) to stop the spitting of blood. He is at the house of a friend under Bertani's care. We shall get the Senhouses' Luigi to wait upon us, till he is well, so we shall not be inconvenienced. We were much comforted to hear you felt so much stronger, and also at the improved accounts of dear Lizzy⁹⁵ about whom I felt very anxious. Taking the great heat you have had to contend with into consideration, I think there is every reason to conclude you have considerably gained ground. One point you have never clearly explained, it is that apparently to us you were much weaker when you reached London, than when you left Genoa; I suppose that ill as you already were, the journey had proved too much for you, and it will take some months to complete your cure. If you were to come back here too soon, the fatigue of the stairs, the relaxing nature of the climate, domestic cares, external worries, would soon throw you back to where you were before you set out. But if allowed time to recover completely, I trust your constitution would have acquired sufficient stamina not to be influenced by these latter circumstances, indispensable from the lot to which it has pleased God to call you: for though houses can be found in Genoa with fewer stairs, yet neither the climate nor the character of Genoese servants, nor the inhabitants of the Red Palace⁹⁶ can be altered.

(p.73) I am glad Mrs Cumming supports my view of the case, but I am not surprised at dear Lucy's dissenting from it with her independent and energetic character. But I think if all the circumstances of the case were placed before her in a way that would enable her fairly to balance all sides of the question; if like me she became the recipient of everybody's griefs and everybody's impressions, she too would say that the course I recommend is the one which a meek and Christian spirit, as well as common sense points out; and will in the end - it may be long years though first - be recognized, in its just colours and fully appreciated. It is a subject

⁹⁵ Lizzy Carson afterwards Griffith a cousin of ours. A. J. G.

⁹⁶ The historical "Palazzo Rosso" in Via Nuova, Genoa - where my husband's sister resided. A. J. G. (now Via Garibaldi: designed by the architect Pietro Antonio Corradi (1616 - 1683), built between 1671 and 1677; now an art gallery. Dickens's letters enable us to locate the apartment on the top floor "with tall windows": so not in the attic. ed. 2016).

which occupies my thoughts more than I can express, for I know how much your health and peace of mind are involved in it; but of this I am convinced, that if you do not make up your mind to bear patiently and cheerfully, the want of congenial society, the frivolity, the jesting, and foolish talking of the Red Palace, if you do not control yourself, maintaining the defensive, rigorously avoiding sanctioning by a word or look, whatever you may think profane or indecent, while on general topics you shew yourself amiable and good-natured, if you have not patience to bide your time, hoping and striving that by well doing and the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, you may win that respect for yourself and for good things, which no display of temper, no angry words, can by any possibility achieve - unless you make up your mind to this, I see nothing but wretchedness before you and your husband.

If they were not his nearest relations, then of course there would be no necessity for these reasonings. It is just because they are so, that this forbearance is required of you. Surely when you married, your design was not to be at variance with your (p.74) husband's sister? Yet things were at the Red Palace much in the same state as now; years pass over and bring no change to its occupants. We change, we think, we read, we feel a want of something wiser, better, cleverer, and that makes us more impatient with their frivolities. But is this right? As long as we do not fall into them, ought we to entrench ourselves in our fancied superiority? Do we make the cause we wish to profess more lovely, by this want of gentleness and forbearance towards those with whom we are so nearly connected?

My dear child do not think me prosy in reverting to these often repeated arguments, but the subject is so important, it makes me so anxious, I cannot forbear dwelling on it. I enter into all your difficulties and trials from the bottom of my heart; I think I can understand them perfectly, far more than any words I can put together would express - but think, and think over them as I may, the course I recommend always seems the wisest and best. To overcome evil with good, to be gentle, patient, dignified, to submit to the annoyance of not being understood or valued as you deserve. Wherever you can do so without derogating from modesty or religion, to enter into your companions' ideas, feelings, pursuits; not to be angry if they are insensible to whatever you admire, and know is worth admiring - and so on. It is very hard and sombre to look forward to, this constant discipline, that will have no witness but One. Your husband, your sisters, in time will get used to your forbearance, will

very likely cease to notice or praise it. Perhaps you will not get one kind word, for what has cost you many heart-burnings to accomplish, but then, my child you must think of that One Witness. Is not His approval worth everything besides?

Now God bless you my dear child
Your faithful Raven.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.75)

1856

Monday 20th October 1856,

My beloved Pido

I have only time for a few lines on business. Yesterday I received a letter from Wright Bros of 2nd July, remitting me £50 (and badly enough I wanted it!) and £200 already invested at 15% and even upwards, while they seemed sanguine of doing as well with the remainder. They asked for specific instructions from you and William, mind both of you - as to the remittance of your share of the annual income, which I had told them you wished Gussy to have the benefit of. But of course without your authority and William's they can do nothing, though they do not imply there will be any difficulty in the matter. Not to lose time you had better write, or make William do so, a few lines which you must jointly sign, containing your wishes on this subject. If this letter is despatched before you leave England, it will save a great deal of time, which is of consequence, as they will not send us anything till all their instructions are plain.

By this post the Baroness and I write to them, stating what we wish done with our shares, viz: to remit us quarterly the interest on them. I have written a regular merchant's letter, which I daresay will make even the grave Stephen smile. But a not very smiling matter to us is that they seem to take it for granted that Algie's share is to be left to accumulate till he is of age, and from a message Mr Scott sent me by Mr Hinton, stating I was to see that the Wrights had clear directions "from Mrs G. Gretton, Miss Le Mesurier, and Mrs Granet, as to the remittance of their shares of Rents and Interest", ignoring Algie's existence, we fear that the same (p.76) difficulties as stood in the way of his receiving the St. Paul's churchyd property viz: No guardian having been appointed for him, will stand in the way here. At first this

seemed provoking, then I began to think how nice it would be for the dear boy if this £300 could really be left to accumulate for him, for at £15% in four years it would nearly double itself, indeed with some at 16% or even 17% as they have got, it would quite do so. The thing is: what are we to do in the meantime? His salary will of course be raised, though not much, at Xmas; now if by strict economy he could pay us £20 out of his salary, £10 more might be taken out of that money he bought this year in the Piedmontese funds. With £30 for his share we could get on; we never calculated on more than that, but less we could not afford. He would like this plan very much as naturally his ears are tickled with the sound of 15%; and it would be an inducement for him to be steady and economical here; in fact it would be a necessity, while all the time, a little capital for him was surely accumulating in Australia. It would be a great happiness if he starts in life with a few hundred pounds of his own; besides, a beginning of capital once made, other sources may augment it. It is so unlike the Le Mesuriers having anything like an independence, that I confess I should be glad to see him with one, dear boy! So from having been quite put out, I have talked myself into being pleased at the idea that we cannot get any of his money for the present.

I think you had better give the Wrights some instructions about the money William says you have sent out; they are methodical and like everything to be clearly explained.

My child I say no more - I wrote to you on Saturday. Farewell; we are working like Lions putting down the carpets, your Giuseppe the biggest Lion of all.

Raven-friend.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.77) Extract from Letter of 18th Oct: 1856.

.....
My dear child, I do not think you at all foolish or helpless for missing the Oyster so much. By the void in your life, just by his absence for a few days, with the knowledge that he is coming back too to cheer you under the temporary deprivation you can in some way understand what the loneliness is when there is to be no

return! How strange it is that after experiencing what that is, one can gradually grow reconciled to life again, and be like other people, and perhaps not carry so heavy a heart as many who have never been so tried - or rather find as much pleasure in looking back as many do in looking forward. No, I assure you dear child, I don't think you foolish at all.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.78)

1857

Voltaggio.⁹⁷
7th July. Tuesday.

Worthy Adelia

We have just received your note, and the M.S. from Chambers's with a polite note from the temporary editor apologizing for the delay, as he had to communicate with Leitch Ritchie to know where he had left it, and saying he should be glad to receive the remaining Italian papers, so I must take courage and get them ready. There is something very seductive in the dolce far niente of this establishment. I must frankly say, I like it very much; we now feel thoroughly at home, and find all the inmates a most harmless, goodnatured, amiable set of creatures. I am afraid in an English establishment of thirty individuals of different ranks and attainments, there would be far less amenity and general good breeding.

The wood is a most delightful resource. I walk in it - every morning for nearly two hours. There is such a wonderful repose and freshness in it, that each day it seems more pleasant. Every afternoon at five, I and the boy and Neilon go for a long walk beyond the precincts of the Establishment. Neilon is a good climber and helps me where the paths are rough. Yesterday we went nearly up to the top of a mountain where the view was delightful. The lad is as happy as he can be. He is out all day long; it is with difficulty we can coax him in for an hour to read and write a little. He is a general favourite and perfectly at home. Colonel della Chiesa went away last night

⁹⁷ Voltaggio (elsewhere in these letters Voldaggio) is about 20 km north of Genoa, at an altitude of about 340 metres (ed. 2016).

to his great regret, as he taught him to climb trees, gathered poppies to plant in his (p.79) garden, in fact was quite his playfellow. He was really a nice man, this same Colonel, and deserved to have children of his own. They had two whom they lost at only four months interval; and it was in grieving after them that the poor wife lost her health. He told me that she was no longer the same woman since she commenced the water-cure. Before, she was languid, complaining, never able to walk ten minutes without fatigue, and afraid of every breath of air. Now she walks, eats, and sleeps well, and sits out in the open air without any fear of taking cold.

Gussy is to begin her cure at twelve o'clock today. She is to be wrapped in a wet sheet and rubbed. Mr Scott's letter you may read, and Algie can draw up the bills for me to sign and send them down to me. Is it not very disgusting to have so small a dividend? I must hastily conclude as it is post time. Embrace Algerino, and tell him he made quite a sensation in, and won golden opinions from, the Establishment. Thank him for remembering my pins, which came quite safe with the sheets and blankets. Gussy thanks you heartily for the sheets. Neilon is placid and obedient though mournful.

Your obedient servant to command

Raven.

When you have quite done "Charlotte Bronte"⁹⁸ and have an opportunity of sending it we should like to read it very much.

(I was then back at Genoa with my husband. A. J. G.)

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.80)
EXTRACT

1857

Genoa
August 1857

.....
I wrote a detailed account of all our doings to the Baroness yesterday morning. In the evening, Algerino went to a party at the Marchesa Clelia Serra's⁹⁹

⁹⁸ Elizabeth Gaskell's "The Life of Charlotte Brontë" was published in 1857 by Smith, Elder & Co. in London (ed. 2016).

where he enjoyed himself exceedingly, almost more he says than ever in his life before. He and Monty drove to Cornigliano together and were presented by Louise de Muralt. I suppose the Oyster has told you that you were invited. I gave myself the treat of staying at home, and sent Boroo and Neilon under the escort of Alessandro to see the wild beasts. The lad came back in great delight; his peals of laughter at the monkeys, they said, were tremendous.

I had a long visit from Walter Spada¹⁰⁰ which I enjoyed very much, as he talked in his earnest way about his brother's beautiful resignation, his own yearning after his mother, his loneliness, his endeavours, his anxiety about Tom's unsteadiness, his pride in Conrad's improvement and affection, without the reserve of a third person's presence; and it is not often one can hear so much deep feeling united to such strength of mind and clearness of reasoning as his conversation displays. Boroo came back in the middle of the visit, but he sat quietly by me, and when poor Walter fairly broke down in describing Jerome's last moments, and sobbed bitterly for a few minutes, the little boy cried softly with his head on my knee. Their plans are now made up. After much negotiation it was decided the plan suggested by Persano would not do. He gave himself (p.81) a great deal of trouble about it, but found it could not be managed. Meanwhile a letter arrived from their father, removing all restrictions upon their movements and giving Walter carte blanche to act as he pleases. A Dutch steamer leaves this on Saturday for Rotterdam via Malaga, and they have decided on embarking in her. From Rotterdam they will easily make their way to London. There they propose remaining only the necessary time to get a passage in a sailing vessel, either to the Cape or to Madeira. As their friends are all at the West End, and will know nothing of shipping matters, they are very thankful for an introduction to Mr Hinton. I shall warmly recommend them to his care, and though he can ill spare the time, still I am sure he will put them in the way of finding a ship etc. The whole thing can be done in a morning as I know by experience. I cannot describe how much those lads interest me, how sad I feel when I hear them cough, and notice the looks of anxiety each casts upon the other.

⁹⁹ In 1840 there was in the Palazzo Serra in Genoa a portrait of the Marchese Clelia Serra by a painter called Picasso (ed. 2016).

¹⁰⁰ The son of old friends of our family - Conde and Condessa Spada. First the sweet Mother - an Englishwoman - and subsequently three of the sons - Walter among them - died of consumption. A. J. G.

I have literally not seen anyone yet except Miss Millingen coming out of Church on Sunday, who had been drowned in tears for two days, she said, for the cat's demise. A bullet aimed by Augustus cut short the thread of his existence! I hear the Lindsays are in great anxiety for the fate of some friends at Cawnpore¹⁰¹ - Mr L's sister and his three daughters being there.¹⁰² Those accounts in the paper make one's blood run cold. Did you notice that a Mr Mordaunt Ricketts was among the slain? I suppose he must be a son of my poor old friends? I must say goodnight now my child, and retire to my couch. I do not attempt writing in the slightest degree; until the weather changes it would be folly. Then I must set to and work away.

Thursday Evening. I have just come back from the Birds. The (p.82) poor Spadas were looking very tired, Walter especially quite worn out with the heat. Their rooms at Hotel Feder are up 115 steps, so that he can only go up them once a day. The consequence is he passes many hours baking in an atmosphere of odious smells. The steamer does not sail till Monday; this makes him very anxious, and he gets little or no sleep. I asked them to dinner tomorrow that they might see the Oyster, who had promised to come. I hope you and the Baroness do not think me extravagant, but when I see what pleasure it gives them, I cannot refrain from shewing a little hospitality. When Aunty heard they were not going so soon as anticipated, she pressed them to go there to dinner on Sunday. Walter is to go early that he may have a long rest. Poor dear fellow he has such a spiritualized expression in his eyes that I fear he will not last long. Every one who sees him is struck by his air and conversation.

(This was received by me at Voldaggio, a watercure establishment in the Appennines where I and our sister Gussy (the Baroness) were staying. A. J. G.)

--- new page in typescript ---

¹⁰¹ This was the year of the Indian Mutiny. The four ladies alluded to were all murdered. A. J. G.

¹⁰² The dead at Cawnpore included Mrs Catherine Jemima Lindsay and her daughters Caroline, Alice and Frances; though it does not seem that the relationship to "Mr L" is exactly as the Raven describes. Cawnpore was the setting for Francis Noel Paton's famous painting of women with their daughters, awaiting their fate at the hands of the mutineers, "In Memoriam" (1858, reworked 1858) (ed. 2016).

Beloved Lambs

I hope you safely received Algie's letter from Turin, posted Sunday, in which he says he gave you a hasty sketch of our proceedings there. On Sunday, I went at nine o'clock to the children's service and catechising at the Vaudois Church.¹⁰⁴ It was conducted in Italian by M. Meille who expounded beautifully. I then sent Boroo to take a walk with Marianne, her sister (such a pleasing young school mistress), and the little Meilles, and remained for the French service when M. Bert preached. The church is a very handsome building in the English ecclesiastical style [of] architecture; I wish we had such a one in Genoa. From there we went back to the hotel and at half past twelve Virginie came to fetch us to see the Armoury; a glorious old collection which surpasses even the famous one in the Tower, impressed as that was in my memory; then the Royal gardens swarming with promenaders; then the State apartments in the Palace, then the Picture Gallery.

When we returned to the Hotel for dinner, we found the cards of a galaxy of rank, who had called in our absence: the Scarampi,¹⁰⁵ Romagnans¹⁰⁶ and Cigalas.¹⁰⁷ Boroo went by invitation to dine at the Meilles (on whom I called Saturday night) and Algerino and I after the table d'hôte, were taken a drive by the fair Léopoldine, who seemed very well contented to have Algerino sitting opposite to her, and remarked to me how handsome he had grown, and what beautiful eyes he had. Clémentine also appeared much pleased and (p.84) pointed out to him all the Turin notabilities. Algerino who had never seen a "corso"¹⁰⁸ of carriages before, was much delighted, and gave great satisfaction by his unqualified approval. The "Reine" then wound up her politeness by taking us to the Caffé Fiorio, and regaling us with ices.

¹⁰³ Now Torre Pellice, 10 km southwest of Pinerolo (ed. 2016).

¹⁰⁴ On Corso Vittorio Emanuele II, Torino. Designed by Luigi Formento, consecrated in 1853 (ed. 2016).

¹⁰⁵ Bankers, Princes of the Church, soldiers, politicians; powerful from the 14th to the 18th C. (ed. 2016)

¹⁰⁶ Another family of bankers, priests, State servants etc. from Savoy. The Turin branch is called "Romagnano" now; in the French branch is a current member of the National Assembly (ed. 2016).

¹⁰⁷ The Martini di Cigala family were landowning nobles and bankers, originally from Genoa. Connections with Alessandro Martini (1812 - 1905) the Turin-born maker of the most famous Savoyard drink, vermouth, are impossible to establish (ed. 2016).

¹⁰⁸ "corso" (Italian): street, race, or course of instruction. But surely none of these; probably it is another word for the "passeggiata" the late-afternoon circulation of the town's families along its main street (ed. 2016).

Yesterday we proceeded to the Belle Arti, to see the Exhibition of paintings and sculpture, losing ourselves, as was our wont, half a dozen times under the arcades, Algerino having a peculiar aversion to ask his way. In our wanderings we met Captain Peyssard who escorted us to the door of the Exhibition. The paintings are altogether superior to what we see in Genoa, but the gem of the whole collection, are the sculptures. One or two statues by Vela the most celebrated sculptor in Turin, are really wonderful. After our survey was completed, we paid visits till it was time to meet Mlle Virginie; she first took us to a fashionable pastry cook's under the arcades, and insisted on giving us luncheon; then, while we went to look for flannel, Algerino took Boroo to the Egyptian Museum, which the little lad missed seeing on Saturday. Virginie then took me to see two or three churches, and the facade of the Hotel de Ville, where two fine statues have recently been erected, and meeting Algie and the boy at the given rendezvous, we wound up all by going to the Senate, where the hoary veterans sat, slept, and gossiped, but did not speak, a sufficient number not being present to carry on their deliberations.

This brought us to half past three when we returned to the hotel, made our preparations for departure, paid our bill (which we found moderate) dined, and started at half past five for Pignerol.¹⁰⁹ The heat was intense, the diligence¹¹⁰ densely crowded, but the people wonderfully good humoured. About nine we arrived here, had tea and then went to bed. I have as yet seen nothing (p.85) of La Tour, having sat down to write directly after breakfast but Algie and the boy say the scenery is very pretty. Boroo sends his humble respects, and says he is very happy and hopes he is very good. Farewell, dear Lambs; salute the Oyster and Aunty.

Your faithful

Raven.

The bonne¹¹¹ is not forgotten.

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¹⁰⁹ Now Pinerolo, 30 km southwest of Turin. (ed. 2016).

¹¹⁰ "diligence" (French): stage-coach: though usually stopping more often and going more slowly than the English word suggests (ed. 2016).

¹¹¹ "bonne": maid, perhaps specifically "maid of all work". Is there an echo of "gone but not forgotten"? (ed. 2016).

(p.86)
EXTRACT

1858

La Tour.
July 1858.

.....
We have done great things in the way of walking about as Algie has doubtless told you. The scenery is certainly lovely, such beautiful sloping meadows, shaded by clumps of glorious old trees, larger than any I have ever seen before, reminding one of views of English parks, with the addition of a background of mountains such as England cannot boast. To give an idea of the general effect, the best simile is that of an amphitheatre of mountains, open end sloping downwards towards the plains of Piedmont, which impart a character of vastness and boundlessness to the whole, very different to any Alpine scenery we have ever before beheld.

We are always wishing for all of you here particularly the poor old Oyster, who would so enjoy himself under a tree with a clear running brook murmuring near him, and soft green grass inviting him to a roll or a siesta. The concert of nightingales we heard last evening as we walked down the winding road through chestnut and walnut trees, from Angrogne, was of itself worth coming to the Valley to listen to. Another great charm is the absence of habitations. Your eye may range for miles without seeing more than a modest steeple, or cluster of huts, peeping out from the crest of some hill.

(My sister and brother with George (Boroo) were taking a little tour of the Piedmontese valleys. A. J. G.)

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.87)

1860

Genoa
June 20th.¹¹²

Dearest Addy

¹¹² This was only five days after the premature birth of my second child, Amy. She was so weak and frail, so excessively small and altogether unformed, that only the most unremitting care kept her alive. My poor sister who had watched over those first five days and nights, naturally only could tear herself away to go to the still dearer sister who alas! was already on her death-bed. A. J. G.

Gussy has passed a night which she and her attendants assure me is the best by far she has had since her return from Cornigliano. Poor child, they must have been very bad then, for I cannot call this one anything more than tolerable. However Peirano found her much better this morning in several respects, and he seemed so pleased at my being here, and laid so much stress on the avoidance of any of those causes of irritation which have done her so much harm, that I think it is plainly my duty to stay here all today and night. So I can only leave you and my precious Dot to higher keeping than poor Raven's. I miss her little angel face more than I can describe, and fancy at every moment I hear her. Pray my child keep yourself tranquil and don't worry about the servants. Could not some one be found to wash the baby's and Ned's things as a rest for Marguerite who could employ the time thus saved in helping Migina and Caroline? Tomorrow I hope to come out for a few hours at least. - God bless you.

Raven.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.88)

1860

Genoa.
June.

My dearest Addy

Having a moment's leisure I profit by it to give you my true impression of our dear Gussy's state. She has evidently entered a new phase of illness, this being quite distinct from last week's. The symptoms which were so distressing when I began to nurse her last Thursday night the 21st all gave way one after another before the 14th day, so that Peirano was quite justified in looking for the disappearance of the fever the day before yesterday. I hardly know how to describe her state now; It is not nearly so bad as that given in Laurie as "stupid typhus" but it is still of that nature. She has beef tea with semolina or grated bread every two hours, night and day, and takes it with pleasure whereas before the 14th day she loathed broth. The pain in the bowels which did not suffer any pressure, had been gradually giving way before the 14th day, and now she is hardly sensible of any pain at all - a sure sign that no ulceration of the intestines has taken place, and it is also remarkable after the quantity of wine administered to her on Friday. The linseed

poultices are still kept on but more as a matter of precaution. She wants vitality: that which alas! has always been the great want in her constitution. The Doctor from Milan however declared yesterday that though the case was grave he was very far indeed from looking on it as hopeless. All day yesterday and this night she had no return of the "languori" and "affanno" which alarmed us so (p.89) on Friday afternoon and Saturday morning - and I only gave her the Camphor I was directed to use to invigorate her, this morning, when the change of temperature seemed to have lowered the tone of her whole body. She is perfectly conscious except on first waking from sleep, when she mixes up her dreams with reality, but she soon recovers herself. She says that from the first of the illness her weakness of head was so great that any effort at thinking brought on nausea.

Poor little Aunty is most useful. She has sat up with me the last two nights, so that when I felt I could leave Gussy, I went to lie down, but more than an hour at a time I do not like to remain without seeing her. She yesterday had four packets of Bryonia and Rhus in alternation, one every two hours: and after some hours interval the same medicines repeated through the night. You must not fret additionally at not being at hand to nurse her, as you would not be allowed to come near her if you were in town, on account of the children. Pray be tender to my poor Boroo and be indulgent to his rough ways. I hope he does not give much trouble. The dear baby! Whenever poor Gussy is a little better she talks about her, and Ned. She is very cheerful, so to speak. Every body's kindness is extreme. Mr Strettell comes every day. Yesterday she said she should be glad to see him and he came in for a few minutes.

Goodbye my dear child - God bless you.

Raven.

Sunday.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.90)

1860

Paris. September.

Beloved friends

I know you will be glad to hear we are safe so far, having arrived at 7 this morning, and as I find I am just in time for the post that leaves at half past 7, I scrawl you a line. We had no accidents or adventures except my having left my purse on the supper table at Macon, only discovering the loss when seated in the carriage, and the facteur despatched to look for it refused the napoleon I offered him in my gratitude for its recovery. The gentleman who took us under his care at the Turin station when Emile left us, proved very kind and serviceable. Boroo and I had the coupé of the courier¹¹³ to ourselves and slept well all night. My eyes got almost well from the first day - a little weakness is now all that remains. We arrived at S. Jean de Maurienne¹¹⁴ two hours before the diligences, so that one gains nothing by going in the courier as all the passengers start together by the train. Boroo is very good; his gaiety and remarks make a little diversion in the general sombre tone of the first class passengers.

Mrs Irving is here, but I wait till we have breakfasted and dressed before seeing her. God bless you all. My sweet Pussina¹¹⁵ how is she? And you my poor Adelia? Emile has I suppose given you all the account of our day at Turin.

Ever your faithful

Raven.

(After our dear sister's death in July 1860 Mrs Gretton left Genoa. This was written on her way to settle at Cheltenham for George's education. A. J. G.)

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.91)

1860

Cheltenham.
2. Spa Buildings.
September 1860

I received your long letter on Sunday, my dearest Adelia. Its contents - or rather such portions of it as I judged fitted for that purpose, furnished a delightful

¹¹³ "courier" (French): here, a mail-coach. The coupé is one of the two inside compartments in such a coach (ed. 2016).

¹¹⁴ On the French side of the Alpine passes, on the route from Chambéry to Turin. In 1860, that was as far as the railway had reached (ed. 2016).

¹¹⁵ The pet name - long retained - given to my eldest daughter Amy, who was born just before her dear Aunt Gussy died. A. J. G.

evening's entertainment for the Carsons with whom we drank tea. Poor Boroo also enjoyed it much, and laughed more heartily than I have heard him since he has been at school, over the anecdotes of Ned and Pussina. The poor fellow now works with a will, too much indeed if it was always to go on, but I trust that in a few weeks he will be in better training and do his lessons in half the time.

What the poor Carsons lament over as my fatigue is merely my hearing him say his lessons and endeavouring to make them intelligible to him. What he had to do on his Saturday's half holiday, was nearly a page of "as in Praesenti"¹¹⁶ to learn by heart, ("to be said like A. B. C." Mr Gedge¹¹⁷ told him); several sentences in Latin to translate and construe viva voce; a chapter in the New Testament to study, so as to be able to answer any question upon it. The work for home I remark, is always well chosen inasmuch as it precludes the possibility of any undue assistance being given - as for instance in the lessons from the Delectus¹¹⁸; it is not written translation which another person could prepare, and he merely copy out, but oral translation calling alike his memory and powers of expressing himself into play; and as neither as yet are very felicitous in the poor old boy, you may fancy how he hammers away at it. Aunt Eliza calls it all "learning verbs" and looks very sad and (p.92) perplexed at his stupidity, and remembering only the velvet path I trod with Algie, thinks me an unprecedented example of maternal patience. However I was rewarded for my Sunday's labour, by his saying his lesson pretty well to Mr Gedge yesterday, and escaping the caning which he fortunately looks upon with less stoicism than at first. I am very anxious he should get on without this chastisement being resorted to, not from fear of the pain, but lest it should stultify him, and impede his progress.

There is a poor boy of about his age at the school, called John Lesly, a boarder, who is regularly caned for not knowing his lesson almost every day. Boroo has a fear of becoming like him, a butt and a bye word to masters and boys. The other morning as he was trying to recollect his lessons, his eyes tearful and his hair all on end, he chanced to cast his eyes on the glass - "Ah Mamma", he said, "I look just like John Lesly!" Sometimes he is in such agitation lest he should not know his lessons, that

¹¹⁶ The section of the Eton College Latin grammar book that deals with the conjugation of verbs (ed. 2016).

¹¹⁷ William Wilberforce Gedge, 1835 - 1912, born in Birmingham, died in Cheltenham (ed. 2016).

¹¹⁸ A. Webster "Delectus Grammaticus; or Progressive Lessons in Latin Construing and Parsing" London 1830 and many subsequent editions (ed. 2016).

he hardly eats any breakfast, and at night he looks very tired and heavy about the eyes, but I cannot let him go to bed - nor indeed would he wish it - till he has everything in a fair way against the morning. Yesterday he sat down to work at five, as soon as he got home in fact, to write out an imposition which had been given him for his bad spelling. Thirty two long lines of poetry to copy out, and then to be studied so that every word in them could be spelt correctly on being questioned. This he did almost the whole of, before tea; afterwards there was the Latin grammar, and some multiplication, which varied amusements filled up the time till half past 9! As he was sitting at the table, his fingers run through his hair and his whole aspect very abject, the dog-eared book (p.93) before him, he said with a faltering voice that he could not keep his thoughts from Genoa, that he longed so to see it again! To go back for his Midsummer holidays seems the dream of his life; he thinks you will allow him then to take Neddy out for a walk all by himself. ...

I ended my last letter on Thursday just as Lady Whish had been to introduce her son to me. He is a delightful man, a clergyman living near Tonbridge. He is married and has four children all brought up at home as yet. The eldest boy is eleven, very clever but delicate. I cannot describe what a pleasing, warm hearted manner he had, recurring over and over again to all the attentions he had received from the Grettons when a boy. The next day they came back again, Lady Whish saying that Charles wanted to see as much of me as he could, during his short stay which was only of two days. So I took a drive with them during which he asked me a great deal about Boroo. I told him of all his struggles at learning by heart, and the system I pursued. He gave me courage to persevere, and said that for a child of his disposition, I had done the wisest thing in selecting for him quite a preparatory school, uniting to it as I do my quota of home instruction, explanation, and encouragement. It is a long time, since I have seen a person so earnest, so bright, so sympathizing.

It is a curious evidence of Lady Whish's parsimony that desirous as she was that her son and I should see a good deal of each other, she could not take courage and ask Boroo and me to dinner. But, as the Carsons say, the effort would have been too severe. Even this good man, this Charles when he comes to see her is fed on scanty food and dregs of wine. And yet his mother's love and pride in him, are (p.94) visible in every feature of her face, when his name is mentioned. "I am very proud of my

sons" she says; "now that you know and like Charles you shall see Claudius." To see Charles' good humoured, benevolent face you would think he never had a cross in the world, yet he has a skeleton, and a large one too in the constant ill health and helplessness of his wife, and the dreariness of his parish. He has two thousand parishioners, but not one amongst them can he associate with as an equal. However he makes the best of it, teaches them and amuses them by lectures on astronomy, Natural History etc.

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(p.95)
EXTRACT

Cheltenham.
October 1860.

.....
Boroo has been most excessively good in giving up his play and coming straight home from school. On Saturday afternoon he took a walk with me, and he asked me to go with him to look at the field where the great football¹¹⁹ matches are played on the half holidays. One was going on, and as we stood looking over the palings some of the little boys came running up to ask him why he did not come and join them. The poor old fellow refused very bravely, but it was a struggle I saw. Today however he was so much better that he played a little after the school was over, and it did not bring back the cough. I was in my room about a quarter past five when I heard his pleasant laugh in the street, and looking out saw three boys chasing each other along the walk in front of the houses which form Spa Buildings. Presently the house door opened, (the inmates of the houses here always let themselves in, a pleasant custom as it saves a great amount of knocking, and ringing, and trouble) and they all came tumbling upstairs and were soon installed in Boroo's bedchamber. He then came to look for me, to ask whether he might give

¹¹⁹ Football played at Rugby included running with ball in hand, (supposedly since William Webb Ellis in c. 1820, but that's probably apocryphal). The rules (always written by the boys and not by the masters) were fluid in the 1860s. The formal split between the soccer-ists and the rugby-ists did not happen until a meeting in 1870, after which time there were two distinct games with two distinct national and then international associations/unions, one forbidding the hand to touch the ball, the other making that a key part of the game.

them some bread and jam. I cut them a good supply, and they were then conveyed down to the dining room, where the treat was done full justice to. The two visitors each eat four slices, Boroo as the host contenting himself with two. This was a mere whet to the appetite as they were soon afterwards to have their tea. Next time any boys come, Boroo begs that I will shew myself, as he does not think they will be afraid of me.

His mind is running now on a scheme of reforming (p.96) John Lesly, who between naughtiness and stupidity is getting to a very sad pass. He was caned twice today. Boroo said Mr Gedge talks very kindly to him, and takes him aside after school to lecture him in private, but all to no purpose. The other boys either shun him or laugh at him, and he looks more stupid and unhappy every day. Boroo's difficulty is the fear of ridicule for his philanthropy. His plan is to invite him to tea, and then to see if he can be won over by kindness to listen to my advice and to become more diligent. As he is in one of the two boarding houses belonging to the school, the permission of the master who keeps it will be requisite before he comes to us. The dear lad is brightening wonderfully; indeed as I said in my last, he is almost too good and too dear. He has carved Neddy's name on a boat which he has bought, and has his name on his lips the last thing at night. Since he has had the cold I go upstairs to tuck him up when he is in bed, and he says, "Let us have a little comfortable talk, now we are alone, let us talk about dear Ned!"

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.97)

1860

Cheltenham.
Thursday 11th October.

My beloved Adelia

I received your welcome letter yesterday morning, and at once wrote to poor Leopoldina entreating her to paint the picture.¹²⁰ I fervently hope the appeal will be

¹²⁰ A likeness from memory to be painted of our dear sister Gussy. The artist mentioned - a great friend of ours - had nearly lost her reason through grief at the death of her two only children. A. J. G. (probably Leopoldina Zanetti Borzino: ed. 2016).

successful both for her sake and ours. It will be a service to rouse her from this fearful apathy of despair and save me from a great disappointment. I cannot express how I long to have this likeness which only she or Ulisse¹²¹ can undertake with any chance of success. It will be a sort of companionship for me through the winter. Do not fail in your answer to this, and tell me if Pussina sits up more than when I left her, and if her hair grows thick.

Honestly speaking I have not seen a child to be compared to Ned since I left Genoa. I know not what has become of the beauty of English children or of English women. Not a girl have I yet seen passing the average of prettiness like Emily Butler's. They swarm in Cheltenham, with hats with turned up brims like the one Mylius gave poor little Rachel, grey cloaks drooping in sufficiently graceful folds, and their hair in spangled nets hanging far down on their shoulders. The male sex is represented by boys with here and there a bilious looking Indian veteran. The boys of the large college are distinguished by red tassels to their caps; the boarders can easily be known from those who live at home, by their slouchy air. They lounge in the promenade (the fashionable resort, a broad avenue of trees, bordered by handsome shops) with their arms (p.98) linked in each other's, and remarkably round backs. They are rather a cadaverous set of young gentlemen, and have a fast look, not the fastness of muscular Christianity such as we read of in "Tom Brown"¹²² - but that of town dissipation. This is attributed to the lax regime of the present head master.

Some of the little boys such as I saw on Sunday, walking about with their mothers and sisters, have a spruce healthy appearance which leaves nothing to be desired. Boroo's age would have been no hindrance to his entering the College at once, as boys quite as young as he is are there, but his backwardness would have been terribly against him; and I am truly glad I put him into the Preparatory school to begin with. Here at least he has a fair chance of being well grounded in English, Arithmetic and other essentials before being crammed with classics. At the large college, they say they do not profess to teach these elementary things, but take it for granted the boys know them before being sent there.

¹²¹ Ulisse Borzino, husband of Léopoldina Zanetti (ed. 2016).

¹²² "Tom Brown's Schooldays" by Arthur Hughes, London, Macmillan, 1857 (ed. 2016).

Boroo is now well employed. I finished my last letter to you just as he had come back in high spirits from his first appearance at school and first game at football. The evening saw him less elated; there were lessons to be learnt by heart, and verbs to be written. And so with fluctuations it has been every day. The boy is willing enough now to learn, poor fellow, and works from 7 to half past 9 in the evening and again for an hour in the morning before breakfast. Of course a child with greater facility in learning by heart, would not be at his tasks half the time, and it is to be hoped his faculties will gradually brighten, otherwise it is hard work for us both. He is so fearful of not knowing his task in the morning, that he scarcely gives himself time to eat his breakfast and rushes home at a little before one quite hungry for his dinner. This (p.99) meal however he hardly enjoys; for either he is in a hurry, if in good spirits, to run back and finish his game, or if dejected at having been kept in during play time to relearn his lesson, he is so under the fear of being caned that he does not eat with sufficient appetite. The school is over at half past 4, but the boys always remain for an hour or so to play. At half past 6 we drink tea; this poor Boroo enjoys more than any time of the day, and generally sits down cheerfully to his lessons in the hope of getting them over early enough to be able to read for his own amusement for an hour before he goes to bed. But this has only happened once; all the other evenings every moment has been taken up.

One thing is already mastered and that is learning by heart. By superhuman efforts he succeeded in saying off 26 lines of the Lay of the Last Minstrel very fairly, and when two or three nights afterwards he brought home some lines of Wordsworth, he had them at his fingers' ends in half an hour. The Latin is still tough work. He is in the 4th class, where boys like himself have already been through the Latin Grammar and are now going over it again. He finds, as Algie always told him he would find it, a great difficulty in conjugating the verbs quickly along with the English. You may perhaps remember what scenes I used to have to endeavour to make him say them in this manner; now that the fear of the cane and the boys laughing at him is hanging over his head, he tries to do it with all his might but finds it difficult. His tongue is rusty and while he is hammering away at a tense, the master loses patience and the book is given back to him. The poor old fellow's efforts are very pitiable also at Arithmetic: he has his multiplication table to study backwards and at last gets so mazed (p.100) and stupid that he can understand nothing.

I must not forget Lady Whish. She came on Tuesday for the third time to invite me to drive. I had an appointment with the dentist at 12, and it was then 11; she begged however I would at least go for an hour and took me through some very pretty scenery. Lovely swelling meadows, studded with magnificent oaks; in the distance a range of the hills I should like to get to the top of. They look inviting enough fringed with trees. The cottages too with their thatched roofs and little gardens looked pretty. I should have liked it better as a walk with some intelligent companion; perhaps Bessie Bennett will walk with me. Boroo poor fellow has no time except on his half holidays, and then perhaps not, if he has his previous day's lessons to re-learn. I find the way to draw Lady Whish out is to set her talking about India, her husband's achievements, her children etc. Being earnest on these topics and also tolerably well informed on the history and administration of India, we have a good store of conversation. She is rather feeble, and has a large wen on her back which though not considered dangerous is as unsightly as a hump. It has grown within the last two or three years. In her youth she must have been very handsome.

I almost ended my letter without telling you of the great event of the week. I was sitting on Monday evening reading the "Times" after Boroo had gone to bed, when my eyes fell on a long article on the "Englishwoman in Italy".¹²³ It gave me more sadness than pleasure though, for it only served more vividly to remind me of that sweet Baroness who would have so rejoiced over it. It is in the "Times" of the 8th October. There is nothing very laudatory in its tone but the mere fact of its recommending (p.101) the work is very interesting at the present moment, and devoting columns to an analysis of its contents is sufficiently complimentary. Poor Aunt C. did not seem to understand the nature of a review or at all to appreciate the importance of this notice, but merely asked what friend had written it as it seemed to say so much about our lives at Ancona, and appeared puzzled when I said that the writer was merely quoting from the book in what he said. Liz said she supposed it was a very good thing, and then the subject dropped!

¹²³ Her own book. A. J. G. "The Englishwoman in Italy: Impressions of Life in the Roman States and Sardinia, During Ten Years' Residence" London 1860. ed. 2016).

(p.102)

1860

Seven lines of hand-written commentary by A.J.G. obliterated here (ed. 2016).

Cheltenham
November 1st

My beloved Pido

You will be glad to hear that the dear old fellow¹²⁴ continues in a very satisfactory state, his cough is much better, and his throat quite well. The school unhappiness may be said to be conquered; he goes away in the morning with a cheerful face, and always returns in high spirits. Last night we went to tea at the Herrings. The invitation had been given a week before, and much preoccupied poor Mrs Carson - however with the exception of one other old lady, it was a family reunion. Aunt Loo looked quite pretty in a clean white cap manufactured for her by Lizzy; the difference in her after her usual dingy black headgear, was quite remarkable. Aunt Eliza had on that remarkable coiffure depicted in¹²⁵ her photograph, which spreads around her like a white mane. Lizzy had a black silk dress, the first time she has worn it since I have been here, with Aunty's canezou and sleeves, and a fillet of black velvet and pearls. The Herring family consists of the Mother, two daughters, and three grandchildren, entrusted to Mrs Herring by a rich son-in-law in Ceylon. Boroo shone like a star amongst these children, and was the admiration of his two great aunts. Poor Mrs Herring whom I like in spite of her struggles with her h's, fancied he resembled the son for whom she still sorrows, and of course pleased me by her admiration of him.

.....
Mrs Declusean and Bessie Bennet I like very much. B. B. has (p.103) already been to see me three times, and as I was at home twice out of the three, I have seen more of her than is usual in the Cheltenham visiting world.¹²⁶ Lucilla knowing Mrs Declusean through B. B's letters, ordered B. B. to bring her to me, hence her visit, which I returned yesterday. She has a very pretty house with plenty of books and pictures, and is most pleasant and bright in her conversation. Both she and B. B.

¹²⁴ George - aged ten. A. J. G.

¹²⁵ Our Aunt Eliza - mother of Lizzy. A. J. G.

¹²⁶ Lucy Smith. A. J. G.

were much struck with Boroo who chanced just to arrive from school the day they called, and they shewed great tact and perception in their appreciation of him. Yesterday in my visit to Mrs Declusean she won my heart still more by her sympathy about dear Gussy¹²⁷ whom she had heard much from Bessie Bennet, and asked as many particulars about her illness as if she had been one of her nearest personal friends.

--- page-break inserted 2016 ---

EXTRACT

Cheltenham.
Nov. 10 1860.

.....
You say I do not speak of my loneliness. My child! what avails it to speak of what is my daily and hourly portion? With that craving for sympathy and companionship which enters so largely into my nature, you can imagine what my inner life must be. I remind myself, going about as I do, of the man, "who went up and down among dry places seeking rest and finding none"¹²⁸ but I hope to accustom myself to my lot and find someone whom I can be useful to. As long as one is thinking of oneself and cannot get out of oneself it must be so. I think I miss our precious child¹²⁹ more and more. This arises in part because I have so few opportunities of speaking of her. I cannot do so with the C's.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.104)

EXTRACT

Cheltenham. Nov: 1860.

.....

¹²⁷ The dear sister we lost in July 1860. A. J. G.
¹²⁸ The Gospel according to St Luke 11: 24 (ed. 2016).
¹²⁹ Our sister Gussy. A. J. G.

You ask if he, Georgy ever wished to "frottle Mr Gedge?" At first the pious desire was frequently expressed, but now very rarely; he also used to wish to see Mr Dodge hanged, but now confesses that though he is a schoolmaster, or rather school teacher, he cannot help liking him. Mr Weston, the other master, teaches the higher classes so he has not yet had much to do with him; the French and German master he thinks is beneath liking and disliking!! ...

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.105)
EXTRACT

Cheltenham. November 1860.

.....

He is in radiant looks; when he has on his red flannel cricketing shirt as yesterday, he is really superb. This shirt is put on over his flannel waistcoat when he goes to the field, in lieu of his white shirt, but a white collar is worn with it and a black silk handkerchief round the neck; this with a black leather belt, tightly strapped round the waist to keep up the trousers, makes a pretty piratical sort of costume. It is a pretty sight on the Sunday to see the whole population turn out for church; one meets long processions of school boys, whole families, the little children walking first two and two, till the rear is brought up by the father and mother - old ladies, and old men in Bath chairs - quite a "passeggiata" in fact. On our way to church yesterday we encountered about twenty of Boroo's school fellows under the escort of Mr Hugo who keeps their boarding house; they all grinned and smirked at him in his smart Inverness or Melton cape, I forget its name, and also at seeing him in the company of the parent for whose superiority over their parents he has already done battle - so Boroo with a bashful air turned away his head, and walked on as if ignoring their vicinity. I told him he was like the ostrich, who thinks she hides herself by putting her head in the sand.

--- new page in typescript ---

Cheltenham.
November 1860

.....
I am very glad you are so hospitable, both for your own sake and Algerino's.¹³⁰ And after all, hospitality is a graceful virtue. I have learned to prize it more from experiencing how cold and cheerless a position must be, where there is a positive want of it. It is indeed true that to a stranger in a strange land, nothing is more cheering than to be asked to break bread in the house of the dwellers in that land. If ever I have a house of my own again, and people come in my way situated at all as I am here, I shall ask them, be it only to soup and "lesso".¹³¹ As you may already have remarked, Cheltenham does not abound in the exercise of that Christian precept - indeed I have hitherto had only one entertainment to chronicle.

This time, I have two to describe, the first, a tea party last Wednesday at Lady Whish's. It consisted of thirteen or fourteen females, and one man! Dr Kerr. He is a very pleasing intelligent-looking man, and we were just beginning to talk, when a summons arrived from a patient, a College boy very ill with rheumatic fever, and he departed. We went at half past 7, sat in a circle; had tea, made out of the room and handed to us; looked at stereoscopic views, listened to duets between the piano and accordion, had jelly and sandwiches, and departed at ten. It was what Lady Whish called a family gathering, and consisted of her husband's sister-in-law, a Mrs John Whish with three very *passée* daughters; the Kerrs who are her cousins; Aunt Loo, Lizzy and I, and that Mrs Claudius Sandys and her daughter, who came to call upon me soon after I arrived, and whose visit I duly returned, also cousins of the Whish family. The only strangers were, a Mrs Cheke (p.107) and her daughter, old Indian friends of Lady W's, who are now staying with her. The daughter is about 28, clever, but strong-minded and disrespectful to her mother.

Friday I went to dine at the Bernards, a family party too. First Dr Bernard, the brother who lives with his little ghost-like sister, almost as small, as gentle, as noiseless as herself. They are a quaint little pair. Then the Rev. Mr Bernard, a married brother settled in or near Cheltenham, and who I believe takes in a limited

¹³⁰ My brother was living with my husband and myself in Genoa. A. J. G.

¹³¹ "Lesso" (Italian): boiled meat (ed. 2016).

number of College boys to board - very like his relatives. Then a pleasant handsome young fellow of 19, the clergyman's eldest son, just entered into the Artillery, and on the eve of sailing for India. He had been educated at the college, and was a good specimen of what it can turn out. Then two Miss Bernards, young ladies of a certain age, cousins apparently, who live habitually at Gloucester; lastly Mr Beaufin Irving. The dinner, the Carsons said was very handsome, (poor things since they have been here, nobody has ever asked them to dinner, except the Herrings) - Soup, Turbot with lobster sauce, saddle of mutton, stewed calves' head, four side dishes, lastly roast partridges and six sweets!

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.108)

1860

Cheltenham Monday Evening.
December 10th

My dearest Adelia

My last was to Algernon and left on Tuesday the 4th - since then I have two to acknowledge, yours concluded on the 3rd which reached me last Thursday, and the dear boy's newsletter, received two days later. First let me say what extreme comfort and pleasure your sweet description of Pussina¹³² gave me. It brought tears to my eyes to think that the little baby which lay so placidly in my arms the morning that I went away, still so small and fragile should already be changed beyond my recognition. Not tears of sadness - but of wonder and thankfulness. But if she goes on at this rate she will be a great stout girl, and not a baby at all when I come out in June. You do not say if her father begins to shew any signs of affection towards her? That dear old Ned with his wonderful eyes! It is in vain to try and make the poor Carsons understand what they are like. Such words as "depth, liquid brown," and so on, convey no meaning to them; yet they are perpetually asking for a description of his looks. I hope when these last teeth are cut that he will get on all right. Does he take to Carolus¹³³ this year? Is Pussina's hair lighter than it was? Dear children!

¹³² My baby whose name was Amy. A. J. G.

¹³³ His cousin Charley Granet - 11 years his senior. A. J. G.

between shewing Ned pictures (I shall bring him a new book, for by that time you will all be thoroughly nauseated of the stock in hand), and playing with Pussina, my day will be quite taken up. Balgerino must have the afternoons given up to him, poor old fellow! The worst of my writing such minute details of everything that passes here is, that I shall have nothing new to (p.109) tell the Oyster. It will be nothing but a repetition under which he will suffer almost as much as from the "Frolic" reminiscences.

.....
Thank you my child for your wishing to bring "Vicissitudes"¹³⁴ to Gallenga's notice.¹³⁵ They are lost, forgotten, in the passing glare of the "Englishwoman's" success. Had the "Times" but noticed them they would have been on every table. I hear that the "Englishwoman" is in great request here at all the libraries. Boroo was twitted by some of his schoolfellows with the inconsistency of his being a dunce while his mother has written a book!

Tuesday.

The weather for the last fortnight has been close, foggy, and rainy. People are surprised I take the fogs and dark days with such placidity, but real griefs do certainly teach one to bear such things without being made unhappier by them; besides, they are not as bad by any means as I expected. I know however that had I had our sweet Gussy here to listen to me; I should have grumbled, and made her sad very likely with my ill-humour: and this thought gives me great pain and self-reproach. What avails it now to her poor darling that I do take things in a more cheerful make-the-best-of-it spirit, now that it is too late to give her happiness thereby? It only is as a sort of tribute to her, an evidence of how far more precious she was than the accessories of light, or sunshine, or blue sky to make home bright and pleasant.

--- new page in typescript ---

¹³⁴ The Vicissitudes of Italy" a book she had written & published some time before she went to England (1859, published by Routledge, Warne and Routledge, London and New York. ed. 2016). A more recent work "The Englishwoman in Italy" rather unjustly caused it to be forgotten. A. J. G.

¹³⁵ Antonio Gallenga (1810 - 1895) was an author, teacher, Italian nationalist, and Italian correspondent of the "Times" from 1859. He had lived in England in the 1840s and 50s, and after 1870 retired to his house in Wales, where he died (ed. 2016).

EXTRACT

Cheltenham.
26th December 1860.

.....
My poor child, it is indeed a complication of troubles all together come upon you. The comfort is the children being well in spite of the intense cold which is much the same everywhere I suppose. Here people say the like of it has not been known for years. The glass (Fahrenheit) was yesterday 30 degrees below freezing point. Boroo was delighted with your letter to him, and so were the Carsons with theirs. It cheered them up yesterday poor things. I felt an indignation against Lady Whish for which I have no words, for her unkindness in not inviting them to dinner. Their unselfishness in all that regards us is very touching. They were quite pleased at our being invited to Lord de S's.

I went out yesterday for the first time for a week. It was in a fly, to Church. I had on two veils, a worsted one, and my thick silk one over it, and Boroo's great snowballing gloves on my hands, The church had all the gas lighted to raise the temperature, and looked very pretty with its Christmas festoons and branches. We were twelve at dinner in the evening - Col. Saumarez, Amy and James, the eldest son. (Mrs Saumarez has gone to London to look after the three children, who could not pass Xmas utterly by themselves) - Capt. Powell - (he is a post captain not a commander as I fancied) - Capt. Kennedy, a commander, a dapper little man like Robert Irving - Mr Rose, a good humoured old bachelor - Col. Moore, his sister and niece. The arrangements were as before, the Colonel taking me in. I really cannot say enough of all the family's kindness. That good Colonel during dinner kept talking to Boroo (p.111) and ministering to his wants as if he were a young prince; and James, the son, descending from the altitude a youth just about entering Cambridge might be supposed to affect, conversed with the lad about his school and his masters with enchanting affability. In fact Boroo is made a great deal of by all the family. Capt. Powell who is almost one of it, is also very kind to him. As all the party were very intimate, the conversation was well kept up, though there was nothing very brilliant in it. Miss Moore, a clever lively middle aged woman, amused herself by making declarations to the old bachelor, possessed herself of a ring on which he sets a great value, displayed it on her finger, and declared he had given it to her. This gave rise

to little pleasantries which I leave to your imagination. The venerable peer is really a dear old man.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.112)
EXTRACT

1861

Cheltenham.
January 1861.

.....

Today there has been a fresh fall of snow so I have kept him at home, and stayed at home also myself. I felt in a dormouse sort of state and glad to remain for one day quiescent, but it is not a good plan. If I give way to this stagnation it will soon master me. It is all very well to abandon myself to it in Genoa for a week or a fortnight, as I used to do when there was dear Gussy at hand; but things are different now. If it were not presumptuous (so it seems to me) to look upon such a visitation as her removal from us as a direct personal discipline, I could recognize its workings upon myself daily and hourly. The scores of little things which I now have to do, which as you well know do not come naturally or easily to me, are so many constant reminders of her sweet and watchful industry and of the affection that would have spared me all these details: and I think sorrowfully that I should have accepted it all too much as a thing of course! True I should not have been idle on my side; I should have brought grist to the mill by my writing, but I should have been pleasing myself, all the while, and not thinking enough that her share of the labour was often irksome.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.113)

1861

Cheltenham.
Wednesday 20th Feb:

My dearest Adelia

.....

I have heard nothing more from Mr Stiff¹³⁶ the Editor of the forthcoming paper; but for all this I do not despair of eventually finding an opening for the dear lad (Algie)'s epistolary talents. Gallenga's letters are getting frightfully stupid and spun out. The meeting of the first Italian Parliament must have been a grand sight.¹³⁷ Without exaggeration there is not a soul here - amongst those I have met with I should rather say - who beyond a little rant about "great Garibaldi" knows or cares anything about Italian politics. Indeed out of London or Edinburgh I suppose there is very little intellectual society in English towns, and even in the capitals it is not to be met with out of certain privileged circles. Of people au courant of books, or new discoveries etc, like Mr Strettell¹³⁸ or Mr Thompson, not one has come across me. As I remarked once before, I fancy that the men, overwhelmed by the preponderance of the female element and the twaddle and triteness which here accompany female conversation, keep whatever they have to say worth hearing to themselves.

It is a curious psychological study a Cheltenham ladies' tea-party! I was at one last night at the Neales; a nice house, pleasant ladylike old lady with a goodhumoured ladylike middle aged daughter, well-served tea, well spread little supper at ten o'clock - everything very nice in short. Ten females formed the soirée; the amusements were looking at some beautiful stereoscopic views which were passed from one to the other, varied with harmless little remarks on the weather, the state of medical science, (p.114) the likelihood of the secession of the Southern States involving England in a war with America (a sequence I could not discern the motive for), prognostications of a French invasion, conjectures as to the motives of the Empress's journey in the autumn¹³⁹ (her Majesty's movements, dress, and pursuits are an unfailing source of interest on this side of the Channel) - and so on. All was glanced at, hopped over in a bird-like sort of way; in fact a mere skimming over the surface of things which is droll enough to listen to once in a way, but would be inexpressibly wearisome if one was often subjected to it. The supper was very


¹³⁶ George Stiff (1807-1873) editor of the very successful "Stiff's London Journal" (ed. 2016).

¹³⁷ The first meeting of the first united Italian parliament. A. J. G. (in Turin, on 18th February, 1861. Ed. 2016).

¹³⁸ Mr Strettell was English chaplain at Genoa; Mr Thompson lived there several years and was the father of Lady Butler the artist, and Mrs Meynell the writer. A. J. G. (T.J. Thompson (1809 - 1881) ed. 2016)

¹³⁹ The French Empress Eugénie came to London, and then Scotland, "incognito" in November 1860. (ed. 2016).

nice, and as I had been defrauded of one the night before, I indemnified myself for it, and intensely gratified Mrs Neale at the same time, by partaking of sandwiches, blancmange, jelly, twice of trifle, and two glasses of mulled wine!! Lizzy who was there, likewise did justice to the good cheer.

The previous evening's party was on a larger scale. Twenty-seven females and seven men. First you went into a tea room, and thence into the drawing-room; where one after the other a succession of damsels feebly trilled feeble ballads, while the audience of matrons and elderly spinsters sat round, and the seven black-coats stood abjectly in the middle. By and bye trays with ice, little portions about the size of a walnut dabbed out on saucers, were carried round. Judging from what I have tasted on two occasions the art of making ices is at a low ebb in Cheltenham - frozen soap being more like what I have partaken of than any other substance that suggests itself to me. Then at ten the mistress directed the miserable seven to lead out as many ladies to the supper room, and I found myself under the care of one who, having provided me with a slender portion of glue yclept Jelly,¹⁴⁰ apparently thought the charms of his conversation superseded every other (p.115) requirement: so after seasoning my jelly with his attic salt I proposed I should cede my place to some of the ladies who crowded the doorway, and was reconducted, very hungry to the drawing-room. Consider, I dined at one, and that though I gave the boys their tea and set them to their lessons before I went to dress, time had failed me to take more than a slice of toast and one cup of tea before leaving home! When Lizzy and I went away at half past ten, we had a glimpse of the seven standing round the supper table eagerly feeding on the remains of turkey, game pie, lobster, all sorts of nice things in fact. Certainly poor wretches they deserved a good guerdon for the penance they had undergone of making a two hour's silent "comparsa" in the drawing-room. Speech I perceived they eschewed as much as possible. The ladies were all "décolletées", with rich moire or silk dresses. The younger ones in tumbled tulles and gauzes, or "passée" white silks. The great fashion here is for wreaths round the head rising high in the centre like a crescent, or for velvet plaits in the same shape, thus  entwined with gold braid or beset with stars. I wear "pour tout potage" the velvet plait Aunty gave me. ...

¹⁴⁰ "yclept" (Old English); called. There are other archaisms or borrowings in this paragraph. (ed. 2016)

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.116)
EXTRACT

1861

Feby 26th. 1861.

.....
Lord de Saumarez has been confined to the house and mostly to his room for a week with a bad cold and cough. I saw him yesterday afternoon; he was nursing himself up he said, for a large dinner party he was to give on Thursday, and asked me to come in the evening. As Mrs Taylor remarked when she is invited to come in as one of the "comparsa" after these "trattamenti" she would rather not be treated so much as one of the family, and be invited to the dinner instead. But it would be churlish to grumble. He was very pleasant during my visit to him yesterday and talked more like the sensible well read man he is, than I had ever heard him before. We spoke about the famous "Essays and Reviews"¹⁴¹ which are making such a stir. He is very far from a Church fanatic; indeed I often fancied him far too lukewarm; however even he is strong in condemning them as most unscriptural and unsound. Doctor Temple, the master of Rugby heads the list as you probably are aware. His essay is perhaps the least objectionable, but by associating himself with the other six authors - some of whom even impugn Our Saviour's miracles - he incurs the blame attached to them. I hope Algernon will not read these Essays for they are dangerously written, and he has not a strong zealous clergyman at his elbow to point out their sophistry. Our sweet Lucilla¹⁴² is to be married on the 5th of March and from the Church starts for Hastings. She is to be attired in a brown silk with a straw bonnet trimmed with white and a light French grey shawl as a bournous.

--- new page in typescript ---

¹⁴¹ John Parker (ed.) Essays and Reviews, London, John Parker & Sons, 1860 (ed. 2016).

¹⁴² Dear Lucy Cumming who at 42 made the most romantic and happy marriage with William Smith, a poet-philosopher, some years older than herself. A. J. G.

.....
Aunt Louisa arrived on Wednesday. The Carsons made shift to take her in for a week. This arrangement however is to be strictly kept secret from Mrs Wegener,¹⁴³ for she is already so much in dudgeon with the poor Cs, for not taking her to live with them, that no reasoning would ever convince her that what has been done at a very great inconvenience for a week, could not have been converted into a permanent arrangement in her favour. It certainly is a question how far love and respect for one's parents should induce you to bear with the faults and exactions of their brothers and sisters. I look upon this invitation of mine for the month of May, as a discharge in full of all real or fancied claims. May the day never come when Amy¹⁴⁴ or Ned¹⁴⁵ should thus feel or express themselves concerning me! Aunt Loo poor soul, was speechless from joy at seeing Boroo; he really is very nice in his manner towards her, and she, to do her justice is not at all overpowering in her demonstrations. She is content to look at him with eyes radiant with joy and pride.

--- new page in typescript ---

(11 years ago I landed this day of the month and day of the week, at Adelaide.)

My beloved Adelia,

Your charming account of the precious infants arrived yesterday morning and filled us with wonder. I cannot in the least picture Amy to myself. I see a lovely Laurence-like¹⁴⁶ group in which I easily recognize Ned, but, the little merry girl laughing up in her brother's face is not the pale dot of humanity whose faint struggles

¹⁴³ Another Aunt of ours. A. J. G.

¹⁴⁴ My little girl. A. J. G.

¹⁴⁵ My boy. A. J. G.

¹⁴⁶ *Sic*, presumably for Lawrence (Sir Thomas Lawrence, PRA, 1769-1830) (ed. 2016).

for life we watched over so anxiously last summer. God bless them sweet lambs! May dear Ned grow up a brave honest pure-hearted boy. I trust with the experience I am gaining now I may be of great use to you in preparing the little lad for school. The mistake we made with Boroo (if after all we made a mistake, for all we taught him though somewhat jumbled up at first is beginning to fall into its right place) was teaching him too many things. I now have learned, or am learning, the English school method of teaching, and I could ground Ned beautifully in his Latin grammar and Delectus. Next half I hope Boroo will begin Greek, and then what I taught myself last winter, will come in beautifully in simplifying and explaining his lessons to him. He is an honourable fellow. Sometimes Mr Dodge says to him "you are to do such an exercise at home entirely by yourself Gretton" and so great is his anxiety to obey the spirit and letter of the injunction that he will not even allow me to point out any mistake that strikes me on looking over it. At other times I give him a moderate degree of help or rather of explanation, such as the other boys get at home from their elder brothers at College; but (p.119) he always hands in his exercise with the preface "I was a little helped, Sir." He says: "Mamma I have never told Dodge a lie, and I never will!"

.....
With regard to the portrait, I know not what to say.¹⁴⁷ ... A really good likeness I never expect to get. What I should be quite content to get would be a fair and gentle face with the soft eyes and beautiful hair and peachlike complexion, which have stamped themselves on the memory of those who ever knew her. Henrietta LeMesurier says that when she saw her in Guernsey in 1842 she was a most lovely creature and that this opinion was shared by all her acquaintances. One would like this sweet mild face for Boroo to look at, and for Ned and Amy to learn through it to love the priceless friend and teacher they have lost. Oh God! if one could have her back again for a few short years to prove to her how one appreciated her value! - A thousand things rise before me all through my life, in which I have been wanting towards her. In looking back on my conduct to Mamma, to George, I never had one self-reproach: even towards poor dear Papa, though I had angered him in the whole course of my love-affair, my conscience is clear. But I feel, and shall always feel towards that darling Gussy, that in little things I was not considerate enough. She

¹⁴⁷ A likeness painted from memory of our dear sister Gussy. A. J. G.

spoiled me, by her great love and indulgence, and I accepted her devotion as a matter of course. The French proverb says that between two people that love each other very much this must always be the case, there is one "qui aime", the other "qui se laisse aimer".¹⁴⁸ I let myself be loved and served and waited on: and it is just and meet that I should feel now what it is to stand alone.

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(p.120)
EXTRACT

1861

Cheltenham 1861.

.....
Had I lain in bed since my cold began I should be well now. But it is so dreadfully dull for poor Boroo, and then so miserable for myself besides. The people of the house are very good and do cheerfully whatever is asked of them, nay more; Mrs Imm of her own accord made me some broth, for which spontaneous attention I felt very grateful; but when one is ill it is dreary work to have to ask for everything, and to know that every wish of yours causes a poor servant to ascend from the bowels of the earth to the top of the house. I perceive it is not the custom for English people to lie in bed for colds, to which I should attribute their great tenacity and prevalence. In fact I suppose few nations understand so little of the art of nursing. (Mrs Imm also presses me to have gruel, and makes it very nicely too, poor old soul) - I think abroad people get spoiled for being ill elsewhere, by all the attentions they receive.

.....
I never hear politics spoken of, neither home nor foreign. Englishmen evidently think women's minds incapable of such topics being discussed before them. It is only I suppose in the higher classes, and then only in diplomatic circles that women are permitted to listen to or speak upon anything but nonentities, or pre-Raphaelite Pictures. I went the other day to see Holman Hunt's "Light of the World" now exhibiting in Cheltenham. Such a caricature! And it was enshrined under a

¹⁴⁸ This maxim is attributed in English to François de La Rochefoucauld (1613 – 1680) but is not to be found among his 'Maxims' – "there's always one who loves and one who lets himself be loved" (ed. 2016).

canopy of violet damask; and a subdued light just fell where it ought to fall, and a man stood by to descant on its merits, and the mysterious teaching it (p.121) conveyed; and the spectators looked at it through huge magnifying glasses and fell into extasies over the finish of the jewels and minuteness of the flowers!!!

Your
Raven.

--- page-break inserted 2016 ---

1861

Cheltenham Good Friday.

My dearest Adelia

You will be glad to hear that I am quite well again. I scrawled you a few lines on Wednesday from my bed.

.....
Fortunately I required no waiting on; my plan of starving myself saves a great deal of trouble, and I lay very quietly - not able to read on account of the inflamed state of my eyes (the rash seemed to have fallen on them inside as well as out) - and much more patient than anyone who knew me when a child could have believed possible. But in cases of real trouble I always find it easier to be good tempered than under petty annoyances: I always reproach myself with having been cross and tiresome towards dearest Gussy when trifling things went wrong; things which I knew at the time were of no real moment, yet that I could not be good tempered enough to take easily. So now I look on these serious discomforts when they befall me as a well deserved punishment. Poor darling! how I longed for her dear step coming in at the door! Certainly to live and die alone must be a dreary fate, and to live to be very old and helpless is also a fearful thing to contemplate.

Boroo is very unhappy at my hair turning so grey!!¹⁴⁹

¹⁴⁹ She was then but thirty seven. A. J. G.

(p.122)

1861

Extract from a letter to Algie.

Cheltenham

1861

.....
The Essays and Reviews are still uppermost in the public mind. The Bishop of Oxford¹⁵⁰ for once has spoken out manfully as his father's son should do, and belied his sobriquet of Slippery Sam. He makes the best figure by far of all our bishops in the Convocation. The Bishop of London is censured on all sides as weak and temporizing. I fear that Mr S. will be found rather leaning to the side of the Essayists, several of whom I believe disclaim all idea of scepticism while putting forth opinions subversive of prophecy, the authenticity of the Old and New Testament etc etc. Dr Temple's connection with this book will be a death blow to Rugby, at least if he is continued in his present post. Many fathers are already contemplating removing their sons from it, as, although it is improbable he would unfold his peculiar views to the boys in his Sunday sermons, still no conscientious Christian could reconcile with himself intrusting his child's religious training to a man who has associated himself with the dangerous movement initiated by the seven authors of the Essays and Reviews.¹⁵¹

I had a letter two days ago from Emilie telling me of poor little Sissy's¹⁵² dangerous state. Until you mentioned it I had no idea the dear little child was ill, and I was on the point of writing to enquire after her when her mother's letter arrived. She was a little better, Emilie said, but not yet out of danger. They had sat up with her every night for the past week and were quite worn out with grief and anxiety. The child had measles, inflammation of the lungs, and gastric fever with typhoid symptoms. Before I close this I hope to have heard again from (p.123) Emilie as I begged for a line whenever she could spare time. I am writing very stupidly, my dearest son, but I feel thoroughly "hébétée". I think I feel the effects of last week's

¹⁵⁰ Samuel Wilberforce (1805 - 1873) was the third son of the anti-slavery campaigner William Wilberforce, and perhaps most famous for his debate in Oxford with Charles Darwin in 1860 (ed. 2016).

¹⁵¹ My dear sister lived to become a devoted admirer of Doctor Temple, though not of the peculiar views he had - really or apparently - advocated. A. J. G.

¹⁵² The daughter of Emilie Chepmel our cousin's wife. A. J. G.

worry about Carolus.¹⁵³ He is going on much better again, indeed I may say very well, but for two or three days my mind was much oppressed; and the dismal visit to the poor Carsons, who are now both invalids, stultifies me curiously. If I can go and see some agreeable person afterwards the effect passes away; if not, it hangs over me for hours like a mist of the brain. Mrs Forbes is the person of all others here whom I most admire, though indeed I must say it is almost invidious to make comparisons, for I know so many who are kind, friendly and pleasant. Still she is above all I have yet met with, so genial, so sympathizing, so thoroughly the gentlewoman. Whenever she sees me she inquires with the greatest interest whether I have had pleasant letters from Genoa, and likes to be told about you, Adelia¹⁵⁴ and the children. She has had great sorrow within the last 18 months - the death of her husband whom she loved for twenty five years with all the tenderness of early affection, and grievous disappointment in her two eldest sons - but she bears up nobly. Mrs Lillingston who venerates her with a singleheartedness and absence of all envy that does equal credit to both, has told me much of her history. I am really indebted to Mrs Pitt for procuring me their acquaintance. I want you and Adelia each to send me a shilling towards a subscription Mrs Pitt is getting up for raising an annuity for a poor old governess. She has sent me a guinea card to try and get it filled up, but I know not how to set about it. Adieu my precious boy. I hope you do not smoke often; with your temperament, were you to acquire it as a habit, you would become like one of the Lotus eaters.¹⁵⁵

Your faithful friend
Raven

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.124)

1861

¹⁵³ My dear sister had rather rashly, assumed the charge of Charley Granet aged 14 who was at Cheltenham. A. J. G.

¹⁵⁴ One of my names. A. J. G.

¹⁵⁵ Alfred Tennyson published his poem The Lotus Eaters in 1832. It's about sailors who eat the lotos flower and succumb to its narcotic effects. (ed. 2016)

EXTRACT

Cheltenham. Sunday.

Beloved Adelia

.....
I forgot whether I told you in my last that Ld de S. had given me a ticket for a flower-show, or rather the flower show last Wednesday. I went there with Henrietta both of us in our new bonnets. H. as pleased as possible. There were many people there whom we knew. In the evening we went to dine at the Lodge; only a family party; the Ogles, Capt. Powell, Henrietta and I. A concert was mentioned as going to take place next evening, at which Giuglini¹⁵⁶ and Titiens¹⁵⁷ were engaged to sing, and the V.P. immediately begged me to go. Accordingly next evening I did go, with Mrs Ogle and Henrietta, the V.P. completing the treat by providing carriage conveyance for us all. It was a grand affair, the tickets cost 10/6d and all the elite of Cheltenham crammed the Assembly room. Giuglini, though he only sang the shortest possible airs, with the smallest possible amount of exertion, was exquisite. His voice brought me back to 1856 as if it was yesterday. The Titiens was very fine, but her voice did not adapt itself to a concert room. Then we had Mme Lemmens-Sherrington¹⁵⁸ the favourite English Prima-donna, handsome but vulgar - Hallé¹⁵⁹ the famous pianist, not equal I think to Pescio¹⁶⁰ - and some other minor stars. On Thursday evening next there is another large evening party at the Lodge, to which I have been bespoken for some days.

.....
Altogether I have much kindness from various sources to be grateful for, and I have always more visits to return than time to pay them. A very great deal of this is owing to the "Englishwoman".

¹⁵⁶ Antonio Giuglini (1825 - 1865) was an Italian operatic Tenor based in London, and a frequent stage-sharer with the soprano Thérèse Tietjens (ed. 2016).

¹⁵⁷ Thérèse Tietjens (1831 - 1877) was an operatic Soprano of German or perhaps Hungarian origin, who dominated the London Operatic and oratorio stage from the early 1860s until shortly before her death (ed. 2016).

¹⁵⁸ Helen Lemmens-Sherrington (1834 - 1906) worked in opera, but rather more as a concert soprano (ed. 2016).

¹⁵⁹ Karl (later Charles) Hallé (1819 - 1895) was born in Germany, and made a career in as a concert pianist in Paris from the 1830s, mixing in republican circles. The reaction after the revolutions of 1848 forced him into exile, and he chose Manchester as his base. He founded the Hallé orchestra there in 1858 (ed. 2016).

¹⁶⁰ Adolfo Pescio (1816-1904) pianist, composer of songs. (ed. 2016).

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.125)
EXTRACT

Cheltenham
1861.

.....
I have been again to dine at the Lodge.

.....
A rural dean sat by me at dinner, worthy of the pages of "Barchester Towers". His rosy double chin overlapped his spotless white cravat; and his eyes glistened with emotion when he informed me that the best place in all England for poultry was Bath; that he even had known green ducks obtainable there in February!

.....
The way widows marry again in England is to me, very sad. Apart from every other consideration, it is scarcely fair to the immense number of single women in the community to take away their chance of a husband. Mrs Munro has been twice married. Half the marriages in Cheltenham - and a great many take place here - are between widows and men often much younger than themselves. Most of the girls who marry take old men. Of love there is seldom a pretence: a reason of course for the frequency of second marriages.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.126)

1861

Cheltenham
Some time in early autumn.
Thursday.

Your letter has quite bewildered me!¹⁶¹ Our Balgernon's going so far away seems an awful thing, and yet if the plan is carried out I fully see its advantages. As for the dear boy himself I suppose he has but one feeling on the subject. Bless his dear old heart! May God bless and watch over him wherever he goes. I shall be most

¹⁶¹ I had told her Algie was going to be sent on business to Aden on the Red Sea. A. J. G.

anxious for your next letter. You and Sam¹⁶² will be very dull at Lesa¹⁶³ without either him or the Oyster. As my letters amuse you I must write as often as I have anything entertaining to relate. Just now I see a succession of nice people, or rather often see people that I like. On Friday Boroo and I enjoyed our family tea at the Charles Whishes.¹⁶⁴ I like her almost as well as I like him. She is a most ladylike person, and appears all that a wife and mother ought to be. The two boys seem to be on the most happy footing with their parents, and delight, much in George's way, in hearing them talk with their visitors. The younger one of ten nestled up to his father, and sat listening with the greatest attention while we talked on Italian politics, and then went and relieved his feelings by a skirmish with George with two Indian scimitars, captured by the late Sir William Whish¹⁶⁵ in some of his campaigns. Boroo's gallant looks and bearing were much admired, but above all his manner towards me.

On Monday they all called to say goodbye as Mrs C. Whish could no longer remain away from home where she had left her daughter Catherine, aged sixteen, and her youngest boy. Mr Whish however is to remain till the end of the week to wind up affairs, and he is coming this evening to tea. I have asked the Gedges to meet him as I am sure they will suit (p.127) each other. I am quite sad to think his connection with Cheltenham is now over, and that he will never come back here again. However both he and his wife express so much friendship for, and interest in, us that I suppose we shall not entirely lose sight of them. I am quite surprised to find her so different to what I had expected. On Monday evening I took a very pleasant walk from six to eight with the Gedges, poor Boroo being left at home to do his lessons. On Saturday I also went with them to the boys' field to see a cricket match. On Tuesday I took a walk with Harriet DeHavilland. Yesterday was the pic-nic, so you see every day has been filled up. On Sunday afternoon we went as I told you to the College Chapel. The boys did not like Mr Highton¹⁶⁶ (the Principal's) sermon, and made so much noise with their feet that it was almost impossible to hear anything.

¹⁶² My husband's dear old cousin (Mr Pelrie) who was staying with me on the Lago Maggiore. A. J. G.

¹⁶³ A town on lake Maggiore (ed. 2016).

¹⁶⁴ John Charles Whish (1815 - 1883) born in Uttar Pradesh, an Anglican priest, writer of a prize essay for the 1851 Exhibition, and in 1882 an anti-Darwinist "Theory of Creation" (ed. 2016).

¹⁶⁵ Whish, Sir William Sampson, 1787 - 1853 (ed. 2016).

¹⁶⁶ Rev. Henry Highton (1816-1874), educated at Rugby, and Principal of Cheltenham College 1859 -1862 (ed. 2016).

I have forgotten to tell you about the Thursday's dinner party. What can I say? There was a fast young lady; an old Scotch maid; a widow from India; myself, and Harriet DeHavilland and our hostess. The fast young lady was my amusement; she had strong ideas, thought men fools to marry as soon as they got good appointments and might enjoy themselves; was thankful she had no sisters near her own age; had a young sister it was true, but never troubled herself about her; was going away for the hunting season; had lately ridden over Yorkshire in company with a female friend, an heiress and single, attended only by a groom who carried their night things in a bag. When it rained and their habits got wet they stopped at an inn and dried them by a fire. This and much more to the same effect formed the staple of the sweet maiden's discourse. She was a pretty girl about two and twenty, and sang and played really well. The old "Queen" at the Bagni¹⁶⁷ would claim (p.128) her as a cousin, for she says she is a lineal descendant of the Mr Tickell,¹⁶⁸ Mrs Stisted was always talking of as her "great ancestor", Secretary of State for Ireland in the reign of Queen Anne. I asked her if she had ever heard of the Swinnys. She said yes - that they were related, so in this the old lady told the truth. Ned's progress is wonderful. What a sad account you give of poor Meri! One's heart aches for her and for the poor family.

Will you tell Sam that I have very good accounts of the Carsons.¹⁶⁹ From Quernmoor they went for a week to Blesdale, and thence returned yesterday to Quernmoor. After a few days they were to go back to Seaforth to finish their visit, and there I suppose they will remain till the end of the month when they will come back here. Mrs Irving, poor woman, was taken ill soon after reaching England and when her departure for Cheltenham was actually fixed, with a complaint requiring surgical treatment. As soon as she can move she intends coming here, and I suppose it will end by her passing the winter here. She has many cousins in Cheltenham who must take their share in nursing her. When she is pretty well it will

¹⁶⁷ An old lady at the Bagni di Lucca whose name was Mrs Stisted and who assumed the right of being considered the "Queen" of society there. A. J. G. Elizabeth Sisted (1790 -) who with her husband organized the foundation of the Anglican church and the English cemetery in Bagni di Lucca, was a poet and essayist, and published "letters from the bye-ways of Italy" (London 1845). ed. 2016.

¹⁶⁸ Not quite. Thomas Tickell (1686-1740) was Secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland in the reigns of George I and George II (ed. 2016).

¹⁶⁹ Quernmore is a village on the moors east of Lancaster. William Garrett, the owner of Quernmore Park, had in 1813 married Margaret Carson of Liverpool (ed. 2016).

be a nice acquaintance for Aunt Eliza and Liz; they will be able to go and sit with her, and it will be a mutual advantage, for the poor C.s' visiting list is getting very low, so many of their friends here have died within the last twelvemonth. There was a great flower show yesterday for which the old peer sent me tickets. Was it not kind of him to remember me from such a distance? As I could not go I gave them to Mrs Taylor.

I commend you heartily my child for your courage in punishing Ned. Mr Gedge always repeats his mother's axiom that every whipping between three and four saved one in after years. Captain Gordon¹⁷⁰ has written again (p.129) from Hastings, a grateful but puzzleheaded letter. He seems at his wits' end on account of his desire to please Aunty. He proposes that he should write to lecture Charley about buying the Rosaries!! I have written to implore him to do nothing of the sort unless he wishes to drive the idea firmly into the boy's head. I see that I may do mischief rather than good, yet my course was clear, and feeling I have acted right I am very easy in my mind. It has just been announced that a confirmation is to be held next month and the boy has asked to have his name put down. This may give him a new bias. If he is not removed Mr Gedge recommends I should privately apply to the College chaplain and ask him to take the opportunity during his course of instruction of grounding the boy in the tenets of the Church of England.

Adieu my child - My heart is full of Algernon.

My respects to Sam. My blessing to the lambs.

Your Raven.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.130)

1861

Tuesday Dec. 24
Ravenfield Park. Yorkshire.

My beloved Adelia

.....

Ellen improved a good deal before I left, and all danger of fever seemed past. For twenty four hours certainly she had seemed in a most alarming state, and I certainly expected a malignant fever would have set in. It was a great mercy this

¹⁷⁰ Afterwards Sir Henry Gordon. He was stepfather to Charley Granet, my husband's nephew. A. J. G. He had in 1851 married Henrietta Rose, widow of Captain Charles Granet. He was also the elder brother of Charles George Gordon, of Khartoum (ed. 2016).

danger was averted from us all, for I fully saw the risk that I should incur going in and out of the stifling ill-ventilated little room. The weeping and sobbing when I left was very touching. I have placed Mrs Brown and Ellen under poor little Coralie's care. The day before I went away I took her in to see them. She was very much impressed with their helplessness and distress, and in a very sweet unaffected way shewed them her sympathy. She is really now a lovely little woman; what her face has lost in the freshness of youth it has more than gained in expression. Clever and bright of course she never will be, but she is exquisitely gentle and refined; her perfect simplicity and absence of all purse-pride is also a great charm.

.....

On Friday we had the prize-giving at the school. A very pretty sight; the parents and friends were assembled, and all the boys stood in their places round the room. Mr Gedge read a short prayer, and then made a speech, after which the names of the boys entitled to prizes were called out and they came up to receive them. Boroo had the French prize for the 3rd class, a handsomely bound copy of Longfellow's poems. On Saturday morning we started at 9.20. Mr Gedge went with us to the station as he thought (p.131) there would be more than ordinary confusion, it being so near Christmas. There was an immense number of passengers and luggage, so that we started nearly twenty minutes behind time, but in the reckless way of English railroads they made up for it by extra speed from Derby, so that we arrived in punctual time (near 3) at Masbro' where the Squire¹⁷¹ was waiting with his carriage and cart. Of his kind welcome, an address in Italian to "la Signora Benvenuta", I need not speak, as you can imagine it all. Mrs Bosvile was extremely friendly in her greeting. She is really a very pleasing person, quiet, unaffected, but not at all inanimate. She is very much interested about all the Squire's Genoa friends, and the little boy has been taught to know Neddy's picture. You are an especial object of interest to Mrs B., she having been told by the Squire and Sam that you are remarkably handsome, and by Sam that you are a most devoted and matchless mother. The children are really beauties. The boy is a blue eyed, flaxen haired, rosy cheeked stout limbed young Saxon. The eldest girl Margaret, eighteen months old, is a lovely little thing, with very large dark blue eyes, very regular

¹⁷¹ Mr J. Bosvile, a connection of my husband's. A. J. G. (Masbrough was then a suburb of Rotherham, the Bosviles lived in a house called Ravenfield Hall: A. L. V. G. must indeed have felt at home (ed. 2016).

features and brown hair of the shade Coco's used to be. The baby Eleanor is not pretty, but a dear fat good-humoured laughing thing. Boroo has quite won Mrs B's heart by the way he has taken to the children. He goes into the nursery to play with them, and is even allowed by the nurse to carry the baby.

Sam arrived yesterday; he was received with general joy; he is looking very well and beaming. He speaks with unaffected pleasure of his Italian tour, and is full of anecdotes of Ned and Pussina. The old hall pleases me much; it is just what an English country house should be. Boroo is very good and happy; his only disaster has as yet been tumbling through the front door (p.132) and breaking a pane of glass which has vexed me much, but which the Squire has borne with unruffled equanimity. Sam says that yesterday when he left London every shop was closed, and even the cabmen and omnibus drivers were in mourning after their fashion, with crape bound round their whips. (for the Prince Consort.)¹⁷²

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.133)
EXTRACT

1862

Cheltenham Oct: 1862.

.....
Our Aunt Chepmell¹⁷³ passed away literally rejoicing on Tuesday 28th Sept. Harriet writes she had been weak and ailing for some weeks but did not suffer. "She was very anxious to be at rest but feared that as she felt no pain we must be mistaken." The greatest comfort they could give her was to prove to her she really was weaker every day. It was a most blessed and peaceful illness and death.
.....

¹⁷² Albert, Prince Consort, (1819 - 1861) Queen Victoria's husband, had died in December 1861, officially of typhoid, but perhaps of a more chronic disease (ed. 2016).

¹⁷³ Our father's sister who died where she had always lived - St Sampson's Rectory, Guernsey. A most gifted woman - bright and energetic to the last of her long and useful life. A. J. G.

Among the rich this profusion for their table goes on as if they gloried in it, while the cry of the starving poor in Lancashire¹⁷⁴ goes up unheeded. On Sunday we had one of those touching sights which stir all that is tender or pitying in one's nature. Charity sermons for Lancashire in every Church in the town. The large heart of England on such occasions seems to vibrate to the appeal. In our Church £360 were collected, Boroo continues his noble sacrifice weekly.¹⁷⁵

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.134)

1862

Cheltenham Nov. 1862
Monday.

I am going this evening to the Gedges to a little sociable supper off some pheasants which have been sent them. They asked George, but I refused for him as I think it wrong to abuse of their kindness, and surrounded with boys as they are from morning till night it is too much to thrust a superfluous one upon their scanty hours of relaxation. He is going to do his lessons however with the boys in the study as I shall be from home. This pleases him very well. He was rather shy at accepting the offer until the other evening, when he was sent with a note to the house, and then peeped into the study, which looked so comfortable and the boys so happy, that his disinclination to join them there occasionally, has quite passed away. Still he never fails to impress on me that happy as these boys may be, he considers himself far happier with me. It is a good thing to find he appreciates his mother. I have found a nice way of reciprocating the Gedges' kindness about Boroo's evening lessons, and that is by inviting Somerville, the nice boy from Marlborough, to come twice a week to read French with me. They are most grateful for this, and I don't fancy I shall repent of my offer. The boy seems such a pleasant honest intelligent young fellow,

¹⁷⁴ The Northern forces in the Civil War in the U.S.A. had blockaded cotton exports from the southern States, bringing severe disruption to the Lancashire cotton industries, and widespread unemployment and distress (ed. 2016).

¹⁷⁵ The boy - just twelve, gave up some part of each meal daily, to help the poor Lancashire Weavers - voluntarily and unsuggested, of course. A. J. G.

that it will be a pleasure to do anything for him. In his goodness and steadiness as well as in his looks, he reminds me of what my Balgernon¹⁷⁶ was at his age.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.135)
EXTRACT

Cheltenham. 1862.

.....
Thus George when he goes to Marlborough will be prepared for entering a new phase - that of self-reliance and responsibility. Now every thought almost is borrowed from me, and beautiful as this deference is, yet to prolong it indefinitely would take away his independence of character. I think it is almost impossible to overpraise his noble loving temper: if he fancies he has been hasty over night or has not spoken with sufficient respect to Somerville at evening lessons, he never rests till he has stolen up to him in the study to ask his pardon. This of his own accord - not at my suggestion.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.136)
EXTRACT

1862

December 1862.

.....
Boroo talks incessantly of the journey.¹⁷⁷ It is now his topic at breakfast as well as when he goes to bed: yet anxious as he is to arrive in Genoa he would be sorry to lose one day of school. He is looking forward with great pleasure to the examinations as he expects to come out well, and to the prize giving as he counts on going up for the French prize. If he goes on as well as at present Mr Gedge confidently hopes to promote him to the 2nd class after Xmas, and to the 1st after

¹⁷⁶ Balgernon - a new variation in our brother's name! A. J. G.

¹⁷⁷ They were coming out to us at Xmas to Genoa. A. J. G.

Midsummer. This last would be a most important thing as it would materially influence the position he would take at Marlborough. It is not likely he will get any class prize except for French, the boys he has to compete with being extremely clever, but he is now quite taking his place amongst the upper boys, and gives great satisfaction from his steady improvement. Certainly the happiness a good child gives is very great; he is now repaying all the care bestowed on his early childhood. His dear Aunt Gussy would indeed have rejoiced over him.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.137)

1863

Wednesday 29th April 1863.

My dearest Adelia.

I received your letter concluded on Saturday yesterday morning. I can only send you a very short one in reply for every moment is taken up with poor Mrs Gedge, whose troubles are very heavy. The dear baby is I fear dying, and the poor parents in this their first grief have not the consolation of being together. The terror, the unreasoning, utterly absurd terror, which possesses the minds of almost every person in this town concerning the transmissibility of scarlatina, impels him¹⁷⁸ to keep aloof, or take the alternative of throwing up his post and closing the school till after the Midsummer holidays, which would be tantamount to breaking it up altogether. So he comes four or five times a day and stands at the foot of the stairs and talks to her at the top; and now that little Frank is convalescent he is placed at the window and kisses his hand to his father as he looks up at him from the road. The baby's case has turned out unfavourably. On the 7th day instead of mending visibly as with Frank, the fever ran into a low type with fearful swelling of the glands of the throat, and diarrhea. She is kept alive by port-wine and water, and beef-tea; but today the poor little patient lamb swallows with such extreme difficulty that it is painful to have to compel her to take nourishment. She looks lovely, her cheeks still coloured with fever, and her large dark blue eyes unnaturally bright. She can no longer cry; she only moans. Her parents still hope; I do not, but then perhaps I

¹⁷⁸ Mr Gedge was the school master. A. J. G.

despond too easily. They say they do not know what they should have done without me; he is almost overcome poor man in trying to express his gratitude. She has a good cry, and says I (p.138) am like a sister to her, and I beg them not to say any more about it for honestly (as you know) it is a pleasure for me to find myself of use; and I never felt so well for the last 18 months in Cheltenham as I have done the last eleven days. I go soon after breakfast, but I always come home from one to two for dinner, and to be with Boroo - then I go to the poor little invalid's, and return for tea at 6 - at half past seven I go back and remain till a quarter before ten. So the evening is the only time Boroo loses my company, but then he has his lessons and goes to bed at 9. He is very well now. I have no time for more - I will write again in a day or two.

Your Raven.

--- page-break inserted 2016 ---

EXTRACT

1863

May 1863.

.....
Little Mary has gone to rest. The sweet child passed away a little before 1 A.M. on the 2nd. The parents had the consolation of being together at her death bed. The poor father's anxiety on Friday had risen to such a pitch that he was restlessly wandering up and down the street every moment he was not engaged in school so that he could at least call in from hour to hour, and hear how she was going on. When the doctor came in the evening and said all hope must be given up, he determined at all hazards to watch by his child that night - though clinging still so sanguinely to the possibility of her recovery that his last words when he walked home with me at ten were; "Mind I don't despair yet, I don't give up my child yet." It reminded me of the dear Oyster's hopeful spirit. However in less than three hours the poor little thing had breathed her last. She took her port-wine and sago up to an (p.139) hour before she died. Her not having the breast, and teething at the time the fever attacked her, probably complicated what would otherwise have been a favourable case. Her poor mother reproaches herself for having weaned her two months ago. It was not from the cause I suspected, but simply because she was weak and languid and had a pain in her chest, and her doctor said that to prolong the nursing might seriously injure her health; and certainly to judge by the child's

blooming looks and firmness of flesh and muscle up to the time of her being seized with the fever, no one could have thought it had been wrong to wean her. She was buried yesterday morning poor little lamb. I stayed with her mother during the time of the funeral and read the service to her. They are both of them in deep affliction, and yet rise on the wings of faith in a way which it often humbles me to contemplate.

One little scene struck me very much. He took me into the room where the little child lay, her bed covered with flowers. She looked very lovely, all trace of suffering gone, and a smile actually lingering on her lips. He stood by her for a few minutes in silence, and then softly repeated the passage relating to Christ's blessing the little children. She indeed looked like one of those round whom His arms would lovingly be folded, and the smile that lit up the little face seemed an indication of the glory revealed to the spirit as it was rending the trammels of the flesh. But even as he was dwelling on this, and on the privilege of having given one angel more to Heaven, nature had its prerogative, and he cried out - "Oh my little girl - my beautiful little girl!" It brought before me the contrast between the Christian father and the philosopher. Boccardo describing to me his grief at the death (p.140) of one of his children, said: "I sat by the cradle where he lay - I took the little marble hand in mine and I thought how hard it was that I, young as I was, was already the father of a corpse" - "Non avevo trent'anni ed ero già padre d'un morto."¹⁷⁹ They have had numbers of most beautiful letters and notes of condolence. One from old Mr Bradley,¹⁸⁰ the celebrated sermon-writer, is an exquisite epitome of the Gospel teaching of sympathy and hope. Certainly the evangelical people, when they do not plunge into calvinism, have the best of it, both in this world and the next. They seem to have fresher tastes, purer minds - livelier sympathies. Somerville's letters on the subject are most touching - so genuine, so unaffected. George Kempson, Mrs Gedge's youngest brother, still at College, also has written a letter to his sister which I should like to take a copy of. In his honest rough way he says he does not know how to express himself so as to bring her any comfort but in an old collection of hymns has found one which says all he should wish to say, and copies it out for her accordingly.

¹⁷⁹ "Non avevo trent'anni ed ero già padre d'un morto." (Italian): I have not lived thirty years and already I am the father of a dead child (ed. 2016).

¹⁸⁰ Charles Bradley (1789-1871) an associate of William Wilberforce, retired to Cheltenham (ed. 2016).

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.141)

1863

(My sister writes from a cottage near her cousin Mrs Ritchie's house, where she and George were staying. A. I. G.)

Scotland. July 1863.

.....
Today for the first time for three or four months I have a bad cold. We went yesterday afternoon to a tea and garden party at Newton Stewart eight miles off. The weather changed suddenly while we were there, and I felt a little roughness in my throat, which has expanded today into cold in the head, and the usual accessories, so I have kept all day in doors, but have been well looked after. Augusta the younger arrived this morning from London, and half an hour afterwards came over with her mother to see me; and after dinner the whole family appeared. Augusta is as lovely as ever in my opinion, but you might barely think her pretty, so widely are people divided about her beauty. Still I think you would be on my side. She is very tall, as tall as you, but very slight with a graceful curve in the back and a peculiar sweep of her long dress which always falls in the most artistic folds. Her attitudes too are very graceful. The face is oval and has a peculiar light and softness about it such as a painter would choose for the model of a young saint or martyr. Her mother says she always noticed this expression, but that few people had appeared to see it as strongly as I do. When my cold is cured we shall walk together and I dare say I shall get her confidence as much as Blanche's.

She is clever, dreamy, rather wayward. This morning she said with great frankness that many people considered her too forward, too fond of talking and of giving her opinion for her age; that on hearing these remarks she had consulted her cousins the Thackerays, the eldest of whom wrote that clever story of Elizabeth in the Cornhill,¹⁸¹ but that they assured her it was only (p.142) from malevolence that the stupid part of society always spoke against those girls who had any originality, and she could not please all sides. She said this with a little defiant¹⁸² air which her mother watched with some anxiety, and then spoke on the charm of gentle retiring

¹⁸¹ Miss Annie Thackeray, afterwards Mrs Richmond Ritchie. A. J. G.

¹⁸² "deliant" in the typescript (ed. 2016).

manners. But I don't think her mild sway will curb the proud young spirit which the Aunts seem to have allowed to take its own course entirely uncontrolled. Another great error in the Miss Ritchies' management has been the utter omission of needlework, or habits of neatness, in their plan of education. Picture to yourselves our untidiness in Ancona days, magnify it tenfold, and you will even so hardly realise what these darling girls are. That precious old Blanche, with her honest loving brown eyes, whom to know for a week is to love all one's life, will appear at dinner with two or three buttons off the front of her dress, day after day, and a rose stuck in to supply the deficiency. The mother gently points it out, but to no purpose. She does not like to scold - the Aunts never did - and she fears being thought harsh by the contrast. Then the buttons are always off her gloves, and her fingers generally half out of them. Sometimes in the hurry of dressing she forgets to put a petticoat over her cage,¹⁸³ and comes down to visitors in this singular dishabille, her dress flapping over the steel circles. Pencils, india rubber, books are always mislaid. Augusta they tell me is quite as untidy. Is it not a pity? I remember poor Blanche Budworth deploring this characteristic of her nieces in one of her letters.

Newton Stewart is a prettily situated little town eight miles off. In the surrounding hills and woods are several handsome country houses and parks. All the scenery is like that described in *Guy Mannering*.¹⁸⁴ (p.143) A few miles from it, among the mountains, are several lochs famed for their salmon-fishing: the people appear to lead a sociable jolly sort of life, driving or riding about to visit each other. It is not at all uncommon for two or three to arrive unexpectedly to stay all night. As far as I can judge there is much less ostentation than amongst the English, more literally taking people as you find them. The house we went to yesterday was a Mr Stewart's; he is a cousin of the young Marquis of Bute¹⁸⁵ to whom he acts as factor. There were about thirty people, mostly young; boys and girls from eighteen to ten. There was croquet in one field - Aunt Sally in another. Tea in the dining-room. Most of the

¹⁸³ The crinoline was worn then, made of steel. *A. J. G.* (the crinoline, originally of linen padded with horse-hair, was in the 1860s and '70s given its shape by a cage of steel strips suspended by ribbons from the waist (ed. 2016).

¹⁸⁴ "*Guy Mannering, or the Astrologer*" published in 1815 by Constable in Edinburgh was the second of Sir Walter Scott's "*Waverley*" novels (ed. 2016).

¹⁸⁵ John Chrichton-Stuart, 3rd Marquess of Bute, 1847 - 1900. He had held the title since he was six months old. His fortune, from land in Scotland and Wales, banking and the ownership of Cardiff docks, was absolutely immense: he rebuilt Cardiff castle and Castell Coch. *A. L. V. G.* uses the French spelling "*marquis*" (ed. 2016).

company went at four and left at seven. The Stewarts, the Agnews, and the Maxwells are the chief families here. As the Stewarts swarm they are distinguished by the names of their estates, Stewart of Crosbie, Stewart of Cairnsmuir, and so on. It is strange to find all the names so familiar to one in Walter Scott's novels, but only in the novels, everyday things here. The Scotch accent is not difficult to understand; the gentry scarcely have any, owing no doubt greatly to the custom of sending all the boys for two or three years to England. The young Marquis is at Harrow, and sundry other Stewarts also. He has £120,000 a year.¹⁸⁶

I told Algie of Johnny Charles being added to the circle at "Barbadoes".¹⁸⁷ He is so handsome, so manly, so unaffected and simple in his tastes, so well read and accomplished, that both Augusta (mère) and I, think no mother's wishes could go beyond having such a son. The other evening when Boroo hurt his knee he was as gentle with him as a woman; carried him upstairs when he returned home, helped me bathe it, came early next morning to see him, was altogether most charming. (p.144) He reminds me so much of my poor Ditz, just as he looked when he came to Ancona first, that there is a sad sort of pleasure in watching him. His features are not so regular, but the general colouring, the hair, the small head, the broad shoulders and firm elastic step are exactly like him.

.....
We were going on Friday Boroo and I, to spend the day at the Charleses, but I fear I must put the visit off now on account of my cold. I delight in Boroo's seeing the two brothers together. He says Johnny does not in the least bully Fendall though six years his junior, and that they neither of them ever use an oath or a bad word; yet he sees that for manliness and activity they cannot be surpassed. The dear loving mother is full of plans as to how to meet the unlooked for expence of Johnny spending another year in Dublin should he not pass. She thinks that they might take two children from India to board and educate. Fendall being at an expensive school at the same time that his brother is costing them £200 a year is more than they can

¹⁸⁶ Modern sources are coy about his income, but this is certainly not an over-estimate. Translating mid 19th-century money into modern money is difficult. In 1863 the income of an artisan family in London might be between £50.00 and £100.00 a year. A multiplier of 500 to early 21st-century incomes seems moderate (ed. 2016).

¹⁸⁷ This must be the name of a country place. A. J. G. (still unlocated, but possibly in Kilmarnock, 75 miles away: ed. 2016).

afford. Adieu my dearest child. I am impatient for the denouement of poor Rachel's story, and for poor Marion's confinement.

Your humble
Raven.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.145)

1863

Wigtown. 1st August 1863.

.....
The three boys arrived yesterday morning from school and were brought down to Kirkcowan to tea last night. Compared to Boroo they are small. Their sisters seem quite mortified at the contrast, but in fact they are very well grown boys for their age, and not being precocious in stature are well advanced in their lessons. Boroo will astonish you by his growth. He is almost plain in face now, his nose is so large and such an ugly shape, and his forehead so low. He is extremely well in health, I am thankful to say, and has got much stronger winded. The whooping cough had left him rather short breathed, but I hope this summer he has nearly got over it .

.....

Monday 3rd August.

Boroo has employed this morning in writing you the accompanying letter which really does him great credit. He scrambled up the last part, boy-like, as he was getting tired, but altogether as it is all his own it is a very respectable composition. Yesterday he had the pleasure of another ride of 8 miles. He and Willie Ritchie¹⁸⁸ divided the pleasure of the ride to Galloway House Chapel and back, at Mrs Ritchie's desire. Now that her own boys are come, she seems doubly desirous not to defraud Boroo of any share in the amusements going on. She is much pleased at the friendship Boroo and Willie have struck up, for my poor old lad is considered very good company from his gentlemanly manners and good temper and the example of obedience which he sets. He is getting a very nice seat in riding. At first he was heavy and had no spring about (p.146) him.

.....

¹⁸⁸ This may be Richmond Thackeray Willoughby Ritchie (1854 - 1912) who married Anne Isabella Thackeray (1837 - 1919) in 1877 (ed. 2016).

He has certainly improved and gained confidence from his practice at Kirkcowan with the two Charleses and George Walker, the very pleasant boy who was there at the same time as us. He was partly brought up at the Manse, and studied along with Fendall. His father is a Colonel in the army and now in India. In childhood he seems to have been stubborn like Carolus, but the Manse discipline and Mrs Charles's love, completely conquered him. He repays this by the most grateful affection. It was pleasant to see the great boy of sixteen when he came down every morning to prayers throwing his arms round the loving woman's neck and kissing her like one of her own boys. The public school life and the friends he now generally spends his holidays amongst in England, have not in the least estranged him from his early friends. I never saw lads more completely their mother's sons than these young Charleses. Their father's stern rule has caused them to centre all their tenderness and confidence in her; it is through her that he may be said only to know his children. He has made a great mistake not to mingle a little Christian softness in his code of paternal discipline. In this respect the eminent Scotch preacher (for though secluded in Kirkcowan he is a leading man, or at least is well known, in the Scottish Church) stands in unfavourable contrast to the old English clergyman Mr Gedge.¹⁸⁹ No sons could have been brought up in greater filial reverence than are his, but somehow he had found the secret of the love which casteth out fear, for their faces never looked so joyous as when he was present. Whereas the Charleses, especially John, are constrained and silent before their father.

Poor fellow, I am sorry to say the successful examination lists for the (p.147) Civil Service of India are out and his name is not in them. He certainly said over and over again he did not expect it, he knew it could not be, but nevertheless the disappointment must be great, and I fear his father will be much displeased. If he tries again it will involve two years more study at an expence of £200 p.annum an immense drain on the family resources. Sometimes they thought in the event of his failing of sending him out to China in the house of Mathieson,¹⁹⁰ to which they have an opening, but it is a dreary banishment. He himself has always wished to study for

¹⁸⁹ Father of Mr W. W. Gedge the schoolmaster. A. J. G.

¹⁹⁰ The firm of Jardine Matheson had been trading in Hong Kong since the later 1820s: Jardine was from Dumfriesshire, not far from Kirkcowan (ed. 2016).

the bar, but his father had decided on the Indian Civil Service as more speedily remunerative. Katie Charles is still staying at the Ritchies and is working wonderfully for good upon Augusta, who is fast subsiding to what I saw her in Paris. Emily is benefitting by her influence. Dear Blanche is dearer than ever. I told her very lovingly of all the distress their thoughtlessness had caused Mrs Charles. The dear girl's eyes filled with tears; she kissed me and thanked me for telling her, and said it was a lesson she should profit from all her life. She has the most endearing ways, comes and strokes my hair and looks into my eyes, and says she hopes I have not repented my kindness in coming to Wigton with them. Sometimes I have a dream of how pleasant it would be a year hence if her mother would let me have her with me in Genoa for a few months. I could do her much good, and she would be a delight and happiness to us all. If for nothing else it would be most beneficial to her on the score of learning to be neat in her dress. She has lately been going about without any busk in her stays, or rather with a broken one, perfectly careless as to her appearance. Her boot-laces too are always breaking. Her wit and (p.148) cleverness are remarkable as combined with such perfect simplicity and good-nature; the Thackerays delight in her, as well they may.

We are going, Boroo and I, tomorrow to stay a couple of days at Newton Stewart with Mrs Stewart of Crosbie West, the lady at whose house we went to tea a fortnight ago. Thursday Boroo and the Ritchies go with the Charleses and a number of youths to another pic-nic at the loch he has described so prettily. (All his own language and ideas, the only word he asked me how to spell was picturesque). I have decided not to go as I think it will be very fatiguing to hurry from Newton Stewart to go to it, and then we may be kept out late at night which might bring back my cold.

I am thinking of poor Marion every day; surely she must be confined ere this. Rachel's happiness I delight to hear of. What does Monty say to it? The cheerful tone in which you speak about the Red Palace affairs is a great comfort to me. It is also very pleasant to hear that the rail-road is open to Nice, with a daily steamer thence to Genoa. This will much lessen the fatigue of the journey in the winter. I

begin to look forward to seeing my sweet Chuchotte¹⁹¹ with great pleasure. I can bring Ned out the last fashion in knickerbockers.

Adieu my child.

Your humble

Raven.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.149)
EXTRACT

Scotland. August 1863.

.....
I do not wonder at ----'s head being turned by her. No one can resist the fascination of her manner when she wishes to please. She is alternately so arch and so brilliant, or so confiding and so penitent; but oh! the difficulty of managing such a high spirited, wilful, gifted creature.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.150)
EXTRACT

Scotland. 1863.

.....
I seem to have no strength or courage for anything. Augusta R. exactly feels the same, but in her case it is much more distressing, for everything in the house hinges on her, and, as she says if she gives way but for an hour, the whole family machinery gets into confusion.

.....
She often looks as if she could scarcely hold up her head, but she holds on bravely, unruffled by the noise of eight children each with a strongly marked individuality, thinking of everyone but herself, and tearing about the country to cricket matches and pic-nics with the girls, whom she has not the courage to deprive of these amusements, yet whom she dares not trust without her since the first pic-nic to

¹⁹¹ A pet name given by her Aunt Amy to my 3d child then a baby, my sweet Gussie. A. J. G.

the Lake, the disastrous result of which I have hinted at. If she has a fault, it is too much indulgence towards her children, too little consideration towards herself. I have talked to her about the value of her life for their sakes. She seemed grateful for my interest in her, poor thing, and said it was all true, and she would take more care of herself. But that it was sad to have to appear so selfish and as if setting such store by herself, while there ever seemed wanting the kind watchful husband who would have taken it all on himself, and taught the children to value her by his example. Then the tears came into her eyes and she said with a struggle to keep down a sob, "if it was not for them, poor children, I should be very impatient to be gone." Somehow I think poor Blanche Budworth hardly understood her last summer, or perhaps the same idea of devotion to the children which leads her now to overexert her physical strength, (p.151) led her then to overtax herself morally, and the effort produced that painful state of excitement which Blanche hinted at. Certain it is now that her whole life as far as happiness for herself is concerned, is buried with him.¹⁹² She shewed me one day the photograph of their drawing-room in Calcutta taken a few days before her leaving it for ever. All was just as he had left it when they sat in it for the last time; his arm-chair in its accustomed place; hers just opposite to it, both near a table looking on to a wide verandah. The room itself with its many tables, sofas and chairs of various forms reminded me a little of Aunty's; only this was much larger and loftier, fifty feet long, with five windows. She cried over it in a gentle uncomplaining way, as if gratitude for the great happiness of those seventeen years of married life, and for the memory her husband had left behind him, ought to reconcile her to her present lot, loneliness in the midst of numbers.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.152)

1863

Cheltenham.
Tuesday 15th September.

My beloved Adelia.

¹⁹² The Hon. William Ritchie had died in Calcutta in March 1862, leaving a widow and eight children (ed. 2016).

Your letter would have been still more welcome this morning if it had brought me news of my precious Algerino. I cannot account for his silence as in the letter he wrote before leaving Genoa he said he would make a point of writing as soon as he reached the Baths to give me his precise address. Please if when this reaches you, you have heard in the meantime, let me have just a line to say so. Yesterday was his birthday, and I began a letter to him, only waiting to forward it till his promised one came.

.....
I hope I may be an illustration of "never too late to mend" in this respect, but my child if my character thus tardily acquires firmness, don't be displeased if it loses somewhat in the pliability which made it seem amiable. I feel that in this respect you will sometimes cast in my teeth that I am become hard and narrow. For instance I don't think I shall be able to stand some things which I did once - never approvingly mind, always with a protest against them delivered over the breakfast table next morning to dear Gussy - but still that I allowed to pass unnoticed, and sanctioned perhaps by so doing. I think I carried the fear of being thought over strict too far; or perhaps was my silence enough, and should I have lost rather than gained influence, by a more decided line of conduct? Perhaps so. At any rate the past is past with all its faults and weaknesses, its opportunities lost and misapplied.

The only parts of my life I can look back upon without self-reproach are the different (p.153) periods devoted to nursing the sick; and these have brought their own reward far more amply than I deserved. For instance now with the Gedges - what can be more precious than the love, the confidence they shew me? The exclamation of joy whenever I go in, the smile that even the servants welcome me with; Frank's little marks of affection. The other day, Saturday, the boys' races came off in the school-field. All the parents and friends went as spectators. Frank was there, and while standing on a bench to look on, amused every one in his vicinity by repeating over and over again "I love Mrs George Gretton". How he had learned to tack on the George to Gretton we have not been able to find out, for he never hears me called so, and teaching him to say Gretton distinctly instead of Ge-gay had been his Mamma's great achievement during the holidays.

Oh! my Balgernon, I hope nothing is the matter with you? I have a book ready to send him for his birthday. "Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson".¹⁹³ Have you read it? Oh it's so charming, so kindly, so sympathizing, so entering into the weary restless cry of suffering humanity! I hope he will read it, dear boy. It is impossible to get at what he thinks or feels beyond a vague sense of dissatisfaction which one thing only can ever satisfy.

.....
Poor Mrs Brown, with all my heart have I prayed for her. As in all our prayers almost, so in this, there is a leaven of selfishness - that the change wrought in her may influence her children.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.154)

1863

Monday
2 Bath Buildings

My beloved Adelia.

.....
It is very, very melancholy about poor Mrs Brown.¹⁹⁴ Sad under any circumstances for a mother to be taken from her children, sadder still beyond all measurement, when religion throws no light beyond the chill waters of the dark deep river. I never think of a mother's dying without recurring to that glorious passage in the "Pilgrim's Progress" - when the messenger came for Christiana, "and her children wept;" but Mr Greatheart and the other noble old fellow whose name I forget, sang praises for joy.¹⁹⁵ Ah me, why are we not all Christians and Christianas! Judged by our opportunities - scanty as ours have been, yet are they not infinitely greater than poor Mrs Brown's? I have still a hope that she may have reached Genoa, and that Mr Strettell may have been sent for, and she may be spared for some time longer to her infinite good and that of her children.

¹⁹³ By A. K. H. Hutchinson, 1825 - 1899; the book was published in London by Strahan in 1862 (ed. 2016).

¹⁹⁴ Stuarta Brown, mother of Montagu, Granet's partner in the Bank of Granet Brown & Co, had just died (ed. 2016).

¹⁹⁵ "The Pilgrim's Progress from This World to That Which Is to Come; Delivered under the Similitude of a Dream" by John Bunyan (1628-1688) was published in London in 1678 (ed. 2016).

There is something very touching in her wish to be at peace with the Muralt. It is one of the unconscious evidences we all carry about us of a future beyond the grave. If our doom were annihilation, what matter would it be to leave quarrels unappeased, angry words unforgiven? I think much of the poor woman, still more perhaps, of the immense influence for good which her dying in a serious frame of mind might exert on those she leaves behind her - through them again on generations yet unborn. That thought of the almost boundless range of influence one human being can exert is a very solemn one. I think of it much more than I ever used to do (p.155) from seeing how every word or action of mine leaves its impress on Boroo.

--- page-break inserted 2016 ---

November 1863.

.....

Poor Aunt Lou sheds a few tears over her state of health partly from attachment to life, partly from dread of a long lingering illness. Ah dear me! it must be very dreary to die in loneliness and old age! Let us never say of our dead that they were taken too soon, but rather be thankful they have passed away with loving faces round them.

.....

I am delighted about the lead foundry and the grand step of the Sunday observance, the noblest tribute to England and England's institutions that could be paid. Dear old country! I love it dearly, yes even with its November fogs - and its cold mutton. I love it so for its energy, its industry, its truth, its cleanliness, its desire of being useful. Fred Brown's wish of raising the social character of his workmen is essentially English.

.....

A young clergyman I met the other night at the Littledales was telling me with delight of his evening workmen's schools, of the love and gratitude of these poor fellows; of the reward thus gained for what seems at first sight a life of toil and monotony and obscurity - such as his - a Curate's, on £150 a year!

(p.156)

1863

Cheltenham. November 1863.

.....
The poor dear Gedges are full of trouble about Mr Seaton, the second Master. My letters of late you may have remarked, have contained no allusion to him. I grieve to say the flattering promise he gave of himself at first has cruelly faded away.

Gradually he has shewn himself listless, capricious careless and passionate. He does not teach his class well, and kicks at Mr Gedge's interference. He does not understand managing the boys, and yet will not suffer any remark on the subject. The parents keep coming to Mr Gedge with complaints which however they are fearful of authorizing him to make known to Mr Seaton, lest he should visit them on the boys, and the general impression is, that unless he quite alters his system, he must be sent away, or he will ruin the school. I lately have been much dissatisfied with his conduct towards Boroo, who has come home sometimes quite weighed down by discouragement. On Monday Mr Seaton gave him the heaviest imposition he has ever had since he was at school, for simply forgetting one of his books at home. The boy did it, and I took care not to say a word in censure of his master to him, but he was quite worn out from the fatigue. It took him from the time he left school at four in the afternoon, till he went to bed at nine, close writing, except the time necessary for preparing his usual lessons for the next day.

Having thus obeyed discipline I went to Mr Gedge to lay the case officially before him; and authorized him if he thought my complaint just, to mention it to Mr Seaton. He did think it a most excessive and ill-judged punishment, and said he was glad I had the courage to step forward and (p.157) remonstrate, as private complaints only harassed him without enabling him to strike at the evil complained of. He had a painful scene with Mr S., who however admitted he had given the imposition in a hasty moment, and that when the boy brought it in next morning he had felt surprised and sorry at its immense length. So far well, but he did not take in good part all that Mr G. tried to impress on him of the immense harm to boys which such evidences of caprice or injustice were likely to produce, and of which two parents besides myself, told him they were already seeing traces. In Boroo I do indeed most clearly. Mr Seaton's fitfulness is rousing in the boy a sort of defiant spirit which distresses me

much. After this conversation Mr Seaton relieved his feelings by writing me a very unbecoming note, upbraiding me for not having gone privately to him with my complaints, which he again admitted were well founded. Of course I could not tell him that it was precisely my object to bring them before the headmaster to give him an opportunity of speaking out which no one had hitherto had courage to afford him; but I wrote him what I thought was a spirited, yet ladylike and judicious answer.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.158)

1864

10 North Parade.
Bath.
February.

I have only time my Adelia for a few lines to announce that the wedding¹⁹⁶ came off happily yesterday. This is my first breathing time since I left Genoa. To begin at the beginning. I came down here on Saturday and found the Carsons in a bewilderment of bustle, both looking fagged. Sunday was a little more tranquil but Monday was terrific. At 2 p.m. arrived the two Peels; at 3 p.m. Sam; at 5 p.m. Mr Battiscombe. The two last slept at an hotel, but the Peels were accomodated in these lodgings, the bustle and discomfort of which (entre nous) were extreme. It is a large, dirty, dingy house, with five sets of people lodging in it, and four raw servant girls, presided over by the mistress, to wait upon them. However I am perhaps over fastidious just coming from your clean house, with Ignazio's good cooking and Battista's excellent waiting: but why the Carsons, when they were about it, could not have put themselves into a more decent lodging, I can't conceive. At 6 all these people with the addition of the Colonel, dined. We were eight at table. Poor Liz with all she had to do, bills to pay, orders to give, her clothes to pack, had to see about the arrangements for this meal. We dined in a parlour downstairs lent for the occasion by a friendly lodger, who also permitted it to be used for the breakfast next day.

¹⁹⁶ Our cousin Lizzy Carson who married Colonel Griffith. The bride was 41, the bridegroom 50. A. J. G.

Of course it was rather a fatiguing affair. I could not help fancying what a contrast it must seem to the Peels, Mr Battiscombe and Sam, to their own sumptuous dinner-parties, and felt, as you would have done, I am sure, that (p.159) it would have been better to have attempted nothing at all. However I don't think the two dear things were discomposed, and that was the great point after all. Mr Battiscombe brightened up immensely on discovering that the father of the Peels was the new member for Tamworth.¹⁹⁷ I think that gilded over many deficiencies in the entertainment! He has an unpleasantly prosperous look, but to do him justice seemed to retain an affectionate recollection of his Genoa friends. Sam was very dear, cheerful and bright, determined to do his duty like a man; and as for myself I believe I may claim to have done my part efficiently throughout the whole affair. I must not forget to say that the dear old fellow announced with the greatest joy that Ned had himself written to give him the most welcome news that you, William, and all the children were coming to see him next summer. Well the evening passed, the gentlemen departed, the Peels went up to sleep in the room I had occupied for the two first days, and I to a dressing-room where Liz had hitherto slept, while she was to share her mother's room for that last night. How we three contrived to dress in that limited space, crowded with boxes and litter, it is impossible to describe. All my garments had to be taken in and out of my box as I wanted them; and when Lizzy wanted to get anything out of a big trunk beneath it where her wedding suit was deposited, my box had to be lifted off! Tuesday morning came - wonderful to say no bustle - Liz rather pale and tearful, her mother serene. At eleven Sam appeared. At a quarter past eleven two carriages with postilions in scarlet jackets drew up amidst a crowd of dirty boys; the bridesmaids and I rush into one carriage - the Bride and Sam follow. Immense mob at the church door, agitated clerk and sexton - we hurried up to the Altar. Bridegroom and his friends awaiting (p.160) us. Mr Battiscombe enters the rails - Lizzy trembles - Sam stands at her side ready to catch her in his loving arms - the bridesmaids press closer to her. Service proceeds - she gains courage, but her responses and those of the gallant bridegroom are almost inaudible. Service ends - the bells (paid for expressly by the Colonel) strike up a clanging peal. Embraces and joy. In five carriages, each with a scarlet postilion in white favours, the party returns here. Mrs

¹⁹⁷ The "new member for Tamworth" was John Peel, no relation of the much more famous Robert Peel, who had also been M. P. for Tamworth (ed. 2016).

Carson in black velvet, mauve cap and pearls, receives them. A grand déjeuner provided regardless of expence by the first confectioner of Bath, is served downstairs in the borrowed parlour. Twenty two sit down (Aunt Loo is not to know this). I marshal all the company downstairs in the order they are to sit. Very good breakfast - Speeches - champagne - At 3.20 the Bride departs - her mother behaves beautifully - No tears - All the relations return in the evening. I do the honours. No more at present. Farewell.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.161)

1864

Henbury.
Tuesday March 1st.

(*My sister wrote from Mrs Ritchie's house in Dorsetshire. A. J. G.*)

My beloved Adelia.

.....

This is a fine old house, not oppressively grand, but roomy, comfortable and substantial.¹⁹⁸ I hope you will see it this summer, for Augusta is most warm in her invitation. She thinks the best time to come would be after your visit to Cheltenham.

.....

On your way you might go and see Stonehenge. Towards the end of June this place will be in great beauty. The garden leads out into a lovely wood and that on to a heath, to walk along which is very exhilarating. Boroo¹⁹⁹ appears perfectly well, except that he has not got any colour. They all found him immensely grown and much thinner in the face. He is excessively happy and takes a good deal of exercise.

.....

Wednesday
March 2nd 1864.

I shall finish this today without waiting for the letter which tomorrow's post will probably bring me but I think Augusta would wish no time to be lost about Miss Colvile's affairs. She begs me again to say with her most affectionate love, with what delight she looks forward to seeing you here. I am pleased it is in my power to do the dear woman a little service by offering to hear young Augusta read Italian. I teach

¹⁹⁸ My sister was staying with our cousin Mrs Ritchie, in Dorsetshire. A. J. G. (probably at Henbury House, built c. 1770, and rented or leased by the Ritchies from the Parke family: ed. 2016).

¹⁹⁹ Boroo was still George's pet name. A. J. G.

her regularly for an hour or more, and she is so bright and eager to learn that it is a very pleasant occupation. We breakfast nominally at nine, but as (p.162) prayers are read first and we sit talking over the table afterwards it is near ten before we disperse to our different employments. I take George in to the library and contrive to make him apply for two hours between reading out, writing a letter, and so forth. At twelve I give Augusta her Italian lesson till one when the bell rings for luncheon. At half past two all go out to walk, or some ride or drive as the case may be. Yesterday and today the weather is most lovely and spring-like. This is considered the mildest part of England; it is only nine miles from Bournemouth where they now send consumptive patients, but it is not at all relaxing. The fresh breeze from the heath is wonderfully pure and bracing. The birds sing loudly, and appear to consider that winter is past. When I come back about five I find the fire lighted in my bed-room, and it looks so comfortable that I generally sit there till dinner at half-past six.

.....
The girls, Gussie, Blanche and Pinkie are all in great beauty. As to the first she would be a magnificent woman if she did not stoop so sadly. She has become much fuller in figure than she was last summer, and in face too. With her hair dressed as the Princess of Wales wears it, turned back at the temples and falling in two long curls, she is quite a beauty of the Louis Quinze²⁰⁰ type. The expression of the face is a little haughty, and a shadow perhaps of ennui has come over it. She does not like the country and pines for greater variety and incident in her daily life. It is a phase of restlessness and discontent to which clever girls without some one absorbing pursuit are very subject. Blanche too misses her cortège of youthful admirers such as she had last summer; and though as droll and clever as ever is getting a little (p.163) intractable to her gentle mother's rule. Emily on the contrary is very much improved; she is not yet thirteen but is fully sixteen in looks and manners. She will be excessively pretty.

The two younger children have also gained immensely in the last six months. Nelly is only a month older than Ned but looks eight years old. Boroo is as great a favourite with the whole family as ever. They will hardly admit his deficiencies; they say he is so intelligent and agreeable. Blanche is teaching herself Latin and makes

²⁰⁰ Louis XV, king of France 1715 - 1774: his most famous mistresses were Mme de Pompadour and Mme du Barry, who did not look much alike (ed. 2016).

him hear her say her lesson every day, and look over her exercises. If but only the emulation would fire him! He remembers the Roman History very well that I drummed into him in Genoa. Augusta (the younger) assisted at his being examined in it this morning and praised his memory at which he was much gratified. Blanche sat this morning at the door of the conservatory with a little table before her on which lay her Latin books: beyond were the camellia trees laden with flowers, and tall lilacs, and the windows disclosed a lovely park-like landscape all smiling in a flood of sunshine. "Ah well, she said, I must confess this is nice - it is quite the poetry of life." Augusta (the younger) thinks the country more poetical when you don't live in it constantly.

The indoor establishment consists of seven females; then there is Reuben the coachman with a boy to help him, and two gardeners, but these four males are on board wages.

Adieu my child - my tender love to the Oyster, Balgernon, poor little Auntv and the lambs.

Your obedient Raven.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.164)
EXTRACT

1864

Henbury
March.

.....
Of course I must prepare myself for a little depression and ennui when he leaves this Elysium. He is so unspeakably happy in the life he leads here, rushing out at all moments into the woods, or riding on the pony after the carriage, or going to walk out with Chichester, or philandering after Blanche, who graciously accepts his homage, that a wiser head than his would require a few days to regain its equilibrium, and turn to a schoolboy's routine once more. The visit to London on that account will not be amiss, as it will break him in to the restraints of a town. The three boys are all very good-looking. I thought last night as I saw all the eight children assembled in the drawing-room that it would be difficult to find a handsomer family. Augusta the younger has made wonderful progress in Italian. If you come here, as I trust and hope you will, this summer, mind and ask her to read to you.

.....
We are enjoying most lovely weather - bright, sunny, clear. Boroo's lessons - such as they are - rather suffer from it; but it is the same with all the family. The little Governess, Fraulein Schultz, is in despair at the escapades of her pupils. Strange to say in the midst of this lovely country, this easy life, these dear people, that I do not feel strong. I eat, drink and sleep well, but I feel so tired, so tired that sometimes I hardly know what to do with myself. I look tired - the girls often ask me whether I feel well, and Boroo says I look seedy. I really think it is only the effect of all my anxious thoughts about Boroo, for I have had nothing to make me ill. Not one cold in the head even since I returned to England.

.....
Your humble Raven.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.165)

1864

Henbury.
Wimborne.
Dorset.
22nd March.

My honest Algernon.

.....
This is certainly the perfection of a place to stay at. No fussing no prosing, no ceremonious compliments as to whether you will walk out, or drive out or stay at home. I hope Addy and William will come here with dear Ned, if only for a week. It will be an unfailing subject of conversation for us all in years to come. The woods which stretch away for miles at the back of the house are lovely. The Oyster would enjoy a stroll in them with his cigar. The girls are fully prepared for all his admirable qualities, even to his taciturnity. When you come, you will I doubt not, be only too happy to read Italian with young Augusta. It will be dangerous though to the tutor, for she is captivatingly bright and intelligent. Also she is very charming when she sings; her voice is so fresh and young, and she gives it so much expression. I think I have gone back to my original preference for her over that dear old Blanche, who is just now in rather a turbulent phase. Clever and witty as ever, but like a wild young colt, kicking at all treatment. Since the boys have come the noise is tremendous. Boroo is not behind them or his friend Blanche in boisterousness. Sometimes the library door is flung open and in rush headlong Blanche, Willy, George and the two younger

boys, in hot pursuit of each other; and then they dash into the conservatory, and end by breaking a window or two after jeopardising the plants and the Camellia trees which are (p.166) laden with flowers.

The boys are all fine fellows. The cleverest is Gerald, only ten and a half, but with a beautiful thoughtful face, and imagination far beyond his years. One night they acted charades, and he and Blanche were really inimitable. Gerald personated an invalid lady who enumerated all her ailments and all the remedies she had tried - "I have had everything" - he said - "every system - mesmerism, homeopathy, allopathy - hydropathy ah yes! every "pathy" except sympathy. That has been denied me!" One of his amusing traits is giving a sketch of the way in which he shall propose to the girl of his heart - He describes the romantic walk, the murmuring brook, the violets in the hedge - and then he says: "when I've pretty well made up my mind what the answer will be, I shall say gently - Do you love me?"- Another time he varied the question - it was - "Would you wish to be the mother of ten lovely children?" Boroo is dreadfully sad at leaving this paradise; he is very much better, and I think the country has done all for him that it could, but a tendency to headache remains. Rheumatic I think it is. Augusta (mère) says it is a common result of general want of tone. Little Hugh Gretton²⁰¹ has had a dangerous fall from his pony. He was at Brighton, riding out in the riding master's company when he was thrown, and sustained a concussion of the brain and was insensible for twelve hours.

I hope ----- won't get himself into the D. C. as I grieve to say our relative H. Peveril Le M. has done with Mrs Randolph Routh. She wants him to marry her, but that he declines, and has gone off to India to let judgement go by default.²⁰² It would be very sad for poor -----.

I am truly glad you are better my dear son. Boroo was delighted with your letter this morning and the stamps. He will write when his dream of love is over - and he has returned to the realities (p.167) of life. At present the boy's head is quite gone with his adoration for Blanche. If he can but keep pretty well, and get on decently with his lessons, I shall be satisfied. My love and duty to Adelia.

Your faithful

²⁰¹ The orphaned son of her husband George's brother (ed. 2016).

²⁰² He subsequently did marry her. A. J. G.

Raven.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.168)

1864

Rugby.

.....
Miss Williams Wynn.²⁰³ ... She must indeed be a charming woman. People of her stamp have such a charming sympathy with one's little every day cares and pleasures. Her telling you of her nephew's pleasure at his dinner at your house is an instance of this. You will miss her terribly - but comfort yourself by thinking such people are rare - people from whom one receives ideas, information, entertainment - very, very rare. From the dear Gs I learn goodness, patience, charity, - industry - truth - a rare list of excellence you will say - but now especially that they are so wearied I get no refreshment for my intellect. It is I who have to impart to them. As for the general set of people one meets with, never expecting anything from them I am never disappointed, but always make myself very agreeable.

I have obtained the Naval Cadetship for Ernest Hobkirk. Captain Powell has been extraordinarily kind. He actually asked it as a favour to himself from the Duke of Somerset.

.....
The two Miss Griffiths, Lizzy's sisters in law are here on a visit to Mrs Admiral Douglas (thus she likes to be styled). There is an asperity in the two gentle maidens' tone when they speak of the Bride which makes me thankful I never was encumbered with such connections.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.169)

1864

2 Bath Buildings.
April 3rd.

My dearest Addy.

²⁰³ This cannot be the celebrated diarist, Frances Williams Wynn who died in 1857, but someone from the next generation (ed. 2016).

Though I was fully prepared to hear that all was over, yet your letter this morning (forwarded from London) cost me many tears.²⁰⁴ And yet why should one grieve? Is it not selfish to wish that dear soul back again, exposed to all the uncertainties and sufferings of life, when we are certain she is gone to unspeakable happiness? Certainly the closing days of her useful self denying life are full of beauty and instruction. I cried all church time over the recollection of your letter, till at last the people near me looked at me so earnestly that I had to struggle against my tears.

Dear old Mic! She turned her study of the Epistles to good account. Don't you remember our often wondering at her partiality for them, and doubting whether she understood anything of what she read? Her grasp of that one verse of the VIIIth chapter of Romans was worth more to her, than many a life-time devoted to science has proved to its possessor at the last dread hour.²⁰⁵ Truly may one pray to die the death of that poor unlettered Vaudois peasant. Her deathbed affords another testimony to the wonderful power of Christianity in adapting itself alike to the wise and the simple. I daresay she would not have discussed one single point of theology with clearness, but she entirely believed in Christ - threw all her cares on Him - and was safe. The greatest champion of the Faith, after years of zealous study of its teaching, can do no more.

Humanly speaking I never had the slightest hope of her recovery. The constitution was too frail, the (p.170) lungs too unsound, to warrant such an expectation. Last winter when you were ill I thought her far gone in consumption. Her cheeks used to glow at night like charcoal embers, and her cough shook her to pieces. The Bryonia and Aconite and Cod-liver oil subdued the attack after a time, but still Peirano and Gaiter told me they would recommend her being sent to her own country as her health was most precarious. Your keeping her with you notwithstanding that advice, though it has entailed the grief and anxiety of this fatal illness, has enabled you to minister comfort and happiness to her closing days, and given you and all of us the bright example of her faith and courage. I don't wonder at your feeling superstitious about Vaudois servants, and I should be glad to hear of your getting a good Swiss girl.

²⁰⁴ On hearing of the death of my children's dear nurse Marguerite whom they called "Mic". A. J. G.

²⁰⁵ Romans 8 is full of verses such as "For to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace" (verse 6) but it is not possible to say which one is here indicated (ed. 2016).

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.171)
EXTRACT

1864

Cheltenham. April.

.....
My course of action lies so clearly before me now, that I have but to follow it cheerfully. Sometimes I get very weary of living so much alone, and fear falling into listless dreamy habits. Lately especially I have felt so indescribably tired that everything is an effort, but I hope this is only the languor produced by the unseasonable and extraordinary mildness of the weather, and will pass off in time.

You have not said much about the dear children of late. Does Ned still talk of his visit to England? I don't know who will most enjoy his going to the Zoological Gardens - Ned himself or good Sam, who delights in the anticipation of taking him there. It is certainly one of the most attractive sights imaginable. Some aquariums have lately been added to the collection, which are stocked with various kinds of fish and the marine plants and shells adapted to their haunts. They are the finest things of their kind in the world, and one could spend days in studying them. Little Amy will be old enough to enjoy the beasts and above all the seals. There are two with beautiful intelligent faces like spaniels who swim and play about in a pond with a little rocky island in the centre. Chuchotte²⁰⁶ will only stare with her big brown eyes and not make much out of what she sees. Dear children! my heart is sad when I think how little I have seen of their early years. I daresay now that Mic²⁰⁷ is gone you feel no pleasure in looking forward to your trip. The dear old soul's calm way of taking in new sights and impressions was a treat in itself to watch. She liked trees I think better than anything, and she would have been pleased at the beauty and size of those in England.

--- new page in typescript ---

²⁰⁶ My daughter Gussy whom her dear Aunt loved to call by that name. A. J. G.

²⁰⁷ The dear nurse we had lately lost. A. J. G.

(p.172)
EXTRACT

1864

Cheltenham. April.

.....
That beautiful death-bed! ... She thought your letter both as a composition, and from its subject, most touching and impressive. I told Mr G. about it. I could not trust myself to read it out to him, as I broke down so repeatedly. To them such deathbeds are not uncommon. Mr G's mother, with the anguish of twelve separate farewells (for each child at her desire saw her for the last time alone) and racked by a torturing disease, passed away like Mic with an avowal of her joy and trust of her Saviour on her lips. A brother of his father's died a few months ago, full of the same triumphant faith.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.173)

Cheltenham
May 5. 1864.

I don't think I feel quite so tired since the weather has become cool, but at times I am so depressed that I hardly know what to do with myself. It is exactly as if a black curtain were drawn across my mind: everything I think over becomes darkened. Then like a mist suddenly clearing away the veil will rise, and I see things in their proper colours. Happily I am conscious that these dark moods arise from some physical cause, relaxation of the nervous system or blood to the head, or something of the kind, so I don't allow them to influence my judgement, or, as far as I can help it, my course of life. But as yet I cannot rouse myself to paint. I feel so tired in my arms that I don't think I could hold the palette, and my feet are so swelled that I could not possibly stand at my easel, and yet to sit always I find makes my head ache. But as we have had some rain I daresay the air will become lighter.

.....

I had another visit from Coralie²⁰⁸ on Saturday, who had a whole budget of anxieties and sorrows about her father and mother to pour out to me.

.....
Her mother's quiet resignation at the weary separation from her husband is very touching; but still more melancholy are his letters, so utterly broken spirited, only here and there a gleam of his former sanguine energetic nature. He has thrown up the management of the Bank at Lisbon which he obtained only 15 months ago, and once more is going to try his fortune elsewhere. Work, work, work - that is his one idea - to make some provision for his wife and children when he dies. It is a miserable picture of an unsuccessful merchant's career. At 64 to be a wanderer separated from wife and (p.174) all who care for him.

.....
Adieu my child - I trust to have a good account of all the dear children soon - of their coughs, and dearest Ned's morale.

.....
Your faithful
Raven.

What is the impression in Italy about war, and Garibaldi's visit to England, and the poor Danes?²⁰⁹

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.175)

1864

10 Southampton Place.
Reading.
15th May.

You will be concerned, my Adelia, at the heading of this letter. I was summoned here by the tidings of poor Aunt Loo's dangerous illness. I had not received the poor old soul's weekly letter, and was beginning to have some misgivings as to her silence, when on Friday I received a letter from a friend of hers, saying she thought it her duty to apprise me of my Aunt's being very ill with

²⁰⁸ Mrs Lampen, the rich daughter of Mr and Mrs Hobkirk old friends of ours who had suffered great reverses.
A. J. G.

²⁰⁹ The Danes were then at war with Prussia (the second Schleswig war), and about to lose three southern provinces, effectively to that expanding State. Garibaldi came to England in April 1864, and met enormous public acclaim (ed. 2016).

congestion of the liver. For months past, as I have told you, she has evidently been losing ground, and growing feebler and feebler, but last Monday violent pains in her side, and other alarming symptoms set in. The friend, a Miss Turquand, chanced to call on that day, and being shocked at the state in which she found her, returned to see her every day till Thursday, when finding her weaker and more wretched-looking than she had yet seen her, she asked whether she would not like her relations to be written to. The poor old soul said she did not like to spoil the pleasure of the Carsons' visit to Ebury Street, neither could she bear to summon me away from George, so she would wait till she grew worse. But as Miss Turquand then really thought her dying, she took on herself the responsibility of letting me know her state.

.....
What could I do? Leave the poor old lady to die alone? it could not be thought of. And yet what was I to do with George? The Gedges' house was full in every corner, so it was settled he was to go to Mrs Irving, who to do her justice very gladly undertook the charge. I left Cheltenham yesterday at eleven, and got here at three ... I found the poor old soul had rallied considerably since the Thursday (p.176) evening when Miss Turquand wrote, but still she looked fearfully ill. There is something deathlike in her glassy eyes which gives me the impression she will not really get over this attack, that she may drag on, now a little better now a little worse, for some time. The joy of seeing me gave her a fillip yesterday, but she is very down again today. Her worst symptom is her taciturnity; she will sit for an hour without speaking, her poor old head bowed down. She gets from her sitting-room to her bedroom with the help of a stick, but she totters so I always go forward to support her. And yet all this past week, so much worse too than she now is, she has had no extra attendance, except two or three evenings when a woman came in to help her to bed. No, poor old soul, the long weary days and nights have been passed alone, but for such attention as the little maid of all-work could bestow upon her! As Miss Turquand said, were it only for the object of insisting on her having better attendance she felt it was a necessity to summon me. What a contrast between her last illness, whether it be what is upon her now - or worse yet to come - and Mic's lovingly tended sick-bed!

I do not think the wish is wrong. I cannot help hoping it will please God that her illness may not be very long, so that I may see her through it, and have her carefully nursed, for it would wring my heart to have to leave her in her present state: and yet if Boroo falls ill without my care - I cannot keep away from him.

.....
She is most patient, poor old soul - quite happy in looking at me, and thankful for the least kindness shewn her.

.....
Ah dear, Ah dear! there should be an additional clause in the Litany - From dying, alone and unfriended, Good Lord deliver us!

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.177)

1864

Reading.
19th May 1864.

My dearest Addy,

.....
Poor old Aunt Loo is breaking up, but slowly, slowly. Poor old soul she is loath to admit it. Life is hard to relinquish it seems, even when so grey and hard, and unlovely as hers has been. I see how she hopes that each new thing tried may give relief - how she says it is but just that symptom removed which is needed to make her better, and so on! Lizzy came down yesterday at ten, and stayed till five. We brought the old lady to consent to having a regular nurse, and one has been engaged: but she cannot come till tomorrow evening. Meanwhile we must get on with the little maid whom I engaged to attend on her as soon as I arrived, but who is perfectly helpless without me to direct everything. Lizzy was looking well, and quite handsome through happiness. Very well dressed too, a stylish bonnet, a becoming lace coiffure to replace it, in fact quite a fashionable looking woman. Young, but for her hair. I felt dreadfully lonely when she went away. There is something ghastly in sitting all day long in the room with that poor crouching form in the armchair so plain, so ugly, that sometimes I almost shrink from looking at her. And yet she is so thankful to me, so unspeakably grateful, poor old woman. I arranged her pillows last night, and she gave a little cry of wonder at my making them so comfortable. I don't believe she has ever known what kindness in sickness is.

.....
She cannot allude to the probability of her death without tears, poor old soul. She would like to live to see Boroo quite strong (p.178) and well! Ah dear me! I feel now how great a difference there is between tending the sick-bed of those one loves,

for whom one would joyfully lay down one's life, and such a poor old sufferer as this. Yet if there be any merit in such acts, it only lies precisely where a sort of repugnance has to be surmounted - where one has to recall the example of Him who stooped to the lowly and revolting task of washing the travel-soiled and dusty feet of fishermen and publicans. In nursing dear Mamma, Gussy, you - not to speak of the one dearer than all - perfect love took away every feeling that I have to struggle against now. And yet she is so patient, so thankful, so helpless, poor, poor old woman!

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.179)

My two eldest children Ned and Amy aged 6 and 4 were staying with my sister. A. J. G.

11 George Road.
Guernsey.
Sunday Evening. July 1864.

My beloved Adelia,

I wrote to you on Friday evening, and now send you a few lines with excellent accounts of the peerless lambs. Their spirits and appetite are excellent. Babet is quite surprised at what they eat; it is more than what they got through in Genoa! and yet no one can say they are pampered. This afternoon they went out with Somerville, who also had Frank under his charge. Babet went, but she could not understand what he said to them, but related to me how he played with them and then seemed to tell them a story, and then they all ran about and gathered flowers, and then when Amy was tired he carried her in his arms. They think her so lovely that Mr G. is fearful of their letting her see how they admire her. He says the beautiful eyes look so arch, and so soon discover when approving looks are bent upon them. Ned they think more sweet, St. John like, and intellectual, than positively handsome. They are in truth a lovely pair. Babet conducts herself admirably. She was made quite happy this evening by going at 6 to the Wesleyan French service. Mr Gedge and I thought it would have more affinity to the Vaudois form than our own, as it consists of hymns, 2 chapters in the Bible, extempore prayer, and sermon, and she returned delighted. As I wanted to go to church too I took the Lambs. I must say I would not have done so

but for their earnest request. Frank went too. They behaved admirably, and never fidgetted in the least. The chanting and singing amused them, and the service being much less long than the morning suited them both very well. For Amy's début at Church it was most (p.180) successful. Her friend Somie carried her back part of the way in his arms out of sheer love to her, not because she was tired. The Gedges have found pretty quite rural lodgings near Moulin Hue Bay - a lovely situation, but unfortunately about a mile and a half from us; but nothing else could they get. Louisa Clark has called; the Brocks ditto.

Hugh is very good and happy.

Adieu my child - My love attends you.

Your Raven.

Amy often says "why Papa go away from us? Why Mamma stay in London?" Ned always turns pale when she says this, so I do not like to dwell too long on the subject. Amy often talks of Cousin Sam. She follows me about like a pet dog. Ned likes to be with the boys in their rooms.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.181)

Guernsey.
August 1864. 9.p.m.

Pussina and I got on very well together with the Bible pictures, and little explanatory stories from me. Then we talked, and she asked where Uncle Algie was, and said he had got into the carriage when they left Genoa and gone a little way with them. About you and her Papa she continually asks. Sam she also thinks of, yet she confesses she wishes to stay a little longer here. She begged this afternoon with tears to go to Church, but I did not think it prudent as it would have been late for her to return home. She has been out twice today, and is not in the least weakened by her little indisposition. Ned walked home from Church with the boys and Mr Gedge and Somie. He had gone there at his earnest entreaty under George's care. I demurred because he had slept so soundly last Sunday in the sermon, that his snores excited the risibility of all the people about us. However he implored to go, and said he would keep awake, and kept his word. I dropped a hint that Mr Gedge, his future master would observe him, and as it happened Mr G. sat where he could

see Ned, and (not knowing in the least what I had told the child) he noticed the dear little face fixed on his from time to time, and was fascinated with his sweet confiding air. I have broken down his reserve in speaking about Ned as his future pupil. I taxed him with it, and he blushed and said it was from delicacy. He did not think it right to catch at anything you might say with regard to your future plans for Ned, lest in the course of the next two or three years you might see reason to change them, and then would fancy yourselves bound to him. I had a little walk with the Gedges after evening service, and there heard the account of Ned's charming conduct.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.182)

Rugby.
September 1864.

My Adelia.

Your letter this morning was very welcome. I am very happy in thinking of my Algerino's happiness, and heartily pray that he may be blessed in the choice he has made of a modest religious wife. I was of course pleased that the dear lad had been comforted and encouraged by my letter. Your dear Chuchotte increases so rapidly in fascination, she looks so winningly and archly up into one's face, she astonishes one so by her progress in speech, her temper is so sweet, her movements of passion so rare, her strength in walking so surprising, that I know not how to describe the love both Boroo and I have for her. How we shall part with her I know not. Her appetite is excellent. She has bread and milk for breakfast and supper, a large slice of roast meat and potatoes, and a good help of pudding for her dinner. From morning till night she is bright, active, prattling, singing, and pattering about almost without ceasing. Babet is very good. She finds Rugby dull after Cheltenham, and fears Madame will "languir", but she is always helpful and good tempered.

Our adventures shall now be resumed from Saturday evening when I wrote you a long letter. Sunday morning Foster Cunliffe, a bright clever little man of ten, came to fetch us, and we were taken to his mother's pew in Church. We came home to dinner after promising to take tea with the Cunliffes before evening service. After our frugal meal we went with Augusta and Babet to take a walk, and of course bent our

steps towards the school. It is a grand old place. The play-ground is magnificent. We walked over it with a sort of awe. (p.183) Then we peeped into the School Quadrangle. All now silent for the boys were in Chapel, still we hesitated at walking round it. Chuchotte however had no such scruples, and not once pattering round sufficed her - she screamed to go back, and was not content till she had been taken in three several times.²¹⁰ I can only account for it by a sort of instinct in the child; she must have felt attracted towards the spot her father had so often trod. (!!)

The sight of the School, and all the Tom Brown associations it awakened, worked up Boroo to a state of eager excitement. It was difficult to calm him down. He kept repeating how much he longed to get into it, and calculating how soon he might accomplish it.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.184)

Rugby.
31st October 1864.

My beloved Adelia

Your letter about sweet Chuchotte's sudden attack arrived this morning and naturally makes me anxious about the dear child.

.....
I shall of course be anxious for your next letter. If she has had no return I trust we may then look on the danger as past. Dear child, she has never given me any anxiety before.

.....
My head has been in such a confusion lately that everything seems to have happened a very long while ago. For instance I can hardly imagine it only to have been a week yesterday since George entered the school. Getting up so early assists this illusion. At first my anxiety to awake in time prevented my sleeping more than a couple of hours together all through the night, but now I am getting into the habit of waking a little after six; but I do not get up till 6.25 when I go into Boroo's room and light the gas. Then I return to mine, and put a cup of tea prepared for him overnight,

²¹⁰ In the sense of "three different" (ed. 2016).

to warm in an Etna by means of a little spirits of wine. It is all arranged on a table by my bedside. I then get into bed again and do not begin to dress till after he has started for school, a few minutes before seven.

He is excessively happy. He has at once been taken into the Second Twenty of the town, and played in a great match on Saturday, in full costume - white ducks and a striped blue and white Jersey. I need scarcely say that he has on a worsted "maglia" beneath, from head to foot. The first day, last Monday, that he played, the Doctor gave him an encouraging smile which of course stimulated his ardour tenfold. He is doing very fairly indeed in his lessons. He (p.185) really seems to construe Caesar and Ovid quite readily. The Greek construing is his weak point; Dr Temple has given his sanction to his having extra instruction in that, from Mr Lipscomb, provided he gives his honour not to help him in his work for school. So when he has a spare hour Mr Lipscomb seizes on him for Greek. As he has no difficulty in his French or Divinity, he has some time at his disposal. I am of course sorry to trench on his recreation, but it is a point of importance to bring up his Greek to the level of his other acquirements. He has had to begin German, but that will not be very difficult, not in the least as far as his instruction therein will go. He is also to take up History: this I expect he will come out strong in. I give Mr Lipscomb a guinea a week. He is a very gentlemanly young man, with a mournful air which interests one in him, particularly as he has a handsome Charles the First sort of face to harmonise with it. His father was Bishop of Jamaica, but he is dead, his mother also, and he has only one brother and a young sister whom he idolises. He is impatient to get on, poor fellow, and yet a trifle too sensitive and fine feelinged to make his way in the world. He is quite wretched if he does not give George what he considers the equivalent for the remuneration he receives. I must leave off now - I trust and pray my Chuchotte has not been ill again.

Your very affte
Raven.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.186) 1865
(*Upon hearing of my losing my little Baby boy Walter. A. J. G.*)

Rugby.

12th April.

My dearest Addy

When this reaches you I trust you will be well enough to read it. I have every hope you are going on satisfactorily. Each hour that passes without a telegraphic message to summon me, is proof of this: but any sharp ring at the bell makes me start. Aunty wrote me a very kind letter last Sunday, which I received this morning, giving me all the details of that precious little life which ran its earthly span in less than four hours. I was very thankful to hear he had been baptised by Mr Strettell, for though, had it been otherwise, we could freely have left the dear babe to the uncovenanted mercies of Him who died for all - yet it is a privilege to have been able to fulfil His distinct command, and to have brought the little child to His loving arms signed with the Cross, and with the pure water of Baptism still fresh upon its brow. To have given a spotless soul to Heaven is a consoling thought - and the children have their little Angel brother to think of and talk of. I suppose they saw him as he slept amidst the flowers with which poor Aunty's tender love and exquisite taste had surrounded him. Dear Algernon wrote very sweetly about it. Boroo shed many tears for the loss of the baby he had been looking forward so delightedly to carrying about in his arms in the holidays, as he used to do Chuchotte. My poor Adelia, how anxious I have been about you I cannot express! It is like a feverish dream. I did not feel reassured till Monday Evening when the THIRD despatch came; then I suspended what little was left to do of my preparations for setting out. I don't speak my child of your sadness - I can feel what it is - and though people (p.187) will tell you you ought not to grieve, having three such sweet children as Ned and the two little girls, for the loss of one whom you did not know, still the little thing had its place all ready in your heart, and it will be long before you will feel quite as happy as before. I have the sensation of having lost something; it is the blank which has succeeded the hope of having a dear baby to love and take care of.

Dear Boroo was confirmed this afternoon. It was a very touching and beautiful ceremony, and all the boys seemed impressed. He was very pale and agitated dear old fellow. Dr Temple's lectures to the boys have been most beautiful; they embody the loftiest and purest Christian morality, probing to the very recesses of the heart. Some good must remain, even on young and giddy minds, from such a course of

instruction. Saturday there will be a final lecture to prepare them for the Easter Communion.

God bless you my dearest child - I received your letter of Saturday morning yesterday. I do not answer dearest Algernon for I have so many letters to write, and my head cannot yet bear it very well, though the flushing is much better than it was.

Your aff.

Raven.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.188)
EXTRACT

Rugby. 1865.

.....
Lastly of your causes for sadness, the Watts' and Mylius affair is most provoking and irritating. It will really be a great cross if the house to which you naturally had looked with so much pleasure and anticipation, should be taken from you: one of those trials which it takes a great deal of self-schooling and resignation to bear cheerfully. So much of one's pleasure and comfort depends on a nice bright loveable house where, as you say, one can take root, and hope to live in, many happy useful years. As for me; like the patriarchs I must be content "to abide in tabernacles". No fixed home on earth for me - no home such as I used to see before me as I sat working so happily in our little cabin on our voyage to Adelaide - with a pretty garden and grass-plots and children playing about it - or a nicely laid breakfast table where any chance guest should always have been welcome; but it is not because it has thus pleased God to appoint my lot, that I do not take great delight in seeing those I love settled to their liking. Your house at Carignano²¹¹ would have been quite my pride. I should have enjoyed seeing you at last installed in a picturesque Italian-looking home, in keeping with the associations of Genoa, which

²¹¹ There is a villa Mylius in Carignano, Genoa; that may be relevant (ed. 2016).

the Strada Assarotti²¹² houses decidedly are not. I should have been proud to send strangers to see you in it, and to hear it admired.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.189)

1865

11 Heriot Row, Edinbro'.
24th June

My beloved Adelia,

Your letter was forwarded to me this morning from Rugby. I thank you very much for your kind anxiety about Boroo's eye, and grieve at the mischance which delayed your hearing from us till Tuesday. I hope you really are quite yourself again; you must have over-fatigued yourself by your sitting up with and carrying about dear Chuchotte, and then the move just at the top of all that. The country air will I trust quite restore that dear little child.

We left Rugby at 10.40 p.m. on Tuesday and reached Edinburgh in perfect safety at 7.a.m. the next morning. About 3 a.m. we passed Windermere which was indescribably beautiful in the rosy morning light. Our journey was comfortable so far as we had the whole of a 2d class carriage to ourselves, but the dust was overpowering. Still it was far cooler and pleasanter than it would have been by day. We were received on coming to this house by Miss Denshar the Robertsons²¹³ cousin and companion, the dear ladies themselves not rising till a later hour. It is a splendid house and would be a palace in London - with five women servants, a Brougham and a stout Coachman. After changing our clothes and breakfasting we saw our hostesses Jane and Annie. Jane is much older than her sister - a dear kind old soul, very infirm. Annie is a sweet, ladylike, delicate-looking woman, about 60 - most winning in her manners. Her love for dear Papa and Mamma is touching. She recalls all their ways and sayings with wonderful clearness. They live freshly before her as she knew them in their days of youth and prosperity. She delights too in

²¹² now Via Assarotti: with big nineteenth-century apartment blocks on both sides of this straight major road (ed. 2016).

²¹³ In 1865 11 Heriot Row was the address of J. & R. J. Robertson, Writers to the Signet (ed. 2016).

talking of all her brothers, (p.190) especially Robby.²¹⁴ The cheerfulness with which she bears the loss of all those she loved so well, and the infirmities of her one surviving sister, is beautiful to witness: she evidently feels she is parted from them but for a little while. She has given me a ring dear Robby always wore, which I daresay you will remember: it contained his mother's hair, and he never allowed us to play with it or open it. She was much pleased with Lizzie, and looks forward with great pleasure to seeing her and Balgernon.

Mrs Wilson²¹⁵ has written to reiterate her wish that we should all go to them for a few days, so now it is arranged that on Friday the 30th (the Robertsons will not let us go before) we repair to Glasgow, for three or four days, not longer - then we go to Cove²¹⁶ for a fortnight, which will bring us very near the wedding. The Robertsons have heard much good of Lizzie²¹⁷ from friends who know the Wilson family, and likewise of the family in general, of their refinement, intellect etc and of their moving in the very first society of Scotland. Uncle Willie really is a man of weight in Edinburgh. The first day we were here Anne Robertson told me that Mrs Guthrie (Harriet Maude) was most desirous to see me, but as she was in delicate health and about to start for the Highlands next morning, asked whether I would go with her to call, instead of standing on the etiquette of her visit. Of course I went, and nothing would satisfy the Guthries but our promising to go and pay them a long visit at Guthrie Castle.²¹⁸ Her warmth of manner quite surprised me. After discussing my plans etc, it was settled we should go after the wedding.

Monday.

The Robertsons say that it is a bona fide Castle with horses and dogs and a complete Highland laird's establishment. It is grand (p.191) for Boroo.

.....

The want of sea bathing is the only drawback, but Mrs Guthrie consented that if after a fortnight I thought he needed change, to let us go to St Andrews' where Louisa and her husband Captain Herbert are living, in contented mediocrity. This is a

²¹⁴ The pet name in the Le Mesurier family for this early friend - Mr Robertson. A. J. G.

²¹⁵ Algernon Le Mesurier was soon to marry Elizabeth Wilson. Her father Charles (1809-1882) was a distinguished anglo-scottish architect and educator, working in Glasgow, who in his later years lived in Florence (ed. 2016).

²¹⁶ A village on Rosneath peninsula, 25 miles west of Glasgow, on the shore of Loch Long (ed. 2016).

²¹⁷ Lizzie Wilson to whom our brother Algernon was engaged. A. J. G.

²¹⁸ Guthrie Castle, built in the 15th century and much expanded in the 19th, is about fifty miles north-east of Perth (ed. 2016).

good loophole to escape by if I think it advisable. St Andrews is a favourite bathing place on the East Coast. Boroo bathed on Friday at PortoBello two miles from town, and is gone there again this afternoon; I hope he will have at least two more baths before Friday. What can I say of the kindness of the Robertsons or the beauty of Edinburgh? It is something to dream of. Of course we see it in weather such as falls to the lot of few; warm, bright, sunny, the sky just flecked with clouds. Certainly the more I see of it, the more beautiful do I think it. The public buildings are so magnificent, the undulation of the site so picturesque, that you hardly can tell whether Nature or Art has done most for it. The streets all end in vistas of wonderful beauty - the Firth of Forth studded with islands and the Mountains of Fife beyond; then if you look, there is the Castle Rock rising from the centre of the town, and the old picturesque Canongate starting from its feet and leading downward about a mile to Holyrood. We have been over the latter and seen all the old sad sights; the Castle we must not fail to go over also. Boroo astonishes everyone by his local and historical & geographical knowledge. (While he was shut up in the dark I improved the occasion by reading out to him an excellent Guide to Edinburgh). On Saturday he went to a review of 6000 volunteers in the Queen's Park near Holyrood, and GREENED his new grey trousers by slipping down Salisbury Crags, some time-honoured heights.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.192)

1865

25th June.

From George Gretton (ed. 2016).

Mamma has just read your letter to me, dearest Aunt Addie. Many thanks for the kind wishes in it. I am sorry that Algie is pale and anxious; tell him that he is only making a fool of himself and also that he will make a bad impression on the relatives at the wedding. There is a Miss Turnbull staying here who says that THE family are very much liked and that THEY mix in the highest society of the country. Mr and Mrs W. have been staying lately with Lord Belhaven who is the Queen's representative in

Scotland. We have been twice today to hear the "country parson" A.H.K.B.²¹⁹ We liked him so much in the morning that we returned in the afternoon, but Alas! his sermon was not half so good as his lecture had been. He is a very gentlemanly man, with whiskers like the Doctor's; He has very little Scotch accent; he only says - w(H)ich and w(H)ere, the H very much accented in these words.

This is a most splendid city. It is divided by the old site of a lake into two parts; the old and the new town. The former is very picturesque and the second has very fine, broad streets and good shops. At the head of the old town is the Castle, a most beautiful one when seen from a distance, and at the foot is Holyrood which lies under the protection of Arthur's Seat. The public buildings are splendid and the very gates look like palaces. The ruined Chapel attached to Holyrood is most glorious. The old lake is now filled up with very fine public gardens. Tell Ned²²⁰ to work hard and be a good boy and learn some poetry by heart every day; and believe me

Your most affte nephew
G. LeM. Gretton.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.193)

1865

Glasgow.
20th July.

My worthy Adelia,

I have just posted an envelope with cards to announce that Balgernon the Good is now also the Married Man. I had not time to write by today's post, but begin this the first leisure moment I have, and shall hope by tomorrow to have put together a good long letter for you. I sent you one on Monday, written at Dunoon but posted here. On Tuesday morning Algernon arrived, and came to these lodgings, the landlady having at last consented to let me have a room for him. After he had dressed and breakfasted he went to his betrothed, and I saw him no more for some hours. When I appeared at Burnbank Gardens, Lizzie came and threw herself into

²¹⁹ A. H. K. Boyd (1825-1899) author of "Recreations of a Country Parson", internationally praised as a raconteur and writer, appointed minister of St Andrew's 1865. (ed. 2016).

²²⁰ Ned was only seven! A. J. G.

my arms to express how happy she was, that their meeting had been so delightful, that she liked him much, much more even than she had ever done before, in fact that she was at the summit of earthly contentment. All the presents which he had brought from Genoa (I had seen them in the morning) were arranged in the drawing-room, together with everything that has been given to her since her engagement. The set out was really very pretty. She has had a good many things recently, among the rest, some beautiful books richly bound and illustrated. The things brought by Algernon gave great delight. The two bracelets are immensely admired - the watch also - Aunt's handkerchief is thought exquisite; Miss Wilson's is also very handsome.

The most costly of all her wedding gifts came yesterday. Mr Stirling of Reir, M.P. for Perthshire, who has succeeded to Sir John Maxwell's property, sent her an exquisite necklet, a small chain of gold beads from which hangs a circular (p.194) rock-crystal in the centre of which is a star formed of a good-sized diamond, nine pearls, eight emeralds, finishing off with small diamond points. At the very least it must have cost £20 or £25. Mary's joy in showing off her sister's possessions was indescribably sweet to witness.

Tuesday and Wednesday passed, in a restless bustling sort of way. We went up both evenings to the house (George and I, for Algernon of course dined there), and yesterday we were there most of the day, helping to direct the cards, and increase the confusion. I also went out with the lovers in a cab to assist Lizzie in choosing a water-proof cloak, which the rain of the last few days had reminded her was a necessity - and in selecting a souvenir to the value of £1 which Amelia Gimmingham requested me to spend upon her. Visitors kept coming in at all moments to see the presents and embrace Lizzie. Dressmakers were sending in things also up to the last minute; fruit and flowers arrived from the country - and so on.

.....

Dr Spencer Thomson and his daughter who came on Monday were all day about the house; he is a very pleasant man - Marion's first cousin.

Yesterday Christine Kinnear the fourth bridesmaid arrived and swelled the circle, but all were so happy and good-humoured nothing put them out. The table was laid in the dining-room last evening for 32, and all the family assisted in decorating it. The lovers when opportunity permitted were left for a tête à tête, but poor things they were hunted from dining room to drawing-room and back again, and so at last gave

up any attempt at private conversation. Algernon made himself very amiable to all the friends, and relatives, and won golden opinions as to his moral qualities, but he was looking so ill, so black under the eyes, so thin and haggard that I was quite mortified. No one praised his looks - nor could they be expected to do so. This (p.195) morning however he looked much better though he did not sleep after five. He was dressed and out by 7, looking for a white rose for his coat, and he also went to the station to secure a compartment as far as Stirling. Divining it was a wedding, the Station Master told him he should only charge him the two places. This urbanity pleased the old fellow mightily. He also liked the deference paid him in his capacity of bridegroom by the nurseryman where he bought his rose. Altogether he came back cheerful and calm, and eat a beefsteak and two eggs. After that we packed his portmanteau, and then he dressed himself.

The wedding was to be at 12 (canonical hours are not recognized in Scotia) but the carriages had been ordered at a quarter past 11 by the impatient Balgernon, and as we were all ready, and Willie Wilson, the 2nd groomsman had joined us, we set off and had nearly half an hour to wait. Balgernon was conducted to the Vestry and shut in there while the friends arrived and took their seats. It was only when the bride and her father, followed by the four bridesmaids were advancing up the aisle that he was released, and met her at the Altar. They looked very nice standing there together. Algernon with his three youths, for Spencer Thomson joined the two boys, and Lizzie with her maidens, all in white with white tulle bonnets and blush roses. The service was very impressively read by Mr Oldham who has been Lizzie's pastor since her childhood, and becomingly joined in by the assembled friends. The two young Lambs said the responses audibly, and gave general satisfaction by their modest and reverent demeanour. There was no congratulating in the church.

Balgernon at once conducted his wife to the vestry, followed by her father, Mary and Boroo, who assumed the office of chief groomsman. There Boroo says Algernon kissed his wife, and then, seeing (p.196) his nephew saluting Mary, awoke to the consciousness that the same attention was expected of him, and went through it in a placid and dignified manner. After two or three minutes I went in; Lizzie was sitting down, a little trembling and tearful, but looking very happy and excessively pretty. Mary had thrown back her veil in a very becoming manner, and altogether she made as sweet and bonnie a bride as one could wish to see. Algernon was standing

behind her chair, very majestic indeed. Mr Wilson was helping Mr Oldham draw up the certificate. He was radiant with happiness. No father, as he said, ever gave away his daughter with fuller confidence and joy. Lizzie threw herself into my arms and gave me many sweet warm kisses. Mary was next kissed. She kept up beautifully, looking very pale, but smiling brightly whenever she caught one's eye. I then embraced Algernon, a mark of affection which he endured with the same stately affability that marked his demeanour to Mary. Mr William Thomson was now summoned as a witness and the signatures etc being affixed he conducted Mrs LeM. through the Church to the carriage. A crowd of very dirty boys formed an avenue from the Church door, making remarks admiring or jocose on the wedding party as they successively drove off. Arrived at Burnbank Gardens the bride was kissed and congratulated and we went in due time to breakfast. It all went off extremely well - no fuss, no parade. At 4 the young creatures set off. Lizzie had a pretty light grey or fawn dress and jacket, and a hat; they looked very nice indeed. The two boys saw them off.

I can write no more for this is Friday 10 a.m.; and we are going to Loch Lomond with the Wilsons (Mary, Willie, and Annie) and Dr Thomson who is a very nice man, and his daughter. I will put another letter in hand.

Adieu my child. God bless you all.

Your Raven.

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(p.197)

1865

Rugby
9th Oct. 1865.

.....
At dinner I sat between Dr Denton²²¹ rather celebrated for his travels and researches in Servia and Mr Lee Warner,²²² and exactly opposite to Dr Temple.²²³ The table was not too large and the conversation of the two celebrities was excessively entertaining. Dr Temple in particular was brilliant. He seemed

²²¹ The Rev. Dr William Denton (1815 – 1888) had written "Servia and the Servians" in 1862, along with several other works on aspects of Balkan history and culture (ed. 2016).

²²² Henry Lee Warner, from an old Norfolk family, was a Master at Rugby School (ed. 2016).

²²³ The present Archbishop of Canterbury. January 1897, A. J. G.

determined to shine. Every sentence almost was an epigram. He was witty, he was sarcastic, he was funny, he was learned all by turns. Dr Denton seemed anxious to get upon Servia, evidently his "cheval de bataille",²²⁴ but before gratifying him the Doctor skimmed over all the news of the day, disposing of, or as it were, exhausting a subject, in six words; as one of his adversaries on some political subject said lately, "there is a pleasant ring about Dr Temple's sentences, which betoken his perfect conviction that he knows more about the subject on hand, than anybody else."

This was amusingly illustrated to me when he began to talk about the Italian peasantry. I ventured to ask across the table how far into Italy he had been. Only as far as Milan, but he had gone into several cottages and talked with the people, and such and such points had struck him as national characteristics. He had certainly caught with marvellous quickness at the leading features of what little he had seen, but he would have been very much disgusted with me had I tried to demonstrate that the Lombard was no criterion of the Tuscan peasant etc. No doubt this is the way with brilliant public men. It is impossible for them to go deeply into any subject, but they have the power of making much out of a very little, and have besides such faith in themselves, that they carry (p.198) their listeners with them.

When at last however he condescended to give his mind to Dr Denton and Servia, it was astonishing how he seemed to have the history, politics and productions of the country at his fingers' ends. What the traveller had acquired by personal experience and deep investigation, the Head Master seemed to know as a mere little embellishment to his store of learning. When I talk or listen for an hour to clever men's conversation, I feel such a brightening up in my torpid brain that it is like the effect of champagne: like that too, it gives me a headache afterwards, but it is a welcome break in the monotony of one's usual associations.

Last week was a gay one for Rugby. On Monday and Tuesday the Athletic Sports came off. Great was the concourse of spectators. All the masters, their wives and children, all the residents, in fact all the townspeople flocked to the Close to look on. The Close was in wonderful beauty on both days. The sky without a cloud. Not a leaf changed on the glorious old elms. The grass a brilliant green. I wish you had come to

²²⁴ "cheval de bataille" (French): war horse; in this case, almost, 'hobby-horse' (ed. 2016).

Rugby now instead of when you did. I felt so strange to it that I could not show you anything. Now I could have walked you about the Close as if it belonged to me, and one of the masters would have taken us over the School Buildings and explained everything to you. The boys ran races, and hurdle races, and performed prodigies in leaping, and so on. George ran in one of the hurdle races - twelve hurdles in 200 yards - but did not come in first. The boys looked very nice in their white or striped jerseys and white ducks. Immense excitement prevailed at the close of each race, and the name of the winning boy was shouted by hundreds. They had wanted to have a 4 mile race, but Dr Temple wrote up to London to ask some famous doctor's opinion and he decided it was (p.199) too exciting and too dangerous. They run much longer distances when they go out hare and hounds, but then if tired they can fall out, and not be spurred on to more than their strength admits by the ambition of distinguishing themselves before so many spectators. As it was, one or two fainted away when they came in victors after half a mile over 22 hurdles.

Saturday was another gala day in the Close. It was the annual football match between the Sixth and the School - a great number of the old Rugs came down to play on both sides. All the population went to see it; it would have been thought quite a want of public spirit to stay away. This match took place in the afternoon. In the morning from 12 to 1.30 four matches went on "below Caps", (the Oyster will understand this) and were carried on with great vigour. The "Town" played against the Moberleyites; George was full of ardour for the affray, the Moberleyites having spoken against the Town, words of defiance. He came home in high spirits, lame in one leg and bleeding in the other, the foe having been completely beaten. I had to keep him in yesterday all day, bathing his knee, and to-day whenever an opportunity presented itself I have put on a compress of arnica and water. One boy, in another of the matches had his leg broken. Boroo heard this morning he was to receive his "flannels" for his good play on Saturday. This is equal to spurs to a knight.

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(p.200)

1865

Rugby.
Wednesday Evening.

Nov. 1st.

My beloved Adelia,

In expectation of a letter from you tomorrow morning I begin mine overnight. Since I last wrote the great event has been Mary's visit which went off extremely well. The dear little thing arrived at five on Friday afternoon and stayed till one p.m. on Monday. George's room was given up to her and he slept on the sofa in the dining-room with a mattress over it, hired from an upholsterer's. As he left the house betimes in the morning all trace of his occupancy of the room were removed before breakfast. Mrs Meadows was very amiable and lent herself to these arrangements without grumbling. Saturday was a very fine day and I wrote to Lee Warner to ask him if he would take us over the Schools at any hour that suited him. He appointed half past twelve, when we went to fetch him, an arrangement that amused Mary very much, unused as she is to Rugby ways. We found his sister with him, a tall girl of 24 or so, lately come from the paternal home in Norfolk on a visit to her brother. She went with us. We were taken over the School House, saw all the dormitories and studies and various localities described in Tom Brown, even to the very room and the position of the bed, beside which the little boy (Arthur) knelt to say his prayers. Lee Warner said that Tom Hughes on his last visit to the School House had pointed out the scene of every incident to him. How I wish you could have seen all this when you were here! Mary was very much pleased, but I could not make Lee Warner talk to her as much as I wished. I think he was afraid of (p.201) his sister's quizzing him, for if I fell back and talked to her, so as to leave him and Mary to converse, he would appeal to me after a few minutes and so make the conversation general again. We could only see Big School and the Sixth Form School, as the boys were not out of the others. I had seen them all before however, and one gave Mary an idea of the whole, in their ugliness and dinginess.

Then we were taken into the Chapel, and lastly into the Close to see a match which was just beginning. Mary was so well entertained that after dinner we went back to the Close to see some more of the football, and then I took her with me to call on Mrs Arnold, to give her an idea of the masters' houses. Mrs Arnold was at home, very bright and talkative and easily led on to give Mary many reminiscences

of Dr Arnold,²²⁵ a distant relation of her husband's, whom she seems to love and venerate as a Saint almost. Sunday Miss Temple sent us tickets for the Chapel in the afternoon, and Mary was charmed with the service. The Dr. preached an admirable sermon on the text "Ye are the salt of the earth", dwelling on the obligations of every Christian in that capacity. To illustrate the influence of example he brought in the very story we had been talking of on Saturday; of the time when boys at school - Christian boys he said emphatically - were ashamed to be seen to pray by their bedsides and how from the example of one, neither clever, nor distinguished, may be dated the turning-point from that great neglect and irreverence. When we left the Chapel it was getting dusk, but Mary thought she would like to walk once more round the Close. At the far end, in the fading light, a lady and gentleman passed us. Mary and George recognised them as Lee Warner and his sister. Alas! they did not join us. It was a little disappointment I found out, but I strove to comfort her by (p.202) laying it on the sister's mauvaise honte rather than any remissness on his part.

Next morning we took a little walk to give her some idea of the outskirts of Rugby and at one o'clock we went down with her to the station. She is a dear little thing. Had I had a house of my own I should have enjoyed having her to stay with me for some months. Her heart is full of Lizzie without a shadow of selfish repining at her own different lot. She is so amiable, so loving, so bright and helpful that she would make a sweet little wife. We agreed that circumstances permitting we could have made out the winter very pleasantly together. With Mary to preside at the tea-table, and to play and sing, I think we might have taught the people of Rugby how an evening party should be given. I should have been always thinking of a nice "partito" for her - there are several of the masters eligible - Lee Warner is too young, he is but 23.

.....

Nov 1st. 1865.

You say nothing about dear Mr Strettell's ideas relative to Charles Whish, but I conclude he has answered his letter. If the Whishes go to Genoa we are to convoy out their eldest boy, aged 17. Dear Mr Strettell's nobleness in being pleased to hear

²²⁵ Thomas Arnold (1795 –1842) Headmaster of Rugby School 1828 to 1841, major influence on the development of English public schools (ed. 2016)

of George's success is beautiful. Certainly in singleness and purity of heart he is matchless. The dear lad is getting on famously. The pressure of anxiety being removed he finds his work in the new form quite easy, comparatively speaking. He will soon be very busy working at his extras for the Christmas examination. A certain number of subjects are announced of which the boys may select two, and for these they get honours. Two firsts would have entitled him to a prize, which he hopes to secure this time. Besides this if he acquits himself well at the examination in his usual form work, it will materially forward his chances of (p.203) promotion at Easter. He is full of hope and ambition, dear old fellow. He is getting such a thirst for advancement that if he has but health, I am sure he will work as well without me next year as with me now.

I had a pleasant morning yesterday. I dined at the Moberlys at half past one. It was the day of the Old Rugbeian football match, and at least a hundred young men came down from the Universities and elsewhere to play the School. Every one was welcomed warmly at his former house. Six young fellows came to the Moberlys, who seemed disappointed at not having a larger number. Lee Warner and his sister were there also. The sister's stiffness was much diminished; she is a very well-read girl, and knows Italian wonderfully well. I had lent her Massimo d'Azeglio's²²⁶ letter, and she had evidently understood and appreciated it thoroughly. Her brother is to read it with her, and then it is to be passed on to Mr Moberly, who finds time in some marvellous way to recreate himself with Dante. All that these men contrive to do is astonishing. Mr Hutchinson is studying Italian, but they are rather disheartened about their trip to Rome on account of the cholera and quarantine. At three we all adjourned to the Close where numbers of people were gathered to see the match. It began with great fierceness but was over in half an hour; the poor School were utterly beaten by the old Rugs who themselves seemed ashamed of their victory.

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²²⁶ D'Azeglio (1798 - 1866) had been prime minister of Sardinia-Piedmont in the years after the 1848 Revolutions: in 1852 he was succeeded by Cavour, under whose political guidance the decisive first stages of Italian unification were achieved. D'Azeglio continued to be active in politics until his death (ed. 2016).

My beloved Adelia

The reception of your letter gave me unfeigned pleasure this morning. I have so completely fallen back into my old groove that its arrival, and reading part of its contents to George at breakfast appeared only a necessary part of my life, the five weeks interruption to which are like a dream. I hope dear little Lizzie's²²⁷ indisposition has not proved serious. I am afraid however even if but transitory it will put a stop to her going to Aunt's²²⁸ party next Wednesday.

.....

He, (George) has been stupid at his lessons all this week: it seems positively as if a web of dullness has woven itself across his brain, and that the thoughts so completely turned since Xmas from all kinds of study, very tardily came back to it. Last winter it was different - but then for three out of the seven weeks' holidays he had worked with a tutor. Almost all the boys here have been taking classical lessons during this time, so they start with a decided advantage over him. Next summer if all be well I must let him have some tuition. My idea is to go to Guernsey and offer Charley Chepmell a guinea a week to read with him an hour and a half a day. This is half of what I gave the great Frank Holland for three hours a day per week. It is rather disheartening to have to pull him up again as it were, but I trust in a week or two to be able to report good things of him. There is a general exclamation of astonishment at his growth and stoutness. He is the tallest boy in the school now I believe. His good principles are being put to a terrible test again about using "cabs"²²⁹ - boys advise him, parents urge me, to have recourse to (p.205) them, not as superseding work, but simply as a help when he is puzzled. But he resists on account of his promise to Lee Warner. I believe a little help would be good, but it cannot be purchased at the cost of breaking his word. After a few days if he still seems so stultified I shall go to Lee Warner and extort from him permission for me, when I see the positive need of it, to help him by giving him the translation of any obscure passage from the English version which I would promise not to let out of my

²²⁷ Our brother Algie's wife. A. J. G.

²²⁸ "Aunt" pet name of Mme de la Rue. A. J. G.

²²⁹ A 'cab' is a translation: see for example Rev. E. Bradley ('Cuthbert Bede'), "Adventures of Verdant Green" 1853. "Those who can't afford a coach get a cab, alias a crib, alias a translation" (ed. 2016).

hands. But indeed there would be no need to promise. With translations on a shelf within his reach he never dreams of putting out his hand for them. Mrs Meiklejohn says she would rather have a son with such a spirit than the greatest genius in the school, but meanwhile it is a sore trial to his faith, and seems to keep back his advancement.

.....

I have been tramping about the last two days through the rain leading about poor Miss Wilson, dear Mrs Cunliffe's governess. The poor woman has been forced to leave an excellent situation in Ireland on account of cataract in both eyes. The sight of one is quite gone - the other nearly so. She is on her way to London to see a famous oculist, and stopped two days here to see old friends. The Radcliffes, connections of Mrs Cunliffe's²³⁰ took her in, and I, to ease them a little, offered to take her about wherever she wanted to go. Fossie Cunliffe²³¹ and I went to meet the poor old soul at the station yesterday. She had been put on board the steamer at Kingston overnight, and had started early in the morning. Every one was very kind to her she said. A sailor led her very tenderly from the steamer to the train at Holyhead - and so, along the way, a helping hand was never wanting. I noticed that the porters at the station yesterday were most gentle to her when they perceived her infirmity, and gently (p.206) moved aside whatever she might have stumbled against. It is a fearful calamity. She bears it with wonderful cheerfulness, always dwelling on the alleviations to her sorrow.

Mrs Irving writes in great admiration of Chuchotte's photo, but is not satisfied at your refusal to send her another of yourself. My purchases of silver gilt ornaments have given both her and Robert entire satisfaction. I have had a long letter from Mrs Gedge, full of affection dear little woman. I think their monotonous lives are telling upon them. The school however is flourishing. It has more boys in it than at any previous time; that he can thus keep it up in spite of the opposition of the College with its new Juvenile department, says everything for Mr Gedge. Somie, as soon as he takes his degree at Cambridge, is going to Edinburgh as tutor to the two sons of Sir James Baird, an immensely rich man. He is to live in the house, have a private

²³⁰ This Mrs Cunliffe at Rugby - like my sister - was there for her son's education. It was her daughter Effie who 10 years later, married my nephew George (Boroo). A. J. G.

²³¹ This is likely to be Foster Cunliffe (1854 - 1927), then a pupil at Rugby, who played Rugby for England against Scotland in 1874 (ed. 2016).

sitting-room when he chooses to retire to study, and £100 a year. I am glad he is going a little into the world. Mr Gedge had had a week's visit to London, and had brought back a piano for the boys, a sewing machine and a cameo brooch for his wife. She had not been able to leave home at all on account of the baby. I went on Wednesday to a Shaksperian reading at Mr Moultrie's the Rector of Rugby. About three people were there. Mr Moultrie (in his younger days rather well known as a poet) read three acts of Julius Caesar magnificently. It was really a great treat. On Monday I am engaged to dine at the School-house, and on Saturday the 10th, at a Mrs Lester's. Miss Temple has taken a fit of politeness. She called while I was away. Two or three days ago I met her in her little basket carriage on her way here again; she sent me a ticket unasked, for the Chapel on Sunday, and lastly this invitation to dinner. I have not yet (p.207) seen Mr Hutchinson but his wife expressed to me her gratitude for the great kindness that had been shewn him in Genoa, and said he was charmed with all my friends. He had such a rough passage on his way back that he was made quite ill by it, and has not yet quite shaken off its effects. I daresay he had overtired himself beforehand, sightseeing in Rome.

Finding Mr Moberly cling fondly to the idea of his Italian readings, I saw there was no backing out of it. So we begin to-morrow. I am going to tea, and he, Mrs Moberly, and I believe Lee Warner, are to be put under my tuition. They are delighted at the idea, and are studying Italian grammar and translating English into Italian at every leisure moment. Mr Moberly has twice hurried down breathlessly to consult me as to what books he should provide himself with. I have tried to prepare him for my incompetency. They see I am in earnest, and say they will be quite thankful and satisfied with what I can teach them of familiar everyday Italian, but I am half frightened, though half amused at the idea of what I have brought on myself.

If anything comes out about d'Azeglio worth reading, I should like a copy to be sent to me. Will you tell Mad. Muralt that I have seen Grace Clarke, that she would not be indisposed to go to Geneva provided she had high wages and no ironing, nothing in fact but the exclusive care of the child. But I don't think it would answer. She would not be happy in a foreign country. Sir John Burgoyne has written to me again - two letters since I came back in fact. One sending me money to keep for Hugh, only to be disbursed for objects I approve of; the second to express his thanks and gratitude for my acceptance of the charge. He is a wonderful man for 83. Willie Stow's affairs

too I have had to see to and advance money for his expenses. The boy wrote me a very sensible (p.208) letter saying his mother had understood from Mr Wright that he would be responsible for £40 in addition to his salary, and asking I had authority to pay this to him, as he drew his salary every month and settled all his accounts. He added that his salary had been raised to £60. I have told him that when Fred Wright calculated he would require £40 additional his salary was only £50, so recommended his striving to make an addition of £30 suffice: and added I would advance him £2/10 per month till I heard from Mr Wright. Perhaps the dear Oyster will therefore let me have the £5 he annually gives. He shall not give it again. Fred Wright must find the funds himself for this, as well as for the boy's voyage and outfit to Australia.

Saturday.

I could not get this done last night as I was kept out all the afternoon by poor Miss Wilson. This morning I have to go to fetch her again. She leaves today at 3. The Moberlys asked George to go to tea there with me and do his lessons in Mr M's study, but he prefers going to the Meiklejohns who live close to them. Please ask Balgernon if Aunt Eliza's business is done, as I believe the suspense long continued as it has been, is almost crazing the poor old lady.

No time to read this over.

Raven.

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(p.209)

Rugby.
11th February.

I could not finish my letter yesterday, for at twelve came David Meiklejohn for his lesson and stayed till half past one: and at three came Hugh by permission to stay till six, and after he left I had to dress for Mrs Lester's dinner-party. The gaieties are all over now: during Lent no dinner parties are given here.

The party at the School-House on Monday was very pleasant. Eighteen at dinner. Mr Burrows who is full of entertaining talk took me in, we were close up to Dr Temple's end of the table and the conversation was very animated. The Doctor was in great verve and good humour. He and the other head-masters of England have held a conclave and concocted a Latin Grammar which is to supersede all those now

in use. He expects it will at once be introduced into all schools. I kept my ears open to all this for Ned's benefit and wrote to Mr Gedge on the subject. Till I have his answer I shall not of course send you Kennedy's "Principia". Mr Burrows was delighted to hear how much we had been pleased with Cobham, his favourite boy. He called Dr Temple's attention to what I was saying of him. "Ah" said the Doctor "he was a dear fellow but he ought to have done better at Oxford" Upon that Mr Burrows related to me the disappointment they had sustained in his not taking a First Class. At school he had done so well that Dr Temple fully expected his winning great honours at College, but he was such a universal favourite there that he was led astray by his popularity. He was always doing fifty things to oblige people that he had no call to do; amongst others he set himself the herculean task of making a catalogue of the Bodleian Library to please the old Dons,²³² (p.210) and then to please somebody else took up Hebrew and Italian with great ardour. The consequence was that he only took a third class, and shattered all his prospects of distinction. He is of a very good old family, but has but a slender patrimony. His ambition now is to get a private secretaryship to some Minister, or a diplomatic appointment.

Then in the course of conversation I happened to tell Mr Burrows that I found the English abroad made so much of a boy for the sake of his Rugby prestige. This he instantly announced to the Doctor, to raise his spirits, he said. I enquired confidentially of Mr Burrows why they should be depressed. "Why" he said "the fact is we have no clever boys in the school now. We didn't get the Balliol last year - we see no hope of getting it this". Notwithstanding this melancholy prospect the Doctor looked very cheerful. He is one of the Commissioners for examining into the state of schools in England, and he said their investigations would embrace 800 endowed, and 10,000 private schools.²³³ He goes up to London once a week to sit in Committee and examine witnesses. I knew most of the people present, some of them masters and their wives, the rest residents of substance. Mr Philpotts, Fred

²³² No trace of any such activity remains (ed. 2016).

²³³ The Clarendon Commission (1861 - 1864) had been followed by the Public Schools Act, which came into law in 1868. This must be some follow-up enquiry, leading to the formulation and then passing of the 1870 Education Act (Forster's Act), which for the first time established free schools for children from 5 to 13 in every district in England, to be run by elected School Boards (ed. 2016).

Brown's acquaintance, spoke of him as "a splendid fellow" and said he must go to Genoa to see him some day. He would be a charming husband for Pucky.

The dinner yesterday was of 14 - all different from the School-house set except Burrows: but I also know them all. Mr Robertson, the other master who knows Fred Brown took me down. He is a little less gloomy than he was last autumn in the first shock of his friend's death, but still completely changed from the witty facetious man he was. There were four men to wait, two kinds of ice; in fact a mournful amount of luxury.

The School-house dinners are on a less expensive scale. Mrs Lester (p.211) is a widow of a Colonel. The Italian readings with the Moberlys are very pleasant indeed. The first was Saturday the 3rd; the second on Friday the 9th. I fix the day as it suits me. He is so earnest about it that his wife says every moment he can spare is given to preparing his work for me. Five foolscap pages awaited my corrections on Friday. All they needed was a little modern tournure²³⁴ here and there. My emendations seemed to delight him very much, and as he is very amiable in explaining niceties of grammar to me I learn a great deal.

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(p.212)

1866

12th May.

My beloved Adelia,

Your letter did not come till Thursday, though evidently written on Sunday. I was rather in a fever before it came fancying all sorts of things as one is apt to do in agitating times and gloomy weather. Rain and wind, wind and rain, that is our atmospheric condition. The sky is grey and lowering as if in harmony with things in general. Your letter was so very interesting that I copied out the pieces about the volunteers, and the excitement, and everything in fact that bore upon the war, and sent a copy to the Irvings, and one or two other people. It was very spirited and worth all the newspaper correspondence that one reads in the "Times". Private

²³⁴ "tournure" (French): used here in the sense of "twist" (ed. 2016).

matters of course I left out. The "Movimento" would I think be preferable to the "Gazzetta",²³⁵ if the Oyster has no objection. There is great excitement here today about the failures in London.²³⁶ Even the boys were talking of it in School. Somebody has waylaid our "Times"; it is long past the hour at which it should come.

You will be grieved to hear that the Hutchinsons have lost their beautiful boy, their only son. He died yesterday at noon. Their agony the whole of the previous week has been something fearful to hear of. I told you in my last that the servant gave me a very unfavourable report; that was Monday. It appears that that same day Dr Sharp gave him over, and then they sent right and left for Doctors, not one of whom however could give a reason for the mysterious pain which seems to be considered the cause of the child's death - as it scarcely abated night or day, and fairly wore him out by suffering. One man, a Dr Barr from Northampton, tried something which they fancied gave (p.213) relief, and all was hope for a few hours, but the pain seems to have come back; and the child sank, though up to the last almost it was conscious and took a teaspoonful of nourishment every quarter of an hour - brandy, essence of beef, everything in fact strengthening or stimulating. The allopaths I believe are raising a great outcry against Dr Sharp. His friends say the child took cold during the bitter weather about the beginning of the month. Certainly the last time I saw Mrs Hutchinson, the day she alarmed me by telling me all that she had given the child to eat, she said she was afraid he had taken cold and reproached herself for not having had a fire at night in the nursery, as he had flung off the clothes and been chilled. At the time I attributed the increase of pain to the solid food, and hinted so. She answered, no that it made no difference. Two or three times during the past two or three days they thought him dying as they watched by his bed, and then again he rallied, so that over and over again have the poor parents tasted the bitterness of death.

Monday Evening.

²³⁵ These must be Italian periodicals, but they are now hard to identify (ed. 2016).

²³⁶ Bankruptcies in the wake of that of Overend and Gurney, the old and powerful discount bank, which had suspended payments on 10 May The international credit crisis of the Spring of 1866 had also forced the emergent Italian government, on 1st May, to suspend the convertibility of its notes and bonds into gold or silver: that lasted until 1881; A. L. V. G. never mentions this fact (ed. 2016).

I am keeping this letter back till tomorrow when I hope I shall hear from you. Yesterday it continued bitterly cold: to-day is milder, but still uncertain. I have had a long letter from Fredk Wright this afternoon dated the 21st March. He says:

"I hope you did not expect a letter from me by last mail as I was too busy by far to write anything but business letters. ... Our voyage was a pleasant one though not over rapid. We had exceedingly fine weather, the children were but little trouble - our fellow passengers were very agreeable, and the time passed away not more heavily than it usually does on a long sea voyage. The children were charmingly well, but unluckily they caught the whooping cough (p.214) from another child on board the steamer we came in from Ceylon, and a few days after our arrival here it developed itself in all three. Little Arthur had it very severely and in a fortnight was reduced to a mere shadow of his former self. The Baby stood it better but, as it is combined with the cutting of her two first teeth, she may have more trouble with it. Our doctor recommended change of air and I have packed them off with Fanny to Adelaide. The news of that terrible shipwreck of the "London"²³⁷ came on this community with terrible emphasis. Many a household in these colonies is left desolate, and many hearts but lately beating with the hope of seeing those dear to them are now plunged into utter grief. To us it came with peculiar force. Only a few of our friends in England knew what a slight chance prevented our taking our passages by her. I was only just in time to secure the last cabin by the December mail steamer; had that been gone we should all now have been fathoms deep beneath that sea in which the unhappy people of the "London" found their graves. God be thanked for His manifold mercies to me and mine!

²³⁷ The "London": sank in the Bay of Biscay in January 1866, with the loss of more than 200 lives. William McGonagall (1825? - 1902) wrote a poem about it, whose first verse runs:

'Twas in the year of 1866, and on a very beautiful day,
That eighty-two passengers, with spirits light and gay,
Left Gravesend harbour, and sailed gaily away
On board the steamship "London,"
Bound for the city of Melbourne,
Which unfortunately was her last run,
Because she was wrecked on the stormy main,
Which has caused many a heart to throb with pain,
Because they will ne'er look upon their lost ones again.
(ed. 2016).

I saw some of the passengers by that ill-fated vessel a few days before they and I left England. Amongst them Mr Draper the minister who seems to have shewn such Christian courage throughout, and he spoke so cheerfully of being in Melbourne soon after me! The accounts of the vessel and the passengers in those last awful days came to us as a reality in which we had almost shared: we felt as if rescued from the deep. Our loss consists in all those things we most valued for the associations connected with them. All our Lares and Penates went down in the "London". All my testimonial plate, our other plate as well - furniture - glass etc; my pictures, including all those you painted - all my papers, books, letters, (p.215) even to our photographic albums - everything in fact which connects our past with our present and future, is irrecoverably gone. Fortunately our property was to some extent, though not fully, insured; but we grieve most for many little things which no money can replace".

He seems to fancy that I painted his favourite picture of The Flower Girl (the Thompsons' picture) from my imagination, for he intreats me to accept the commission of a replica of it, and says he has friends who would also only be too glad to get some paintings done by me. It is so difficult to get subjects to suit the colonial taste from Italy; they don't like sacred subjects - nor undressed subjects - but I am sure they would like the Dogs. I wish you had seen them! I can't bear selling the picture I painted to reward George for his obedience and goodness in giving up the living dog and which he has always looked forward to having in his study. Whoever sees it is fascinated by it - boys especially.

With regard to a very important matter which I cannot bear to think of, Frederick says;

"George is thinking probably of our last conversation at Surbiton. I shall wait for your views after you consider his studies as approaching completion, and if his thoughts tend in this direction, and he is prepared to face colonial life, he will always find a plate kept warm for him. My experience here is yet young and I shall not write more strongly until I know your views and his feelings. As I gain more knowledge of this community I will write you more clearly in respect to my ideas for him".

I always take refuge in the thought that for a year or two I need not make up my mind. The boy certainly is brightening. He came back quite cheerful from Lee Warner's tonight having been told by him that he considered he had quite turned the corner. (p.216) Last term he seemed to have a cloud over his intellect - it was partly I think from a sudden start he had taken in growing just before he left Genoa but also no doubt from the effects of having been made so much of. He was not idle, or careless when he came back to school, but he seemed in a state of excitement and restlessness, and was unable to throw himself into his work. The boy in fact had been intoxicated with enjoyment. The Ritchies told me they were struck with the intense delight with which he spoke of those five weeks. He said he had never been so happy in his life before, that it was like fairy-land. Like all excesses this produced a painful reaction; then, when after two or three weeks he was getting his work well into the collar came that influenza after the ninth wetting - (that insane desire for brook jumping was a remnant of his excitement, which I always shall consider Heath fostered considerably); and after the influenza the neuralgia, and before he was thoroughly himself again, the term was over. All is different now, if, please God, he continues well, but do as well as he may I fear he will not get out of the Form at Midsummer. He has too far to climb up. The worst is that a regulation has lately been introduced that if at 16 a boy is not out of the Lower Middle he cannot remain in the School. Unluckily he will be 16 just before school reassembles. Had his birthday fallen the day after the term began he could have gone on undisturbed till Christmas. The Head Master however reserves the right of waiving this regulation under special circumstances.

I hope Lee Warner's testimony and the boy's good conduct and hard work will obtain an extension of time for him, but of course he will plead his suit with much more chance of success if, between this and Midsummer, he continues to make sensible progress. So you may (p.217) suppose that I feel rather anxious though I try to appear very cheerful and indifferent about it. I am sure I don't know what I should do if he were not allowed to remain here, for though no doubt he could be taught many things elsewhere, which would be more suited to his capacity than the system pursued at school, I don't believe we should get him to work at all without the stimulus he has at Rugby. You saw how naughty he was about his German this Winter, poor old fellow! Bitterly has he regretted it since, yet I am quite sure if he had

no School, no Lee Warner, no Dr Temple, we should fare badly. He is now so anxious to get on that he has begged me to ask Mr Gedge if when we are at the seaside together, he will not mind giving him half an hour or so a day to look over his Latin composition - but he is just now in the groove for work. At Henbury he was among clever men and clever boys and felt his own deficiency. If please God, we all meet next Winter, I think my plan of his reading a couple of hours daily with Alfred will be an immense safeguard, for if he is but thrown into companionship with a clever man, and is reminded of all that clever people think it necessary to know, he is eager to learn. Lee Warner made a just remark on that score. It was when I went to him in the course of the winter to talk over the boy's backwardness; he said that an observant boy like him could not go into society without finding out how very ignorant people in general were, and naturally asking himself, what was the necessity of drudging to attain that which could there so very well be dispensed with? It is to keep him out of harm's way for another year or two that I am so anxious he should remain at school. Of course there is evil in a boy's public school, but the general atmosphere is so healthy, the influence of the masters so good, the discipline so (p.218) well kept up, that a boy's dangers are immeasurably less than in the world - and meantime he learns self-control .and is strengthened in his character and principles by associating with such men as his present Tutor for instance.

If I find Dr Temple demurs about his staying after 16, if he does not get out of the form at Midsummer, (which I don't think is feasible, for there are 36 boys in it and he is below the middle,) I shall go up to him and tell him his father's story, and implore him not to send a high-spirited handsome lad out into the world to be exposed to all the temptations to which he was. Little things the boy has let out show me how ready he would be to plunge into all the excitement and folly that are spread before young men. For instance he owned to a great desire to go behind the scenes at theatres; then he told me that he heard from Charley that the Casanovas have high play at their house on their Sunday Evenings, and he thought a little gambling must be very exciting; then his nostrils dilate at the idea of a duel; all this shews me that he has the defects which generally accompany a character like his - brave, loving, generous and devoted - but which his present course of education under God's blessing will correct or greatly modify. It is singular that these tendencies should shew themselves, as he never has heard one allusion either to his father's duels or play

when he was in Poland; most carefully have I kept this from him. His romantic devotion to Lee Warner is a positive blessing. He came back from him yesterday at near ten o'clock at night, his eyes sparkling, saying that seeing him is like a cordial.

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Despite the typescript's terminating dashes to the last letter and its new page, it seems from the first line of the next letter that it is actually a same-envelope continuation of the letter of 12th May (ed. 2016).

(p.219)

1866

Rugby
Tuesday. 15th May

I think this must go after all without waiting for your letter - but to try and get once more into our old routine I will not write again, unless unexpected reasons compel me, till I have your reply to this - which should be due this day week. To-day is the 15th. I hope all is going well with you. You must have been very much pulled down altogether, my poor friend. Indeed since the middle of February you have had but a sorry time of it. Augusta Ritchie begs me to tell you with her love that you have such a charming trio that she thinks you will enjoy them all the more if you do not add to the number. Philip Budworth wrote to her from Genoa with a melancholy account of his poor little bride's travelling incapacities. He spoke "warmly and affectionately" of you and Algernon "and was much pleased to see you both." It is I suppose as a sort of protest against his poor second wife that he is so loving towards the relations of his first.²³⁸

I have quite an active correspondence with Sam on Italian affairs as he likes to hear all the scraps of news you send me. He has been obliged to go to Richmond for a little milder air, this blustering spring tries him much. He is very much perplexed by the Emperor's speech at Auxerre.²³⁹ I think it was all planned last autumn between him and Bismark, but the question is, will he be content with Sardinia? The afternoon of Saturday I came face to face with Mr Moberly. He rushed up to me and asked if I

²³⁸ His first wife, Blanche Trimmer, had died in 1862 (ed. 2016).

²³⁹ The crisis in relations between Prussia and Austria-Hungary was complicated by Napoleon III's sponsorship of the secession by Austria-Hungary of Venice and the Veneto, first to Napoleon, and eventually to a more-united Italy (the Papal States, reduced since 1860-61 to Lazio, still resisting, with a French garrison, until 1870). Italy and Austria-Hungary went to war, while the Prussians and the Austro-Hungarians (allied to various independent German principalities) went to war in central Europe. The Italians lost. So did Austria-Hungary. Venice and the Veneto were so transferred (ed. 2016).

believed the statement in the Daily News that Austria at the eleventh hour had offered to treat for the peaceful cession of Venetia. He said with enthusiasm, he felt as if he could give all he had in the world towards such an (p.220) object, and cheerfully begin life afresh. Then wringing my hand he hurried on his way.

Mrs Temple's²⁴⁰ funeral took place on Saturday; all the masters and their wives and families were present. Mrs Sidgwick whom I met out walking told me it was a patriarchal sort of gathering. I believe they all walked to the churchyard and six of the masters carried the pall. Her children stood round the grave, looking long and lovingly into it - but there was no loud outbreak of sorrow. On Sunday Dr Temple reappeared in public, and preached on the text: "But Mary hath chosen the better part which shall not be taken away from her." George came away very much impressed. He said that two or three times the Doctor could hardly speak for his tears, but that he had preached a most beautiful sermon.

The poor Hutchinsons are bearing up with admirable resignation. I had a little note from her on Sunday thanking me very sweetly for the sympathy I had expressed. There has been a sort of general burst of regret and kind feeling for them for which they seem very grateful. Beyond twice meeting Mr Moberly, and once Lee Warner, I have not with the exception of the Burrows's dinner party, exchanged a word with a member of the male gender since I came back from Henbury. Oh yes! I saw that conceited ----- at his mother's, but I don't count him as a man - and I confess I am sated with women's society. The mothers here are all so good, but so monotonous.

I have decided to send Fred Wright the Dogs, charging him £15 for them. If he does not like them some one else will. I felt it was wrong to lose such an opportunity of earning an honest penny. As George said fifteen pounds would be very acceptable towards our expenses this summer, for go somewhere we must of course. I shall give up the lodgings, pack up (p.221) my goods and chattels and feel that I have no abiding place: Indeed I am much worse off than the patriarchs for they carried their tents with them. Poor old Raven, she has no rest for the sole of her foot!

Adieu my child, Adieu. I think the "Movimento" would be better than the "Gazzetta" - more original perhaps in its views. Boroo understands Italian very fairly

²⁴⁰ The mother of Dr Temple. A. J. G.

now. He is looking very handsome, and his forehead is sensibly filling out. A hat that was quite easy for him a month ago now leaves a deep dent across the brow. I always forgot to say that the head-dress, made by Pasquale's wife, was sent on by Coco. Also I never thanked you for a roman pearl necklace which I found, long after it had arrived, in the pocket of the grey silk dress. Thank you very much for it.

Your obedt

Raven.

It is drawing near the time for "Hal's"²⁴¹ arrival. Oh what worries you will all have about the Baglia!! After all Adelia I don't think between ourselves you have cause to regret having nursed your children, though you did once bitterly reproach me with having forced you into it!!! This is a fact.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.222)

1866

Rugby, Eveng.
5th July.

My beloved Adelia

.....
This afternoon at 6 Mr Moberly hurried in wild with excitement to say a telegram had come announcing the cession of Venetia to the Emperor of the French, to be handed over by him to Italy. He then hurried to the Station to see if he could get an evening paper from London and breathlessly brought me one with the news. It is wonderful - astounding - may we dare to rejoice over it? What are the conditions? Does Austria stipulate a breaking off of the Prussian Alliance, and does she design with the 2 or 300,000 troops she has in Venetia, making one last effort to retrieve her fortunes in Germany? But no, Mr Moberly says the defeat on Wednesday²⁴² was too crushing to permit her to contemplate such a step, besides which he is sure Italy neither would nor could, make terms apart from Prussia.

It seems too wild to be possible that in ten days the war should have been fought and decided, and that Venice should owe her freedom in a certain sense to German

²⁴¹ The birth of our brother's first child was expected and a boy - to be called Havilland - (contracted to Hal) confidently looked for. These hopes were fully realized and Havilland Le Mesurier J. C. S. has a little Hal of his own now. A. J. G. 1896

²⁴² At the battle of Sadowa (also known as Königgrätz) on 3rd July, Prussian forces defeated the army of Austria-Hungary (ed. 2016).

arms. There is an alloy in every triumph; Mr Moberly and I could not help confessing to a little regret that the Italians should not have had one victory of their own as the crown of their patriotism and devotion. We look anxiously for details of the fighting between the Austrians and Italian Volunteers in which the latter were worsted and Garibaldi slightly wounded. Oh! if all be true and Venice is annexed, I hope the Government will be generous to the old hero and let no petty jealousy or spite come between it and the popular idol. One would have been so glad had he had a little victory too, though in the interests of order it is far (p.223) better that the country should see that a disciplined army outweighs a volunteer army.

I have positively had no breathing time lately. The letters have come in so fast, and the packets of linen (for the Italian wounded) have kept on arriving, and have had to be acknowledged and information has had to be given, &c &c. Yesterday Mr Briggs from Liverpool sent me two dozen copies of your letters handsomely printed on stout paper for private circulation. Also a number of the Liverpool Mercury in which they first appeared. I immediately sent a dozen to Mr Paul, and enclosed sundry others to various friends to whom I had not yet had time to write. Yesterday at different times of the day three parcels arrived per rail - one from Scotland from Mrs Bruce Gardyne a friend of the Maudes; - one from Chester from Miss Newcome, a friend of Lucilla's, one from Frome in Somersetshire from Miss Charlotte Colvile, who is going also to send a donation in money for the "Contingenti". Mr Moberly brought me in a bundle to-day under his arm, but forgot in his excitement to say who it was from - and Miss Temple has sent me a perfect bale of things. Now if peace is made shall you want these supplies? Send me a precise answer please, when you reply to this, as I have written to Miss Temple to say that on your decision depends whether I return the things to her, or send them out to you.

Did I tell you about Mrs Douglas, Lizzy Griffith's very bright and energetic sister-in-law, the widow of the Admiral? On receiving my letter with your celebrated appeal she called a council of friends to deliberate; the result was four advertisements in four Scotch papers with extracts of your letter, asking supplies and contributions which a distinguished bookseller undertook to receive. Mrs Douglas herself purposed giving six new shirts which were being prepared (p.224) when they wrote. Altogether I made fifteen copies of your letter - not one too many. Had I only sent out one or two and told people to pass them on to specified friends we should not have got a

quarter of what we have. Of course I begged each person to shew the letter to his or her friends.

.....

Sunday. 8th July.

Friday so many letters came that between answering them, George's lessons, painting (for to crown all I have a picture in hand which as an example of perseverance to George I don't like to give up, tho' I only get time for about three hours' painting once or twice a week) and visitors, I could not finish this - and yesterday, Saturday, came the news that Prussia had refused the Armistice, and all sorts of dreadful rumours that France was going to side with Austria, and I thought I might as well wait a day or two longer as you would not be uneasy, having my letter of Monday the 2nd. To-day no papers, but George brought the "résumé" of Prussia's telegram to France refusing the armistice. I do not wonder, if it be true that the Emperor dictated terms as it were. The same rumours of French intervention still more current. If so French troops will of course swarm down over the Mont Cenis and occupy Italy. What can the Italians do against them? It is positively distracting to think of. Of course the French Provinces and Sardinia would be the prize ultimately secured. I have really no heart for anything I am so anxious and so sad.

The Robertsons wrote yesterday to say that they had despatched you £13. Their original £5 having swelled through the contributions of friends. Mrs Moberly the H.M.²⁴³ of Winchester's wife sent me £5 for you with a very kind letter. It arrived the day of the joyful news so I wrote to say if peace were at once established I would return (p.225) it, but should wait a few days to see. Alas! I fear there is no hope of that now. W.J.Garnett has also written very kindly asking if he may send your letters to the Lancashire papers with his guarantee for their authenticity, and promising a little help. I am sorry I did not write to him one of the first, but with but one pair of hands I was a very long time getting through the letters and some whom I applied to earliest did not respond so well as the latter ones.

--- new page in typescript ---

²⁴³ H.M.: Head Master (ed. 2016).

Newton Place.
Keswick.
October 3rd.

My beloved Adelia,
.....

I had a long journey here, the train not reaching Keswick till 7 p.m. On the platform I found dear Lucilla²⁴⁴ looking excessively handsome. The weather was marvellously beautiful all Monday, and so it was yesterday. A most wonderful change after the heavy rains and winds of September. That I was welcomed most warmly here it is needless to say. I occupy the room you were in. Yesterday was so lovely that as soon as I had written to George, Mr Smith took me out for a long walk amongst the hills. He was impatient to shew me some of the scenery under the rare accompaniment of brilliant sunshine. We were out four hours. It was indeed beautiful, and if I had only had Boroo to enjoy it with me it would have been perfect. Mr S. is wonderfully bright and genial; he is so improved by a beard that he is almost handsome. Lucilla I think in magnificent looks - a noble woman in every sense of the word; running over as usual with sympathy. She thinks Chuchotte's photograph the most beautiful thing of its kind she has ever seen, and the child herself surpassingly grand and lovely. To-day is fine again and we are going on the lake, and somewhere five miles off to tea, and we are to walk home by starlight. I will write as long a letter as I can; if I stop abruptly you will know I have been called away to walk or to look at some effect of light and shade. They of course wish to utilize this fine weather, a most unexpected boon. The colouring of the country, the brilliant green of the grass, the (p.227) changing tints of the foliage, the mountains, silver in the distance, rich brown and crimson in the foreground from the autumn ferns with which they are covered, all is beautiful. Then the brooks, so clear and musical, running between banks rich in autumnal tints and luxuriant vegetation, completed what I suppose is the perfection of English scenery. There was so much to see in the walk Mr S. took me yesterday that at first my brain retained no distinct impression of anything - but

²⁴⁴ Our dear friend Lucy (playfully called Lucilla) née Cumming who at past 40 married a charming literary recluse, Mr William Smith. Their beautiful life has been written by an American. It is called "Story of the life of William and Lucy Smith". A. J. G. (actually "The Story of William and Lucy Smith" edited by G. S. Merriam, Boston 1889. Ed. 2016)

to-day four pictures, out of at least a dozen points of view he told me to remember, are very clearly before me, and with this I tell him he must be satisfied.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.228)

1866

Newton Place. Keswick.
10th Oct.

My beloved Adelia.

I wrote you a very long letter this day week, and since then have two of yours to acknowledge - one merely enclosing little Lizzie's pleasant and housewifely communication, and the other from yourself, treating of Miss Noyes, poor old Lady Caroline, Monty's kindness to her, and precious Ned's vagaries. I hope to hear that the dear Oyster has consented to take a little change of air. Indeed it would have been good for you too if possible. The constant strain of anxiety for two months, independently of the unhealthy state of the atmosphere, must have worn you sadly. I trust the anxiety now is all over, but you will feel its effects for some time to come.

You will have been bored I fear by my long extracts from George's letters; but seeing Lucilla so interested in them I could not forbear dwelling on the same theme to you. He continues wonderfully happy, brimming over seemingly with delight. Everyone is good to him. Lee Warner had asked him a second time, lent him the last volume of Macaulay's History; and offered him the loan of any other of his books. The Burrows had also invited him to breakfast, and furthermore he had been to a morning refection at Mrs Meiklejohn's. Arthur Sidgwick had said he would get out of the Form at Xmas, and he was in the First Twenty of the House for Football. All this was a combination of happiness which I am pleased to see he is ready to acknowledge. One part of his last letter sent Lucy into fits, she made me read it to Mr Smith who danced with delight over it: speaking of some uncouth new boy he says - "He has to be gagged to wash himself, and we have (p.229) to throw boots at his head to make him say his prayers."

Miss Noyes' admiration of her husband's writings was very pleasing to Lucilla. She begged me to read over to him what you said which had the effect of making him run out of the room. He is the most unaffected simple hearted man it is possible

to conceive - NEVER does he speak of himself. His conversation is charming. In our walks he will start perhaps by giving me a most masterly summary of the news in the "Times" which he has just been looking over, with his deductions thereon: and from that in the most easy way he draws me out to talk about Italy; Ancona, the assassinations, the siege, and so forth; not a wandering word, or absent look ever indicating that he is wearied at being a listener, indeed some effort on my part is necessary to sink myself and get him to take the lead again. Nothing can be spoken of on which he does not seem well-read and well informed, yet he is never oppressive or dogmatic. Theology we never allude to. Whatever his opinions may be he does not intrude them and I state my own freely, if the necessity occurs for it, without appearing to know that he may hold heterodox views. There is a something very winning in the playfulness of his manner and his sweet unruffled temper. He always is down the first in the morning, makes the tea and prepares the breakfast, and we are always seated at it when Lucilla, repentant for her laziness appears on the scene. Almost every day since I came, he has taken me out for a five or six mile walk from twelve to half past three. I am fearful of his giving up too much time to me, but Lucy says his nature is much too simple for him to do a thing out of politeness which he does not like, and that he enjoys shewing me the country. Lovelier than it has been since I came they say they have never seen it.

(p.230) We have been ten days without rain, and with almost unbroken sunshine. Yesterday Lucy took me a most beautiful expedition of which the only alloy was that she would not allow me to halve its expences with her, though I asked it almost with tears. At 8 precisely we started in an open car and drove to Grasmere, a three hour's drive. In the lovely morning sunshine without a cloud in the sky, with every variety of colouring in the foliage - you may imagine what this drive was. We passed Thirlmere Lake in the first place, and at 11 reached Grasmere. There we dismounted and went to see Wordsworth's grave, and then we were rowed across the lake, which was indescribably lovely, smooth as a mirror and reflecting the mountains and trees with a wonderful depth and brilliancy of colouring. We now walked by a winding path in the hills on to Ambleside, some four or five miles, skirting Rydal Lake with its richly wooded back-ground and little islands, then passing Fox How where Dr Arnold passed so many summers.

We stopped and had a good look at it. Mrs Arnold we saw from the height where we stood, walking in her garden with many little grandchildren playing round her. The view is not to be described. Mountains, hoary rocks, high trees, a foaming river, green meadows. ... No wonder the dear man fresh from such scenery used to describe Rugby as lying in the ugliest part of England. As we entered Ambleside, Lucilla spied an omnibus slowly moving. She hailed it. It was bound to Windermere to meet the steamer for Bowness. With a cry of exultation she bid me enter it. All had gone beyond her hopes! We were soon on the lake and then appeased our hunger with the contents of a basket Lucilla had provided; the only drawback to our enjoyment being the gaze of aristocratic tourists. At Bowness we found another steamer which took us back to Windermere (p.231) at three, exactly in time to catch the omnibus for Grasmere which as it went round by the opposite side of Rydal Lake to that by which we had walked, shewed us the country in a different aspect. Arrived at Grasmere we went some way up a hill to call on a Miss Oned who lives in a beautiful house with a surpassing view and who besought us to stay to tea, but Lucilla had written the previous day to invite herself to the Cloughs, and to the Cloughs we went.

The Cloughs are at present a family of much interest to the literary world of England. Mrs Arthur Clough has brought out a memoir of her husband which has earned for him considerable posthumous celebrity.²⁴⁵ In his lifetime he was known only to his friends, but her selection from his writings has suddenly caused him to be ranked high amongst English poets. There is a great sadness in this biography. - He was one of Arnold's favourite pupils and the pride of Rugby, noble, pure-minded, earnest for the truth. At Oxford the religious controversies of the day unsettled his belief, and he at last held it a point of conscience to throw up his fellowship because he no longer could acquiesce in the 39 Articles. His life thenceforth seems to have been a ceaseless sometimes despairing struggle to gain light, without however relaxing his endeavour to carry out the highest morality and usefulness. Just as the light was rekindling itself in his soul he died, leaving a devoted wife and three little children. Mrs Clough was engaged to him for some years before their marriage. She

²⁴⁵ Arthur Hugh Clough (1819 – 1861) poet with a reputation that ash grown with time, and secretarial assistant to Florence Nightingale. The British Library has a publication date of 1869 for “the Poems and Prose Remains of A. H. Clough with a Selection from his Letters and a Memoir. Edited by his Wife”: either they are in error, or there was a private printing first (ed. 2016).

has a very remarkable face, plain at the first glance, but soon almost handsome through the charm of her dark grey eyes. The children are not at all like her - they are quite beautiful with black hair and eyes and rosy cheeks. Miss Clough, the sister in-law who lives with the widow, has devoted herself all her life (p.232) to education.²⁴⁶ She has had particularly at heart the improvement of the lower-middle class, such as tradesmen's daughters, and has founded and taught in schools expressly for them. She writes on the subject in Macmillan.

We had scarcely taken off our bonnets and sat down, when a very tall fashionable looking man, with a powerful dark face, was announced. I thought I caught the name "Mr Arnold", and at once imagined it was Matthew Arnold²⁴⁷, the clever reviewer and poet of whom one occasionally hears such abuse. As Lucilla remarked this was the crown of the day. We saw him in his most amiable aspect, for he talked very kindly to Mrs Clough of the two reviews which have just appeared of the Memoir, one in the "Cornhill", the other in "Fraser", and seemed to dwell with great affection on her husband, his early friend. Then he commended Miss Clough's last paper in "Macmillan's" though he prophesied it would result in nothing - and talked of his mother at Fox How, and his playing whist with her these long evenings to rest her eyes from reading, and his five little children, without the offending egotism one is apt to connect with Matthew Arnold's name. A paper he wrote for the "Cornhill" which came out in January or February last winter called "My countrymen" will give you a good notion of the man. I know it well, for Mr Moberly translated it into Italian with great diligence, and we had much amusement in discussing its assertions.

At a quarter past six we left the Cloughs, and three hours' drive by starlight the stars throwing bright trails of light on the lake, almost as if they had been moons, brought us to Newton Place. To-day Lucilla is surprised to find herself tired! Mr Smith was quite pleased our expedition had been so successful; he had been a little apprehensive at our undertaking so much in one day. As Lucy (p.233) expressed it "he saw lions in our path". The whole three hours' drive home Lucilla talked so enchantingly that they seemed hardly more than one. Both she and Mr Smith are full of kindness and encouragement about my capacity for writing, though they bid me

²⁴⁶ Anne Jemima Clough 1820 - 1892 became the first Principal of Newnham College Cambridge, having been in 1871 the founding superintendant of the hostel for women students which preceded it (ed. 2016).

²⁴⁷ Matthew Arnold (1822 -1888) son of Thomas: poet, critic and schools inspector.

remember that capacity does not insure success. It is very amusing to hear them discussing the articles in the different periodicals which are sent to them; they see their strong or weak points in a moment, and positively seem to know their contents by merely turning them over. Mr Smith fumed over a paper on Florence in "Fraser's" last number, pointing out how much better I could have done it.

He is warmly in favour of a little plan of mine - which is, if I can get the promise from Macmillan of taking two or three Articles on Italy, to go to Milan and Venice for a few days during George's holidays. We would travel in the most inexpensive way possible, and go to cheap Italian hostelries accessible through the Borzinos. The articles could be worked up with you, and all the information we could derive from every source be incorporated in them. He urges this very strongly. He says it would be the beginning of another book for which there is now a fair field. Macmillan pays well - At least £10 each article.²⁴⁸ The advantage to George would be immense. The child seems so bright, so intelligent, that sometimes I think, if it pleases God to bless all that is being done for him NOW as much as hitherto, that he will develop into a very superior man.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.234)

1866

Keswick.
15th October.

My beloved Adelia.

I had the pleasure of hearing from you on Saturday, and as I leave this tomorrow for Cheltenham and Bath, I think it better to send you a few lines to prepare you for not hearing from me for some days. Wednesday I shall stop in Cheltenham with the Gedges and Thursday go on my way to "Formosa".²⁴⁹ Friday therefore will be the earliest day on which I shall have leisure to write to you. My dear son's letters have now the first claim. I write to him about twice a week, long and careful letters.

²⁴⁸ There is nothing in "Macmillan's Magazine" for 1867 or 1868 to suggest that this project succeeded (ed. 2016).

²⁴⁹ Formosa Villa, Bath, where our very old Aunt Mrs Carson and her daughter Mrs Griffith, married to Colonel Griffith, lived. A. J. G.

He seems to look anxiously for them and expects them to give him an epitome of political as well as family news. He continues to write very often to me and with perfect openness. He was a little out of spirits because the House had not yet given him his "Flannels", a mark of proficiency in football for which his soul yearned. His talents for French however were beginning to be recognized, and four evenings in the week his study was crowded with boys who came to be helped in their exercises.

I hope the dear Oyster will be all the better for his trip to Florence with his little son. I wish it could have been for fourteen instead of four days. The wear and tear of mind he has been going through ever since the month of April when the financial panic began, has been enough to shatter his health, without the two months physical trial of inhaling the Cholera atmosphere. I remember your shewing me Ned's teeth last winter and your foreboding what would be the consequence of the wholesale extraction he had been subjected to. Fortunately there is a very good and careful dentist, a Mr Robertson at (p.235) Cheltenham who managed George's teeth very well, and will I hope get dearest Ned's into good order.

You see I am here still. Lucy and Mr Smith would not let me go to-day. The philosopher's friendship for me is very flattering. Lucy says he has never before taken so much to any of her visitors. He quite laments my departure. Of their kindness, delicacy and consideration it is impossible to say enough. Lucy is certainly the most remarkable, the most sympathising, the most intellectual and the most unaffected woman I have ever known. I really believe she has no notion of her own great abilities. She is always ready to find something to praise in other people's writings, and never speaks of her own. It is quite a treat to me to beguile her into shewing me some of her unpublished translations from Victor Hugo's poems. They are wonderfully beautiful. Her interest in all that I can tell her of my friends is inexhaustible, and her recollection of all she has heard from you singularly vivid. Battista's²⁵⁰ marriage was quite a topic of conversation. Mme Leupold²⁵¹ she likes to hear about, and thinks we are very fortunate in having such a friend at Genoa. In her opinion occasional intercourse with one such bright exceptional being, should rather

²⁵⁰ A faithful old servant of mine, whose attachment to me and mine lasts on - 1897! A. J. G.

²⁵¹ Niece, supporter of and frequent host in Genoa to the social reformer Josephine Elizabeth Butler (1828 - 1906). Butler fought against discriminatory treatment of prostitutes and led the campaign for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts (ed. 2016).

enhance the pleasure of existence than render one dissatisfied with the ordinary run of one's acquaintance: just, she says, as a few days spent amongst exquisite scenery reinvigorates the mind and sends you back to pursue your way contentedly amidst the monotonous plains or dark close streets. I hope to lay this reasoning to heart and be the better for it. I shall have need to do so, for the atmosphere of ----- will be depressing after this.

(p. 236) Mr Smith is very urgent I should write a book this winter on Italy - sketches of religious opinion, domestic manners, education etc etc. He was excessively interested in what I told him of Mazzarella²⁵² and wondered I did not seek him out last winter and renew my acquaintance with him. I sometimes am surprised to find how much more "the Englishwoman" has been read than I am aware of. Lucy had a long and beautiful letter a few weeks ago from Charles Hemans²⁵³ from Florence, giving her his reasons for returning to the Communion of the Church of England (the corruptions of the Temporal Power and his researches in the Catacombs amongst the monuments of the three first centuries of Xtianity, being the chief), and at the end of it he asks whether she ever hears from Mrs Gretton, whom he has long wished to know personally. "Hitherto he has only known her through her works of which "the Englishwoman" is specially to be commended." Again the lady with the beautiful house near Grasmere, Miss Oned, whom Lucy took me to call on the other day, was full of compliments when she discovered I was Mrs Gretton of the "Englishwoman" saying the work had been sent out to her while she was at Mentone, and that she and her friends had driven to Latte to try and find out the Villa I had described.

The poor old Raven shakes her dusty plumage at hearing all this - but cannot somehow realise it - but the wish to help on Boruccio as I feel I should do now, could I bring out a successful book, perhaps open out some channel of employment for him in England, is a great stimulus. The weather has been surpassingly beautiful. To-day for the first time since I came a few drops of rain have fallen. Yesterday Lucilla and I after Church walked a good eight miles. These long walks agree with me, and I am in very fine health and quite beautifully slim; indeed, as you will see by

²⁵² Probably Bonaventura Mazzarella (1818 - 1882) of Genoa, revolutionary, magistrate, philosopher, university professor and Vaudois pastor (ed. 2016).

²⁵³ Charles Isidore Hemans (1817 - 1876), archaeologist and antiquarian, founder in 1846 of the "Roman Advertiser" (ed. 2016).

my photo taken just before I left Cheltenham, I was even then much less stout than last winter. It is very pleasant to feel so much (p.237) slighter and more agile. I hope you will not think me extravagant in being photographed now - but Fred Wright wrote sorrowfully from Melbourne to say all their photographs of friends and kinsfolk had gone down in the "London" and begging for likenesses of me and George: and as I wished to oblige him it was necessary to sit as I had not one of those taken in Genoa left, neither had I any of George's. Now before I leave England I shall exchange cartes with all my acquaintances and friends: in for a penny in for a pound!

Lucilla raves about my photo - she says it is a perfect success - What do you say? Her delight was extreme to-day when Chuchotte's²⁵⁴ likeness arrived. She desires warmest and grateful thanks for it. I see by the "Times" the Cholera is fast dying out in Genoa, but that outbreak at Nervi was fearful. You said so little about your threatening cold in your penultimate letter that I was quite surprised in your last to find you had been three days in bed. I wish my poor friend you could have had a little svagation²⁵⁵ this Autumn, for the last five months have been enough to try your nerves and spirits to the uttermost. I leave tomorrow at 11 and hope to get into Cheltenham at half past ten at night.

God bless you my child.

Your faithful Raven.

The account of Havilland was charming. Augustus²⁵⁶ really ought to be branded as an Ass. I trust Lizzie will stand firm against the Mercury. Her health will in all probability be perfectly restored if this eruption is wisely treated.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.238)

EXTRACT (*Before my sister and George went to Australia. A. J. G.*)

London (Summer) 1868

.....

I came back at 6 p. m. on Saturday and found Boroo in radiant looks. His visit to Rugby had been a perfect success. Every one made him welcome; it was a

²⁵⁴ My precious Gussie's pet baby name with her dear Aunt who called her so to the last in 1894. A. J. G.

²⁵⁵ "svagation": perhaps a joke, combining the English "vacation" with the Italian "svagato", distraction or amusement (ed. 2016).

²⁵⁶ Doctor Augustus M. a very old physician. A. J. G.

constant round of invitations to breakfast, dinner or tea either from the masters or my friends on the Town. Mr Moberly walked about arm in arm with him in the Close, and Lee Warner seems to have laid himself out to rivet his hold on the boy's heart. Had he been the most distinguished scholar Rugby ever produced he could not have been kinder to him. He sent him an invitation to breakfast the first morning after his arrival, as soon as he heard he was coming down, and the same afternoon took him for a walk, and went so far that they were both late for Chapel. Next day George did not like to intrude on him, but in the evening Lee Warner sent a note asking why he had not come, and saying he expected him every day to breakfast, or to dinner, or to tea, or to all three if he liked. He took him to the Symposium where the unmarried masters dine together, and they treated him "like one of themselves".²⁵⁷ This you may imagine was the crowning stroke to his happiness. Mr Robertson, the quaint dear clergyman whom Fred Brown knows, told him when he wished him goodbye "that it had done him good to see him". I suppose they were all pleased at the boy's hearty joyousness. Even Sidgwick asked him to breakfast, but he was engaged. He called on the Doctor and Miss Temple but they were out. Every one else he saw - the Burrows, Moberleys, Neville Hutchinsons etc etc. The enquiries after me were most affte, and he promised that I should go down to see them all, but this I demur to.²⁵⁸ There is the expence, and then the pain of saying Goodbye. As for Mr (p.239) Hutchinson (C.B.H.) he and George were on the most affte terms. Certainly it is a proof that good conduct outweighs talent in the long run, if I contrast George's reception on his revisiting Rugby with the sad fate of poor Frank Holland whose brilliant position when we first went there was the talk of the whole place. He has gone from bad to worse poor fellow, and now is completely sunk. It is supposed he is in prison. Dr Temple stood by him till at last even he was wearied out.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.240)

1868

London.
July.

²⁵⁷ Source of quotation, if any, unidentified (ed. 2016).

²⁵⁸ But by another letter we see she did go and see them all before going to Australia with George. A. J. G.

Dearest Adelia.

.....
My dearest Adelia, never fancy that the shadow of a reproach crosses my mind at your not coming to London to see us off. Most truly I think it is for the best that you could not come. Had we had a nice comfortable house to stay in all together we might have had a very pleasant time of it (being resolved to look on the bright side of things), but in lodgings it would have been wretchedness for all, and the material discomforts would have weighed us down entirely. No it is indeed better so. I somehow felt that morning I left Genoa that it was not a mere goodbye for a few months, for I thought of Guido²⁵⁹ and the baglia,²⁶⁰ and saw the impossibility of bringing them to England. His sweet darling face as I took him out of his cradle where he lay with his eyes fixed lovingly on Beatrice, is always present to me. I am very glad his beauty is at last appreciated. Do you think you shall love him after he is weaned as much as the others?

(Written soon before my sister and her son left for Melbourne (Australia) where his cousins the Wrights promised George a good career. A. J. G.)

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.241)
EXTRACT

1868

London. July.

.....
And now having said my little say I will give you a brief sketch of last week's proceedings. Wednesday we went on board the "Norfolk"²⁶¹ with Robert Irving - did I tell you of it? It was a tremendous day's work. At eight we sent off all the trunks and boxes in a cart to the docks, and at eleven went ourselves on board. My cabin looks very pretty - a little iron bed, lashed to the bulkhead and cleated down, to the deck, with a chintz cover to go over it by day to match the door and window curtains. The window is quite a large one for a side cabin. On one side of the cabin is a good sized

²⁵⁹ My last born child - generally now, called Guy. A. J. G.

²⁶⁰ His wet-nurse. Her name was Beatrice. A. J. G.

²⁶¹ The three-masted ship "Norfolk", 820 tons, built at Blackwall by Money Wigram in 1857. For this voyage (London 20 July, Plymouth 24 July) the Captain was Bryant Tonkin (ed. 2016). Given a steam engine in 1876, lost on Brazilian coast 1879.

chest of drawers, on the other a washing stand with a flat top that shuts down and forms a table. In front of the window is secured your great basket trunk - under the bed are other boxes; two large bookshelves and two chairs complete the furniture. A shelf which holds a great deal runs round three sides of the ceiling - I hope it will be very comfortable when I have shaken down a little in it.

The intense heat made our work in arranging etc excessively fatiguing and I got back to our lodgings very very weary, to find the usual array of letters waiting for me. The last ten days, without exaggeration I have received about 8 letters a day. Everyone I have ever known has written to wish me Goodbye. Thursday morning I had to be at the dentist's by 9.30, and then I went on to Emilie's. It was so agonizingly hot one could only gasp for breath. In the streets men walked along, holding their hats in their hands, the perspiration streaming down their faces.

.....

Friday after a seance at the dentist's I went again to the ship. I met George there for he had had to hurry to McCracken's to implore them for (p.242) the last time to hurry the landing of the boxes from Genoa. I got down all by myself to the East India Docks, only think of that, and then on to the ship which is lying close to the wharf. There I found George anxiously waiting for the things which were promised for 12. They did not however come till half past two. When they arrived the black box was found too big to get into the cabin, so it was opened on deck, and amidst the confusion of loading the vessel, the passengers all busy in preparing their cabins, rushing backwards and forwards, etc, etc. I lifted out the things *pêle mêle*, and George carried them to the cabin. The poor dear dogs²⁶² I grieve to say are broken to smashes - so I had better have left them to poor little Havilland. When everything was unpacked, the old trunk was discarded, and I went back to the cabin to find a huge heap of litter filling every part of it. It looked as if it never could be neat again; but by tremendous work, by five, we had tightly filled the chest of drawers and the shelves, and got things into order again. We had packed up before leaving in the morning as I had hoped to get off to Rugby in the afternoon, leaving George to follow on Saturday but I was too tired, so we went back to Kildare Terrace, had something to eat, paid the landlady whose ingenuity in running up bills is worthy of a better

²⁶² Green marble ornaments - Algie's little son had liked to play with them! A. J. G.

cause, and then went to Westbourne Terrace,²⁶³ from which a batch of visitors had departed the previous day, to ask for a night's lodging, which was willingly granted. Next morning I fancied there was something wrong with my teeth, so off to the dentist again, and I did not leave town till twelve, feeling as if I could do no more.

What the heat and fatigue of all this was I cannot describe - but the worst of all was the letters. And yet of course if people had not written I should have felt uncared for. What made it so (p.243) fatiguing was having no servant to help me in manual things, the mere dusting my boots and dress - all that sort of thing took precious time and yet *had* to be done. Then in Kildare Terrace we had but one small table, and when it had to be spread for meals I used not to know where to lay my desk.²⁶⁴ The parcels, the books that poured in, were laid on the floor.

Altogether I was never so uncomfortable in my life as that month in those lodgings; and the way they made us spend was intensely aggravating. However it had its good side in making us more contented with the prospect of the voyage. George was quite a man of business, and of the greatest use in London. Without a male friend or anyone indeed to do anything for me, I could not have got through it without him. The dress (the chine) arrived just in time to be packed in the case lined with tin. It is very pretty indeed. Thank you a thousand times for it, my dearest Adelia. Lady Burgoyne²⁶⁵ gave me a pretty coiffure from Madame Elise's of black lace and heartsease.²⁶⁶ We dined there a few days ago. I had not time at the last to go and say goodbye, so wrote instead - neither could I go to the Wheelers. The heat was a bar to everything. I never felt anything so dry, so parching. Great fears are felt of a general drought. The country is quite brown. No grass left.

Rugby was like a little oasis after London. Everyone so warm and friendly. The time only too short to see a quarter of the people I should have liked. On Sunday Mrs Meiklejohn gave me up and went to the school. I went to Chapel at half past 10 with the Hutchinsons, dined with them, and then to Chapel again at half past 4, seeing numbers of people in the Close and at the Chapel door, and others coming to the

²⁶³ Both Kildare Terrace and Westbourne Terrace are in Paddington (ed. 2016)

²⁶⁴ This seems to be the only time the Raven makes mention of writing as a physical activity needing paraphernalia: specifically a folding table-top "lap desk" (ed. 2016).

²⁶⁵ Field Marshal Sir John and Lady Burgoyne were the parents of Anne Maria, A. L. V. G.'s brother-in-law William Gretton's wife, who had died, like her husband, on Haiti in 1852, leaving an infant son Hugh (ed. 2016).

²⁶⁶ Heartsease is an old name for the wildflower pansy (ed. 2016).

Hutchinson's to see me. It was very pleasant. All asking me to dinner or to tea, so that a week would have been (p.244) too short. After chapel in the afternoon Lee Warner waited for me as I came out, and declining the Moberlys' and Burrows' proffered company, amidst their complaints and laughter, we walked to his lodgings where we had a long talk about George. He is very fond of the boy, and is as wise and judicious about him as ever.²⁶⁷ All that I had on my mind I told him.

.....

He strongly commended me for going with him for three years. Indeed all Rugby I believe has talked over my going. It is thought (I know not why), quite heroic; but the right thing to do for the three years. They all hold me to that limit. Lee Warner said that whatever I could do unconsciously to George, to throw him in the way of serving or sympathising with others, would be the best for him. As there would be no poor to help, to try and find him sick people to visit - that he is full of energy in all ways, and to strive to give it a healthy direction must be my silent care.

.....

George was with him from nine till eleven on Sunday evening and again early to breakfast on Monday - and the boy came back from parting from him with his eyes red, and more enthusiastic about him than ever; such a friend is indeed precious - and precious too is it for George to have one spot in England that he loves so well, with so many people in it whose good opinion he values, and who he knows will always welcome him gladly amongst them. If it was only for this I should be thankful I brought him to Rugby. The Moberlys came in to Mrs Meiklejohn's on Sunday evening to see me, and others besides, and we were asked to dine at the School-House on Monday - but we left at twelve. So altogether our little visit was very pleasant and cheering - such a contrast to the formality and heartlessness of London! Mrs Meiklejohn's gratitude for what I had done for David exceeded what I deserve.

All the people asked after you, (p.245) as if they knew you. A very sweet woman, Mrs Bennett, may perhaps someday ask you for information about Italy. She and Mrs Meiklejohn know all about the children, and G...'s prowess was recounted to them, and the likenesses shewn. How excellent Ned's is! Sweet Gussie's looks hard after the lovely things the Walkers do. By the bye my picture is left at the Walkers till

²⁶⁷ George was then not quite eighteen. A. J. G.

you send for it. Whoever calls for it must have a note from you to shew. I did not send it to Sam's as the servants, when he goes to Brighton, might leave it out in the sun or the damp. I don't know whether the wooden case was charged in the bill which George paid on Saturday morning. If it was not, it will be a trifle which anyone calling for it can pay for. I hope you will like it. How do you like George's Cabinet likeness which he sent you by post? the people at Rugby say it is excellent but not handsome enough.

We got here at four and I leave this tomorrow at twelve for Bath. I leave George a day or two longer behind me, for the dulness and sadness of "Formosa" would drive him wild, besides he would be decidedly in the way there. The Gedges are coming over to "Formosa" to see us. We shall leave Bath on Sunday night and get to Plymouth Monday morning. I will write again before we sail. God bless you all. I hope to hear you have shifted your quarters. Love to the Old Oyster and the Lambs.

Your old
Raven.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.246)

1868

On board "Norfolk"
28th July. 7. p.m.

Dearest Addy.

After having been becalmed for 24 hours a favourable wind has sprung up and we are just getting under weigh. The pilot will take this on shore. The ship is beginning to heave so I cannot write much. My cabin is very pretty and comfortable. George likes St Quintin much better than he expected. The poor fellow is dreadfully sad at leaving father, mother, nine sisters and three brothers. The passengers seem a good natured set. We sat down twenty-seven to dinner, and there is a children's dinner besides. God bless you all; kiss the precious children for me. George is very dear and attentive. My love and kind words to the Oyster.

Your very loving
Raven-friend

(p.247)

1868

On board the "Norfolk".
1st October 1868.

My dearest Adelia.

We are getting on so fast that it seems likely we may get to Melbourne by the 9th, and as the mail is supposed to leave on the 13th, I wish to get some of my letters in hand before landing. Writing however is very difficult on account of the constant rolling of the ship and the incessant noise in the cuddy. We have however no cause to grumble, for in all essentials we have got on exceedingly well. Grettie's rambling letter will give you some notion of our ship life. I began by dictating it, but he afterwards carried it on alone, indulging in some curious freaks of orthography. He has been very much taken up since the beginning of September in nursing an old man - Mr Hunt the Mineralogist, who has been confined to his bed with rheumatic gout and abscesses in his legs. No mother could be more watchful over her child than Grettie to his patient. He sat up three nights with him; would make him his beef tea and take it to him every two or three hours, and helped the doctor twice a day to dress his wounds. The old man had a wife and two great heavy grown up sons with him, but a more awkward, helpless set of people I never saw. Without the kindness and helpfulness of all the passengers, and especially George's great care, I think he would have died.

The dear old fellow has been very good and dear to me and is considered quite a model son by all on board. Till the beginning of September he worked on regularly every day for 4 or 5 hours at German and History; but the rolling of the ship and Mr Hunt's illness combined have stopped the German. The readings of English History (p.248) with Mr Longstaff have however been persevered in. They come into my cabin and read every day for nine²⁶⁸ hours. A great deal has been got through of Knight's Popular History of England, strongly recommended by Lee Warner. If you wanted one for Ned a few years hence, I think you would like it. It is in eight large closely printed volumes. George began in the middle of the sixth at the reign of

²⁶⁸ Surely this is a mistake it must be "some" hours! A. J. G. This is the only time in the +/-199 letters that it seems as though A.J.G. may not be working from the original document, but commenting on the typescript (ed. 2016).

George III, and will I hope finish the eighth before we land. It goes down to 1848. He is in great joy at the prospect of being on shore and likes to talk of the home we are to have.

That last month of lodging-house life in London was so unutterably wretched that it will be strange if we cannot settle down to a state of comparative comfort, even taking things at the most moderate anticipation. All the people here seem to think he will be very happy and do very well. He has made some real friends amongst them. The Robertsons are very fond of him. Whenever he goes to stay with them he will be warmly welcome. Old Mr Hunt says he shall sound his praises to every one he comes across. I think you will be very much pleased at receiving our letters at the end of November. I long earnestly for your news. I trust we shall find letters of the 20th or so of August waiting for us. I imagine you all now settling down for the winter. You coming in from the Colombaja where I fancy you spent the month of September, and the Le Mesuriers returning from Scotland. Of each and every one I think separately, as it is needless to repeat. Aunty has I fancy not moved from home. Poor Aunt Elisa was in so suffering and melancholy a state when we left England that it will be a comfort to hear she is gone to her rest, dear old soul. Those last days at Bath were very sorrowful; I quite trembled for poor Liz who seemed worn out, body and mind. Her kindness in working (p.249) for us up to the last moment was very touching.

.....

I have been quite well all through the voyage,

--- page-break inserted 2016 ---

1868

At sea. Off Cape Otway.
100 miles from Melbourne.
7th Oct. 9 p.m.

Since last I wrote we have been going on as swiftly as possible and to-day about 5 p.m. almost to a minute to the time the Captain had calculated upon, the shout of "Land" was raised. We were all on the deck watching for it, and the cheering and shouting were very hearty. We skirted rather a bold headland and sighted Cape Otway which has a lighthouse with a revolving light, about 6.30. It was too dark to

signal, so our arrival will not be telegraphed this evening to Melbourne, but please God all goes well, by tomorrow morning at day-break we shall be off the Heights at Queenscliff 40 miles from Melbourne. This is the entrance to the bay of Port Philip. The pilot will then come on board and telegrams will be sent on shore to announce our arrival. If the wind keeps fair we shall be alongside the pier at noon. Tonight almost all the sails are taken in to moderate the ship's speed. She has been almost flying along of late. Grettie is almost wild with joy. His antics amuse the whole ship for he does not confine them to the cuddy, but jumps and dances on deck to the suppressed delight of the sailors. The weather has been beautiful of late, the sea and sky exactly like Genoa. This is the seventieth day we are out.

.....
I dreamt of sweet Guido on Saturday night, looking like a fine boy of a year old, with his (p.250) lovely face just as I trust it really is, rosy and bright, yet rather a pensive look in his big brown eyes. His mouth is too small perhaps for a boy. His nose like Gussie's. I feel rather over anxious for letters from Genoa, but there are so many things I long to hear of. Balgernon and Lizzie must be about returning from Scotland. I hope the dear little lads are well. Did I tell you of Havillando's²⁶⁹ sweet deportment towards me at Winchester? Out walking of his own accord he came up to me and put his hand in mine. I trust dear Lizzie is materially and permanently better. This is the time for dear Mrs Leupold's confinement. I pray all may be well. I forgot in my account of Grettie to tell you that he has had the stedfastness to keep to his resolution of not smoking from the day he left England, indeed two or three days before.

The passengers are playing their parting rubbers very lovingly. The wretched Mrs Wheeler had kept her cabin since her outbreak of passion a fortnight ago, but reappeared today at dinner to universal regret. However the greater number of us by previous determination took no notice of her. Had she expressed the least contrition we were all ready to look it over, but as she caused it to be known that she was ready to break not two but twelve plates for a similar provocation, and would abide the consequences of committing murder if necessary, we preferred at once dropping her acquaintance.

²⁶⁹ My brother's eldest son. A. J. G.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.251)

1868

Australia.
Toorak, near Melbourne
Friday 9th October 1868.

I have had the great pleasure of receiving your letter of the 7th of August forwarded via Brindisi. To hear that the Baths so far agreed so well with William was an immense comfort. I hope there was no ague flying about at Nova Lesa. The neighbourhood of Susa is said to be so bad for it. I forget who I heard this from. However I will not think about it. Your account of all the people at Brides was very amusing. But I will not comment on your letter as you will be impatient to hear about our arrival.

Nothing could have gone off better or been more joyous and warm than our reception. We got beautifully round the Heads yesterday morning and sailed up the Bay very smoothly. We met the "Great Britain" on her way homewards, and signalled to her. She had started from Melbourne that morning. About 1 p.m., just as we had lunched and were within a couple of miles or so of Melbourne a steam tug bore down upon us. Fred and Arthur Wright were on board of her, and were as pleased to see us as you could have desired. There was no mistaking that they were heartily glad. We landed with only some light packages at Sandridge Pier. A great many ships were in the port which is very large, and all the landing arrangements were beautifully managed. The railway comes close down to the pier, but Fred preferred bringing us in a carriage to his beautiful house, about four miles on the other side of Melbourne.

It is a lovely place, there is no doubt about it. The house stands in the midst of undulating grounds with grass, flowers, and trees (p.252) growing in profusion. It is large, and very prettily distributed. The entrance hall would not be small even in Italy. It has stands of flowers on each side. On the left it gives on the dining room about 30 feet long with a large bow-window. On the right you turn down a long carpeted gallery with persiane, at the end of which is the drawing room, as large or larger than the dining-room and beautifully furnished. Immense mirrors at each end; a Louis XIV

gilt console, etc. It has also a large bow window. Out of it you pass into Fanny's dressing-room which is larger than your bedroom, and is converted when they give parties into a card room; and the suite ends with an immense room about 35 ft long, used as a day nursery and school-room, but which has twice been turned into a ball-room. An internal gallery divides the house which seems built with more adaptation to the requirements of a hot climate than I had thought the British colonial mind capable of. Two very pretty rooms each with two windows down to the ground, open upon the gallery with the persiane. They are intended for the very hot days; outside the gallery is a pergola of vines so that the shade must be very deep when in full season. We have each a very nice bedroom, and Fanny had arranged a drawing-room for my especial use besides. They will not talk even of looking for a cottage for us, but in a few days I shall insist on it, for some time must elapse of course before it can be furnished and ready for us, and I do not like to stay here too long. Fanny is very dear, really. She insists on dressing my hair, and has carried it up to the top of my head in a fashion that would delight you. The day before we left the ship Mrs Robertson entreated to be allowed to try her hand on it, and there was quite a sensation as to the result. I was pronounced to look ten years (p.253) younger.

Fanny's children are all blooming with cheeks like red apples. There are five. The baby is seven months old, Maud, a fine child; Frank is a clever boy and he says droll sharp things - for seven years old. He has laid aside his antipathy to me and calls me Aunt Amy. George went into town after breakfast with Fred. He has a hard day's work on hand, for he was to go to the ship to fetch all our packages and the cabin furniture. Mr Budd has sent me two more letters of introduction which I found awaiting us.

.....

Monday 21st October. 1868.

I am outstepping the weekly sheet I proposed writing regularly to you, but after a short time there will be less to tell. I am diffuse now in order to put you and my precious Balgernon au courant of the place as far as I can. I have been three times into town. It is very accessible from this. Collins St, the centre of business, where all the great banks and chief shops are, is a minute or two only from the railway station. Trains run every half hour to South Yarra a favourite suburb, rapidly merging into the fast spreading town. The transit only takes ten minutes, including a stoppage at Richmond, another faubourg chiefly frequented by shop-keepers and clerks. The

railway stations etc are exactly like those on an English line, very civil porters, book stalls, the usual tide of passengers going and returning and so forth: the only difference is you are not so hurried. The doors are not flung open in such breathless haste, and people step in and out quite leisurely. At South Yarra a number of cars are always waiting to carry passengers to Toorak at the rate of 3d a head. Hitherto as the weather is cool, and the walk pleasant, I prefer (p.254) doing it on foot. I can walk from the station to this house in 20 minutes.

Toorak is very rich in pretty country houses standing on undulating ground, well planted with foreign trees and shrubs, and dotted over with clumps of the native blue gum tree, too dusky in its foliage to look well in large masses, but suiting well as background to the bright green of the young importations, and contrasting well too with the bright clear blue sky. Toorak rises above South Yarra in a series of broad undulations, which are unlike anything I can compare them to in England. They seem like the huge upheavings of the labouring earth suddenly arrested, and are as much wider and fuller in their expanse and depth than the gentle ups and downs of an English landscape as the swell of the waves in the Southern Ocean exceeds the "short seas" of the Channel. Broad roads, laid down in early days with an utter recklessness as to the value of land, traverse the country with mathematical precision. Ring fences, hedges of the native Wattle, which has a blossom not unlike the Laburnum, or neat iron railings, separate them on either side from gardens, fields, or as yet unoccupied park-lands. As you rise higher and higher the vast range of the landscape is very remarkable. A few minutes above this house is a knoll still fresh from Nature's hand, studded with gum trees in most picturesque grouping, from which a magnificent view is obtained. In the foreground, the waving downward slope towards Melbourne, green and wooded, the houses and gardens of Toorak and South Yarra stretching away on every side, and the river Yarra Yarra, a narrow but deep stream, winding between grassy banks.

At your feet lies the town covering a space that in Europe would be sufficient for millions of inhabitants. At present its population is but 160,000; but the streets being laid out of extreme (p.255) breadth, and the houses being seldom more than one story above the ground floor, the area thus built over is immense. Beyond is the harbour with its shipping, and beyond that again rises a range of hills, or rather mountains, for the highest Mount Macedon is 4,500 feet high. They are between

forty and fifty miles off, but the atmosphere is so clear that they can be seen with great distinctness. I have not the other points of the picture well before me yet, except I remember, that turning away from the sea, Fred pointed out another range of hills called the Dandenong hills, which stood out against the glowing evening sky with wonderful clearness and were of a deep cobalt blue in colouring. The sunsets are very like those at Genoa, a little more gorgeous perhaps if possible. The atmosphere has the same clearness, and there is the same glitter and glory in the sunlight, and the same hum of insects in the warm hours of the day.

As yet the weather is lovely. The season corresponds to the end of April in Italy, and is about the same temperature. We have had one day's hot wind only. That was certainly detestable. The north wind roared and raged, and whoever ventured out came in perfectly covered with very fine sand, but in the night it rained, and then the South wind came up, and the morning was perfectly lovely and bracing. The spring fruits are not yet ripe, but there are fine oranges from Sydney and pineapples, which last sell at 6d each. The vegetables are very fine. We have peas and asparagus, spinach and young lettuces in great profusion, all the produce of this kitchen garden.

The Church at Toorak is very pretty, quite a specimen of modern ecclesiastical architecture, but the zeal of the musical part of the congregation renders the service almost a penance to the rest. Whatever can be sung or chanted is seized upon by the choir, who even monopolize (p.256) the responses in the Litany - and how they sing!! Positively even to my dull ears the discord was excruciating. The Clergyman Mr Fellowes is said to be a very good sort of man. He did not preach last Sunday. A Mr Sandys, tutor to the governor's sons, was in the pulpit. The sermon was pretty fair, and wisely short. Mr Fellowes is to be asked to dinner here next week when a party is to be given.

The most striking sight in Melbourne is the Public Library. It is a building which even in London would be thought remarkable. A very long and lofty hall, with a great number of side rooms on either hand, all fitted up with reading tables, writing materials and well filled bookshelves. The number of people reading was large, but nothing to what it is at night, when the long lines of tables are occupied by working men, poring intently over their books in perfect quiet and order. A room is set apart for women, and it is chiefly availed of by young women engaged in work all day who come here to study of an evening. The admission is gratis from 9 a.m. till 10 p.m.,

the only condition being that every person before taking down a book should wash their hands. In the same building is an Art Gallery, with copies of statues and busts, and a few original pictures by English living Artists. It was amusing to see the grave enjoyment of several Chinese lads who were looking about them with very intelligent faces. Then another day George and I went to the University where they have a very handsome Museum built on the plan of the South Kensington²⁷⁰ and really wonderful for a country still in its infancy. The stuffed birds and animals of this country and the islands of Oceania form a beautiful collection. The trader most employed in preparing them is brother to the gentleman at the head

Page 257 of the typescript is missing (ed. 2016).

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.258)

1868

Melbourne
Rugby Cottage.²⁷¹
30th Dec. 1868

My dearest Adelia

The mail came in on the 23rd inst bringing your charming November letter which filled me with admiration. Never have I known you to write better. It was bright, graphic, clear, ample and yet condensed. You will not get anything like that from this side of the world. My mind is not self-supporting; it wants the sympathy and companionship of minds superior to itself to keep it in fair condition; and lacking these, it speedily falls to the level of those around it. A long letter which you will receive in a few days after this, will convince you I am right. It is an account of the Melbourne gaieties and the fresh people I have become acquainted with during this past month. As it had no particular interest for you I thought poor Liz Griffith might have the first reading of it, and then pass it on. In her dull life at Formosa Villa a long letter from Australia is an event. With you I sometimes fear you will hardly have time

²⁷⁰ Presumably early buildings of what is now the V & A. Captain Fowke had been building extensive new galleries in the 1860s, best seen in the north and east sides of the courtyard. The Natural History Museum was not planned until 1873, nor building finished until the 1880s (ed. 2016).

²⁷¹ Rugby Cottage, Canterbury Rd, Toorak, has been demolished or renamed: the name was retained for several years after the Grettons left it, early in 1873 (ed. 2016).

to read my prolix epistles, yet I go on filling sheet after sheet wishing to make you familiar with our daily life and surroundings. All you said about the lambs, Algie, Lizzy, their boys; Aunty, Carolus etc etc was inexpressibly interesting. My poor Aunty's eyes are a sad, sad affair. I trust the measures taken are in time to avert the worst, but the deprivation of reading or writing is terrible for her.

I am so glad Kerry Brown has recovered. What a fearful attack it must have been! With all my heart I rejoiced at dear Edith's²⁷² happiness and safety. It must indeed be a delight to see (p.259) her with her baby. When I think of that glorious creature her clear strong intellect, her cultivation, her enthusiasm, her contempt for littleness and appearances, and contrast her with the people here, I feel as if either the past or the present were a dream. In the same way Aunty's sweet gracefulness and graciousness, her delight in asking all the poor "amici di casa" to her house, her patience in listening to the dullest and prosiest of her guests, her complete absence of all ostentation, all seems to me like attributes of some other race. If I could but say all I think I could write some articles which would do Australian society much good. It needs a new Mrs Trollope to paint its Domestic Manners. The people would rave and hate one for it, but it would do them infinite good; indeed it is only thus that they can be moulded to something less repulsive than their present characteristics. But I dare not.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.260)
N. B. Please put all my letters by in a box.

1869

Melbourne.
Rugby Cottage.
22d Jany 1869.

My beloved Adelia.

Yesterday we had the great comfort of receiving your letters and photographs sent via Brindisi on 5th Dec. I am very glad you had heard of our safe arrival here. I knew it would be a joyful surprise to you to get news of us before Xmas. The photos

²⁷² Madame Leubold. A. J. G.

were a delight to my eyes. Sweet Guido's face certainly is not intellectual as yet, but it shines with placid grandeur. The little girls looked lovely.

.....
For the first time there is no letter from Formosa. This is a sign that poor Liz was too much taken up to write. I am thankful she is so supported through this long, long trial. The dear old lady must have rejoiced I know well to hear of our safe arrival. Her great love for us is very touching.

Such strong family affections as we have known are not felt here, nor even understood. The motto over the strait at Queenscliffe (the entrance to Port Philip Harbour) should be "Lasciate ogni affetto voi che qui entrate".²⁷³ To burn one's ships, in the way of troublesome sentiment and yearnings after those left behind, is indispensable to the thorough colonist. I am very glad that my two first letters should have had no alloy in them. It is only since the first illusions have been dispelled that I have written in a less flattering strain of the colony. I don't think I have been unfair. I have said that the reputation the Melbourne people enjoy in England of boundless hospitality and warmth of heart is a monstrous fallacy, and so it is. I take (p.261) ourselves for an example. If we had not had the Wrights as a point d'appui, and the Governor's fast repeated invitations to give us a sort of *éclat*, where should we have been? Several of the letters procured for George with so much trouble by Mr Budd have remained positively unacknowledged, even by a card. Supposing he had come out here as a friendless, struggling young man, what would have become of him? People excuse themselves for their coolness about letters of introduction in general by saying that so many are carelessly given in England to persons of questionable character, that at best they grow almost suspicious of strangers. This is true to a certain extent, but it is also a convenient plea to save trouble and expense in entertaining, the vulgar notion being that you cannot ask a new arrival without making a regular "spread". The number of young men who come out here and go down rapidly to the lowest state of poverty and forlornness, is startlingly large. George says he sees them lounging about, growing more and more shabby and listless, till they gradually disappear altogether. All this I should like to write about, not merely that which catches the eye at first; the broad bustling streets, the shops

²⁷³A.L.V.G. is modifying a line from Dante's *Inferno* "Lasciate ogni speranza, voi che entrate": "Abandon hope all ye who enter here"; "affetto" is, roughly, affection (ed. 2016).

with the plate glass windows, the Cathedrals and the public buildings. But I do not think I could remain in the country if the utterances of such unpalatable truths were ever traced to me, as they assuredly would be.

.....

2nd January 1869.

On Wednesday the 6th we dined at the Bishop of Melbourne's. The party consisted of 14. The Dean of Melbourne and Mrs Macartney, (p.262) Irish people of the Ultra Low Church; Colonel and Mrs Pitt (who had called on me a few days before), a Mr Learmouth, an immensely rich squatter, and others whose names I forget. Mr Learmouth took me down to dinner. He was formerly in the army, and jointly with his brothers owns a very large station about 100 miles to the North of Melbourne. He is an enthusiastic colonist, and no wonder. A few years ago a gold reef "was struck", as it is termed, on his property, which now brings them in upwards of £50,000 a year. Like most of the squatters I have seen, Mr Learmouth is a very gentlemanly man. He has travelled over great part of Europe, and has the tone and manners of good society. It is the men in business here, the Bank Managers and so forth, who are decidedly vulgar.

I did not like Mrs Perry nearly so well as on the day she came to see me. One little speech she made shewed a narrow spirit. People talked at dinner of a telegram just come from Sydney to announce that the R.C. Cathedral there had been burnt down, and that not even the Church plate or vestments which were of great value, had been saved. Mrs Perry observed "she was very glad of this." Now really with infidelity rampant on every side, with sceptical articles appearing every day in the colonial papers, it is surely a time for professing Christians to strive to forget minor differences and draw closer together. After dinner the Bishop sat down by me and talked a good while; I knew a few people who were at Cambridge in his day, and that served for conversation, but I found he is not at all au courant of the present generation there - he hardly knew their names nor their works, nor did he seem at all up in contemporary literature. Now how can a man attempt to govern a body of men who are all to a greater or less (p.263) degree feeling the influence of the last 15 years' controversial religious spirit of European literature, without himself, as far as in him lies, seeking every channel of information on the subject? In England an insight into these things comes imperceptibly - a dinner party where there are two or three clever talkers will teach one more than half a dozen reviews - but where you cannot

get the first you must avail of the latter, and not shake your head dubiously over the unsettling effects of skimming over a number of periodicals.

At ten o'clock the Bishop rang the bell - a table with a Bible and prayer-book was brought in, and all the servants followed. He then read and expounded a chapter and prayed: the service lasted 35 minutes. I am afraid to several who had ordered their carriages at a quarter before ten, to get away to the Wrights' party, it was not an edifying service. We reached the Wrights at 11.30. It was kept up till two. A hundred people were there, and it was universally pronounced a most successful party. To my great joy it was the last of the series of gaieties which had been entrancing Melbourne for the previous six weeks.

.....

I have quite digressed from my narrative, but I don't like being tied down. I must write as the ideas come into my head. You need not send this letter out of Genoa. I shall write to poor dear Lizzy Griffith and to Augusta Ritchie and to Mrs Gedge this mail. The Robertsons had a long letter from me two months ago. I wrote last month to Amelia Gimingham. Dear Madame Leupold's affectionate interest in us, the Thompsons' also, is an unspeakable pleasure to hear of. Tell them all, that I am so glad to think of your having such bright (p.264) and charming friends around you.

Mrs Williams is my friend - my oasis in this Sahara. I resume the thread of events in her company. I left off on the 6th of January with Fanny's ball. On Friday the 8th I went by appointment to the station at South Yarra to meet Mrs Williams and her two daughters, Mrs Parker and Jessie W., to go into town to visit St Patrick's R.C. Cathedral which Father Moore had offered to shew us. From the station we went in a car to East Melbourne - a mile and a half or so. The distances here are, as you perceive, most inconvenient and expensive. It was a very hot day, and the air was scorching from the dry flames of bush fires which were raging at 40 or 50 miles distance. However, at the Cathedral there was Father Moore as bright as a lark, neither heat nor cold seeming to disturb his cheerful equilibrium. The R.C. Dean, Dr Fitzpatrick, rather a stupid old man, was with him. The Cathedral when finished will be 260 feet long. It is in pure Gothic style and will be a beautiful church. At present only about a third of the entire length is finished. A temporary wall at the distance of 80 feet from the door closes it in, and service is here carried on. The ceiling which is beautifully carved has all been wrought in the colony. As I have often told you, in all

material things this is a wonderful country. We went up a winding staircase to the roof from which there is a very fine view, rather impeded on that occasion by the smoke from the distant bush fires. Father Moore held forth on the beauty and holiness of early marriages springing from mutual trust and affection, while we rested and looked at the view. The poor old Dean seemed rather puzzled at his opinions, evidently himself rather sustaining the claims of celibates, but not liking to contradict his brilliant brother ecclesiastic. I hear from our servant Mary (p.265) that Father Moore and the five other Jesuits who came out with him, were sent out to rouse the whole body of the R. C. clergy in Victoria, who were going to sleep over their work. Of these six Jesuits, Father Moore seems the guiding spirit.

From the Cathedral we were taken to see the R.C. Bishop, Dr Goold,²⁷⁴ who lives in a handsome two storied stone house close by. Here I could have fancied myself in Italy again. The rooms were large and cool, without carpets, but handsomely and massively furnished, and hung with devotional pictures. The bishop who has just come back from Rome was very civil, and evidently pleased at Mrs Williams' visit, (as I told you she is quite a grande dame here). We were regaled with cake and wine. The English Bishop's Palace is just across the road. What Mrs Perry's feelings would have been could she have known where we all were, it is perhaps better not to imagine! On Wednesday the 13th Mrs Williams and I met by appointment at the station at 11 a.m. and went into town to the Public Library where Sir Redmond Barry,²⁷⁵ senior Puisne Judge,²⁷⁶ rector of the University of Melbourne, founder of the Public Library &c &c &c was waiting to receive us. Sir Redmond is a grand courteous old bachelor, rather fond of Grandisonian expressions, and a dillettante in the fine arts. He shewed us over the gallery where they have a few modern paintings by Baxter,²⁷⁷ Frith,²⁷⁸ Webster²⁷⁹ &c, a few bad copies from the old masters, and a very good collection of casts of celebrated statues. The Library is splendid. It is so large, and cool and airy; the collection of books is so large, they are so well arranged

²⁷⁴ James Alepius Goold, 1812 - 1886 (ed. 2016).

²⁷⁵ Sir Redmond Barry, 1813 - 1880 was in 1880 the judge in Ned Kelly's trial. He was unmarried, but had four acknowledged and supported children by Mrs Louisa Barrow, whose husband was still living during the fruitful years of the lifelong relationship (ed. 2016).

²⁷⁶ "Puisne" from old French puis-né = born later: so he is the senior junior (below the Chief Justice) Judge (ed. 2016).

²⁷⁷ Presumably Charles Baxter, 1809 - 1879 (ed. 2016).

²⁷⁸ William Powell Frith R. A. 1819 - 1909 (ed. 2016).

²⁷⁹ Presumably Thomas Webster R.A. 1800 - 1886 (ed. 2016).

and classified, so handsomely bound, the comfort of the visitors is so much studied, that altogether it seems to me as perfect as the most enthusiastic Melbournian could pronounce it. Sir Redmond was a sight. He walked about with a (p.266) lofty air, surveying his own creation, but without his hat, as a mark of deference to the ladies he was escorting, and requesting any of the bystanders who loitered near us, to take their hats off also. We stayed till three o'clock at the Library and were then conveyed to his house at Carlton Gardens (!) where there was quite a recherché luncheon. Mr Tulk, the Librarian; Mr Candler the Coroner for Victoria, a public functionary of note; and Mr Finlay a Scotch M.P. who has come out to look after a large estate on the Murray, were there to meet us. Sir Redmond had invited Boroo, but of course he could not go. We had a very pleasant afternoon. The house is handsome; it has a large drawing room, a library, a dining and a billiard room. It overflows with books from floor to ceiling, and is adorned with pictures, old arms, china &c. Evidently Sir Redmond understands the amenities of life.

On Saturday the 16th, as George could get away a little earlier we accepted an often repeated invitation from Captain and Mrs Bance to go down by the Railway and dine with them at Brighton. It is about 10 miles distance, but took nearly an hour getting down on account of the frequent stoppages. Prahran, Windsor, Kew, Balaclava are all places much affected as suburban residences along this line. They look as if a sudden shower of houses and colleges had rained down from the clouds, here, there, everywhere, without a thought of symmetry. There was a drunken man in the carriage with us, a circumstance too frequent to attract notice from any but new-comers. The style of company in the 1st class carriages is so queer that I often ask with curiosity what the 2nd can be like. George says chiefly only diggers and Chinese. There are no 3rd class carriages.

Brighton is a frightful sandy (p.267) promontory with a short wooden pier, and a belt of scrub called Pic-nic Point. This Elysium is adorned by sundry detached cottages styled Villas or Houses and an hotel much resorted to by parties and holiday makers. The sea that laves its uninviting shores is a pale green. The rich blue Mediterranean colouring, and the grand swell of the Southern Ocean, are neither of them seen along this bay, which extending for forty miles from the Heads through which you enter Port Philip Harbour, up to Melbourne, is landlocked, i.e. has land on both sides, the whole way. True, from Brighton you can only just discern the

opposite shore, but it is sufficient to take away the sense of freedom and boundless expanse which a wide sea board always gives.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.268)
PRIVATE

1869

29th January.

I have written you a long chit chat letter my Adelia. The mail does not leave till the 2nd therefore I might wait for a few concluding lines till the evening before, but I fear delay. Should a hot wind be blowing, not unlikely at this season, all the ideas would be swept away. We have had two tremendous days - 27th and 28th. The "Argus" declares them to be almost unprecedented for some summers, but I doubt the veracity of the colonial press.

Before I forget it, will you thank precious Balgernon for his pamphlets on Silk. I had hoped to turn an honest penny by condensing and translating them, but the Editor of the "Colonial Magazine" (the one periodical here) to whom I wrote offering contributions and stating my previous qualifications, has not had the civility to answer my letter. I must see what is to be done. Since I wrote the first lengthy part of my letter, the respite from parties which had lasted 5 weeks, has ended. Mrs Williams had an "At Home" on Wednesday the 27th. A hot wind had prevailed till 5 P.M. Then a dust storm arose which was really tremendous. Every door and window was shut, but the tables, floors, books, were all covered with dust in a moment. Then came thunder and rain. Still we went, at half past 8 with the Wrights. Mrs Williams has been so exceedingly good to us that I felt bound to put in an appearance on this occasion when probably she would have a scanty party. About 25 people were there. It was flat for the general company, but I amused myself very well as I talked the whole evening to the Judge (our host), and Sir Redmond Barry. I am afraid the colonials will set me down for setting my cap at Sir Redmond, and so spoil the really pleasant sort of literary (p.269) artistic old-fashioned acquaintance we are forming.

Sir Redmond is a very well-read man of the old school. He delights in talking of authors who are little read now - Johnson, Goldsmith, Walter Scott, Washington Irving &c, &c; he knows Italy thoroughly, and is in correspondence with Artists and

Antiquarians all over the world. So he has plenty to talk about and is of course only too glad to find a listener who can enter into his hobbies. Talking with him for a long time is a little like walking on stilts, still it is a delightful change from the topics I usually have to listen to. So I shall be sorry, as I expect, to find the courtly old gentleman scared away by inuendoes, from following up all his plans for my instruction and amusement. Judge Williams is very pleasant in his way. He never talks to any of the ladies at his house, so his sitting down for an hour to entertain me was a great compliment. In general here men never talk to women - they only dance with them. Mrs Williams was the only exception to this. She might do as she pleased - have her gentlemen friends, and blue-stocking talks - but what will be said of the poor old Raven if she follows the same line?

Three or four evenings ago George and I went with the Williamses, and Lady Chute, to the Observatory under the auspices of Father Moore who is a dilettante in Astronomy. It was a lovely moonlight night and the expedition was very pleasant. We saw a bit of the moon, of Mars, and a double star, the name of which I forget - forming part of the Pointers, a constellation which points to the Southern Cross.²⁸⁰ This double star is composed of two suns revolving round each other. It is nearly a billion of miles distant. The Observatory here has just received from England, and is now putting up, the largest telescope in the world, made expressly for Melbourne. It is of these evidences of (p.270) progress that the colony has reason to be proud. We went on foot to the observatory. On our way back through the Domain, i.e. unallotted crown lands, we came upon some tame kangaroos, which Lady Chute chased in the moonlight to shew us how funnily they run. She is a large, handsome, simple girl of 20, born and raised in New Zealand. Sir Trevor Chute²⁸¹ who was in command there married her a few months ago. He is about 30 years her senior, and very jealous. As yet she gives him no grounds to be so.

The Fraulein's²⁸² picture is very pretty. I hope you will be satisfied with her. The position for her and for you too is a very difficult one. I don't think you could have done otherwise than let her dine with you. Augusta Ritchie does not understand how

²⁸⁰ A. L. V. G. may be remembering imperfectly. "Acrux", one of the stars of the Southern Cross, has been known since the 1680s to be double: it was the first double star observed (ed. 2016).

²⁸¹ Major-General Sir Trevor Chute KCB 1816 - 1886); led Imperial troops during the Second Taranaki War in New Zealand (ed. 2016).

²⁸² Fraulein von Weh, the first governess my children had - a German. A. J. G.

different a household in Italy is to one in England, nor how exceedingly difficult it would have been for you to have had the early dinner and the separate tea arrangements comfortably carried out. I should like to know what lessons the little girls are doing with their governess. Mrs Gedge's letter as I expected was delightful about Ned. She says that both in School and in the House, he is all that could be wished.

I am very sorry you have not yet let the Colombaja. The furnishing was accomplished at a wonderfully low rate, this little cottage with its four mites of rooms and babyhouse²⁸³ kitchen and servants' room, has not been furnished for less than £192. This comprises the electro plate and knives, the china and glass, the table covers, blankets, four pairs of window curtains, lamps, bedroom candlesticks &c, I brought from England. In fact everything there is in it, except sheets and the slender stock of house linen that remained from our home at the Zerbino, books and pictures. Compared to what you have achieved with something under f.8000,²⁸⁴ this is very high. We have had no carpets (p.271) to buy remember - only some strips for the bedrooms.

Saturday.

Another hot day - I am quite tired out. When it is hot here, it is hot: there is no denying it. We are much perplexed how to vary our food, having nothing but beef and mutton. Poultry is beyond us; fowls are 8 or 9 shillings per pair, and fish is scarce and bad. Butter is 2/3d per lb, and "pudding eggs" 18d per doz:²⁸⁵ so we have given both up. Mary is most excellent for frugality; and also for trying to do nice little things to please us. I have taught her a very nice ragout from Soyer's shilling cookery book,²⁸⁶ which utilizes all sorts of things. Also I have taught her a sort of "risotto" for consuming the cold mutton, which is very good considering it is made

²⁸³ In a later letter (starting p.304 of the typescript) it is made clear that the kitchen is separate from the main house. "Baby house" was a common 18th- and 19th-century expression for what we now call a dolls' house (ed. 2016).

²⁸⁴ Probably referring to French francs (then at about 25 to the £ sterling). The Piedmontese Lira was exchangeable at parity with the French franc, after Napoleon I's introduction of the Franc in all the French departments and provinces and closely connected Kingdoms: so probably ALVG is calling the new national lira (since 1861) by an old banking name as "f" or "fcs". (ed. 2016).

²⁸⁵ 2/3 is 2 shillings and 3 pence. 18d is 18 pence which is 1 shilling and 6 pence: "pudding eggs" baffles the editors (ed. 2016).

²⁸⁶ Alexis Soyer (1810 - 1858) celebrity chef, published "A Shilling Cookery Book for the People" in London in 1855 (ed. 2016).

without butter, cheese, or tomatoes. Dear Grettie is quite delighted with the fare I provide him. Our one expence is fruit. Very inferior kinds only are accessible to us out here - the best being carried into town - but we make the best of it, and this hot burning weather we always have a dish of stewed fruit for dinner. With slices of bread baked in the juice it becomes quite as nourishing as a substantial pudding. Little hard peaches, just such as in Genoa used to be thought dear at a centime each, we get for 4d a dozen. In private gardens the fruit is splendid. Mrs Manifold one day brought us a basket of peaches and apricots; the finest I have ever seen. Fredk. has little fruit unfortunately, in his grounds, except pears, and in these we have certainly revelled for the time they lasted. What fruit we buy is brought by the greengrocer three times a week in his cart. Figs are to be had in town but at the modest price of 4 shillings a dozen. Today some pine-apples were brought to the door and I purchased a nice one for 6d, but this was a rare chance. (p.272) In town however they may often be picked up at this price. They do not grow here; they come from Queensland and Sydney.

You will have seen from all my letters that I can hold out no encouragement to dear -----²⁸⁷ to come out. Everywhere one hears of nothing but ruined squatters, or of fine young men brought up in the Bush who are now wanting employment. -----'s²⁸⁸ affection for me is very charming. It is the thing I miss so much here. No one naturally enough cares much for us, but what is not natural - no one seems to care for any body else; there is no friendship, no leaning of the weak upon the strong, no kindly interchange of little services. There is not time or opportunity for this.

I was interrupted while writing this by a visit from Leader Stevenson the young man who was our fellow passenger in the "Norfolk". He came out as I told you, to an uncle in large business as a wholesale draper here, from his father who has a corresponding House in London. Both brothers are immensely rich - and this young Stevenson will be so also. I had not talked with him since we were on board ship, and am astonished in these three months and a half to find how he has deteriorated. He speaks loudly, bumptiously, and is altogether quite vulgar. I think I told you that the exclusives here, Mrs Williams at their head, will not admit people of the

²⁸⁷ Name written, then blanked out in the typescript (ed. 2016).

²⁸⁸ Presumably same name blanked out (ed. 2016).

Stevenson stamp into their circle. Since I have seen how this young man has fallen off I can make some allowances for the prejudice against his family. They must be intensely vulgar. Mrs Stevenson comes to Church in a splendid white silk, all piped and vandyked with green satin - that style of thing - money as it were, oozing from every pore. To turn young Stevenson's knowledge of business to account I asked him what the prospects of the squatters are. He says they are all more or less in great difficulties - some (p.273) quite insolvent - but that this would be the time for a man who could dispose of £2500 to come out and buy land and sheep very cheap and make a clear start. Sheep can now be bought at 2/6 each. But I don't imagine ---²⁸⁹ could ever get as much as that, even if the project were seriously supported. I have no doubt he could get on a station where he would have board and lodging and even £50 a year for his services; that, Signor Biagi the Italian Consul to whom I spoke in general terms of the opening here for active and resolute young Italians, with a knowledge of English, said he could answer for their obtaining. Signor Biagi called on me a month ago. He is a gentlemanly man - very pleased with the Colony.

The secret to be pleased with the colony is to be making money in it. I find out that everyone here more or less sub rosâ goes in for mining shares. Some of course lose their investments, but others make large fortunes by them. Since we came out here one man by a timely investment of £50 has cleared £2700. Another risked nine hundred in a newly found gold-field, and now receives £400 per month!! It is grand to hear Fred lecturing on the rashness and danger of mining speculations, while one knows through a little bird, that he has numbers of shares in the most promising companies. As soon as I have £20 that I can do what I like with, I will make a little venture with them without consulting Fred, who for consistency's sake would be obliged to dissuade me from it. I hope that I shall gain about this when I wind up the Borzino's pictures. It will be fairly earned for the trouble I have taken to get them disposed of. Their consignment was of the value of fcs 1000.

I am writing to poor Lizzy Griffith this mail. It is distressing to know what to say in the uncertainty. The dear old lady²⁹⁰ I almost hope to hear is released - and yet there will be a (p.274) pang in hearing she is gone. All her great affection for us, her

²⁸⁹ Presumably same named blanked out (ed. 2016).

²⁹⁰ Mrs Carson our Aunt. A. J. G.

nieces, and our children, comes back so strongly to me, and stirs me by its contrast to the want of love in the people here; if I sometimes forget the Stones I am speaking to and dwell a little on my love for the Lambs in Genoa, they look half wonderingly, half pityingly, half contemptuously on me. Dear Grettie is always very much excited when the letters come and is eager to hear them read. Then he gets melancholy and for a day or so we are both rather sad. Write to him sometimes. It pleases him so to get a letter all to himself. All the little anecdotes of the children you can think of are precious to me. Dearest Guy²⁹¹ will gradually develop into a higher nature. The love of feeding must be a propensity derived from Beatrice.²⁹²

Since my Christmas letter I have not been so inundated with new visitors. Some six or seven new sets of people have called, which is enough and more than enough, for some live at such distances that I have not yet returned their visit. I shall be anxious to know what clothes you send me. I shall soon be in extremis as regards evening dresses or coiffures. Mrs Williams gives a ball on the 11th of Feb; and the Duke of Edinburgh²⁹³ will be the occasion for one at Govt House. There was a great Ball last night at Brighton given by the Honourable Mr Bear, M.L.C. (Member Legislative Council or Upper House). Mrs Williams took George. Is it not insane giving balls in what corresponds to the Dog Days in Italy? My love to dear old Oyster. Tell him that Rug is a very pleasant, clean and gentlemanly dog. His love for me is very great. He follows me about, and comes and sits near me when in the house.

I have no black silk mantelet or jacket. If the box is not gone send me some covering for "mezza stagione" please. A black cashmere square (p.275) trimmed with Guipure²⁹⁴ would be as good as anything. Tessada²⁹⁵ has guipure at 5 francs per metre that would do. Do not be angry at my writing such a long letter - but it is such a pleasure to go on talking to you! By degrees I shall write less.

²⁹¹ Or Guido - my baby boy aged sixteen months. A. J. G.

²⁹² Beatrice is the wet nurse: she gets blamed for a lot (ed. 2016).

²⁹³ Queen Victoria's second son, then on the first royal tour of Australia (ed. 2016).

²⁹⁴ Lace ribbon: at that price it will have been machine-made. In Zola's "Au Bonheur des Dames" (1883), set in Paris in the late 1860s, Mme de Boves steals some handmade lace "volant" (wide ribbon) at a thousand francs a metre (ed. 2016).

²⁹⁵ Mrs Bury Palliser's "The History of Lace" 1911, p. 72, calls Tessada "the great lace fabricant of Genoa" (ed. 2016).

My love to Aunty, the Strettells, Mme Leupold, the Thompsons and all enquiring friends. Many "saluti" to the servants. Embrace the Lambs - Dearest Ned is just back at school.

Your loving old
RAVEN

--- new page in typescript ---

(p. 276)
EXTRACT

1869

Melbourne. Mar.

.....
I am getting quite reconciled now to the conviction that I might live here many years and never know any one better or care more for them more than I do now, with the one salient exception of Mrs Williams. I might make another though less marked exception in favour of Mrs Manifold, did she not live so far off, that I cannot get to her in the cheapest conveyance under four shillings. She is a gentle ladylike woman. They were very rich squatters once, but are now rather shorn of their beams.²⁹⁶ The eldest son lives up at the station and manages it; and the family live at Waiora on the Dandenong road, a pretty place they have bought four miles from here. It is a nice large colonial house, all on the ground floor, with broad Verandahs all overgrown with flowering creepers, and a vineyard with a shady pergola, and an orchard full of fruit trees. I went there a few days ago to luncheon, and in the afternoon Mrs Manifold brought me back in her carriage taking a round of several miles to enable me to return two visits which had been weighing on my mind. This was really kind and considerate. They also gave me a large basket of peaches and apricots, and bought the Borzino's Falconiere. Mrs Manifold is very charming with her sons and daughters. She has four. The eldest son lives mostly at the station, the second, Walter, is 19, he is to be a lawyer but cannot quite settle down to drudgery of the desk. One daughter is married to a squatter, half ruined by drought and the fall of wool, so they are living in a cottage near the Manifolds to look about them and wait for (p.277) better times. The young wife whom I had never seen before, was at her

²⁹⁶ "... as when the sun, new risen, / Looks through the horizontal misty air, / Shorn of his beams." Milton: Paradise Lost 1: 594 (ed. 2016).

mother's where she is to stay till her first confinement is over. Alice the unmarried daughter, a nice girl of 20, was busy making the baby clothes. The love between mother and daughters, the joy in the expectation of the baby, were charming to witness. It was so refreshing after the dress and ostentation and vulgarity and sham-grandeur of the Melbourne world. The father of the family is an old not very polished man, and effaces himself. Generally he is at the station. In the winter they all go down there to keep the eldest son company.

Mrs Manifold has given George a general invitation to go there any Saturday afternoon to stay dinner. When he can get away in time it will be a nice object for a walk for him. Through some passengers by the "Norfolk" she had heard, she told me, a most flattering report of him as the most dutiful and devoted son they had ever seen. He is certainly a very dear lad. He begins I think to feel less overpoweringly tired by his hard day's work, and comes home looking happy and calm, and enjoys his dinner and his book afterwards. On Sundays he generally lunches with the Williamses, and takes a walk with Hartley Williams afterwards. We like Hartley better and better. He is such an honourable, gentlemanlike, domestic, affectionate young fellow. The liking he has taken for George is a real blessing for me. I suppose a better friend than Hartley Williams could not anywhere be found for him. The Hornes spend too much; Hartley though making at the rate of £500 a year at the bar has none of the expensive tastes of the young men here. He means to keep his horse next year, but seems to care for no other outlay. He is also wonderfully abstemious; he never drinks brandy and soda, or all the other stimulating drinks which men here indulge in at all (p.278) hours of the day. The love of drink is one of the greatest blotches on colonial society. What the effects on the rising generation will be a quarter of a century will shew. The future fathers of the Australian race, for which such a proud prominence amongst the nations of the earth is prognosticated, have at twenty a jaded, weedy dissipated look, with little physical activity or power of endurance. A good walker is very rare, but they all ride.

You will be pleased to hear that the Borzino's pictures are becoming quite the fashion. I sent some to Adelaide to Mrs Colley to shew to her friends. She disposed of them at once and wrote for more, saying she considered herself a public benefactor in introducing such beautiful things into the country. Mrs Williams has taken them up, and Sir Redmond Barry has given them his warm approval. The shop

where they are now exhibited in handsome frames in town, is surrounded by an admiring crowd, and Watermann the proprietor who at first quite despaired of the sale, believes now that he shall make a very good thing of it, and has asked me to send for half a dozen for him of each subject. As he puts his own price on them, and frames them besides, no doubt he does make a good thing of it. As he accounts however very honestly every month for all he has sold and is ready with his payments, I am glad to have such a good medium for the Borzino's works.²⁹⁷

Dear Mrs Williams' large party was a fiasco. Out of 140 people invited through various causes only 70 came. It rained in cataracts, and all the hangings in the Verandah were drenched. I was well amused enough having pleasant talks with Sir James Palmer, Mr Candler (the coroner, he is the cleverest man here I think), Capt McMahon, a magistrate, also clever and a great traveller, and last but not least a long tête à tête with my Grandisonian Sir (p.279) Redmond, on the Caves of Elephanta, Indian art, Egyptian art, and so forth. He is of an amazing but ponderous erudition. To see him bowing and flourishing when addressing a lady, is quite a study of the last century. Jokes on his attentions are now universal. At least they are universally addressed to me - but I think people are a little too much in awe of the old knight to venture on quizzing him, so I hope our placid flirtation will go on undisturbed. He is much pleasanter to talk to than the matrons, or the middle-aged dancing men. It is a fact, a sad fact, that the vulgarity here lies chiefly amongst the men engaged in business. They are simply odious. The sense of being rich seems to inflate them, and renders them insupportably bumptious.

I went one day with Mrs Williams and Father Moore to visit the Convent of the Good Shepherd at Abbotsford on the banks of the Yarra. It is a noble institution for the recovery of poor, fallen women. There are but eight nuns, yet they contrive not only to manage, and teach and humanize 98 of the scourgings of Melbourne, but in a separate building in the same grounds, they bring up 120 orphan or deserted little children. Melbourne is rich in all benevolent institutions. It has a beautiful Asylum for the Blind which I am to be taken to see some day, another for the Deaf and Dumb,

²⁹⁷ These works are almost certainly lithographs made by Léopoldina Zanetti and printed in the lithographic works of her husband Ulisse Borzino (ed. 2016).

an Orphanage, a Lying-in Hospital, everything you can think of. All that the colony wants, Sir James Palmer and I summed up in one word: AMENITY.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.280)

1869

Address: National Bk of Australasia.
Melbourne. 27th March.

My very dear and pleasant Ned.

We have been made very glad, your cousin George and I, at good accounts of your progress at School which your dear Mamma sent us. As a proof of his satisfaction George begs your acceptance of the enclosed Post Office order for 10/-. I hope at midsummer to hear that you are again top of your class. I was very much pleased to get your nice letter from Genoa about dear Guido. He must be a dear little boy. Snowball is a pretty name for the cat.

I have been ill for nearly three weeks from the effects of a very dangerous accident. I was in a carriage with Mrs Wright. The coachman fell off the box in a fit of drunkenness. We were frightened, and jumped out. Mrs Wright cleared the wheels and got off with a sprained ankle, but your poor Aunt Amy was dragged for more than a quarter of a mile. It was through the great mercy of God that she was not killed. Two labourers stopped the horses just as the wheel was turning on my head. I was taken to Mrs Wright's house and had to stay ten days in bed, and then for a week more on the sofa, because I was much cut and bruised. Now I am quite well again. George was very much frightened at the danger I had been in.

Give my love to Mrs Gedge. Send me some news of all the Hepworths. Are any of the young ladies married? Do you ever see any of them? We wish very much to know.

Your aff.te Aunt
Amy.

--- new page in typescript ---

19 April.

The lovely weather you were having in London, my Adelia, was delightful to hear of, as was your sketch of the "Meet" at the Budds. I am so pleased you should have these glimpses, short as they are, into English country life. It is all so good for the children to hear. The dear old fellow looks very well in his carte²⁹⁸ - I embrace him although I know he will repulse me. No, by the bye, after such an event as that of the 5th of March he would have admitted there were sufficient grounds for it!

I think I have quite got over it now, except that I yet cannot kneel or press my knees on anything hard. They were so gashed and scraped it is only astonishing they are as they are. The left hand has two ugly scars, one across the knuckles, the other across the first joint of the little finger, and the finger itself cannot yet bend very well; but it is improving. On Friday I walked to South Yarra and back a mile each way; this is more than most colonial ladies can ever manage. A week ago I walked along the road over which I had been dragged - and I confess I felt very sick and awe stricken - for indeed it seemed miraculous how I could have gone for that distance over such rough stones, and not been cut and torn to pieces. I went to the cottage of the people who stopped the horses. The poor woman who had been the first to give the alarm told me she was hanging out some clothes to dry when looking down the hill she saw a carriage without a driver coming along at full speed, with what she took for a bundle of clothes hanging out between the wheels. As they came nearer the horses slackened their pace a little on account of the hill, and the two men ran down and stopped (p.282) them. My face was dragging on the ground and they thought I was killed. I see now that I must have fainted or been stunned some time before the horses were stopped, for long as the distance seemed, it yet would have been longer had I retained my consciousness all the time. Probably the strain on the nerves would have been too great, and I should have died from sheer terror had not this swoon mercifully come over me.

Is it not wonderful that I am perfectly free from headache or trembling, or nervousness of any kind, except when now and then a shuddering recollection of what I felt as I found myself borne along, unable to get free, darts over me? And I have got well too without all the adjuncts that when one possesses them, one is apt

²⁹⁸ Presumably, a "carte de visite" photograph (ed. 2016).

to think indispensable to a perfect recovery. I came home after 15 days by my own decided will, and rather against poor Fanny's wish, and Fred's also, they wished me to stay longer with them, but you know how when one is weak and languid, one longs to be quite unfettered by ceremony - it is always a difficult time for an invalid - too well to keep one's bed or the sofa all day - not well enough to mix with the family and do as others do.

So I came home; but then began that weary time of my poor George's tremendous work, and I used to sit, weak and sad, waiting dinner for him till 8 and 9. And I was very solitary too all day, for all the people had done their duty in calling to ask after me when I was in bed and not able to see them, and so now when I was up and wanted a little "società" there was none for me. True I was always pressed to walk over to see Fanny,²⁹⁹ the little distance to Brookville being just what I could manage; but to say the truth I had seen so much of the dear little woman while I was ill, that I thought for us both a little variety would have been desirable. But I did go, (p.283) almost every day for half an hour or so in the afternoon, always to find her pale and wearied-looking, slaving at her machine, making elaborate tucks in the children's drawers, or petticoats or frocks.

A greater martyr to a high but a mistaken or exaggerated sense of duty than Fanny Wright I never met with. I believe she is slowly killing herself from overexertion and neglect of her own health. Her day begins at eight when, dressed with great neatness she appears at the breakfast table. From then to one o'clock she seems never to sit down. She is in the kitchen, the store-room, the linen closet - the nursery, the poultry-yard; she fills the flower-vases in the drawing rooms, she arranges the clothes in the childrens' presses, she goes over every department of the different servants' work to see that all is in order - the lamps trimmed, the floors scrubbed, the furniture dusted. At one she sits down to luncheon, and the little boys come to her to repeat their spelling and little lessons which they have to prepare for the daily governess who comes from 2 to 4, and who in that time teaches the branches of a sound English Education and gives a music lesson to two boys of 8 and 6!!! After her luncheon she dresses herself for visitors and sits down to her machine, quite delighted if between two and six no visitors do come in, and she is left uninterrupted

²⁹⁹ Frances, née O'Halloran, 1839 - 1901, was eventually the mother of ten children (ed. 2016).

to her work. This work is carried on with an aching wearing pain in her right side which now rarely leaves night or day. Dr Wooldridge says it arises from congestion of the liver and that she ought to be a great deal in the open air and take walks. She certainly walks about the house, and it is a large one, all the morning, but unless she goes out to pay visits in a carriage, it is rare to get her away from her work till dark.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.284)

1869

16th May

My beloved Adelia

Your most agreeable letter of the 27th March arrived here on the 12th inst. I was very glad to know you were safe home again.³⁰⁰ I hope that dear old William will be all the better for the change. My heart feels very tenderly towards him as there are not many like him on this side of the world, so if he will permit the infliction of a sisterly embrace he may consider himself saluted. The accounts of Ned were indeed delightful. I am so pleased you should for once at least, have experienced the enjoyment of walking about Cheltenham with your little school-boy son. I used to think it very pleasant when I first went there with George. The promenade at Cheltenham is certainly a very pretty animated sight. It would seem like a glimpse of fairyland out here, for though Collins St. for breadth and the richness of its shops, may compare with some of the finest streets in London, the extraordinary vulgarity and flashiness of its promenaders at the fashionable hours, "doing the block"³⁰¹, give it a stamp peculiarly and unenviably its own. I never certainly saw plainer or more ungraceful women flaunting in rich dresses. Their walk, their carriage, their flat angular figures, the hard lines in their faces, their utter want of all flexibility, or grace, or tournure,³⁰² strike me quite as forcibly now as at first. Indeed more so for I did not

³⁰⁰ My husband and I had been in London to consult Doctors for his failing health. A. J. G.

³⁰¹ The Block Arcade, and the Royal Arcade, were at the centre of Melbourne's fashionable quarter. A. L. V. G.'s appears to be an early use of what became a common expression for visiting the area to see and be seen (ed. 2016)

³⁰² "tournure" (French): used here in the sense of "poise" (ed. 2016).

like to trust to my first impressions, or to take the people I first saw as types of the whole community.

Lucy wrote me a most charming description of her visit to London, and her bright picture of you was delightful. She gently reproached me for never having done justice to dear old Sam's intellect (p.285) while I dwelt on his goodness. Your picture I fear, from what both you and she say, is a failure. How strange, for certainly I was very difficult to take last summer. I was looking so ill and so tired. But then I begged Miss Walker to flatter me a little, and your injunctions to the contrary may have cramped her ardour. It is a great pity. Lucy thought you were in better looks even than in 1864. Is she not a surpassingly fascinating, glorious woman? Her letters are wonderfully tender and compendious. She seems in two sheets of note paper to touch on everything you wish to hear of, leaving a sense of comfort and satisfaction with every line.

I was so pleased and proud to find my suggestion about Ned's remaining at Cheltenham till the end of the year '71 had been already anticipated. Dear little Ned! when you take him down to Rugby you will find yourself amongst many friends. Guido's³⁰³ sad forgetfulness of his Mother distressed me. Poor little boy! is it from Beatrice that he has taken those low propensities which for the present seem to cloud his higher faculties? The extraordinary gustativeness is unlike his brother and sisters who were remarkably simple in their tastes and very small eaters. He must be very beautiful. Amy has long since I hope, received a letter from me. Indeed I fancied it was sent by the mail of the 2d Feb; but this could not be as you do not acknowledge it. George sent Ned 10/- on the 30th of March for which I fear he will get into disgrace with Mr Gedge.

The reason the dear little woman looked bulky was that an increase to the family is expected in August. Every mail does she write to me. I must now my child thank you fervently for the present of the grey satin, and for all the trouble you have taken in looking after and ordering my things. (p.286) They will be even more welcome and useful than I contemplated when I asked for them. With the two bonnets that are coming as patterns I shall be able to fabricate a year's supply. I have used up four since I came. I have not however expended a shilling in millinery out here. I brought

³⁰³ Aged eighteen months!! A. J. G.

three bonnets made by Emilie, and a little Parisian one that Augusta Ritchie procured for me in Paris, and a store of tulle, blonde &c, so when these wore out, or rather were faded and dusty, for wear and tear they had not been subjected to, I made others from them. I succeed very well, though very slowly and laboriously attaining my end.

Dearest Grettie I am thankful to say is quite well again, and the terrible anxiety under which I last wrote is lifted from my mind. Soon after the mail went out (on the 24th of April) Mr Priestly the accountant who is so much disliked, sent for him and offered him a week's holiday saying he was sorry to hear that he had not been well.

George wisely accepted the indulgence and went for six days to Colac to the Robertsons. He returned wonderfully braced up, and has since been very well, though for the first week after he came back, he was kept in as much as ever, not getting away for three nights till ten o'clock. Happily now there is a lull, and all last week except Monday, he came home comfortably to dinner. On Mondays they are generally kept in till eight or nine o'clock. It is no doubt a fine school for learning close application and punctuality, but it may be carried too far.

We have passed into cold weather. It came on suddenly at the end of April. The nights and mornings are really piercingly cold. The middle of the day, from 11 to 4 is generally warm, though not unpleasantly so. The mornings are often foggy, but that clears off before noon and then the day is brilliantly light. It is (p.287) certainly very fine bright weather now, but it does not bring with it that feeling of exhilaration I was led to expect, and which I certainly felt in October, when there were many days when I acknowledged the truth of Colonel Carey's (Robert Carey whom we met in London at Lord de Saumarez's, not General George Carey) comparison "that inhaling it was like drinking perpetual draughts of Champagne!!" On the contrary I have to battle in the morning against low spirits and a general sense of discouragement. This goes off after I have taken a good walk, a practise I keep up regularly - each day taking some visit to return as my object, and saving no end of money in carriage hire. I long to get the visits over, always feeling as if I had a weight on my shoulders - but I may as well get accustomed to it. The round will go on. If one but saw people one cared about, it would not signify, but they are certainly surpassingly tame and uninteresting females: and of men, alas! I rarely, very rarely, see one.

Fanny Wright gave her "At Home" on the 27th of April, the day after George started for Colac. I was of course obliged to go, but did not feel at all "en train".³⁰⁴ It was the first time I had been out since my accident and I felt bewildered at seeing so many people. Poor little Fanny was so worn out by the fatigue of her preparations that she could hardly crawl about the rooms. It will be a long time before she will give a party again I fear, for the poor little thing has broken down, and has at last been put under regular treatment. I am afraid the new doctor that at last - after four months of warning and entreaty, has been consulted - thinks seriously of her case. He has not pronounced any opinion yet, but from little things he has dropped I surmise he fears something is wrong internally. I told you how fruitless had been my advice about (p.288) the sewing-machine. The first thing almost the new doctor insisted upon was rest - no close application, no leaning over an embroidery frame - "Oh no", said Fanny, "I never sit over a frame, I only work at the machine". Upon this the man was really angry, and said he thought she would have had more common sense than to attempt such an injurious employment while suffering from the constant pain in her side that she had described to him. Like Gaiter he said that the irritation of the nerves, the vibration through the body, produced by these machines worked with the feet, were incalculably mischievous to delicate women. Fred had charged me not to tell the Doctor that Fanny worked at the Machine, when, in anticipation of our interview with the great man (which I was asked to support her through), I had foretold that he would certainly forbid it. The great Frederick said his reason was that the Doctor should not prejudge the case! Fanny was dreadfully sad at the prohibition. Penury seemed to stare her in the face at the expence it would involve, but she said she must work doubly hard at her needle to make up for it! He has so drilled the poor little thing into duteous and unquestioning economy at the sacrifice of her own time and ease, that she cannot be made to understand there is a higher duty in the preservation of her health for her children's sake.

There is the spirit of a martyr in that pretty little woman. Had she fallen into different hands, and had a wider education, she would have been a very fine character. Her impulses are generous and ladylike, but never having a sixpence her own disposal, and being obliged to submit all her bills to Fred's scrutiny, has almost

³⁰⁴ "en train" (French) "Up for it" (ed. 2016)

extinguished all spontaneity of thought, and completely so all freedom of action. She is a perfect housewifely machine - and a pretty machine too. All is in (p.289) order. You never surprise her untidily dressed or her hair disordered; a speck of dust, a rumpled curtain, a deranged door-mat, is never seen in her house; the children always come into the drawing-room for the quarter of an hour before dinner to see their father, with glossy hair and faultless turn-out. You cannot name a fish-sauce, or a spice, or a condiment that her well stocked store-room does not contain, everything being labelled on its own shelf, etc. All the household linen is weekly inspected and put away; all the children's clothes inspected and the chests of drawers in the nursery overhauled at stated times. All her husband's clothes kept in order and mended, all by the same unwearied hands. Poor little thing! It often makes me sad to see the deep black lines under her eyes, and the sharp thin cheeks, now pale, now flushed, an unmistakable expression of pain and weariness in her face, while I ask myself where it is all to end. Sometimes the pain in her side is so bad that the tears run down her cheeks; but she brushes them away, and rouses herself as it were anew to action. And her husband does not see that she is wearing herself away!! - Ah! well.

Where did I leave off? Oh, at her party - and then the week following came a large "At Home" at Govt. House in honour of the New Governor of South Australia, Sir James Fergusson, on a visit to the Manners-Suttons. It was a very good party as they certainly always are at Govt. House. I amused myself very well as I always kept with Mrs Williams, and so shared with her the little entourage of conversable men who gathered round her. Grettie enjoyed himself extremely. Sir James Fergusson and he were the only men in white waistcoats. Grettie had brought out a supply with him from London and always wore them, but was not of sufficient consequence to set the fashion. When (p.290) however the handsome and distingué young Governor appeared in one, the case was different, and at the Assembly ball which was given three evenings later, a host of imitations had sprung up. Grettie has become a subscriber to the Assembly balls. They wanted me to go to this last ball, but I respectfully declined. To Govt. House one must go, and I have no objection to it, as one sees everyone there is to see, and gets a little change of ideas - but that is enough for me. I have given my black velvet an airing, and have worn it at Fanny's, at Govt House, and lastly at a formal dinner-party at the Brights' last week.

Mr Bright is one of the leading merchants here, and is married to the Governor's eldest daughter, a plain and awkward looking but very amiable person. We brought an introduction to Mr Bright from either Mr Vivian or Mr Budd, but this was the first time on which his hospitality was extended to us. He cannot be said to be a courteous host; I was the only lady present who was a stranger to him, but he never addressed one word to me! It was a dreary dinner, very grand and unspeakably dull. Seven couples - The Honble William Degraives M.L.C. and his wife; Mr Goodman a rich something or other and his wife; Rev: Walter Fellows and his wife; the Great Frederick and little Fanny; Mr Manners-Sutton (the Governor's eldest son) and his sister. Mr and Mrs Bright, and Grettie and his mother. The Honble Mr Degraives is one of the richest and most vulgar men here. He is said to be worth half a million sterling. He has immense property in the town; as well as two or three large stations in the country, and does a large business besides in flour. He is a member of the Upper House. He has been more than twenty years in the colony and considers that Australia possesses finer mountain scenery than Switzerland! I was seated next him and drew him out (p.291) on all his colonial predilections. Mr Fellows is as deficient in ordinary politeness as he is in his duties as a clergyman.

.....
Mrs Williams I lunched with last week. From various causes I have not been able to go there for two or three Tuesdays, (her receiving day), but should we only see each other once a month that is far more than the average of friendly intercourse. Besides this, I had the pleasure, another afternoon, of going with her into town to see the Exhibition of Pictures which Sir Redmond Barry has been successful in getting together, in a large building annexed to the Public Library, used for public balls, International exhibitions and so forth. It has been open since the beginning of April but owing to Jessie's attack of diphtheria and their absence at Queenscliff, Mrs Williams had never yet visited it, and had thereby incurred the old Knight's displeasure. He wrote her two letters blaming her want of public spirit &c. So she wrote to tell him that she meant to go and see the pictures in Mrs Gretton's company on a certain Thursday. On these days the band of the 14th regt. plays from 2 to 4 and there is a great gathering of people. We went an hour earlier to look at the pictures without being inconvenienced by the crowd. A letter was handed to Mrs Williams by one of the officials. It was a closely written note of four pages from Sir Redmond apologizing for not being able to leave the sittings in Court and attend

upon her, but rejoicing she would view the collection "under the auspices of so accomplished a critic as Mrs Gretton". He then with grandisonian deference submitted various objects to our contemplation, which I am sorry to say we only very cursorily glanced at. Still for a young country it really was remarkable how such a large number of (p.292) pictures could have been got together; nine tenths of course were mere daubs, but here and there was a good landscape or a good copy. Many people have lent all their pictures for the two months the Exhibition remains open.

After our inspection, as the building began to fill, we sat down and looked at the crowd, agreeing as to the singular want of beauty in the Melbourne women. All the fashionables were there, and a great number of parvenues - these last surpassing all others in the expensiveness of their get up. There were several rich satin dresses, some velvets (not velveteen) brocaded silks, &c, and a great number of very handsome black velvet jackets and paletots,³⁰⁵ which must have cost 15 or 20 guineas each. But Oh! the clumsiness with which they were worn, the incongruity between the wearers and the raiment! Mr O'Leary a handsome young Irish barrister, brother-in-law of the O'Donaghue, so well known in the House of Commons; Mr Candler, the clever witty coroner; and Father Moore found us out and made conversation with us. The latter we were rejoiced to see, for owing, he alleges, to his multiplying avocations (Mrs Williams suspects to some hint against too much frequenting of Protestant society) he now very rarely goes there, instead of dropping in and out continually in a charming easy way which was agreeable both to the Judge and herself. As for me I never had seen him at all for more than three months, though he had written two or three notes of enquiry, protesting he would call the first moment he had leisure. We suppose that he shewed too openly how much he enjoyed talking to us, and that as he did not make converts of us (he was far too sensible to attempt controversy and talked in a bright, genial, clever strain on general subjects), that the R.C. Bishop, who is as prejudiced on his side as Dr Perry, may have fancied it was an (p.293) intimacy to be discouraged. At the Exhibition we both fancied there was a shade of constraint in his manner though he evidently enjoyed the talk. He dresses just like an English High Church clergyman, his clothes evidently London made.

³⁰⁵ A paletot is a three-quarters length coat worn over a dress (ed. 2016).

O'Leary is a very handsome young fellow. He is placed by his friends under Father Moore's wing, and seems to have the same sort of feeling for him that George has for his Rugby masters. He was brought up in his seminary where Father Moore was one of the Professors. He told me he loved and trusted him almost more than anyone in the world. I fear however that he gives his old tutor some trouble. He was sent out by his friends to become steady, under the delusion that people in England have, respecting the virtuous influences of the colony. I think I told you what Father Moore's opinion is: that owing to the want of sociable visiting, this is one of the most dangerous places for young men he has yet been in. He described the dancing saloons to Mrs Williams as most attractive; nothing indecorous to meet the eye, and the women who resort to them as a rule more graceful and more interesting than the respectable Melbourne young ladies. They are mostly, or have been, governesses: poor souls!

Adieu my precious child. Greet all my friends - Aunty, Emilius, Carolus, good Virginie, Mario, the Strettells, Edith Leupold and her Baby, Alice Kirby, the Browns, and the good menials.

(no signature in typescript. ed. 2016).

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.294)

1869

1st Nov.

My beloved Adelia

On Tuesday 26th October we got our letters. Dear old Aunt Eliza's release from that long trial, so meekly and beautifully borne, was not, could not be a grief; and yet, just as you describe it, I feel a loneliness in the thought that one who loved us so much and who had loved and known all those so dear to us who are gone before, is no longer with us. There being no one here who knew her or cared for her, whom I could talk to about her, is very wretched. The Wrights utter some platitudes about "the last link with the past generation being severed, their father's last remaining sister gone" etc, but of course they cannot be expected to take any interest in my reminiscences of the dear loving old lady, of whom as George and I agreed, one cannot recall a single word that was not full of love, nor a single action

that was not kind or self-denying. After all to leave such a memory as that behind one is better than the most cultivated intellect, or the brightest genius. Poor Lizzie's simple account of her mother's sufferings, and the love that she felt for her, did however impress the Wrights. They seemed to think such a constancy of affection, not shaken by such a long and latterly so painful and distressing an illness, was almost superhuman. I don't think deep love is a growth of these colonies.

I hope to hear the Griffiths been away for change of air, and I look forward with hope to their passing some happy years together now. If ever two human beings seem to have earned a title to peace and comfort, it is they. Your accounts of William are on the whole satisfactory; of the lambs charming. Ned is very high up for his age; 3d in the second (p.295) class is excellent. The little girls will have a chance now of being well educated under male supervision. I am very much pleased at the School plan. It will be an immense relief to you to be quit of governesses. Guido will no doubt develop into a charming fellow though at present he is undoubtedly crochety and perverse. Teething must be at the bottom of it. I am not going into deep mourning, it would be a mockery, and in this climate, at this season, a needless suffering; but I have bought a very nice black crêpe lisse bonnet with jet flowers, and this with my Genoa black silk dress and paletot, both as good as new, and black gloves and veil, makes a very neat walking suit. For the house I have one or two second-best black silk skirts and white Garibaldis³⁰⁶ with black ribbons and for the morning black and white prints.

Dearest Grettie is looking splendid; you would be proud of your handsome nephew I am sure. For more than three weeks he kept up persistently in "training" for the Athletic Sports which are to come off on the 23d of this month. He gets up every morning at 5 and walks and runs a given distance. He comes home, back to bed for twenty minutes, then has his bath and dresses, and breakfasts at eight. Before going out early in the morning he has the yolk of an egg. For breakfast beefsteak or mutton - the same at one o'clock, the same for dinner at half past six. He walks at least 12 miles every day. He never smokes, or takes anything but half a pint of ale at lunch, and half a bottle of Colonial Burgundy³⁰⁷ at dinner. He goes to bed at 9. He is in high

³⁰⁶ A shirt-waisted blouse, with a high neck, full sleeves and tight cuffs (ed. 2016).

³⁰⁷ The vineyards of McLaren Vale and the Barossa Valley are both within a few miles of Adelaide (ed. 2016).

spirits, and has certainly not looked so healthy or as strong since he was a school-boy. I hope he will distinguish himself in the races, for it will then stimulate him to go in for them next time (they are held every half year) - and there could (p.296) not surely be a healthier or safer excitement and occupation for him. He was getting a little restless just before he took this into his head; the interest of his little love affair with the Island-Child³⁰⁸ being over, he seemed terribly in want of something to engage his attention. The fearful dullness of this place in all that concerns real sociability had never been so apparent to me as about a month ago, when I used to see the poor fellow so much in want of a "svagation".

6th Nov.

My letter has been retarded by three days of intense and overpowering heat which at the last fairly exhausted me. Violent gusts of rain and a cold wind have succeeded to this tropical temperature, and after sleeping, or trying to sleep, with every door and window open, we are now well wrapped up and have two or three blankets on our beds. This is a sample of what it is supposed this summer will be. The dreaded drought was dispelled before last mail went out, if I mistake not. Since then a great quantity of rain has fallen, and in some parts of the country there have been heavy floods: but on the whole the benefit has been immense. A rainy summer is now expected, of which this last week's weather is a sample; sharp alternations of intense moist heat, and rain and cold such as I have described. It is wonderful that these rapid changes do not bring on sudden illnesses; true, bronchitis is very prevalent and carries off many children, but that all sorts of diseases do not prevail is a never ceasing surprise and cause of thankfulness to me. Of course the climate tells upon one. It is impossible to be let down to the last stage of languor and exhaustion with the glass in the shade at 85 (in a month corresponding to May in Europe), and then strung up again (p.297) by a sharp keen wind, without feeling the effects of such sudden changes. At the close of the third day George was quite disturbed at my drawn haggard face; I felt as if every nerve were being dragged down, and my complexion was white streaked with violet; but two or three hours of the south wind quite revived me, though the good looks of a month ago are not proof

³⁰⁸ There is just enough in the letter of 29 January 1869 to make one wonder whether this might be the New Zealand-born Lady Chute (ed. 2016).

to these vicissitudes. But as every body's face more or less is marked and furrowed, it matters little.

.....
The Williams like their new house "Greylings" very much: it costs £200 a year, unfurnished; it is two-storied, with a verandah to each storey, and stands in a nice garden. But a great drawback in the lowness of the rooms, and in the upper floor where the bedrooms are, they find the heat already intense, the roof is of corrugated iron, and between that and their heads there are no rafters, nothing but white canvass to simulate a ceiling. When I went up on Tuesday to take off my bonnet I felt as if a hot iron were being held over my head. It is almost passing belief that British contempt for adaptation to the requirements of climate should be carried to such a pitch as is displayed in Australian domestic architecture. To roof a room about nine feet high with iron, on which the full blaze of the sun pours down, is an achievement only surpassed by the endurance with which it is borne. Our little kitchen is about twelve feet high but last summer poor Mary the First suffered so much from the iron roof that I have gone to the expense of £5 for having a ceiling of rafters, nicely whitewashed, laid beneath it. For this Mary the Second, daily expresses her thanks and gratitude. She is a good girl and if her health but keeps up tolerably, I trust she may remain with me some time.

.....
I have really nothing new to tell you. Of the male species I have seen no one (p.298) except on one Tuesday at Mrs Williams, Father Moore for half an hour. He looked ill, and his conversation or rather his discourse for he talked and we listened, turned on the unhappiness he felt in seeing so many young men going to ruin here for the want of respectable society and decent amusements. He almost cried about it. I suppose he was thinking of his former pupil poor O'Leary. Accustomed as he has been to most of the capitals of Europe, nothing equals, he declares, the gross depravity of Melbourne. Mrs Williams' other visitors on these three Tuesdays have been women (if I were speaking to a colonist I should say ladies, there no women here!) and such dressed up sticks as you never saw. They all come in great pomp to pay their respects to her in her new house; many too call for the first time, on her coming to reside in their neighbourhood.

(p.299)
EXTRACT

1869

Melbourne.

.....
Little Amy is very kind to send a friendly pat to Ruggles, but she will almost be as sorry to hear as I am to tell it, that he has proved a faithless and wayward dog. He has given his mistress much pain and mortification. On the 21st of July he disappeared. As we were accustomed to his making short absences occasionally, we were not uneasy till 24 hours had passed; after that every means was tried of tracing him. The Toorak police were apprised of my loss, an advertisement with a description of the little runaway was put into the "Argus", and every advertisement relating to "Dogs Found" was carefully answered. Twice did Mary make long expeditions to see whether she could identify him, and George sent to all the dog-fanciers in the town on his behalf. We lastly doubled the reward first offered, and a second advertisement ten days after the first produced his restitution. A countryman brought him to the Bank in a cart, tied up in a bag. George paid the half sovereign, received the little dog with great affection and brought him home. I need not describe my joy, but I soon noticed that Ruggles was not himself. He looked thin and dirty; that was not to be wondered at, but his beautiful eyes had lost their bright loving look, and were dull and down-cast, nor did he seem particularly glad to be at home again. At bed-time however I took him up to his own little barrel, and as he curled himself up in the hay and licked my hand he seemed very happy, and I thought the next morning he would come pattering to my door as bright and joyous as before his mysterious absence. But alas! the next morning he was gone. He had deliberately dug (p.300) a hole under the garden fence, and taken himself off. He must have risen before daybreak to carry out his purpose. Had he left me at the time of Toby's first introduction into the family when he suffered so acutely from jealousy, this proceeding would have at least been explicable, but to turn his back on home and friends, biped and quadruped, when all was peace and friendship, this is strange indeed.

.....
I have only seen Mrs Williams for a few minutes since her return. I was to have come there to spend the day yesterday but was prevented by the rain. She has enjoyed her six weeks at Sydney exceedingly. At Government House she was received as an honoured guest by Lord and Lady Belmore, and called upon the next day by all the Sydney fashionables. All the law dignitaries were of course full of attentions to her. The scenery of Sydney she describes as lovely. The town and suburbs lie along the sea, jutting out into the most picturesque headlands and green to the water's edge. The sea is a sparkling blue, and the shipping in the magnificent bay, with a semicircle of hills in the background, make up a scene not unworthy of Italy. In this she justly says lies the great superiority to Melbourne.

Here, what does one profit by being near the sea? Except on the heights some miles away from the town it does not come into the range of view and then owing to this being a landlocked harbour (the finest it is said in the world, forty miles long from the Heads up to Melbourne) we have no range of seaboard. The ships all lie in the docks closely jammed together and are towed out to sea by steam tugs. The chief docks are at Sandridge, the Blackwall of this hemisphere, about ten minutes by rail from Melbourne. Except once when we went to drive with the Bances in January last at Brighton and another time when I drove with Fanny to call on Mrs Cole at her place in the same neighbourhood, I have not seen the sea since I landed, except from a great distance. And even from Brighton which colonists rave about as the perfection of marine settlements, the view has no grandeur because narrowed and (p.302) compassed by a low range of sandhills which form the opposite line of coast, and shut in the famous Port Phillip Bay.

In point of life, energy, prosperity Melbourne is far ahead of Sydney. No doubt this will be the New York of the South, and soon equal to its prototype. It is curious on taking up the "Argus" in the morning (there are many other papers published, the Herald, Age, Daily Telegraph, &c, but the Argus is the most respectable by far); to see the various places that ships have come in from the previous twenty four hours. London, Glasgow, New York, Calcutta, Mauritius, Fou-chow-foo, New Zealand, The Fiji islands - I have seen all these in one shipping news list. In simplicity of dress and

manners, according to Mrs Williams, the Sydney people might give Melbourne a lesson. Expensive dinner parties are very rare, and much friendly visiting goes on with no accessories but tea, coffee and bread and butter. But in intellect and culture, and all that sort of thing, she saw no difference to the society here. It is a pity that these off-shoots of the Anglo-Saxon race should have so little that is lovely, or winning, or interesting about them.

Mrs Williams has not yet seen her Madonna;³⁰⁹ Fred is so profoundly impressed by it that I am sure it has had a most salutary effect upon him. His respect and admiration for my talents are once more unbounded. Sir Redmond Barry came up one Sunday to call upon me and see it, and I have had two Sunday visits during the past six weeks from Hartley. These have been my only male visitors. Of female I have not had many, for I let all my visits fall into arrears while I was painting and I have been slowly paying them off since the picture was finished. But to say the truth the people are so uninteresting it does not brighten one up to see them often.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.303)

1869

Melbourne

.....
Last Friday the 3rd we went to a dinner party at the Simsons. They are very rich parvenus. We brought them letters from Mr Vivian, but with the exception of a croquet-luncheon party, they had not shewn us any attention. I felt very much inclined to refuse, but then I thought it would be giving ourselves airs. All the guests were rich and vulgar; the table really groaned under the weight of rich silver épergnes³¹⁰ and flower stands, and the dinner comprised everything that could be obtained for money. I sat next a Mr Blackwood a merchant whose income is said to be immense. He related to me with complacency his recent travels in Europe, amongst other things his visit to the plains of Waterloo, enquiring whether I had ever read an account of the battle?!!! ... Grettie has been to one evening party during this month - so much for our gaieties.

³⁰⁹ A picture my sister was painting for her. A. J. G.

³¹⁰ "épergne" (French): ornamental centrepiece for a dining table (ed. 2016).

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.304)

1870

Melbourne,
September 1870.

.....
Dearest Grettie will go on circuit some time in October. He will wear a black gown and white bands in Court but no wig. He will look like a young Daniel come to judgement!³¹¹ He is inexpressibly gentle, domestic, affectionate, cheerful and yet full of reflection and prudence. I enjoy so much this quiet time at home with him, hearing him read out, looking over his French exercises and so forth. Every morning by seven precisely he is at work. His bedroom with the addition of a large solid davenport and a nice étagère for books, is very nice and comfortable. He appreciates it all and is so contented. It is good for us all no doubt to be tried, were it only for the intense thankfulness one feels when the weight of care and disappointment and apprehension is removed. Certainly as the Americans would say we had a bad time of it since January. I often draw a long breath and wonder where the load is gone that used to weigh me down. If all be well I look hopefully to seeing you all in two years and that is but one year beyond the three we talked of we left. Dearest Grettie says he wishes me to go home then for a while. He is certainly a most dear loving son.

.....
After I wrote you last I had a very tiresome and harassing fortnight for Mary was laid up with a bad knee; the treatment pursued by Dr Wooldridge made her quite ill, and the girl we got in to assist was so helpless that I had everything to see after and almost everything to do. From morning to night I was on my feet. I had to lay the breakfast, to go down into the kitchen (it is built out at the back of the house, and is communicated with by a (p.305) little porch and three or four steps) to boil the eggs, make the tea and so forth. Then I helped the creature make the beds, and gave the dogs their food, and made beef tea for Mary and urged on the wretched

³¹¹ George, after being in a Bank where he worked hard at uncongenial work, obtained the excellent appointment of Judge's Associate to Sir Redmond Barry. A. J. G. He was Clerk of the Court when Barry tried Ned Kelly, and was attacked by Kelly at the end of the trial (ed. 2016).

Marchioness, till I was hardly able to stand. A sudden burst of hot wind had set in, and the weather was most exhausting. However things have mended. Mary is about again, and the unnatural heat and threatened drought have been exchanged for keen cold winds and torrents of rain.

All would be quite couleur de rose again in the little establishment if it had not been saddened by the death of our dear Toby, the young Kangaroo dog³¹² which George brought, when a sucking puppy at the end of April, from Colac. He died nearly three weeks ago of congestion of the lungs; he was only ill three days and we had no suspicion he was in immediate danger. Indeed we fancied he was a little better the night before he died when we went to look at him the last thing. But early in the morning we found him lying dead, dear old fellow, and Tiny, his inseparable companion, sitting on him, licking his face. He was growing into a magnificent dog, and he was such an affectionate, obedient, playful creature, that every day one loved him more. What with his death, and my poor Ruggles' faithlessness, I have been very much cut up. Once since I wrote to you has Ruggles been seen. George came upon him on Sunday, in a road not far from this; he was in the midst of a company of disreputable dogs and though he knew George and wagged his tail at seeing him, he refused point blank to follow him home. We must get another puppy soon for I miss the motive for taking a little walk in the morning which used to circulate my blood and make me feel well for the rest of day. It was a great pleasure when I had the three dogs to see their joy when I called them to come out - no (p.306) schoolboys were ever more glad to rush out into the playground, and though I grieved long for Ruggles, yet Toby was getting so bright and pleasant he would not let me be sad.

Mary's illness threw me back with my picture, and it was not till Saturday the 4th September, our Grettie's birthday, that it was finished. It has given me a great deal of trouble, but it is a good copy enough. Lady Manners Sutton asked if she might come to see it. This was when I was calling there last Friday, so now every day I have to be sitting with the house in its best array in expectation of her visit. As the Governor's wife pays no visits this is rather a sensational honour. I must say I like her better and better each time I see her, but I do not talk to people here of how much we are asked there or of her extreme friendliness - so different from her

³¹² A working dog for hunting; greyhound-deerhound cross (ed. 2016).

chilling manner in public - for it would only make us enemies. When nobody is present but themselves, the aid-de-camp and me, the family permit themselves little jokes about the Colony; but they are terribly afraid that anything they say should be repeated, and I am conjured to be silent. They take great interest in my dogs. The sad desertion of his home and his dear Mistress, by poor misguided Ruggles is a fertile theme of conversation.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.307)
EXTRACT

1871

Melbourne.

.....
About George I am a little sad, as you may perceive, for he is certainly far from strong. Great care, great attention to diet, &c, keep him, humanly speaking, from falling altogether ill, but well he is not, nor has been since February. A fortnight's change of air and complete rest would no doubt set him up, but that fortnight he cannot get. His work at the Supreme Court is likely to be increased by the circumstance of Sir William Stawell, the Chief Justice, having asked for six months' sick leave, during which Sir Redmond is to take his office.

.....
His appetite is still very good, but he cannot digest any cold meat, or made dishes or pastry. He dines off roast meat, or rump steak or mutton chops, and roast apples for "dolce" - Or he begins dinner with a little soup or Macaroni. There must be something unhealthy in the weather. Jessie Williams has been laid up with neuralgia and cough and cannot regain her strength - but then I think they keep their house too hot. I almost faint when I go there. The people here keep as many fires this mild winter as in more severe ones. They follow the season, not the temperature.

I had almost forgotten the Dog - I am happy to say that I think he will recover - he has been ill more than four weeks, and has gone through all the phases of Distemper as laid down in two books on Dog diseases, one allo- and the other homeo-pathic. After serious deliberation we decided on treating Tom according to Homeopathy and procured the medicines used by homeopathic Veterinarians from the Chemist's. The tinctures are all N° 2 and are administered in strong doses, three

drops at a time. I think Tom is out of danger, but It will go on three or four weeks longer. (p.308) It is very like a low fever in the human being. George has been tender to him, getting up at night when he was at the worst to give him food or medicine, for his strength had to be carefully kept up. He is a dear dog, very intelligent, large and loving. He is like the ever lamented Tom Brown at Rugby.

My love to the dear Lambs - All four will be with you I hope when this reaches you. Remember me to Miss Hall. I embrace the dear Oyster in spite of his resistance, and am

Your old

RAVEN-FRIEND

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.309)

1871

Melbourne.
Rugby Cottage.
21st March.

My beloved Algernon

Your two agreeable and affectionate letters of January 1st and 29th arrived together on the 15th inst. I am very glad indeed the boys³¹³ were better. I hope the asses' milk and the sunshine combined will have quite cured their coughs before your February letter started; and that the softness of the spring may make up for the intense severity of the winter. When I read of such bitter cold and remember how I always paid my tribute to it by a most heavy cold and cough, I feel it is unreasonable to grumble against this climate in its ordinary aspect; such as this past summer has shewn for instance. Last month when I wrote (end of Feb:) I was a little out of spirits, for we were having some close oppressive days and George was rather knocked up by them - not ill, but looking rather yellow and out of sorts. The weather changed almost immediately after the mail went out, and has been beautiful ever since - a sort of Autumnal freshness in the air, with cold nights and cold mornings which are very invigorating. The last day or so it has been quite wintry with heavy rains, indicating an early break up of the season.

³¹³ Her brother Algie's boys, Hal and Claude. A. J.G.

George is quite brisk, and busy as a bee copying the notes Sir Redmond has taken in court to supply the attorney - the greater the number of cases, the greater George's profits. As great dispatch is necessary he has to sit up till one or two in the morning working at them. This demand comes once in three months after the Civil Sittings (at least so I fancy they are termed), and the press of copying lasts about ten days. (p.310) He would be well pleased to have more of it. His fine hand is much appreciated. Sir Redmond often gives him his own correspondence on business unconnected with Law, such as the University or Public Library, to copy out, apologising for it on the grounds that he does his own peculiar duties so efficiently and writes such an excellent hand that he is tempted to encroach on him. The dear child is inexpressibly dear and sensible and good. His chief friend now is Tom a'Beckett,³¹⁴ aged 32, a rising and clever barrister, married and father of two fine children. His wife is pretty woman, daughter of the Attorney General Mr Michie. Not that Hartley Williams has in any way ceased to be George's friend, but he is naturally absorbed now in wedded bliss, while Tom a'Beckett though a most domestic affectionate husband, has outlived the first engouement³¹⁵ of which Hartley is an amusing instance. His whole talk, George says, is about his happiness.

I fancy Tom a'Beckett, like the Michie family, would like George as a relative; they all have such a high opinion of him and think him so likely to get on. Tom a'Beckett tells him that he does his work in Court to general satisfaction, and reads the declarations &c with clearness and emphasis. Janet Michie, familiarly known as "Toodie" is about 22 - very pretty certainly, but utterly without expression. She is the one I believe intended for George. Lady Canterbury hinted it would be a very suitable match by the way - but "Barkis is not willing".³¹⁶ His friend in the family is Polly, the eldest sister, about 30, quite faded and *passée* as girls of that age look here, but goodnatured and with more brains than the generality. She and her sister Mrs a'Beckett are the two clever ones of the family and take most after their father. Archie, the Associate, is good and steady, but a sad donkey. His mistakes almost drive the Chief Justice wild. He was married on the 2nd of March and tonight, 21st, appears with his bride at a large Assembly Ball.

³¹⁴ The son of a prominent lawyer in Victoria, and the nephew of one of the founders of "Punch" in London (ed. 2016).

³¹⁵ "engouement" (French): the state of being entirely focused on or "wrapped up in" someone (ed. 2016).

³¹⁶ "Barkis is willing" from Charles Dickens "David Copperfield" 1850 (ed. 2016).

These Melbourne people have such a love for gaiety that they do not even care to (p.311) sacrifice a ball to the retirement of their honeymoon; and yet with all this zest for dancing the national peculiarities are not lost. As Mrs Ward, a rather brilliant fashionable woman, wife of Colonel Ward, Master of the Mint, lately come out, observed the other night at Toorak while we were looking at the grave imperturbable faces whirling past - "if it be true that the English nation takes its pleasures sadly, how can one find language to describe the lugubriousness with which its offshoots in this colony enjoy themselves?" Anthony Trollope is coming out soon - Oh I hope he will have courage and paint them to the life! What will it signify to him if he makes enemies? And hearing the truth about their failings and peculiarities is the only way to save the Victorians from permanent conceit and unimprovability. My son,³¹⁷ I rejoice to hear of your pretty wife's long walks - it must gladden your heart to see her so strong and so comely. Your party on New Year's Eve was very nice. No one took their pleasure sadly there I fancy. Havilland has your own and his dear Nonno's good memory. Papa could recite for hours. It is a gift of very great value, and you are quite right to cultivate it. Dr Temple used to say that learning by heart was the best foundation for a child's school career. He himself has a memory of iron.

Poor dear Rugby seems going to the dogs under Dr Hayman.³¹⁸ How the trustees could ever appoint a man to such a post, who, as Head Master of the Grammar School in Cheltenham, was a complete nonentity, is an instance of how prejudice can warp men's judgement. The trustees of Rugby (12 noblemen and gentlemen of the county of Warwick) are all High Church and conservatives and to these principles the school has been sacrificed. Lee Warner by this last mail writes in perfect despair about it. It will probably end by all the (p.312) masters except Mr Burrows (a very dear gentlemanlike old régime Tory whom I have often had assigned me as my companion at a dinner party) resigning en masse. They are furious at Mr Scott and Mr Robertson's having been dismissed, and at Dr Hayman's refusing to assign his reasons for it. No doubt if compelled to do so, he will assign them to religious grounds. Mr Robertson I know was considered very Broad Church - but if ever there was a man earnestly pious and a follower of Christ in his blameless life, his tender care of the boys - his prayerful zeal for them when sick - his sympathy in all the trials

³¹⁷ Algernon is of course her brother. (ed. 2016).

³¹⁸ Dr Hayman was appointed from Bradfield College, in 1870. The Trustees dismissed him in 1874 (ed. 2016).

and aspirations of youth - that was the late Tutor of the School-House. Himself the son of a widow, and profoundly attached to his mother's memory, he had a singular belief in, and respect for, every mother's influence; and followed in Dr Temple's steps in inculcating filial reverence. To that spirit in Rugby I think - under Providence, I may trace a part at least of George's great tenderness and devotion to me. An undutiful son in Rugby was unknown. Will it be so now that all "Temple's men" are being driven away? Mr Scott's orthodoxy was unimpeachable. What he has been dismissed for, except being universally respected and Mr Robertson's colleague as School-House tutor, I cannot imagine.

The telegrams have brought us to³¹⁹ the capitulation of Paris,³²⁰ or rather to the convocation of the National Assembly and the rumours of the possible election of an Orleans Prince. The offering of the crown to the King of the Belgians I see is hinted at. It would be a grand solution of one vexed question, but it would add another to the rival families to dispute the throne. The noble charities of the English nation make one's eyes glisten. By October we hope to have the telegraph in working order between this (p.313) and England.³²¹ It will bridge over the distance wonderfully. It will bring us within less than 24 hours.

Yesterday at Toorak we saw Sir James Fergusson, who stopped there for two days on his way back in all haste from Tasmania to his Government in Adelaide, his proposed stay with the Canterburys being cut short by the clamours of the South Australians for their Governor's presence in face of the danger with which these colonies are threatened, by a filibustering expedition from the United States.³²² Sir James seemed very irate on the subject and said the communication ought never to have been made public. It had leaked out in some way from the Sydney Government and been eagerly published by the papers. He has no belief in it himself, though it is true that a warning to that effect has been received from the English Government.

³¹⁹ *Sic*: perhaps for "to us" (ed. 2016).

³²⁰ Franco-Prussian War 1870 -71

³²¹ From Darwin to Java in November 1871, and from Darwin to Adelaide in the course of 1872 (ed. 2016).

³²² There were unfounded rumours of an unauthorised insurrectionary expedition originating from the United States, against the Australian colonies. This, echoing the aborted incursion into Canada in 1866, may have been a Fenian plot to spark an insurrection among Australia's large Irish population (ed. 2016).

People take the thing very coolly here - I believe some batteries at the Heads (the entrance to Port Philip harbour) are in readiness, having been prepared some months ago in the panic when the war first broke out, but the "Cerberus" which is to render the harbour impregnable is yet on her slow way out. Bringing her out at all is a work of great danger for she is a twin ship of the poor "Captain"³²³ and most unsafe to navigate.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.314)

1871

Melbourne.
June.

My dearest Adelia,

Your agreeable letter of 23rd April arrived here on the 6th of June, and two days later the case of presents was got through the Custom House and safely deposited at Rugby Cottage. Its contents gave unqualified satisfaction. Every thing is charming and most useful. Your velvet bonnet is very handsome, I only hope we may have some cold weather to enable me to wear it. As yet it is so mild and so oppressive that I can only bear the lightest kind of bonnets. I went out yesterday to pay some visits in Aunty's pretty mauve. The consumption of bonnets with me is so fearful that these two come in most apropos. Sun, dust, and damp make fearful inroads on them. In point of fashion Melbourne is not behindhand - bonnets just the shape of these have been in wear here for months and months, only there is always a disposition to overload and overdecorate. Such a bonnet as your black velvet would cost 3 1/2 guineas at the least, and Aunty's mauve would be about 2 1/2 if they had come out by the Mail. Aunty's dress is a sweet colour and make; and your dressing-gown has quite a regal aspect. I need hardly say I shall wear it as a morning dress: it has come to fill a pressing deficiency in my wardrobe.

Dearest Grettie was delighted with the gold chain; he did so want one, poor old fellow, and yet so persisted in denying it to himself, that no gift was ever more

³²³ HMS "Captain" was a battleship put in service in April 1870 whose design faults caused her to capsize and sink in the English Channel in September 1870. The "Cerberus" was not her twin, but a ship half her weight designed for harbour defence in the Empire (one of the class at Bombay, one at Melbourne) (ed. 2016).

welcome or more deserved. I have been very anxious about him all these past weeks since the last mail went out. The weather has been so mild, so heavy and so relaxing and so much low fever has been - and still is - prevailing, that (p.315) while I see him looking sallow and languid I cannot feel at rest. Still I know that he has no positive ailment - it is simply a want of cold bracing weather. If we get but a day of tolerably cold crisp temperature (we had a few such days in April) his colour comes back, his spirits mount, and he is quite bright and lively again. To give you an idea of how unseasonably mild the weather is, we have had no fires as yet. Once in April it was cold enough to need one, and once on the 31st of May. Today it was so very damp I had one to dry the house as it were (it is so small that the warmth diffuses itself from the fireplace in the drawing room over the whole tenement) but it is not positively cold. I fear sometimes it is going to be a mild rainy winter; old colonists say that a cool summer such as we have had this year, is often followed up by an unhealthy winter. The colonists pur sang are astonished at my complaining of its not being cold enough; they go about with fur muffs, palatines and cuffs and sit at home over the fire shivering; but then you know they are the same people who with the glass at 90 in the shade dine under a flaming gaselier, with thick carpets on the floor and moreen curtains to the windows. They are an effete race - the men sallow and reedy, with deep lines in their faces; the women without busts or roundness of limb, and faded before they are five and twenty.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.316)
EXTRACT

1872

Melbourne.

.....
He is such a dear precious friend and son. All that one's imagination could picture of the perfect friendship and union that should subsist between Mother and Son is really fulfilled in him. He always fancies that it is I who ought to have the praise, but I cannot call to mind ever having made what I felt to be a sacrifice for him, whereas I know all that it cost him to lay aside his longing to be a soldier, and to

apply steadily to what was most distasteful to him.³²⁴ He has a great wish now to have a little home of his own, to buy a piece of land and build a cottage on it. He thinks he should grow more reconciled to the country if he had these objects of interest, and I feel he is right. Looking round on all the young people who are getting on and seem perfectly contented with their lot, I perceive they are all settled under their own vine and fig tree. The wise ones have built a small house to start with and laid out the gardens bit by bit, year by year, not hampering themselves with a very large outlay.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.317)
EXTRACT

1872

Melbourne.

.....
The dream of which I was so full in my last letter has been dispelled. I mean that the plan of building a house is abandoned. Grettie thinks it would not be prudent, and though the point might be argued with many good reasons to support it on the other side, I have of course given way. But it has cost me more to renounce the idea than the dear child has any notion of. Sitting alone over my work it used to be a never ceasing amusement to think of the garden that would be growing up next spring and of the trees I should plant, under the shade of which my grand-children would some day play; and whenever the little house felt hot and confined my imagination careered off to the roomier dwelling we should be inhabiting in a few months' time, to the verandahs on which the sitting-rooms were to open, and the garden gently sloping down before it; above all to the free wide open prospect which I described to you in my last.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.318)

1872

³²⁴ He did take up a Commission in the British army in 1883 (ed. 2016).

.....

It is very pleasant to get testimonies to George's popularity from trustworthy sources. For instance an old servant of the Wrights, fond of him because he was always so civil and considerate, told my Mary that her father-in-law, employed in a lawyer's office, one day saw George come in to speak to the principal on some business from Sir Redmond. And when he was gone the lawyer turned to the clerks and said, "That's the finest young man, the most promising young man in Melbourne." It is the gift of courtesy, due in great part to his having been brought up in Italy, where people are so much more amiable to their inferiors as a rule than in England, which makes him so liked, coupled of course with the sterling qualities that people are finding out that he possesses. A sad, startling contrast to his success is presented in the fate of George H----, the second brother of Mrs H.W. When George went into the bank George H. was already in it, four or five years his senior in age and standing. But he was fast even then, and became faster. Fredk. Wright often lamented his follies but had much patience with him for his parents' sake. After Fred left the Bank George H. quarrelled with E. M. Young and left it also. He went to Tasmania where he lived nearly fifteen months in idleness with his family; he then came over here and has been stopping several months with his brother-in-law vainly trying to get some employment. But he was not eligible for anything; he could not pass the requisite examinations for any civil service appointment, and his fast antecedents were against his being taken into any bank; and so in despair he is going, with two or three other "disperati", to buy a boat and go pearl-fishing (p.319) on the coast of Western Australia! His eldest brother James who is Associate to Judge Williams, assists him to the utmost of his means. James is steady but an insufferable prig. When George was working for the Law examination he tried to ridicule him into giving it up; he is too lazy to go in for it himself, but carries it off by saying he does not mean to hold the Associateship long - he has other views than a legal career! Archie Michie on the contrary, roused by George's example, is working hard, to the astonishment of his friends, to try and pass next year. I hope dearest friends that you do not laugh at me for telling you all these little anecdotes about my Grettie - I judge you by myself, and know how heartily I delight in hearing pleasant things about your respective children. But notwithstanding this perhaps I weary you - well - well.

.....
I send the dearest Oyster a little token of my affection in the shape of an india rubber footwarmer.³²⁵ It is to be filled with hot water, not quite boiling but very near it. For instance after the kettle boils it is allowed to stand a minute or two before filling the footwarmer which is done by a funnel and it keeps hot for ten hours. It is much nicer than a bottle! Mrs Massey, a cousin of Sir Redmond's is the bearer. I must keep the rest of what I have to say for my Balgernon.

God bless you, my dearest Adelia.

16th 10 p.m.

The photos, George's and my likenesses I mean, were not ready. Owing to the gloomy weather the proofs have not been struck off, but I hope to send them next time.³²⁶ Goodbye dearest friends all of you.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.320)
EXTRACT

1872

Melbourne.
June.

.....
I sometimes fall into a wondering retrospect of the misery of those first two years - not quite two years - from October '68 to July '70, and ask myself how it was we stood it. I don't mean to say that our life since then is unclouded enjoyment by any means, or that viewed in its daily aspect it may not be called somewhat friendless and monotonous - but it still is a wonderfully blessed contrast to that first stony, grim period. Ah! it was sad - sad - the iron seemed entering into one's soul at times. I think we bore up well: we did not to each other ever openly say how miserable we were - and I certainly tried in my letters, while suppressing nothing, not to paint things in their gloomiest colours.

.....

³²⁵ None such seem to have survived, but there is a mention of the use of such an object in the "British Medical Journal" in 1875, and the rubber hot water bottle thus evidently predates its patenting in 1903 by the Croatian E. Penkala by at least a generation (ed. 2016).

³²⁶ In 1872 all normal photographs were still printed from negatives by contact printing in sunlight (ed. 2016).

Tom³²⁷ will not write to his cousins any more, not certainly unless they shew their appreciation of his letters by suitable replies. If they, and their parents, could but realize how dear that Dog is to us, what a storehouse of sympathy and companionship we find in the mute appealing tenderness of his clear brown eyes, and loving ways, they too would prize him. The Curries did. They noticed Tom, and he responded to their friendship. With Mrs Currie he was fascinated.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.321)
EXTRACT

1872

Melbourne.

.....

The precious fellow is working rather harder than is good for him, but he hopes by redoubling his exertions now to get through the Law and History Exam, in Nov., and then he will comparatively speaking have nothing to do till March. To get this rest and freedom from anxiety during the hottest months is worth a considerable effort now. What he gets through, calmly, quietly, without flurry or excitement, is surprising. I read up his books on History, as well as I can, to be able to talk to him about them, and question him on them of an evening when he is tired of reading: but his young vigorous mind far outstrips his poor old mother's now:³²⁸ he takes in a subject, analyses and remembers it all, much more quickly and forcibly than I can. Still it is a help to him to have me. He so enjoys the History that it is a thousand pities Sir Redmond cannot so arrange as to spare him to attend Professor Hearn's³²⁹ Lectures.³³⁰

--- new page in typescript ---

³²⁷ The dog. A. J. G.

³²⁸ She was not fifty! A. J. G.

³²⁹ One of the four first professors at the University of Melbourne, William Edward Hearn, 1826 - 1888 lectured on historical and legal subjects (ed. 2016).

³³⁰ After this they resolved to return to England for George to study for, and be called to, the Bar. In April or May 1873 they came to Genoa. A. J. G.

Melbourne.
9th August.

My revered and beloved Adelia,

What shall I say of your reception of Mrs Williams? It was noble, grandiose, generous - in her own words "Royal". Yes, my dearest friends, all of you, Balgernon, Lizzie, Aunty, the Great Firm;³³¹ you all surpassed yourselves, and I and Grettie thank you fervently and tenderly for it. She wrote me a very long letter descanting most gratefully on all you had done for her; the only drawback to her enjoyment she said, was the consciousness that you were all doing far too much for her, and would find it a relief when she was gone. (Which no doubt you did, an immense relief). She is charmed with you all; Balgernon having the preference perhaps above everyone else. Her account of you all was very interesting; she described even the children, and how you were dressed. She says the first evening you came to see her you looked magnificent, like Juno; and that you had on a most beautiful dress, yellow, or rather the colour of the silk cocoons. Please send a little pattern of it, also of the mauve you wore at the LeMesuriers' dinner party. Though I had told her so much about you, you surpassed her expectations. She appreciates the dear Oyster - she says his manner was so kind, his eyes so bright and keen, his smile so sweet, I think the dear fellow is at last understood. In his youth and early manhood he was quite "l'âme incomprise", and so he would have remained to the end of a wasted existence but for the poor old Raven. He may thank her for drawing him out of his seclusion and placing his admirable qualities in their true light!!

I return to Mrs Williams. Aunty's grace and (p.323) sweetness fascinated her; she says she is like a little fairy. Balgernon's going to meet her and Jessie at the station and the friendliness of his manner seem really to have touched her heart. She grieves at having seen so little of him but yet saw enough to find out his many excellent qualities, his unselfishness, generosity and kindheartedness. Then she thinks him so honest and straightforward and with such pleasant manners "that somehow though you know he is putting himself to a great deal of inconvenience he does not let you feel it". Again "he is most loveable and estimable", and more to the

³³¹ A playful allusion to the bankers of Granet Brown & Co. A. J. G.

same effect. She speaks of Lizzy's kind sweet manner, and the fine children, and Havilland's bright dark eyes, and the handsome house and altogether she was thoroughly pleased and flattered. In another part of her letter which was written by snatches she says "Your sister is marvellously beautiful, a splendid woman, just, something about the eyes like you." Madame Delarue thinks her an angel and extols her judgement, consideration and forethought for her husband and family as something quite marvellous. "Guido would do for one of Guido's angels. Amy is a beautiful girl and will be like her mother. Augusta is tall and slight, with a look of you, very bright looking - they have all the LeMesurier eyes." I could multiply these extracts, but I have given you enough to shew you the impression her visit to Genoa has made on her. She had not yet been to Monty's³³² castle when she ended her letter. Will you make a point of thanking Monty most warmly from me for his extreme kindness in thus responding to the letter I gave Mrs Williams for him. I really do feel it as a very great personal kindness. Do not execrate me for having given Sir Redmond Barry's cousin letters to the Genoa community. Mrs Massey is an elderly widow!

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.324)

1872

Melbourne.
Canterbury Road.
8th Oct.

My beloved Adelia.

Your letter of the 9th Aug was received here Friday 20th. September. The shock of poor Jessie's death came a few hours sooner. A telegram from Fred Wright to George arrived in the forenoon stating he had received a letter from Mrs Williams requesting him to communicate to George Gretton that Jessie was dead,³³³ and that he was to go and tell Hartley who was to break it to the Judge. No particulars were given. George at once carried the telegram to Hartley at his Chambers, kindly told

³³² Montagu Yeats Brown, then British consul at Genoa A. J. G.

He was partner in the banking firm of Granet Brown & Co. The castle sits above Portofino and is still called Castello Brown. (ed. 2016).

³³³ Killed by a fall from grassy slopes, down a precipice in Switzerland. A. J. G.

him he feared he was the bearer of bad news and then left him to himself. Soon after that, Hartley went up to the Supreme Court where the Judge was sitting, and on some pretext summoned him from the Bench. He began by telling him the usual story, that news had reached him of Jessie's being very ill and so on. It took more than an hour to bring him to take in the worst. George caught a glimpse of the poor old man as his son was leading him away from the Court. He said he looked as if many years had suddenly been added to his age - he was shrunk up and ghastly to behold. Hartley did the best thing that he could and carried him out at once to his own house at Toorak. Till the evening, when the letters were given out, Hartley has since told me the poor old man's suspense was awful. He knew not what to think: he had made up his mind that Mrs Williams must be dying. Fortunately they got ample details. Mrs Williams wrote at great length - so did her sister Mrs Tytler, so did an English lady who was one of the walking party on the unhappy (p.325) afternoon of the 23rd July, and who at Mrs Williams's request minutely detailed every particular of the accident. Not knowing this, I translated the greater part of Adele's beautiful letter and went up with it next morning to the Hartley Williams', who live about half a mile from this: but Mrs H. Williams had gone into town to see about her mourning, and I did not like to intrude on the poor old man. But it appears when he heard I had come he said he should have liked to see me; so I went up again, and saw him alone for more than an hour. It was a most distressing scene for his anguish was indeed heartrending; for a time all I could do was to cry with him. Happily he could talk of his child. I saw he found relief in it, so I led him to it. He pulled out of his pocket the account written by the lady I have mentioned and gave it me to read, and with many tears repeated to me passages of Mrs Williams' letter which indeed most deeply touched and astonished me. It would seem as if this fearful trial had been sent to bring both parents to their knees. He said that Mrs Williams pointed out to him, and he indeed felt, that they had too long forgotten their Creator: and that this dear child, so loving and so precious to them both, had been taken from them in Mercy to lead them onward to Heaven. That Mrs Williams in her first paroxysms of despair had called out for a priest to whom she could confess her sins, but her sister Mrs Tytler (poor Mrs Williams used to tell me that her sister held such extreme views on religion that they could never get on well together) implored her to cast her sins and her sorrows alike at the feet of Christ - to confess herself to Him alone - to put no man

between herself and her Saviour - to trust fully, implicitly and undoubtingly in Him; and "she has done so, and finds her sister was in the right", added the poor old man.

(p.326) Of course I have not told anyone, except George of this conversation. But I do most earnestly pray these impressions may be lasting and may be to both the dawn of a new life. On Edward, the soldier son, the same result has been produced. The Judge said he had written him a most beautiful letter couched in the same spirit of faith and resignation as his Mother's. He had met poor Mrs Williams on her arrival in London and had taken her to lodgings she had occupied several years ago in one of her visits to England. She was not aware of the steps her son was taking to get leave to accompany her out. Edward had laid the case before the Horse Guards and they said if the Colonel of his regiment would but consent, he should have a year's leave of absence. The hope of seeing his son after a separation of ten years has been a gleam, of sunshine to the poor old man's heart; but above all he clings to the idea of Mrs Williams' speedy return. The end of this month is likely to see her here; poor, poor woman, my heart bleeds for her; and yet if this but brings her back to God who shall presume to say that it was not sent in love? The day after his interview with me the Judge went to Echuca some 200 miles from this to stay with his daughter Mrs Parker, and once there, he broke down and was ill - though not dangerously so, I fancy. It was the best thing he could do, for Mrs Parker, a warm-hearted, hot-tempered, vehement young woman, who always reminded me of a beautiful Panther, had at least the good quality of loving her sister very warmly; and in their mutual grief the father and daughter will be a comfort to each other. Mrs Hartley was fairly sorry for two or three days; but she recovered herself marvellously after the incubus of the poor Judge's presence was removed. Hartley really did grieve very much at first; he came two or three (p.327) days after the sad news had come to tell me how delicately and kindly George had acted in the way he imparted it to him. He did this because he heard from his wife that George, poor darling, had been much harassed by being severely blamed by Sir Redmond for "the want of feeling, and precipitation" he had shewn in carrying the telegram at once to Hartley. Setting aside that such were Mrs Williams' instructions what else could he have done? It is curious how vanity displays itself. Sir Redmond was evidently mortified at not being selected by poor Mrs Williams as the first recipient of the melancholy news. I mention the circumstance because it shews a good feeling in Hartley. He

looked pale and thin, and shed tears about his sister, who was indeed before her marriage his devoted friend and confidante; but, as he said, "what was it to him compared to the total shipwreck of his parents' happiness?"

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.328)

1873

(In April or May my sister and George came to see us at Genoa. A. J. G.)

41 Westbourne Terrace.
London. June.³³⁴

.....

I want to bring up the notices of different friends as concisely as I can to the present moment, so as to put you all quite au courant of all we do and see and hear. First however a word as to Mr Harrison.³³⁵ How delightful is your account of him! My own feelings towards Charles Kingsley are of such love and veneration that they naturally make me incline warmly to his friend and disciple. Only twice have I had the privilege of hearing him. It is very difficult to get away from this on Sunday morning in time to reach the Abbey by 10 o'clock. The servants indemnify themselves for early rising in the week, and breakfast has to be hurried, and trains caught &c. Besides for the last two Sundays I should not have been strong enough for the fatigue of such an expedition and perhaps, having to stand, as we did on our second Sunday, through the whole service. But as soon as I can, if he is still preaching, I must go again. When I looked at his earnest face, truth and strength of purpose written in every feature tears of joy came into my eyes at the thought England could still boast of such a man. What sermons they both were! Such Christian sermons - so full of faith and love to Christ so manly and vigorous in their detestation of hypocrisy and sin.

Now back to my jottings of what has happened the last few days - I told Lizzie of the Stows, the Cliffords, and of James Ozanne. I go back to the Clarkes. Louisa and Dora left on Monday the 13th for Guernsey. We were very sorry to part with Louisa, for she is almost without exception the most charming woman I have ever met with -

³³⁴ In May that year they returned from Melbourne to Europe. A. J. G. The building still exists (ed. 2016).

³³⁵ Then taking duty as Chaplain at Genoa. He afterwards married Mary Kingsley [1852-1931, whose literary pseudonym was] "Lucas Malet" and died alone at Brighton in April 1897 A. J. G. The "Longman Companion to Victorian Fiction" describes (p.283) the couple's separation as "amicable" (ed. 2016).

so bright, so young, in her ideas, so original, so droll, (p.329) so enthusiastic, so chivalrous and unworldly - so unconventional. Oh! she is delightful. One of her gifts is reading out most exquisitely. She read to us "The Dream of Gerontius"³³⁶ one evening, another, selections from "Les Trois Mousquetaires",³³⁷ a droll contrast. George was very fond of her, and used to sit and talk with her in her room whenever he had a spare moment. She was delightful in her manner towards him.

Dora has not a quarter of her mother's racy genial overflowing nature, and then she will imperceptibly get ascetic and be still less expansive. Archbishop Manning³³⁸ and Capel³³⁹ both made a great deal of her. The way they hurried her into the Roman Church when she was but 19, over in London on a visit to some R.C. friends, her mother in Guernsey, was not justifiable: but evidently they thought her a convert worth securing. Now the object is to secure the far more gifted mother. Will she go over? At times when she seems the nearest to conviction, she suddenly wriggles out of the net and asserts her freedom of judgement, and declares she never can admit Papal infallibility.

With all the pleasure of their being here was the alloy of the tremendous bustle and rushing about. There was never a meal served punctually. She and Amelia would be dashing off in one direction, Dora to some Convent or Oratory in another. Then they all would come in at different hours, more or less behind the time, and fling themselves down half dead with fatigue. It is just a week since they left, but there has not been much repose since then, for numbers of people seem to have come to call, and Amelia has had to rush about London by train and by omnibus as if the doom of ceaseless unrest were pronounced upon her. I of course keep very quiet, only taking my daily walk.³⁴⁰ The weather has been wonderfully fine. A day or two of sharp cold was succeeded by a spell (p.330) of bright sunny weather which in the country must have been surpassingly enjoyable.

³³⁶ Poem by John Henry (Cardinal) Newman 1801 -1890 (ed. 2016).

³³⁷ Alexandre Dumas' "The Three Musketeers" had first been published in Paris in 1844 and in English translation before 1846 (ed. 2016).

³³⁸ Henry Edward Manning (1808 - 1892) was an influential English clergyman who converted to the Roman church in 1851, subsequently becoming the second Archbishop of Westminster and a Cardinal (ed. 2016).

³³⁹ Thomas John Capel, (1836 - 1911) was in 1873 made "Domestic Prelate to the Pope", was a close associate of Manning, and was particularly famous for his high-society conversions (ed. 2016).

³⁴⁰ My sister was going through a very severe dental treatment, and, for the time, was much disfigured. A. J. G.

Mrs Lewis, one of our friends of the "Bangalore"³⁴¹, came to see me last week - she would not be denied, indeed, in my toothless state I have seen more people than before. She is a dear little woman; her husband is a merchant in Melbourne, a great dilettante in music, and honorary organist of Toorak church. Before her marriage she was the first tragic actress in Melbourne, and of spotless reputation. I had often heard of her and wished to know her, but we never met till on board ship. They return in December and probably will pass through Genoa. I have given them letters to you and Balgernon. I am sure you will all admire her exceedingly. Then Fanny Young turned up. They have been to Switzerland, Germany, and the Vienna Exhibition,³⁴² and lastly, while she was at the sea-side with the children, Mr Young took a trip to the United States. They too return to Melbourne in December. They leave London in a few days and will leisurely work down to Brindisi, so of course if they pass thro' Genoa you will see them. They only intend to stop five years in Melbourne by the end of which they expect to be able to retire on the modest income of £10,000 a year! The situation he has taken in Melbourne gives him £2500 a year, with the stipulated liberty of engaging in any kind of business on his own behalf. Then all the Cassels came early in the week.

.....

Mrs Cassels was pleasant and young looking as ever. She was warm in praise of the Gedges. She says her boy Herbert has improved so much since he went to Malvern, and is as happy as he was formerly miserable at school. Mr Cassels' brother has a boy there and Chubby Scott, his partner, is going to send his boys there. Andrew³⁴³ himself I did not see, but as soon as I can go into society we are to be asked to dinner, &c. Then Gerald (p.331) Ritchie came one Sunday afternoon and stayed to tea (I surely told you of having seen Augusta some time ago, and of how she kissed and hugged me, with tears in her eyes). He is such a magnificent fellow, 6 feet 2, with a grand calm statuesque face, and the same quiet polished cold manner as the majority of his brothers and sisters. Augusta Freshfield only returns to town today. Blanche writes me about once a week, very loving little notes of enquiry, asking when I am coming to stay with them, and saying I must

³⁴¹ The R. M. S. "Bangalore" (P&O Lines, with a Royal Mail contract) made the voyage to England via the Suez canal and Brindisi. She had arrived at Melbourne from Europe on 17th December 1872 (ed. 2016).

³⁴² The Vienna World Exposition 1873 (ed. 2016).

³⁴³ Mr Andrew Cassels - a lifelong friend. A. J. G.

come often, as I shall have the additional inducement of seeing Ned. Then the Bisdées, the Tasmanian family we fraternised with so much on board, also turned up, and came most affectionately to see me.

Mrs Bisdée very doleful and disgusted with England; Dolly very brave and sensible, and saying all she saw and learnt compensated for the different position in which she found herself. In their county here, although they have a pretty property, they are nobodies. They gave me a most hospitable invitation to stay a month at their place, Hutton Court, which is four miles from Weston-super-Mare where Amelia's cousins the Johnsons are living. Amelia knows the place well by name; she says it is a lovely old manor house. Mr Bisdée has inherited it from his brother, a sort of large gentleman farmer, cultivating his own paternal acres. Amelia has asked Mrs Bisdée to call on Mrs Johnson who is too great an invalid to go out visiting; it is thought the acquaintance will be mutually pleasing and beneficial. Amelia herself is going down in a week to spend a month with the Johnsons. Her friendship for Anna Johnson seems one of the chief interests of her life; it has in a measure replaced her absorbing affection for Octavia, the elder sister, who died three years ago (p.332) of consumption. The change will do Amelia good. She really wears herself out by incessant activity and toil; then as a rest she sits down in the pauses of other work to her illumination. She is preparing some Carols beautifully illustrated to come out at Christmas and is working now against time, at every odd moment, to get them done. But her day is one unbroken hurry-scurry - now off to the city on Louisa Clarke's business - now off to Richmond to see her old Aunt Miss Gimmingham - now to the dentist's with me - now to the British Museum to copy from old Missals, and so on.

.....
Dearest Lucy has written, almost in a tone of joy to give me happy news, - stay, I copy her letter -

"This time I have news which will make your kind heart glad; you have heard of Archie Constable - Mr Berkley's dearest friend as well as brother. My ideal ever since his sweet boyhood when my own precious husband delighted in "dear Archie." Well then this very perfect being, in whom I know not a flaw, has asked my child Mary to be his wife. It is a lot of quite supreme happiness, after an early youth of a good deal of anxiety and unrest as you know. They are just the same age, 30 this month, though both look boy and girl owing to

their wonderfully delicate and bright complexions. I never suspected that this would come about, never detected a symptom in him - neither last winter when for nine weeks in Edinburgh she saw a great deal of him and he began to like her very much; nor during the week here when he and she and my sweet Violet took long walks, and were all bright and pleasant together. When Archie told me his intention I was as surprised as I was thankful, deeply thankful! It is a marriage that leaves nothing to wish for. I believe Mary will suit her noble husband to perfection. (p.333) Tell dearest Addy of this. She will be glad for the pretty girl she remembers." -

This is nice news, is it not? I am so glad for Lucy's sake. Dearest Grettie is gone today to meet Mr Holl for the first time in Chambers. The great man was out of town before. Grettie is delighted to get to work. He was in Chambers yesterday punctually, but only found the clerks. I hope Aunty has kept at Envie. I trust you are all safe.³⁴⁴ Now goodbye dearest friends all.

Amelia sends much love.

Your faithful

Raven.

Love to Aunty, Algie, Lizzie, William and all the Lambs!

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.334)

1874

38 Elsham Road³⁴⁵.
West Kensington.
16th Jany.

My very dear Lady Marion.³⁴⁶

It is sweet and dear of you to like to hear from me. Sometimes I think it is as well that partial friends like yourself, should not see the Raven again in the flesh - for she is an old and not an attractive Raven. I should say indeed a prematurely old and decrepid Raven. Did you ever hear of my fearful accident and miraculous escape from being dragged to death over a rough road near Melbourne four years ago? The

³⁴⁴ From cholera then prevalent in Genoa. A. J. G.

³⁴⁵ 500 yards west of Holland Park, the building still exists (ed. 2016).

³⁴⁶ Addressee unidentified (ed. 2016).

coachman fell off the box in a fit of drunkenness; I tried to jump out, was caught in some way by my dress, fell forward on my hands and knees, and so was dragged hanging out of the carriage for more than half a mile. Of course I soon lost consciousness though not before I had endured horrible pain and still more horrible terror. When the horses were stopped I was lifted up "fearfully mangled and disfigured" as my friends expressed it, but with no bones broken; and my recovery in about a month was considered quite wonderful. But it has shaken my nerves and helped on the advances of old age.³⁴⁷ You were very sensible and like a true friend in so readily understanding our motives in depriving ourselves of a great treat, such as a Christmas visit to you would have been.³⁴⁸

George had a few days' leisure which he turned to account in visiting places which are not generally attractive to young men, but which he takes a remarkable interest in. He has been over Hanwell Lunatic Asylum,³⁴⁹ The Gaol at Reading,³⁵⁰ and the Great Union Workhouse at Bow.³⁵¹ He (p.335) also has been to see a night refuge, and an entertainment on Boxing Night given to the very lowest classes in Whitechapel to try and keep them out of the public houses. He proposes to go over all the great Hospitals and Prisons in London before he returns to Melbourne, as the observations he makes here will yield useful experience in Australia. But he is more and more astonished to find how advanced the colonies are in many respects: how successfully they seem to have transplanted the accumulated results of centuries of labour and experiment.³⁵² The squalor and misery of the London poor, impress us both very much, as they never fail to do people coming from a country where starvation is unknown. Then in juxtaposition to such scenes as these, George has been to three balls, one at Chelmsford on New Year's Day, to which he was taken by the Anthony Trollopes,³⁵³ who are very fond of him (we met them in Melbourne, and they renewed the acquaintance in a friendly spirit in London) and one, a very curious gathering, given by Mr Rogers, the popular but eccentric rector of Bishopsgate. He

³⁴⁷ She was just 50 then, but always persistently - dear soul - made herself out older than her age. A. J. G.

³⁴⁸ George was reading for the Bar in London. A. J. G.

³⁴⁹ Built on the Uxbridge Road, west of London in 1831, some elements of the building complex still survive (ed. 2016).

³⁵⁰ Built in 1844, this is where Oscar Wilde was imprisoned 1895 - 1897. Since 2013 it is no longer a prison, and looks likely to be largely demolished for housing (ed. 2016).

³⁵¹ Built 1840 - 49; still partly extant, on the south side of Bow Road (ed. 2016)

³⁵² A. J. G.'s handwritten note suggests "or experience?" above the word "experiment" (ed. 2016).

³⁵³ Anthony Trollope (1815 -1882) novelist (ed. 2016).

invites all his parishioners without any distinction of class, and then the West End people like to come from curiosity, so the jumble is most amusing. He met George at the Trollopes and was pleased at his interest in Unions and Prisons, asked him to luncheon - and promised him all the introductions and tickets of admission he might ask for; and then sent him an invitation for this ball which George says was really worth seeing.

Lastly he went two evenings ago to a large "co-operative" ball at the Hanover Square Rooms, given by ten ladies amongst whom were Mrs Trollope, Miss Thackeray, Mrs Ritchie (my cousin) her handsome daughter Mrs Douglas Freshfield, and others belonging to the literary set. The Ritchies are now quite of that set. You saw (p.336) a good deal of it when you were a girl, so you know its advantages and its drawbacks. Only I think now, judging at least from what I have seen at the Ritchies when the Thackerays (Annie and her sister Mrs Leslie Stephen),³⁵⁴ Leslie Stephen himself, Editor of the "Cornhill", and others of the same school were present, that there is less spontaneity and more laborious study after effect, than in old days. Everyone appears to me to aim at talking esthetically and to stand perpetually on their hind legs as it were. The Trollopes' circle is of a different stamp, much more practical and earnest. The Brompton set evidently consider Anthony commonplace and antiquated, and wing many little shafts at the Montague Square coterie. It is amusing to be an outsider and hear what each side has to say: but my preference so far as heartiness and reality goes, is with the Trollopes.

20th Jany.

I have been interrupted in finishing this by sundry lets and hindrances so I will not run the risk of further delay, but despatch it as it stands. From Genoa I suppose you hear occasionally. William Granet is no worse, and for this we are all thankful. His general health is good, except a mysterious sort of gastric attack once in every two or three months. It lasts four or five days and is ushered in by faintness and great depression; but he rallies again wonderfully and by the end of the week is able to resume his place in the office. His faculties are perfectly bright and unclouded, and his hands and arms are as yet free.³⁵⁵ He is always patient and cheerful and uncomplaining, and never lets the sense of his infirmity weigh upon any one. Dear

³⁵⁴ Virginia Woolf's mother (ed. 2016).

³⁵⁵ From the terrible creeping paralysis which since 1867 had laid hold of him. A. J. G.

Addy is not so strong as I could wish. This winter particularly I hear of cold upon cold, confining her to her bed every two or three weeks. She is (p.337) a most devoted wife. Ned is a beautiful boy. How long is it since you have seen him? He is just coming back, having had a few days extra holidays allowed him. He is going into the Fifth Form at Eton this term. The little LeMesuriers are handsome and clever, but sadly delicate: however this winter there has hitherto been a great improvement so I hope they will outgrow their liability to take cold, and to those terrible coughs which have been their poor parents' despair. Dear Madame de la Rue is terribly broken down. Of course three years and four months without once lying down in a bed is a strain no constitution can support.

George is working splendidly. He is a dear fellow but all his beauty is gone. He has scarcely a trace of what he was at 19 - but he is and always will be most gentlemanly looking, and after all that is the chief point. When will you be coming up to town? I long to see you and Captain Herford and the children.

George unites with me in very kind regards, and

Believe me

Always your aff.te

Raven.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.338)

1875

38 Elsham Road - Kensington.
Monday 25th Jany.

My dearest Amy.³⁵⁶

Thank you for your nice letter received on Saturday evening and for the very pretty and useful cap. Thank your dear Mamma for the six pair of gloves which will be most acceptable, and Mademoiselle for getting the cookery-book for me. I am sure your dancing lessons with such charming young cavaliers as the Podenas will be very pleasant and improving. I am so glad you are fond of drawing. Tell your Mamma that I hope to write to her tomorrow or Wednesday a long letter. Ned is very

³⁵⁶ My eldest daughter aged 14 and 1/2. A. J. G.

dear and pleasant.³⁵⁷ He was a little depressed the first day or two but is getting more cheerful now. He went to call on Mr Jenkins on Thursday and began work on Friday morning. Everything of course looked very small and mean and grimy to poor Ned fresh from beautiful Genoa and the large splendid house, but he would not acknowledge it. I know the feeling however very well from my own experience when I came back here in October: and George says he felt the same.

Mr Charles and his brother Captain Charles, of the Artillery, both from India will arrive in Genoa in a few days. If Papa is well enough I daresay Mamma will be kind enough to ask them to dinner. I did not give them a letter to her, only to Uncle Algie, but she can let him know if she feels inclined to see them. Mr Charles in 1863 at the Manse at Kirkcowan in Wigtonshire used to be called Johnnie - he was then reading for the Indian Civil Service, in which he is now rising fast, as he is very clever. Alas! he is also conceited. But he is a fine fellow in spite of it.

Adieu my Amy - I embrace you and Gussie and Guido. Ned says he is getting on very well indeed.

Ever yr aff.te Aunt
A.L.V.Gretton

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.339)

1875

8 Park Villas
Shepherd's Bush Green³⁵⁸.
Sunday Evening, 9th May

My beloved Adelia.

We were very pleased indeed with your Thursday's letter. It came last night at 10. Ned had been anxiously expecting to hear from you for two or three days past, and when at last oppressed by sleep he consented to go to bed without waiting for the postman, he made me promise that in case there should be a letter from Genoa I should wake him up. I did so, but persuaded him to be content with my assurance

³⁵⁷ Ned was cramming for the Academy, Woolwich, at his good Aunt Amy's. A. J. G.

³⁵⁸ There is no longer a Park Villas at Shepherd's Bush Green. Ashchurch Park Villas, half a mile west, seems a possible candidate (ed. 2105).

that all was well and not read the note you had enclosed from him till the morning. Two days ago I heard from Mrs How. She wrote from Milan to thank me for the very kind reception she and her daughter had had from you and the Balgernons; and to Effie Nelly has written in a delighted and admiring strain.³⁵⁹ Gussie's wish that she might be one of the bridesmaids, has awakened in the dear child's mind visions of wedding pomp and circumstance, which at first she had seemed too wise to indulge in. It was to have been a quiet gathering at Church at eight o'clock in the morning, Nelly How the only bridesmaid. But most likely all the Aunts and Uncles and cousins will conspire to have a regular conventional affair. Country people in England lead such monotonous lives that they catch eagerly at a wedding by way of variety and excitement.

It was very good of you also to give old Miss Wilson such a kind reception. It will serve for her to talk of to the end of her life. I hope no more of Effie's friends will be visiting Genoa for the present: but if they do, you will be sustained in the trouble and weariness they cause you by the consciousness of (p.340) the lustre you and the LeMs cast on us. You are very good to say you were satisfied with the commissions, but I am sure the coronets both on the despatch box and note paper were a sad fiasco. Did you look into the Cooatina canister for the crêpe lisse frilling? We like the airiness of these lodgings and fancy the situation is more bracing than Elsham Road. Of course there are many discomforts but gradually I hope we shall shake down and do very well. The cooking is the most difficult part. Ned is extremely amiable in adapting himself to the privations and roughnesses of lodgings. It is indeed a very good experience of life for him, dear boy.

I will now tell you about his confirmation. Last Thursday evening (Ascension Day) he went to Mr Llwellyn Davies for the private interview, which concluded the course of preparation, and he brought this message from him to me "that he had been more than satisfied, he had been greatly pleased with the papers he had prepared for him." On Friday at 11 a.m. we drove in a cab to the Parish Church in the Marylebone Road. It was raining hard. Though the service was not to begin till 11.30 there was already a crowd collected and numbers of people already arrived. The parents and

³⁵⁹ About this time George Gretton had become engaged to Effie Cunliffe, daughter of the Mrs Cunliffe my sister had been intimate with at Rugby. A. J. G.

friends were shown up to the Galleries, while the Catechumens³⁶⁰ on presenting their ticket went into the body of the church. Four district churches of this large parish sent in their contingents, and it was touching to see the respective clergymen hovering about their pupils, whispering a word of encouragement to those who looked most shy and frightened. There must have been at the very least about 300 girls and half that number of boys and young men. The Bishop of London gave an excellent charge, simple, paternal and impressive; and after the imposition of hands, again mounted the pulpit and gave some good practical exhortations on the duties of (p.341) the new life just commenced. We did not get out of Church till half past one. As I was waiting for Ned outside the church, Mr Davies came up to me and said most kindly that Ned's answers to the questions he had set him had pleased him very much, as also all he had seen of him during the course of instruction, and that he thought there was every reason to believe he would do very well. I asked him when would he recommend the boy's coming to Holy Communion, and he said on Whit Sunday after the 11 o'clock service: that he thought it always better to bring boys to their First Communion as soon as possible after the Confirmation so as to rivet any good impression gained during the preparation. I said that the boy had not expressed, nor had I sought to draw from him any expression of serious feeling - I had been content to notice the results in his industry and patience and curbing of his temper; and he shook hands, and said it was the best way not to expect professions from boys, and that he was sure I might be quite satisfied with things as they were. I am sure this report will give you a great deal of pleasure. Ned has got three of the Llwellyn Davies' papers and Questions to send you. The first set on Baptism he has mislaid. Each set of questions referred to the Lecture Mr Davies had delivered Sunday by Sunday. He is a dear man with a beautiful spiritualized expression of face, and splendid forehead.

I will not write more as stooping over the paper disagrees with my head. Poor Mr Colley lingers on. I am sometimes a little frightened lest she should break down. She has one comfort - her sister Annie, Mrs Silver, every night sends her head nurse to sit up with her. As the woman sleeps by day she is fresh and wakeful and for the three hours that the poor invalid sleeps under Morphia, the dear wife now consents

³⁶⁰ Those preparing for confirmation (ed. 2016).

to lie down - (from 9 p.m. to 12) - (p.342) while Elizabeth watches him, ready to wake her as soon as she sees him awake. When he is awake there is no rest for anyone. Two people are fully employed about him. Goodnight my child.

Love to all -

YOUR RAVEN

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.343)

1876

(In the interval between the last letter and this, my sister and George and his betrothed had come to Genoa. Then George and Effie married in London and soon after mother son and wife went to Australia. A. J. G.)

Melbourne
South Yarra
August 26

Remember Mr Constable's injunction to write early in Nov to remind him about Miss Millingen.

My dearest Adelia,

With a thankful heart I begin my letter to you.³⁶¹ On the details of our long voyage I will not dwell as you will find them fully given in George's long letter to Algie and my time for writing is too broken to permit of my doing more than glance at all the topics in your most dear and interesting letter of 7th July, and give you an outline of all that we have been doing since we landed. I was so glad that poor Lizzie's letter containing the account of Hal's alarming attack of diphtheria, closed with the assurance that he was quite out of danger, as I should otherwise have been in great anxiety till the arrival of the next mail. She is very good and patient over the sad disappointment and delay in their journey, and I trust fervently that they were able shortly afterwards to start for Pontresima and had such a happy time there as would compensate for all they had gone through.

³⁶¹In the summer of 1875 my sister, George & his fiancée came to stay with us in Genoa. Next Spring, February 1876, the marriage took place, and soon afterwards Bride, Bridegroom & Mother went off to Melbourne. A. J. G. This and the letter's superscript information (closely related) are in different hands; from this and other evidence it seems that A. J. G. wrote this superscript, and her secretary-typist wrote the footnote. 'February' was a mistake by AJG or her typist. Official records show that the marriage took place on 29 April 1876 (ed. 2016).

Dearest Balgernon's charming letter written in such bright anticipation of the Swiss trip will not have a separate acknowledgement this time, nor Lizzie's (with Claude's charade which does the little fellow wonderful credit), because Effie and George keep guard over me like dragons and watch that I do not write more than is absolutely necessary. They say that the chief reason I am so much better is, that I have had a complete rest from stooping to write and that I must not weary my brain with correspondence till all tendency to congestion is completely overcome. I know they are right, but the sacrifice of leaving out dear loving friends from (p.344) my first budget of letters is very great. I will however keep my promise to them as far as possible and therefore beg you and Algie and Lizzie and their two boys and Gussie, to take no offence at being written to en bloc. Aunty too cannot have a letter to herself this time. Embrace her for me most tenderly and tell her the reason.

.....
The dear old fellow was fairly well when you wrote. God bless him and keep him so. I hope he will consent to have Crockett in the Autumn. Dearest Gussie's teeth are a sore trial to her, she bears it nobly. I hope Mr Bright's treatment will fulfil all his anticipations. Amy's ankle was a serious affair. It was fortunate you found the bonesetter. Dear children, how they would enjoy the novelty and excitement of finding themselves here! How we should enjoy having them! And precious Ned, how often, how very often, has he been talked of and thought of! On the 2nd of August he was constantly in my heart. I grieve to hear about the return of the relaxation in the throat. It shews a want of tone, and must impair his strength for mental exertion. How is poor Mary Castellinard? Please write to Leopoldina and tell her of our safe arrival and give much love. I hope all went right about Mme de Michis' pictures.

To dear Aunty many many loves and blessings. We were so pleased to hear of Edith Leupold's having a son - and of all the other babies.

God bless you all.
Your RAVEN

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.345)

1876

Melbourne September 1st.

.....

Well, and here we are, and were it not for the knowledge that we are so far from you it would be most delightful, for all is bright and promising, and my dearest children are all that heart could wish. On the voyage dear Grettie surpassed himself in his attentions to his Wife and Mother. In no single respect did he fall short of all the care and affection he had shewn me on previous voyages, and yet I don't think Euphemia³⁶² even for an instant was ever neglected. She was unspeakably good and sweet and dear. "Circumstances" made the sea voyage peculiarly trying to her but she bore it admirably, and she is now, dear child, full of joy and excitement. We had a most loving reception from poor dear Arthur and a very kind one from his Wife. We protested against their hospitable intentions of keeping us here an indefinite time, and wanted to arrange for going into lodgings next week, but such a storm of opposition was raised that we have agreed to postpone all plans for moving till a fortnight. Meanwhile we hope to begin house-hunting in good earnest on Monday. We did not get on shore till 9 p.m. on Tuesday, so that this is in point of fact only the fourth day of our being here, but there has been such a whirl of excitement ever since that I have lost all measurement of time. You can understand how it is - the family wanting to be talked to, people coming in to call, George hurrying backwards and forwards to town &c &c.

Wednesday the 23d was a day of great joy to George. His reception in Melbourne surpassed his most sanguine expectations. As he went along the streets people came up on all sides to shake hands. At the Supreme Court Hartley Williams and Tom a'Beckett gave him the right hand of fellowship (p.346) and all the solicitors welcomed him with flattering warmth. He came back quite radiant with pleasure, his only drawback being that Effie had not been out with him to share it all. The dear child had been too excited and tired the day before so I kept her quiet on the sofa.

4th Sept.

I have not had a moment to myself since I began this. The visitors have poured in in such distracting numbers, four or five different sets each day - and there has been going backwards and forwards to Melbourne to get the luggage through the Custom House - then to unpack necessary clothes - then to get Effie's dresses enlarged - then to go and look after houses - add to which the drawback of no fixed

³⁶² Euphemia was another name for Effie, whose real name was Frances. A. J. G.

hour for meals, unpunctuality here reigning supreme - and you will understand how it is that I have not been able to get any letters ready. George is to be admitted to practise probably on the 14th.

.....
I cannot say enough of all his and Euphemia's goodness and love. It is not possible for a girl to be sweeter, more loving, more considerate, more completely my very own daughter. I love to hear her calling after me Mother, Mother, just as naturally as if she were my own child. She is looking wonderfully well - her colour like a rose; her figure as yet only improved by the embonpoint - her eyes a deep blue and full of animation not to be recognized.³⁶³

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.347)

1876

Melbourne.
31st Oct.

My dearest Amy,

I owe letters both to you and Gussie, and if I have not written before you know the reason and will not have thought me unkind. I like receiving your letters very much and hope you will go on writing to me even though you should receive short and shabby answers. It was a pity you should have fallen ill just as you got to the Engadine for you would have enjoyed the mountain walks intensely. Effie was there when she was eighteen and she remembers it with delight. I have been thinking that if you grow up very wise and careful perhaps your dear Mamma could trust you with the care of your Papa for a few days, while she went with Gussie to Monte Generoso for a little change of air. I am afraid if she is not freshened up by a little bracing air next summer that she will fall ill. She has not been out of Genoa since 1874. You are a dear loving old girl and I am sure you will think over what I say and try to prepare yourself for this duty by learning to do all that your Papa will allow you to do for him, and becoming a ministering little daughter to him.

³⁶³ The typescript appears to be incomplete at this point (ed. 2016).

I am anxious to hear how you get on with Miss Leighton.³⁶⁴ It will be very nice if you and Gussie take to her and she to you and you find her a bright, pleasant, intelligent friend and companion. Are you getting fond of needlework? I am surprisingly so, and enjoy very much making the clothes for a little stranger who is expected to become a permanent Guest in this family.³⁶⁵ I think it would be nice practice for you and Gussie if you were to make him something also, let us say a pretty white frock with tucks and broderie anglaise or (p.348) something of the kind; Mrs Pearce is sure to have some pretty patterns of what babies wear when they are shortcoated - and when you each of you had made a frock it could be sent by the pattern post, in a parcel open at each end and marked "échantillon d'aucune valeur".³⁶⁶ In that way it could come at very small cost and free of duty. I fancy you will embrace the idea with alacrity.³⁶⁷ It will pass some of the rainy winter days very pleasantly and be a real service to the little Guest and his relatives. Any pretty novelty in baby costume can thus be copied by you and transmitted to us. All sorts of pretty things can be bought here but they are so expensive that we turn our eyes away from them. Little crochet boots are also very acceptable. Can you make them? I beg of you and Gussie not to lose a day but to begin working for this interesting little stranger. All his long clothes are nearly finished. We have turned this time that we have been in lodgings to good account in getting them ready, well knowing that when we got into our house there would be so many other things to do that the baby clothes 'would have to be put aside. A needlewoman here costs 3/6 a day; this is very nearly Lit 4.50.³⁶⁸ so you see it behoves us to use our fingers as nimbly as we can. Fortunately Mary is very clever in cutting out and contriving. She is a dear little thing. To come back to us she has given up all her clientèle for dressmaking. She latterly had given up service and went out to work finding it so profitable, but always said she would return to her old Mistress. She now manages extremely well with her young mistress, and has quite won Effie's heart, and yet always contrives to look

³⁶⁴ A new Governess. A. J. G.

³⁹⁶ Her expected first grandchild was a girl - Amy Frances Gretton (1887-1959) (ed. 2016)³⁶⁵

³⁶⁶ échantillon d'aucune valeur" (French): "sample of no value": the business of the General (later, Universal) Postal Union (established 1874) being conducted in French, that is what you had to write (ed. 2016).

³⁶⁶ I am afraid not!! A. J. G. (ed. 2016).

³⁶⁷ I am afraid not!! A. J. G.

³⁶⁸ Lit = Italian lira (ed. 2016).

after me as if I were her sole consideration. Tom,³⁶⁹ dearest Tom, is to come back as soon as we are in the new house.

Next letter you will hear of our meeting.

Goodbye my sweet Amy. God bless you and all - Gussie and Ned and Guy.

Yr aff.te Aunt

A. L. V. G.

My tender love to Aunty. Salute Susan, Graziosa, Nina, Henrietta.³⁷⁰

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.349)

1877

Melbourne.
17th March

Private.

My dearest Adelia

Out of the lips of good little Bigotti came forth true wisdom. Every word that he said, as well as your comments on the same I most heartily endorse. Most earnestly do I hope you will follow out the plan you sketched in your last letter, and as soon as Miss L. leaves you, associate Amy as far as possible in your household occupations and in the cares of ministering to her father, and be certain that she will learn far more from companionship with you and the responsibilities which will gradually devolve upon her, than the most accomplished and scientific governess could teach her: while Gussie's own quickness and love of reading cultivated by able masters, will get her on far better than any female tuition. If they have to make sacrifices for their father's sake, to give up some party they have long been looking forward to because he is ill, believe me it will be better and happier for them in the end than a youth screened from every disappointment or contrariety. Looking back upon my own life I would not wish to cancel one hour passed in the sick-room. How little does that apply to numberless hours trifled away in so-called amusement! Let them, dear children, begin to store their minds with those precious memories of self given over to making others happier. I can recal as if it were yesterday, how my arm ached from

³⁶⁹ The dog (ed. 2016).

³⁷⁰ Faithful retainers. A. J. G.

stroking poor dear Papa's face with a feather to send him to sleep in the winter of 1835. Nobody could do it to please him so well as I did it, and for many evenings during his long illness I used to be stationed beside his pillow. But tired as I soon became, I was (p.350) excessively happy and proud to be of use; and it would have been a mistaken kindness which would have sent me away from the sick-room to scenes more suited to a child of eleven years old. The dear children have had a sunny youth so far:³⁷¹ but unclouded sunshine if prolonged to excess is injurious to the full development of vigorous vegetation. Rain and shade in due proportion have their share in completing the perfect growth. Keep them, then, dearest Adelia, to yourself, without the odious restraint of a governess to bar from you the consolation of their constant presence, or to interfere with the perfect freedom of your intercourse. Susette in the dyed black silk, or without it, is the model of an accompagnatrice. No youths however enamoured would transgress the proprieties, when confronted by her sober grimness. She is far better than any governess in that respect. A British spinster would either be taking the homage of the "gioventù" to herself or be jealous of the superior attractions of her pupils. I could say a great deal more on the subject but time fails me. You will see by my general letter how much I have to do: besides which nothing I could say to express my complete agreement in your views can equal the force and justness of all your own arguments. I read what you said to George and Effie. They thought it beautiful and entirely went with you in it.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.351)
Private.

1877

Adelaide. S. Australia.
29th October.

My dearest Addy.

³⁷¹ Ah! How sad their lives have been - sad in more than the ordinary sense of the term! Both so sorely tried!
1898 A. J. G.

Your most melancholy story about that poor unhappy Coco haunted me for days. It seems sadder, more horrible than most of the cases one reads of in the newspaper reports - chiefly I suppose from its coming home to one so closely, though the circumstance of the husband being so ill and no ill-conduct on his part furnishing any excuse for her abandonment of him and the little children - gives the case a peculiar aspect. Ever since I received your letter she has been constantly before me - first as the fascinating little child you brought out to Genoa in 1856, then less and less attractive on each succeeding visit. The want of heart as she grew up made itself more and more felt, and the one time I saw her in London - it was in the autumn of '73 I think, when she called one afternoon with Mrs Baldwin - I gauged her as an excessively pretty woman, but utterly worldly and frivolous. Yet I never thought she could have gone such lengths - even now it is difficult to understand such an apparently cold nature being hurled into such a gulph of passion and remorse. The anguish to her poor mother, her brother, her kind generous uncle - and above all - (for really he on whom she had no natural claim and who so nobly assumed and fulfilled a father's duties, deserves the deepest sympathy) - to Captain Gordon, I think I can realize; worse than death, yes, a hundredfold worse. Poor little Aunty! a few years back she would have felt it much more keenly. I can quite understand she had never realized what married women's flirting and "adorateurs" might come to, and how slowly and painfully the (p.352) truth forced itself on her mind. But she did not love Coco any longer - one little trait that she told me with many tears of Coco's want of feeling when Emile died had dispelled all affection. It was this: in the letter she received from Coco in answer to the announcement of her Uncle's death she said, "it had come at a particularly unfortunate time for she had just before provided herself and the children with a complete outfit of autumn and winter clothing." This pierced Aunty like a poisoned arrow. She attached exaggerated importance to it, it was a coarse unfeeling thing to write, but it was not designed as such. The Burnabys were poor and struggling, and no doubt Coco thought Aunty might as well make up to them their outlay in going into mourning, but she had no conception of the effect produced. It alienated Aunty for ever.

As for poor dear Emile I think this would have broken his heart. It is a merciful thing he was spared this anguish. What a strange turn of fate for Charley, so slighted and neglected by his mother, now to be called her comfort, her only comfort. Poor

Charley, I am glad at least that this tardy justice has been done him. Do you remember his crying as he sat by your side at the theatre, while all the audience was laughing over Lord Dundreary³⁷² because he had no love from his mother? As for Captain Gordon he is simply sublime - he is one of those men who seem sent on earth here and there, to shew what the world might be if all men acted under the same principles and feelings. His brother, Nile Gordon³⁷³ is a grand character too, a sort of chivalrous long-enduring, religious-minded warrior and explorer who throws lustre on his country. I have seen some of his letters to General Cotton, which were quite beautiful in their simplicity and vigour. He evidently was quite unconscious that he had done a fine thing in refusing (p.353) from the Khedive the subsidy of £10,000 a year which Sir Samuel Baker exacted for his services. Tell me about poor Captain Burnaby.³⁷⁴ What is this illness? You never had alluded to him before, I fancied they were still in Malta, and knew nothing about his being ordered to Bermuda. Oh those poor children! It seems incredible that a woman can work herself up to the moment when, as she kisses them in their little beds, she knows it is for the last time - for the last time as surely as if she were going to pass from their nursery to the scaffold. In one family I heard of when I was in Scotland in '63, the children in deep mourning for the lost though still living mother, were the objects of the whole county's sympathy. As soon as the divorce was pronounced they were put into black, told by their father that she was dead, and the servants desired never to name her to them again.

Dear old William; he had a trying time of it; you so ill, and he brooding over this misfortune. It is wonderful it did not affect him more seriously even than it did. I was so thankful to see the heading of your letter. I had so earnestly longed that you might go to Monte Generoso. Of course it was a terrible privation to tear yourself from the boys during their holidays, but I felt unless you had change of air you could not get really better.

--- new page in typescript ---

³⁷² Dundreary is a character in *Our American Cousin* by Tom Taylor (ed. 2016).

³⁷³ Gordon Pasha. A. J. G. *General Charles George Gordon, Gordon of Khartoum (1833-1885)* (ed. 2016)

³⁷⁴ The references to Malta and Bermuda suggest the Navy: this is at any rate not Captain Frederick Augustus Burnaby, the military Lion and explorer, so sensationally painted by Tissot (ed. 2016).

Adelaide.³⁷⁵ S. Australia.
Saturday 22d February.

My dearest Addy,

.....
Nothing about Ned's proficiency in anything he undertakes would ever surprise me. He has now been nearly six weeks back at Woolwich. You say at the beginning of your letter that I am not to be angry should it not prove a long one! Oh my child, disabuse your mind of such ideas! That you keep up writing so constantly, and at such length as you do, is wonderful, but I should cease to take pleasure in your letters if I thought you looked on them as a task that must be done. I know too well all you have to do, all your difficulties, all your interruptions. Now that Amy writes so well and so pleasantly always remember that she can replace you. Her handwriting has improved very much of late; it is a very nice hand - and through your dictating to her she will soon learn to write charming letters. I meant to answer her letter about the Patti³⁷⁶ and the MacDonalds and the de Podenas parties, by this mail, but am driven so late for time that I cannot write either to her or Gussie or Guy. The latter is a wonderful boy for correspondence - he writes me actually from school!! Domestic work - an unexpected jam making yesterday - has thrown me back with my letters. It is now 12.30 and this letter must be posted by 2.p.m.

.....
I have always forgotten to ask you to give poor Clada my affectionate love. I am sorry to think of his lonely old age. How rich mine is in family ties and affection! One hug from Baby repays a whole week of hard work. Besides which the work agrees with me. If I can but have my evenings free to sit out in and rest in the delicious (p.355) air and moonlight I am not a bit tired. It is when I sit indoors with the glass at 81, at 10 p.m., that I feel exhausted, especially if I try to write letters.

.....
Effie I am happy to say is a great deal better, more able to stand about and exert herself than she was. Yesterday I will give you a sketch of what we did. A

³⁷⁵ The Grettons had moved to Adelaide, where George had more work at the Bar than at Melbourne. A. J. G.

³⁷⁶ Adelina Patti (1843–1919) born in Madrid and raised in New York, was an internationally acclaimed soprano. (ed. 2016)

quantity of fruit ordered some days ago for preserving unexpectedly came in. We were very sorry as we wanted to have the day clear for our letters, but it could not keep, so the letters were put aside. First I had to put away all the clothes from the previous day's ironing, while Effie took charge of the Baby, while the nurse was helping do the rooms. Then we cut up the beef for her beef-tea. We always do this ourselves, weigh the meat, measure the water and set it on to boil.

Then we stoned and prepared 40 pounds of plums, weighed them and the sugar and put them on the fire. The Baby had been taken care of meanwhile by the nurse, and having been put to sleep, we went to dinner at 1 p.m. After dinner the nurse stirred the jam for half an hour, and then was sent into town to try and find a charwoman to come next week to help clean the house. The masons, painters &c leave the premises today. The nurse had scarcely gone when the Baby awoke and Effie took charge of her, trotting about after her as she crawled at full speed about the passages, or shewing her pictures whenever we could induce her to be quiet for a few minutes, while I stirred the jam. It was a huge quantity and it seemed as if it never would boil. At last when it did boil Lizzie the German undertook to skim it, and Effie rested a little while I carried Baby out into the shady side of the garden. When the jam had boiled enough (I surprised Effie standing over the fire helping Lizzie), she again took Baby while Lizzie and I filled (p.356) the pots, which by the by in some interval of time Effie had found time to wash and dry, and by 5 p.m. we sat down to rest from our labours and handed over Baby to the nurse who returned unsuccessful from her quest. If all be well Baby is to be finally weaned this day week, Saturday 2d March.

The nurse has behaved much better of late. She said her bad temper arose from grief at the prospect of leaving Baby, but she promised to be more reasonable and I think she has tried to keep her word. But even so one always feels on the brink of a volcano and the relief when she goes will be immense.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.357)

1878

Adelaide

22d March

My dearest Amy

I sent a long letter to your dear Mother and to Gussie by the "Lusitania"³⁷⁷ on the 5th inst. This mail I have written to Aunt Lizzie, and the general letter to her will give you our family chronicle. Effie herewith encloses for you your god-daughter's photograph. As you see she is a fine personable child. The cast in her eye that we rather fretted ourselves about at one time, has almost quite disappeared. She will soon know you and all her cousins, Granets and LeMs quite well, as she daily sees your photographs; only it is a little confusing for her as there are so many cousins. Big cousins, little cousins, baby cousins. She always kisses the babies. I have you in all stages, beginning with Ned at two years old.

I am so tired and stultified with household work that I am not up to letter writing, and yet I must write some letters this evening for the mail leaves tomorrow. We are very sad about the war, fearing it is inevitable.³⁷⁸ All hopes of Foster's coming are given up - for, in this uncertain state of things, he would never get leave of absence unless indeed he were so ill as to be invalided. Effie is a little anxious not having heard from him for the two last mails, but George and I try to dispel her fears, though secretly we are both rather uneasy lest he should have had a relapse of the Jungle fever which he caught when he was out tiger-hunting. The mail is telegraphed from Western Australia³⁷⁹ and will probably arrive tomorrow just as the outgoing mail which takes this is starting.

I long to hear how Rome agrees with dear Gussie and (p.358) how you got on in Genoa without the dear Mammy. I hope Guy has got over his cough and that he has been good and diligent. That dear Madme Osella, what a good kind helpful friend she is. The first time you see her give her my warm love and thanks. We were very much interested in your two last letters, especially with the account of the great treat you had in hearing the Patti sing. It is one of the things I should still very much enjoy.

³⁷⁷ The "Lusitania", built by Lairds in Birkenhead in 1871, broken up in 1901; 3825 tons, operated by the Orient line on the passage to Australia (ed. 2016).

³⁷⁸ This is the "Russian War Scare" of 1878, when it seemed that Great Britain would get drawn into the Russo-Turkish war on the side of the Ottoman Empire (ed. 2016).

³⁷⁹ Sense unclear. Perhaps the arrival of the mails from the UK in Perth had been telegraphed, as news, to Adelaide (ed. 2016).

Goodbye, my dear sweet old Amy. George and Effie send you their best love, and with much affection I am

Your old Aunt

RAVEN.

My best love to Pappy and Mammy and Aunty.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.359)

1878

Adelaide.
11th July.

Private

My dearest Addy,

I meant to write you a long letter all to yourself, but interruptions and overpowering fatigue prevent me from doing this. I can only tell you that your account of dear William's attack seemed very, very serious. His tortures of pain rent my heart to read of. What an amount of suffering he has borne, and so patiently, so uncomplainingly, so bravely! I cannot bear to think of his suffering so dreadfully, so hopelessly. Sooner than that Ah well, a little sooner, a little later, the rest and the consolation will come! It was good that the joy about Ned's passing came before that last terrible attack. It was the first sunshine the poor dear old fellow had had for many months. All the terror and distress about dear Gussie must have been terrible for him, also the alarm about Ned at the beginning of March. Oh! what an awful series of alarms and sorrows you have had since October 1876 when Gussie was so ill with the pleuro-pneumonia. The list is long, long indeed. I think the reason of my not being quite so well arises from my being so "tribolata" about you. I see so clearly that my place is near you - at least it would be, were I but in health sufficient to enable me to be of real use. But if I can't get in or out of one of these quiet old omnibuses by myself - if it flurries and flushes me to put up my things for a three days' visit - What am I fit for? Effie is getting so active and handy, with the children and with the ménage, that I have nothing now to tire me. Little Amy has quiet nights now, and does not wake till past six when I take her bright as a sunbeam into my bed, (p.360) and she prattles away and amuses herself till 7 when I get up. If I take

her and the boy out, one after the other, it is to please myself and also because being in the open air suits me better than anything else. Oh my poor Adelia, my life seems such a calm, selfish one compared to yours - yours so full of agony and perplexity. This tiraillement about the necessity for keeping Gussie out of Genoa, and William's inability to leave it, is the worst.

God bless and uphold you and comfort you my poor, dear much-tried sister.

Your loving
Raven.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.361)
Private

1878

Adelaide.
13th June.

My dearest Addy

I have left this to the last hoping for a quiet hour or two to devote to you but I have been interrupted and this will be hurried and unsatisfactory. Your letter of 11 April was brighter and more cheering than your previous letters for many months. I opened it with an anxious heart and you can understand my joy and thankfulness as I read on to find no bad news of any kind. The dear old fellow's keeping so well is truly wonderful. That has been the silver lining to the dark winter's clouds. The letter from dearest Gussie was delightful - I hope to write to her and Amy by the "Chimborazo" on the 2d July. The two likenesses were charming - Amy's face is very like Baxter's head "Modesty" - a ripe, rich, yet soft and guileless face. Her costume was lovely. The dress in colour and material must have been exquisite. Gussie's likeness is very beautiful. The mouth is almost too sensitive - the lips seem to quiver with intense feeling. The eyes even without colour are glorious.

.....
George is in very good spirits about his professional prospects. I have related in my general letter his anxiety lest his cold on the chest should prevent his appearing in Court tomorrow. Yesterday he had to keep his bed and we were very sad internally, though we all tried to cheer each other. This morning Dr Campbell found him so much better that he hopes he may after all, be able to speak tomorrow.

I have related our disappointment about the parcel with all the pretty presents. It is very mortifying to lose them.

.....
Dear beautiful Gussie! If she could but always keep as well as (p.362) when she returned from Rome! ... What she requires is non-exciting air. Devonshire air would suit her - Bournemouth too.

.....
I still get the blood to my head if I am worried or flurried - indeed I believe one reason, if not the chief reason of my being so much better since I left England is the having no trains to catch, no appointments to keep. I feel quite sick with the anxiety for next mail, due in a week, as we shall then hear about Ned. The blood has rather mounted to my head today. I think this very important case of George's has rather told on my nerves. I am astonished and delighted at his calmness. Yet he feels most deeply anxious - anxious for the poor wretch whom he considers was mad when he committed the crime - and anxious for the result to his own professional career. Last night he made up his mind that he would not be able to speak tomorrow: but this morning he awoke wonderfully better and Dr Campbell's visit was most cheering. I don't know whether my letters convey any notion of how plagued we are about servants. It seems so miserable always to be harping on that theme. I have written to Giovanni thro' Algie.

God bless you all dearest Addy. Oh how thankful I shall be if your next letter is cheerful and has good news of Ned and all the others. Dearest little Guy; I trust he is well and happy.

Ever your affte sister.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.363)
EXTRACTS

1878

September

.....
I am longing intensely to hear if you got safely off to the Bagni, and how you were faring there. And if all was well with Ned - and how you were yourself, above

all. It was a blow to hear Mr Spencer was going to Melbourne, and we not there! He would have been such a delightful friend, such an immense acquisition to us!

.....

4th Sept.

Dear Grettie's birthday. - I have no time to fill this up. God bless you my poor Adelia. How anxiously, sorrowfully, tenderly, pityingly I think of you, weighed down as you are by care and distress and conflicting duties, only ONE knows. I so pray that dear William may have a respite from those weary pains, poor dear old fellow! -

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.364)

1878

Adelaide.
16th Sept.

My poor darling sister

All the three letters are beside me, read and re-read, and again read over till I seem able day by day and hour by hour, to follow you through those last twenty two days of his sufferings.³⁸⁰ George opened the letters at his office and so prevented my getting any sudden shock. My first words were of thanks to God for the rest and peace and joy into which he had entered, and for the calmness, and holiness and unutterable love, which encompassed him to the last. Oh how different it might have been had you actually started and reached the Bagni, and that he had died there, away from all the loving friends and dependents whose tenderness and sympathy must have been very sweet to him, and to you beyond all description, comforting! I cannot say I was unprepared, for ever since that attack of the heart in May I felt that his life hung upon a thread, and the agony it was to me to think of the intense pain he then suffered and my dread lest he might have to endure many similar accesses of torture, were very great. I was quite haunted by the fear that each mail might bring news of fresh paroxysms. I knew how awful must have been the pain which he, poor darling, owned was intolerable - he so brave, so long-enduring, so wonderfully patient! And often, and often in the night I used to think of him, and pray that the pains might be lightened, the heavy burthen eased.

³⁸⁰ My husband died on 27th July 1878. A. J. G.

For many years it had been my constant earnest prayer that his mind might continue clear and vigorous, and that he might not lose the use of his hands, and mercifully this was granted to us; and I used to look forward to an (p.365) old age prolonged like that of Lord de Saumarez who lived to 73. But the attack in May terrified me - I did not tell you all I feared - what would it have availed? But the thought of his enduring such anguish was terrible to me. Poor darling, dear noble old fellow, I wonder if he ever understood how fond George and I were of him! "Fatti e non parole"³⁸¹ was always his rejoinder when I said anything affectionate to him, and knowing this, it was such a pleasure and spur to George to do what he knew his dear Uncle would approve, and in striving and economising to pay his debts to Genoa, he used to think of his quiet approval as something really worth striving for. It is such a disappointment that he did not even know of the first remittance to Algie - but why should he not know it after all? Why should not everything that could have given him pleasure here, not follow him? George cried like a child over your and Gussie's letters. He was inexpressibly touched, and so was I, by the reverence and love, and appreciation shewn by the crowds at his funeral, and the articles in the newspapers. Such genuine unsolicited respect and sympathy are indeed precious.

What I have shed more tears over than any other part of your letter, is your account of what took place on the Monday morning, July 8th, when you pressed him to put the journey back for a week, and

"he hesitated and said he would decide after breakfast, and then finally bursting into an agony of tears said yes, he was too ill, but that he was a burthen and torment to his family, and what would become of Gussie if she were not taken away?"

Oh it has wrung my heart to think of the depths of silent suffering out of which those tears at last found their way! Because he was always calm and even cheerful, and interested himself in all that was going on, in fact because he strove, and strove so (p.366) successfully, not to cast the gloom of his great affliction over those around him, one was too apt to forget all the bitterness of his fate and the exquisite torture it must have been for him to see himself helpless and crippled when the terrible conflict of duties came on you.

³⁸¹ "Fatti e non parole" (Italian): actions not words (ed. 2016).

O! dear brother, devoted fellow watcher by many a sick-bed, generous noble friend, forgive me if till now I never fully realized all your wonderful goodness and the intense bitterness of the cup which you drank without a murmur! And yet, and God be thanked for it, he was not always unhappy! His life had many moments of quiet enjoyment - he found pleasure in many things - his sweet contented temper took all the good out of his lot. How he enjoyed a fine view, the sunset, his cigar on the terrace, his children, his jokes with his friends! Did anyone ever hear him grumble or lament his infirmities? How you must rejoice that you were firm in refusing all the advice and entreaties of the doctors, and that you were his devoted attendant night and day to the last. I too feared it was becoming beyond your strength, and yet when you wrote that you knew it would slowly but surely kill him if you gave him up to the care of hired nurses, I felt with you it was impossible to surrender the sacred charge. And now you have your reward; never for your own pleasure or convenience to have left him for one day or night, will be a blessed consciousness, a source of peace and consolation beyond all expression.

It was so sweet that his last attempt at speech was to call you "Mamma" - the familiar name that had long superseded the "Tina" of early days. If he could but have seen Ned and poor little Guy - there would have been nothing left to wish for him. It was so merciful that all the acute pain had ceased - I gather that it had much diminished by Thursday the 25th, the day when the (p.367) 2nd consultation with Zanobini was held, and that it had altogether ceased on Friday morning the 26th. His taking pleasure in hearing my letter read so late as the Friday, was marvellous, and affected us all deeply. Effie has entirely entered into and shared our sorrow. She looks so pretty in her mourning! How glad I am that she went to Genoa with us! Had she not known you all, there would have been such a blank, where now there is such perfect community of feeling.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.368)

1878

3d October

My dearest Addy,

A fortnight at least before this reaches you, you should have received a long letter I wrote you by the "Lusitania". I think it left on the 15th Sept. The sad, sad news came on the 9th nearly four weeks ago. To me it seems so much, much longer, chiefly I suppose because my thoughts have been so constantly in the past. I have the dear old fellow's voice continually in my ears, I could fancy he was talking to me. We have all of us so much longed for one friend, just one friend, to take an interest in all we had to talk over about Genoa, and dearest William and you, and the children. We have felt so lonely for the want of this kindly sympathy. It is three years to the very day since Effie and I left Genoa. I never had a foreboding that I should see him no more on earth. Indeed, as I probably have said before to you, until I heard of that attack of the heart in May, I always counted, on his living till at least 72: and my keen anxiety was for you, lest you should break down and perhaps sink altogether under your crushing weight of care and conflicting duties. Your trials for the last 18 months have been fierce; agonizing. Indeed it is two years since Gussie was so dangerously ill with that pleurisy and inflammation of the lungs, and from that time you have had but little respite from sickness or distress of mind in one form or the other.

I was thinking the other day of your beautiful house - I saw it first in July 1873. What anguish - chiefly silent, secret anguish you have gone through in these last five years - and what courage you have shewn! How you have borne up, and snatched at every glimpse of sunshine. And there was sunshine, and he had many days of (p.369) quiet enjoyment. I remember your saying that, in spite of all his privations and sufferings, he was not unhappy - he could extract happiness from all the alleviations in his lot, and above all from his faculty of interesting himself in others, in one word from his thorough unselfishness.

There is something deeply touching and full of interest - if merely looked on as a story even - in the narrative of those last few weeks. The journey resolved upon - the preparations made - the sadness in his looks - the efforts to surmount his inward shrinking from it - the determination to carry it out - the agony of tears when confessing himself at the last moment too ill to start - Oh! It is all so sad, so exquisitely pathetic. And we have no one here who can appreciate this - no one worthy of being told it! One great consolation you have had, and that is the love and

sympathy that surrounded his sick-bed and the friends that now cherish his memory. Dear old fellow, to think of his caring to hear my letter only the day before he died!³⁸²

.....
Your plans too will be shaping themselves out - and of course an endless field for conjecture and anxiety might lie before me if I had not still - and God be thanked most fervently for it - my old "habit" (as Edward Wright expressed it 28 years ago) "of trusting in Providence". Your way will be made plain for you somehow.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.370)
Private.

1878

Adelaide.
29th October.

My dearest Addy.

I sent you a long letter on the 15th inst by the "Garonne".

.....
Since I wrote I have been completely overwhelmed by domestic cares and fatigue. I think I said in my last letter that for the first time since she had been in Australia Effie had cold and cough. This became very severe and she has been quite ill ever since. We have had the most trying, despairing sort of weather I ever remember in my life. For two or three days intensely hot, then in the course of two or three hours, no, less than an hour shifting to keenly cold with howling winds. Then violent dust storms, then an hour or two of this much needed rain, then a dry exhausting Hot Wind, then cutting cold, and so on. If the poor child seemed getting better some sudden change was sure to throw her back again. Then languid and weakened as she was by this obstinate attack, she had to exert herself continually, for the wretched little nurse-girl behaved worse and worse, and left us more and more to do, and yet until we had found another we had no alternative but to put up with her. There were one or two days when it just seemed as if things had got to their most trying point, when one of these sudden changes of temperature struck Effie's breast and she had an alarming threatening of a gathering. I fomented assiduously,

³⁸² My husband died at Genoa 27th July 1878. A. J. G.

and Dr Campbell who looked very grave when he saw it, gave her medicines, and in two days the hardness and pain happily had disappeared. She was only one day in bed not to weaken her too much, but I do not let her get up to breakfast. This distresses her, but I know well that if not for this care and ensuring (p.371) her a couple of hours quiet sleep after the baby is taken away, she would utterly break down, and we should find ourselves at the beginning of the hot season obliged to wean the little boy.

Yesterday Dr Campbell said that the whooping cough was so prevalent that were it not for Effie's being certain that she had had it in childhood he should think this cough of hers, so spasmodic in its character, was coming to it. As it is, it might be spurious whooping cough. The little boy coughs and sneezes occasionally but otherwise seems quite well: but of course I feel a little anxious. Dr Campbell says the best thing for Effie would be change of air. Where to send her is the difficulty, the accomodation at the hotels in the country is so rough, indeed the hotels are nothing better than public houses utterly unfit for a lady and an infant. We hope in a few days that Mrs Edmund Wright of Magill will ask her. She is at present very much occupied in preparing to send her daughter Ethel on a visit to Melbourne, and does not know how ill Effie is. When Ethel is fairly off, and she has time to come and see us, I am sure she will invite her and the baby down.

.....

We are momentarily expecting the new nurse, a girl of 17. She has perhaps played us false as the day is wearing on. I am so tired that as soon as I sit down to write I fall asleep. I have kept up wonderfully, thank God - no ailments whatever, no flushing, no headache, nothing except feeling cross and irritable towards the close of the day when I am desperately tired. It is the helplessness and carelessness of the servants which causes me so much fatigue. I have to think for everyone. If we had but one good brisk intelligent girl to stand by us, half our burthen would be removed, but all three are alike careless, heartless, indifferent. The girl who is going away today the worst of all.

If I seem writing (p.372) with too much asperity and ill humour make allowances for me. Dearest Grettie is so good and patient. He has much to worry him in business hours, and then when he comes home he is saddened by dear Effie's cough and pale face, and my tired face, but he tries to be bright and encouraging and finds

great comfort in the children's smiling happy faces. They are very lovely - Amy is indeed quite beautiful. Just now we have a number of little trials. They would be much lightened if we had any friends in this place, but to own the truth we seem to get more and more isolated. The utter want of sympathy or courtesy - shewn when it was known I was in sorrow over my sad news from Genoa six or seven weeks ago - has wounded us all keenly. Long before that, we had given up expecting anything like intimacy or pleasant interchange of ideas with the people here, but we had not expected to find them so totally wanting in the amenities of life.

I have purposely abstained in my family letters from grumbling or describing the low, narrow, vulgar qualities of the Adelaideans, because I wished to make the best of things, and also from the fear that anything I said in the general letter disparaging to the colony³⁸³ might find its way back here, and do George a great deal of injury. They are an odious set of people, so ignorant, so prejudiced, so self-satisfied, so busy and eager in their little round of pleasures and engagements. The girls in society pass their time in the most frivolous pursuits; they go every week to a lawn-tennis club - on a set day, which nothing must interfere; another day is devoted to archery - two other days to the Rink; they mostly go without their mothers. The result is a relâchement of manners which a young Frenchman who is giving lessons here tells George in confidence, is quite startling. The boys are ignorant, idle, purposeless. ... (p.373) People say the climate indisposes to study. We are cut off from all telegraphic news by the Cable's having broken down somewhere near Batavia. The suspense is great, but in India at least war seems inevitable³⁸⁴ and Foster is sure to be sent to the front.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.374)

1879

Adelaide
21st Feb.

My dearest Addy

³⁸³ The Colony was South Australia. Later, in Melbourne, she would be in the Colony of Victoria. The Commonwealth of Australia was formed in 1901 (ed. 2016).

³⁸⁴ Probably a reference to the Second Afghan War (ed. 2016).

My hopes of being able to send you a longer and pleasanter letter than the one I wrote you a few days ago by the "Lusitania" are all frustrated. The dear little boy³⁸⁵ whom I then reported as remarkably well, and as having cut four teeth without any trouble worth speaking of, has become very feverish and fretful and his poor little gums are swollen and ulcerated. Four more teeth seem nearly through. He has not yet taken kindly to his new nurse, and now that he is ill he is never satisfied unless in Effie's or my arms. You can therefore easily understand how the attempt to get letters ready for Monday next the 24th is a distracting process. I seem to write fewer and fewer letters - and I grieve for this because nothing keeps up friendship like correspondence, and for George and Effie's sake much more than for my own, it is desirable to keep together a nucleus of friends and acquaintances in England.

Every day that passes only strengthens their desire not to let too many years pass ere they return to England. They have the rare advantage for young people starting in life, of an independent income sufficient for their support in due limits of economy, so that all professional gains can be laid by.

.....
His dread is lest by keeping his children too long here, they should grow up as the colonial youth almost invariably do - ignorant, arrogant, selfish, narrow-minded. However this digression looks a long way ahead. I was only led into it by my wishing to explain why it was so desirable to keep up with one's friends at home.

(p.375) I am pleased the Guernsey people wish to see you. ... I commend you to my old Cousin and very kind and helpful friend, Mary Lane. You will find her in her cottage at Bellevue Place, St Martin's, where many and many a time George and I have feasted on her strawberries and some delicious "sweetheart" cakes. Good old Mary Chepmell in her little lodgings where she has lived for many years on a very homeopathic income (Hannemannian,³⁸⁶ not of these degenerate, strong-tincture days!!) will rejoice to see you. I have not kept up correspondence with Mary Lane nor any of the Guernsey cousins for the simple reason that I cannot find time for everything. Amelia Gimingham I am under so many obligations to, and feel so much attachment for, that I do struggle through a letter every three months or so to her. I

³⁸⁵ George Foster Gretton eldest grandson of the writer. A. J. G.

³⁸⁶ Maintained by income in miniscule amounts. C. F. S. Hannemann 1755 -1843, the founder of homeopathy. (ed. 2016).

had one from her by last mail with three pages all about you, commenting on a letter she had seen of yours which had most deeply interested her. It was to Julia Goddard, and Henrietta LeM. had sent it to her. She always asks very warmly after Ned. She was away from London the winter he spent with us in her house, but at Easter 1875 when we went to the Prankerds at Bristol, Ned went with me to Weston super Mare, a short railway distance, to spend the day with Amelia, and she was charmed with him. If you go to England this summer let Lucy Prankerd hear from you. Her address is the Knoll, Sneyd Park, Bristol.³⁸⁷ She would be distressed if you did not let her know. She always asks after you in her letters to me, not conventionally, but warmly. She has a great liking for Algernon.

I never fully realized what a boon the electric telegraph was till we got Algie's answer to George's enquiry. It was hard to have to content oneself with monosyllables; still of course his word "news" conveyed to Algie what he meant, and "Well" in return filled us with joy. (p.376) Your most touching and beautiful account of the little boy's illness³⁸⁸ brought it all so clearly before us that had we been seeing him day by day we could not have understood it better. About yourself I feel very anxious for further accounts.

.....
You must secure very airy lodgings in Guernsey with a fine bracing aspect - a great deal depends on situation. If you get into a hollow you may suffer very much from the heat. I feel that my letters written by snatches, sometimes not more than three or four lines without interruption, must seem very bald and selfish. But occupations from within and preoccupations from without, seem to accumulate.

.....
Saturday 22d.
If you go to England do not forget dear Annie Smith and Mrs Rusden at 14 Addison Road Kensington W. The Cottons are not far off - 13 Longridge Road, Earl's Court Road. I always feel a great pang to think that they are growing old and in the

³⁸⁷ Peter Prankerd emigrated from Bristol to Adelaide in 1839, where he made his fortune. He returned to Bristol in 1872 and bought a large house known as The Knoll, in Sneyd Park. He was related to the Raven through his marriage to Amelia Wright (ed. 2016).

³⁸⁸ The typhoid fever and meningitis George Le Mesurier - aged 3 - recovered from so miraculously. A. J. G.

course of nature can hardly be alive when Effie and George go back to England.³⁸⁹
Every association connected with those two people is pleasant. They are so good,
so bright, so loving, so agreeable.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.377)

1881

(In the interval between the last letter and this one, Lizzie, our brother's wife, died February 1880. My sister came over to see the poor widower and his seven children, and was also with me and mine - returning to Australia in July 1881. A. J. G.)

Adelaide. S. Australia,
25th August.

My dearest Addy,

The telegram will have assured you of my safe arrival. It was at 2 p.m. on the 19th that the "Lusitania" slowly steamed up to her anchorage about a mile from the jetty at the Semaphore, and the steam-tug was seen approaching with the health officer from the shore, and the passengers who were crowding to the side called out to me they were sure my son was on it, for they could see through their glasses a tall gentleman, very like me, waving his hat. My eyes were too blurred and misty to make out anything and I could not hold the glasses thrust by several kind hands upon me. So then all these good people quite excited from sympathy, went on exclaiming with more and more assurances as the steam-tug came nearer, "It is, it is your Son, Mrs Gretton; see there are two little children; one is dressed like a sailor, and they are looking straight up at you. And oh! there, look there is your daughter-in-law - She is so like her photograph. She is waving her handkerchief to you!" And it was them after all. You can conceive the sickening doubt and anxiety at the last, lest I should not find them all - and they it seems felt just the same, and were in tortures at first because they could not descry me amongst all the figures crowding to the

³⁸⁹ Both alive and well in Novr 1896 having survived the writer and dear Effie, the young half-sister of Mrs Cotton!. But ... in November or December 1896 Mrs Cotton aged about 76 died, leaving her dear old husband, aged nearly 90, to follow her soon, we hope! 1897. A. J. G.

side. Poor dear Grettie who had been so brave when I left, fairly broke down in his joy, and we all wept at the far end of the poop for a few minutes.³⁹⁰

The children were just as if we had never parted. Foster a little pale and awe-stricken at finding himself on "the big ship" but not the least strange with me, and when we got home, which was not till past (p.378) five, for getting off the luggage, and the railway journey up to town, and the drive from town up here took a long time, there was John running to meet me and calling out "Anny, Anny" - his version of Granny. Of course he did not know me, but they had shewn him my picture every day and taught him my name, and Mary Cox who was there to meet me schooled him up to the last moment as to what he should say. He is by far the prettiest of the three, very like his father when he was his age. He is very sturdy and independent; he had been teaching himself to walk for some time and started off on his own hook two or three days before I arrived.

Mrs Lamb and her three children were standing at the gate to welcome me, and friends and neighbours have come in every day since, so that I have not even yet got through all my unpacking. At least nothing is arranged in my drawers. I soon get tired and I do not force myself, to do more at a time than I feel equal to. Sarah also was there to greet me; I must not forget her, poor little woman, and Saturday she came for a whole day to take my things out of the boxes, prepare my clothes for the wash &c. So I have had plenty of waiting on, and Mary comes over from her cottage for two hours every forenoon to see what she can do for me: but the stream of affectionate friends has hindered my settling down, and I have had to dash off sundry letters for the mail which leaves today. This is a letter for the dear girls as well as you: I cannot write to them separately this time.

Their photographs have given immense pleasure to George and Effie. They are in a Florentine frame and look lovely. All your presents have been received with delight and admiration. I applaud myself for deciding on the arm chairs - they did want them so very much, and the drawing-room now looks so comfortable and well-furnished. I found that my bedroom had (p.379) been completely refurnished for me; a nice

³⁹⁰ This was after a separation of eleven months. The writer had come home to her widowed brother who lost his wife in 1880. A. J. G.

carpet, a davenport, a spring mattress &c. Nothing new in any other room - all the embellishments in mine.

Euphemia is wonderfully sweet and dear, and has developed great capacity for managing three children all at once. She keeps them happy and amused most charmingly, but of course there are times now when she feels a little tired. The house and servants all seem in perfect order. She says she has been really blessed in her servants of late. When I heard of the death and sickness that had been rife amongst our acquaintances here this winter, I felt quite awestricken at what might have been our fate. Four ladies I know have been all left widows within a few weeks. My heart is very full of Algie and his children - You can understand my anxiety.

And your health too my Adelia! God bless you all.

Your Raven

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.380)

1881

Adelaide S.A. Nov. 17th.

My dearest Addy.

The enclosed letter from dear old Mrs Hobkirk³⁹¹ is so touching in its simplicity and uncomplainingness, and gives such a full account of all her children, that I thought you would like to read it. Harriet is struggling on with her school at its infinitesimal rate of payment at Dandenong, an obscure little town some few hours railway distance from Melbourne. The only one of her sons Mrs H. does not mention is Harry - I fear she has no good to tell. He has long been in New Zealand, just living, and no more. Drunkenness his bane. Willie too, poor fellow, lost all his chances in his prime through this unhappy vice, but I believe he did keep to the resolution he made some ten years ago, when literally starving on the Diamond fields in South Africa, to renounce drinking altogether. He owed his life there to the charity of some free-masons who discovered he was of their craft. Algie will be interested in hearing about his old playfellow, and his story will give you something to tell him on his next evening visit to you.

³⁹¹ The writer first knew her in Ancona long before she (Amy Le Mesurier) married. A. J. G.

My child, your letter of October 5th was hailed with delight because it was written in ink - the last two had been in pencil - but before I had read many lines I felt bitterly disappointed to find how weak and ill you still were. However I hope again that the improvement you announce and that Gussy confirms, steadily went on, and that before the end of October you were able to travel safely back to Genoa, and that before the end of this month George may have seen you. I fancy he will be passing through Genoa some time between the 25th and 30th of November on his way to embark either at Brindisi or Naples, according as the steamers may be going. In winter (p.381) I believe the Orient liners go out via the Canal. We had his letter from Suez by the last mail, and a great comfort it was. Now every fortnight we trust will bring letters from him regularly up to his return. It has been a long blank time since he started; and my poor state of health has not made me a very lively companion to dear Effie, who is really admirable in her sweetness and industry and thought for every one. One of her arguments for reconciling me to being so completely laid on the shelf is, that if it was to be, how fortunate it is that she should have become so much stronger and able to do so much that I used to do. I admit this fully but I sometimes fear the willing steed may work too hard. I cannot help looking with apprehension to the time when she will be laid up. Should it be during very hot weather, and in January that is almost certain to be the case, and I stand it no better than the short bursts of heat we have as yet had, I shall be an anxiety instead of a help to her.

Last week we had three very warm days (the glass up to 87° Fahrenheit), which closed with thunder and rain, since which it has really been quite crisp cold weather, but I was so completely knocked down by the heat, that the four bracing days which have followed have barely brought me back to where I was before. I never suffered from much hotter weather in this degree before. I suppose it is because I am so much weaker. However things that one dreads in anticipation are often wonderfully smoothed down for me.

At present we are comfortable with regard to servants. As Effie says "if it but lasts!" But this state of calmness is procured by concessions that in Europe would be thought absurd. Fancy Clara the nurse demanding an evening every week from 7 to 10 to go out to take Lessons on the Harmonium! She said the Housemaid was willing to put (p.382) the children to bed for her, and that her Mother (a respectable old

person whose genteel position sheds lustre on her daughter) had told her to say it was her great wish that she should learn, so sooner than part with the girl who is tidy and truthful, and manages the children well, Effie had to consent. This in addition to every third Sunday, and one day in every four weeks as a whole holiday. The same with the other two servants. Thus it happens that every Sunday there are but two servants on duty, and three whole days out of every four weeks besides. When the poor little Intruder arrives we often wonder how we shall manage. A fourth servant we have really not room for, and besides they would be sure to quarrel. Effie means to try, as is often done here, by raising the housemaid's wages to get her to assist in the nursery. She is the one who has least to do. Living as quietly as we do her duties are very light, and Amy and Foster really give very little trouble.

I was not equal to begin tackling my letters before the 17th and today 18th, I find myself with nothing but this sheet and a half to you as yet written, and the post closes tomorrow morning! I must write to Louissette and Lizzie Griffith, and Mary Harrison whose very sweet letters I have left for two months unacknowledged! Effie's face glowed with pleasure at your report of her brother Foster's³⁹² fascination - but truly there is something wonderfully attractive about him. Poor dear Effie, she does so long to see her brother! Grettie will find in him and Ned his great delight and resource during his stay in England. I do love dearest Ned dearly, dearly. His dear bright eyes, as clear and bright as a falcon's, looked so lovingly at me!

Your Raven.

I will write D.V. by the P and O. next week a Christmas letter to Amy and Gussie. Meanwhile embrace them and Guy for their old Aunt, and salute dearest Aunt, Mrs Leacock and Mrs Mahaffy for me. And Madame de Sonnaz most tenderly I need not say, but will she venture this winter to Genoa?

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.383)

1881

Adelaide. 30th Dec.

Dearest Addy,

³⁹² Captain Foster Cunliffe, R.H.A. A. J. G.

Your letter of the 18th Nov. was indeed a joy to my heart. Thankful indeed am I that all my fears and doubts were groundless, and truly, deeply, fervently do I rejoice with you in your happiness.³⁹³ It is such a wonderful blessing for you to be able to give her to him without the shadow of a misgiving. But you deserve this, indeed you do, for your rare disinterestedness. You have indeed chosen the better part in setting Arthur's deep religious principles, his cultivation, his goodness and loveableness above fortune - I honour you for it with all my heart! You always said Amy would be thrown away as a rich man's wife: without going so far as that, I agree with you that as the wife of a man of moderate means all her pretty talents for contriving and arranging will have fuller scope, and that she will make £600 a year go further than many, many girls would £800. She will be indeed a sunbeam in her husband's house, and I can see her now, all smiles and dewy freshness, like a sweet moss-rose receiving the congratulations - hearty loving congratulations, which must have rained upon her. How pleased all the Guernsey friends will have been! What a stir, what an event, the news must have been to all the anxious friends. Poor Louisa Clarke! What a difference between the Sons-in-law! She has never written to me as she said she would: I fear it is that she is too sad.

I can so enter into your joy at having a son now whom you can look up to for help and counsel, who will be like a wise elder brother to Guy and Gussie. Whenever you have felt ill and depressed, doubtful perhaps of living much longer, the thought of leaving the two dear girls without a protector (p.384) must have painfully weighed upon you; but all that is dispelled now, and please God you will live many years in renovated health, to reap what you have sown. Adelia, my child, I do so admire you for this. It is beautiful - it is real poetry - it is real Faith. How many mothers before welcoming the young clergyman to their house, would have ascertained his prospects both as to property and preferment, and have concluded that what he had to offer was not commensurate to what they were prepared to give, and so instead of encouraging his visits as you did, would very soon have made him feel they were not desired. Dearest Ned is perhaps just in the phase of not much caring for a clerical brother-in-law; but it will pass, it will pass. At nineteen Grettie's animosity to a black coat often gave me a heavy heart. I have to thank dear Mr Constable in sending out

³⁹³ On Amy Granet the writers niece's engagement. A. J. G.

his son-in-law William Berkley to us in Melbourne, for dispelling it. For Guy the connection is inestimably valuable - so it will prove in only a secondary degree to Havilland. The time may come when these little boys here may profit by it. As you say, the influence of one good high minded Christian man in a family is almost boundless.

All you wrote was delightful to read. It was so fresh, so pure. Sweet Gussie, nothing you can say of her unselfishness and nobility can be more than she deserves. Edward Amand W. still retains his ardent admiration for her. In a letter I had the other day from his sister Mrs Prankerd, she says she had seen her brother Edward in London and he had told her that "Gussie Granet was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen." If the chaplaincy at Leghorn is secured I suppose the wedding will not be long delayed - Cui bono? - I have told dear Amy that I will send her Twenty Pounds. It would folly to buy anything for her here, and equally so I think to (p.385) commission anyone in Europe to provide a present without consulting her wishes. All I would stipulate is that it should be something lasting - something to remember me by. If she cared for it a gold necklace such as you gave Effie, is a beautiful and lasting gift, but very likely Amy might have something else she would prefer; something for her house - a set of electro-plated knives and forks - ditto fish knives and forks, in a handsome oak case such as Robert Irving gave George, from Elkingtons' is a present some young people would like - or a "garniture de cheminée" - but I leave it entirely to her, with the one stipulation that it should be an object that will last. Of course she will have handsome presents, sweet child. Surely Aunty will cover herself with honour on the occasion. Guernsey would wish to do so, but will not have the means. Mind and tell me everything that is given to her. Please keep a list as we did of Effie and George's presents.

To console³⁹⁴ (?!!) poor Charley, could you not make up a match between him and Edith Amand W.? She is a really good affectionate girl - she loves Genoa, loves Aunty, loves the Red Palace, and I am sure her father, though he would not pay a large sum down during his life-time, would allow her £500 a year. Blanche, poor girl, would be only too willing, but Charley did not seem disposed when I sounded him.

³⁹⁴ She thinks Charley cared for Amy for herself. A. J. G. "herself" is in the text -but perhaps "himself"? (ed. 2016).

Perhaps however he may be less difficult now. I am so glad Edith Leupold is all right again. Give her my kindest love.

Dearest Lucy has indeed been grievously ill. This explains why I have not yet heard from her. Mary Constable is indeed a loving daughter to her. I am so sorry about Ellen Hall's depression on the subject of Ernesto; ... I am very much concerned at what you tell me. Algie writes most satisfactorily about her, assuring me "She is the right woman in the right place" (p.386) and so on.

.....
You will have seen my Grettie at Christmas I trust,³⁹⁵ so I say nothing about him. We have had some fearfully hot days, though not many of them, since I last wrote. The ups and downs of temperature are wonderful. On Tuesday the 27th the glass was 97° all day, and at eight in the evening in the Verandah stood at 91°. It was stifling. Then a great dust storm blew and it fell in a minute or two to 80°, but it rose again in half an hour; and there was heavy thunder and lightning without clearing the air. All night it was fearful but the next day at 10 a.m. the wind shifted to the South and the glass fell to 65°. For news of the children and dear Effie I refer you to [the] enclosed to Lizzie Griffith, which please forward. Tell Algie I will write to him next time. Writing does knock me up so, and I must take care of myself.

Once more receive your old Raven's love, blessing and admiration.

Ever yours

A. L. V. G.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.387)
EXTRACT

1882

Adelaide South Australia.
January.

.....
You did not know when you wrote of the great sorrow which had fallen on us. Our precious glorious Lucy:³⁹⁶ I feel as if something had gone out of my life never in this world to be given back to me. She was the one perfect, noble, wise, unswerving

³⁹⁵ George had made a rapid visit to England soon after his Mother's return to Australia. A. J. G.

³⁹⁶ Lucy Smith, nee Cumming - an incomparable being! A. J. G.

friend that each one, of the many who loved and honoured her, could appropriate with undoubting trust for all Time - for Eternity too, let us pray and believe. She had the wonderful, almost miraculous, gift of diffusing and multiplying, without weakening, her power of sympathy. No one ever laid open their heart to her without feeling cheered and strengthened. No one ever felt her interest in their own personal cares or joys grow faint. Her breadth of comprehension was almost like a divine attribute. I know you will feel as keenly, as sadly, as I do our irreparable loss. I was accustomed whenever I was thinking over anything to ask myself: "What would Lucy say to this?" - or to arrange in my mind all I would write to her about it. Of late the letters thus mentally sketched were seldom written, but she knew failing strength, not lack of inclination was the cause - and the graciousness and sweetness of her trust and friendship knew no abatement.

The most touching proof of this, were any needed, is in the letter begun to me found by her bedside. It is dated 14th of Dec. and she passed away at 4 a.m. that day! The last line of the 2nd page, written clearly and firmly says "Now I must stop. I am writing in the middle of the night." Did she feel the pain coming on, or (p.388) was she tired only, and disposed to rest? It was her habit to write sitting up in bed. Archie had seen her in bed at 11 p.m. on the 13th, and she said she felt "very comfortable." But of course Mary has written to you full details. The precious darling was spared the lingering illness, the loss of sight, the helplessness, the fear of which often weighed upon her, and she died in the arms of the two beings she loved best in the world. We cannot mourn for her. She could hardly have met Death more according to her own wishes. We shudder to think of those sharp awful pains which wrung from her those piercing shrieks - but they are all forgotten now. All the mystery, "the reverent curiosity"³⁹⁷ as Kingsley terms it, is solved now. The spirit of the Noblest woman I have ever known must be at rest in the bosom of its God.

--- new page in typescript ---

³⁹⁷ "God forgive me if I am wrong, but I look forward to it [death] with an intense and reverent curiosity" Charles Kingsley (1819 – 1875) about twenty years before his death; from F. E. Kingsley "Charles Kingsley, his Letters and Memories of his Life" 2011 vol. 2, p.462 (ed. 2016).

Adelaide.
Thursday 27th July.

My dearest Addy

Your letter of 15th June was received on the 22d inst. My heart sank when I again saw the pencilled characters, but after hearing it I felt tolerably cheerful about you and hope you have seen the worst of your attacks. Two or three years more, and you will be quite strong and hearty. Your description of dearest Amy's happiness is delightful to read. It just realizes my ideal of the happiness two young creatures harmoniously paired should enjoy, on their first setting up housekeeping.

We were surprised your letter contained no allusion to the state of things in Egypt, which at the time you wrote was already sufficiently disquieting to be reported here by telegraph. Probably your very nearness to Alexandria made you think less of the danger³⁹⁸. It has spread fearfully, and rapidly, and imperfectly informed as we are, we cannot but feel deep anxiety for the small English force concentrated at Ramleh awaiting Arabi Bey's attack. Why more troops should not have been despatched 'ere this we have no means of understanding. "Frappez vite et frappez fort"³⁹⁹ seems to have been lost sight of. Ah if we had had poor Dizzy⁴⁰⁰ at the helm all this precious time would not have been lost! And what are we fast drifting into now? Judged from our remote standing point the outlook is most gloomy.

We conclude Foster is in Egypt for his battery was high up on the list for foreign service: dear Ned will be sent there too if the force there is increased, and increased it must be and rapidly too if we are left, as today's telegrams intimate, to do all the work by ourselves.⁴⁰¹ One expects every day to hear that the Mahometan (p.390) population of India has risen and that the Sultan has thrown off the mask of late so carelessly worn. Dear old England! - the times seem very dark and threatening for her - may she be kept in honour and safety thro' all perils and dangers.

³⁹⁸ This seems to be the first of two long stays in Egypt, where A. J. G. accompanied her daughter Gussie seeking relief for her lung problems. On her second visit she stayed in Helwan, a southern suburb of Cairo, on the right bank of the Nile (ed. 2016).

³⁹⁹ "Frappez vite et frappez fort" (French): strike fast and strike hard (ed. 2016).

⁴⁰⁰ Disraeli (ed. 2016).

⁴⁰¹ The French had unexpectedly declined to protect their interests in Egypt and the Suez canal by joining the British military expedition (ed. 2016).

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.391)

1882

(Once more my sister, George and his wife and family left Australia - this time for good.)

In the Red Sea
on board S.S. "Rome"⁴⁰²
29th Sepr.

My beloved Adelia

You will be glad to hear that we are safe so far. We got off from Adelaide on the 31st August, leaving less undone and forgotten than I could have thought possible considering all we had to do and how late, owing to Effie's state of health, we had begun our preparations. She rallied wonderfully at the last - when she realized she was going home. For a long time she had a sort of gloomy presentiment that she never would go. Then all the anxiety and suspense about the war and the safety of the Canal, preyed on her mind. Altogether we had a bad time of it ever since Augusta's⁴⁰³ birth. To relieve her mind George telegraphed to enquire about Foster just before we started. We thought he had probably been ordered to Egypt. But the answer was "Aldershot". I trust with all my heart she may have a joyful meeting with him now. She does so long to see him and shew him her children.

Well, my Adelia, you will see by my handwriting that I am no great shakes, yet all things considered I have stood the voyage very fairly. The first ten days were wretched - weather cold and stormy, and Foster and Baby attacked with what the ship's doctor insisted was laryngeal croup; and John and Amy with bad coughs. For three days Foster was in bed covered chest and back with linseed and mustard poultices, and Baby for five days under a tent of blankets - temperature stifling. Happily all got well, but the tendency to cough still clings to all of them, all four - and not one had had a cough or cold the whole winter before we started! In a week after (p.392) leaving Adelaide we got into warm latitudes, and steadily increasing heat; compared to many voyages this has been favourable - always a pleasant breeze and smooth seas, so that the ports have been kept open all night, and the ship is

⁴⁰² *Sic* in the typescript, but this is certainly the British-Indian Steam Navigation Co.'s S.S. "Roma" (ed. 2016).

⁴⁰³ Adelaide Augusta Gretton - now known as "Addy" - 4th child of Writer's son. A. J. G.

magnificently large and well ventilated. The cabins are like rooms. We have two, each with four berths. The children have immense "succès", especially John and Augusta. John's glory of sunny curls was shorn before we had been a week at sea, but despite this loss he is still immensely admired and is the spoilt child of the ship. His pranks and reckless courage are the theme of every tongue. Augusta is the petted darling of all, and is indeed an engaging little child. There are only sixteen children in the first class and sixty-four passengers. At Colombo the ship stayed nearly three days - and some of the party were able to go to Kandy by rail; surpassingly beautiful!

At Aden who should come on board but our cousin Augustus LeMesurier,⁴⁰⁴ in the commissariat and transport department, with the titular rank of Colonel. He had been ordered from the Transvaal to Egypt with 650 mules for the army. At Aden he found a telegram directing him to get rid of the mules, so the poor beasts have been shipped to Bombay to be sold there, and he has come on with 30 soldiers by this steamer. At Suez he expects further orders. He is a fine soldier-like man of 45 - a "buon diavolo", with that cousinly affection for their Uncle Edward's children which the Quebec LeMs always seem to feel. He remembers seeing you at Sam's.

My child, if all goes well the Captain hopes to be in London by Saturday the 12th or 13th of October. Write care of Miss Lyon, 1 Devonshire Terrace, Kensington, London. If Aunt Sophy can take the four children and their parents in under the same roof, I purpose going at once to Brighton to Lizzie G. I wrote to her (p.393) about it before I left Adelaide. I should like to leave Aunt Sophy the undivided ownership of the children for the first few days. Sweet Amy⁴⁰⁵ greatly needs the influences of nursery discipline. The last few months of vulgar servant influence have told on her. Oh they were so vulgar. The girl who came with us for the voyage has behaved on the whole very well. She is English, but after ten years in the colony is not a person one would desire to retain. So free and easy, it would make you stare.

I hope for good news of you all. Your last that reached me was from the Baths of Lucca, the 14th or 15th of July. Please impart my news to Algie. Grettie is very fairly well, revelling in the society of two or three pleasant military men, our fellow

⁴⁰⁴ Perhaps Frederick Augustus Le Mesurier, born 1839 (ed. 2016).

⁴⁰⁵ Amy Gretton, the Writer's eldest grandchild. A. J. G.

passengers. One, a distinguished Indian colonel, takes him on shore at Suez to introduce him to military friends. Another, a cavalry Colonel has been devoted to the children, taking charge of them for hours together.⁴⁰⁶ A Guernseyman, Lieut. de Lisle R.N. joined the ship at Colombo - he came from Vladi Vostock, in Russian Tartary.

There were great demonstrations of affection and regret when we left Adelaide - showers of invitations, streams of callers. Altogether quite a surprising amount of warmth. Some of the things at the sale fetched excellent prices - some the reverse; but altogether it was considered a good sale, despite the unfavourable weather. It rained in torrents. The little Florentine scaldino you sent the children sold for six shillings; I think it cost 60 centimes.⁴⁰⁷ I have a pleasant commission from the Amand Wrights to lay out £4 (one hundred francs) in a tasteful present for you, and £2 (50 frcs) for Gussie. So think of what you would like. Edith was better poor child. "Entre nous" she and Blanche are very miserable and discontented. It would have been better for them never to have (p.394) visited Europe. But this must not be breathed.

And now goodbye for the present.

Your faithful Raven greets you all tenderly.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.395)

1883

Quarry House - Weston s/m
24th March.

My dearest Addie

I had your card this morning and letter on Thursday. I am rejoiced at the good accounts of dear Amy, and the anecdotes of the dog Ben are full of interest to me - how deep, only those who love the canine race as I do can understand. Even now my heart always swells when I think of my Thomas's surpassing love and faithfulness, and I can feel the pressure of his dear horny paw as it lay for the last time in my hand, that sad, sad morning when he swooned from grief at parting from his lady.

⁴⁰⁶ In January 1883 George Gretton was gazetted as a Captain in the 3rd Battalion, Royal Warwickshire Regiment - "London Gazette", January 9 1883, p. 154. Through the 1880s he was often absent in Warwickshire as part of his service (ed. 2016).

⁴⁰⁷ At 25 Lira to the £, 60 centimes is about 6 old pence: six shillings is 12 times that (ed. 2016).

Susette's departure I grieve over. She never attached herself warmly, she was not self-forgetting or expansive, but she had many valuable attributes, and she will be a serious loss to you. I enclose a very sad card from poor Lizzie Griffith. That fire is likely to prove a much more serious business than at first supposed. George has written to urge her not to put herself into the hands of any Brighton Solicitor unless she is assured by her friend George Allen (now a very influential London Solicitor), that he is an upright and capable man: and he has begged her to accept the loan of £100 for her present necessities. He has also said that he will go next week, as soon as he returns to London, to see her at Brighton and do all he can for her. This £100 he will not be in any hurry for the repayment of, as it is taken from the money put aside for furnishing, and for some months at least all idea of furnishing is laid aside.

Effie is much better, but her nerves are clearly unequal to the task of arranging and settling down in a house of her own. She confesses that it would be beyond her: anything like (p.396) accounts brings on such confusion in her head, also deciding, calculating, and so forth, are all too much for her. Corporeally she is wonderfully better, and since George has been here has every day but two, when the weather was bad, taken a good long walk with him. She also gets up for breakfast, runs up and down stairs, in fact seems quite well and strong on her legs again.

We have had some most lovely days. Yesterday for instance was perfect, bright clear, sunny, as a fine day in March in Genoa. I am very sorry that, as I am not going back to London for the present, I shall not see dearest Ned. His wish to see me touches me deeply. Effie will go to London with George. It is good for her to mix a little with her fellow-creatures when she can do so without fatigue. In lodgings with him, no children to look after, no noise, no bustle, I think she may have a pleasant time, and have the advantage of seeing Foster to the very last, he is not yet gazetted but expects to be made Captain every day, when his destination will at once be fixed, and but short space allowed him before he is sent to his destination. Whatever that may be he knows not, but hopes for Gibraltar. I should dread the West Indies for him more than any other station. He is not looking strong. He was here for six days, and said he felt the better for the change. He had been pulled down by sleepless nights from toothache. If it were not for the expense of coming down Ned could come at any time he liked, so long as he did not clash with the first fortnight of the Easter holidays when the spare-room is allotted to Hal. Goldie and Foster both liked the

room: it is on the basement, overlooking the garden, very sunny and quiet. I shall write to him and propose it to him, but I fear he would think it too dull here. It was a nice trait that of Guy's giving the letter of introduction on behalf of (p.397) Claude.

The baby is too fascinating. Her love for me passes description. If she hears me coming she flings herself into my arms and clasps me tight round the neck. Whenever she hears my voice she runs to meet me. She tries to do whatever the others do. Yesterday she was playing at horses with John, he holding the strings of her pinafore and she trotting in front of him. The first thing when she wakes in the morning she calls for "Jack", and then he is lifted on to her bed and the two dear lambs hug each other. She evidently considers him more her special property than the rest. In fact they are two babies together. When they are out and John is tired, Lloydie⁴⁰⁸ allows him to sit in the perambulator opposite his little sister, and the two are supremely happy. This evening Amy was on the bed and I was reading to her; Baby trotted up, and tried to pull Amy off giving us to understand she wanted to lie down. So she was indulged, and stretched out upon it, and she put her arms straight down as she sees Amy do, and lay quite still for a few seconds. Lloydie declares that when they are all four walking out the children attract a great deal of notice. I think they are a fine set of children. Amy is growing certainly very pretty. I went on Tuesday morning to the Prankerds at Bristol, stayed the night and came back late Wednesday afternoon. Amy went with me and was delighted. She behaved to perfection. Edith Prankerd, a graceful looking girl of 19 was very good to the little visitor.

Lucy is very much concerned about poor Lizzie Griffith's losses which we fear will prove very heavy. As far as we can make out she was only insured against total loss - now in this case it is damage from smoke and water that she is suffering from. Are you afraid to tell Aunty? She might send the poor soul a present. You can't, I can't - and from what I suspect (p.398) Lucy Prankerd has no control over the purse-strings of her liege.

Goodnight my Adelia. Be prudent, avoid stairs.

Your very aff.te

⁴⁰⁸ Lloydie had been Effie's nurse and her Mother's maid. Great was the joy on her becoming the four children's head-nurse! A. J. G.

A. L. V. G.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.399)

1883

Quarry House. Weston S/M
10th May

Dearest Addy

Your post-card with its sad disappointing news arrived this morning. My darling Amy!⁴⁰⁹ I am so anxious to hear from day to day of her safety. Till the 9th day is passed there is always cause for uneasiness. A card from you or Arthur would be inexpressibly welcome. The dear baby I have little hope of. With her dear Mother there had not been so much previous to her birth to contend against or to enfeeble her, and yet she was weak and small enough, dear Lamb, to make her living little short of miraculous. And then it was five weeks further on in the summer and the weather was much warmer, and that was greatly in her favour. We are so sorry, so very sorry! Sweet Amy, how terribly she must have suffered - what agony for you and her husband!

You received I trust my post-card before you left Genoa telling you of Lloydie's alarming attack on 1st May. She is still in bed, but doing well. I have literally been unable to write. So much to do - Lloydie to nurse, four children to see after! Effie and I have taken the teething baby alternate nights, but she must not go on with it, she is not strong enough - it will make her ill again. I can do it; as usual my strength is sufficient for the day - if I break down afterwards, it does not much signify. George came back last night. He left Ned very well. Ned likes Aldershot better than Woolwich - has more to do there. I wish I could have been with you helping to nurse dearest Amy, and the poor little baby. Ah! one misses good Louise de Muralt at such a time. You will keep up I doubt not. It is the "grâce d'état" which somehow never fails. Precious Gussie! How anxious she must be, sweet child. May our precious Amy be preserved to us.

⁴⁰⁹ The writer's niece, Amy Granet who had married Revd Arthur Evelyn Carey. A. J. G. A.E.Carey 1850 - 1928: Chaplain at Livorno 1881 - 1884, Rector of St Saviour's Guernsey 1884-1886, Chaplain at Genoa 1886 - 1888, Rector of St Sampson's Guernsey 1888-1892, Chaplain in Venice 1892 - (ed. 2016).

Your loving sister.

A. L. V. G.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.400)

1883

Heath Fern Lodge.⁴¹⁰
South Heath
Hampstead.
27th August.

My dearest Addy,

I was very much rejoiced on Saturday to receive your letter of 22nd inst. As you will have gathered from my letter to Amy (which I asked her to forward to you), I was a little anxious, fearing that your stay at Generoso might have closed as inauspiciously as it commenced. It was a great relief to find that you and dear Gussie were well, and had enjoyed those three exquisite days at Lucerne and through the St Gothard.⁴¹¹ I don't wonder you were disinclined to write while the uncertainty as to whether the Guernsey Rectory would be offered to Arthur, hung over you. I am glad they were saved from the pain of coming to a decision, and hope Amy may enjoy her pretty home and vicinity to you for some years undisturbed. And between this time, and another living in Guernsey falling vacant, a great many things may happen. I am so glad you will have a meeting with faithful Steedy, and rejoice too over his well deserved prosperity. For our own sakes tell him, with my very kindest regards, we shall often lament his absence from Lorne Gardens.⁴¹² We shall be his near neighbours now, or rather should have been - near, that is to say for London.

The house is fixed, 116 King Henry's Road, South Hampstead, is the address.⁴¹³ It is to be given over on the 10th Sept., and by the 15th we hope to be established in it. Effie is going about with Lloydie choosing carpets, cretonnes and papers. Grettie likes to attend on their deliberations and is rather in the way, poor old fellow. Lloydie

⁴¹⁰ Not identified. There was a Fern Lodge on the northern edge of the Heath, incorporated into it in the 1890s (ed. 2016).

⁴¹¹ This presumably refers to the St Gothard railway tunnel, opened in 1881 (ed. 2016).

⁴¹² The likeliest candidate is Lorne Gardens in Holland Park, W11 (ed. 2016).

⁴¹³ Now demolished, replaced by a mixed high- and low-rise 1960s development. It would have been a large detached or semi-detached house, build in the 1840s, of four storeys. The next road north of King Henry's Road was (and is) named Adelaide Road (ed. 2016).

is most useful, for "having been eleven years in the trade" as she (p.401) expresses it - when she kept a little draper's shop in a village near Manchester - she is a good judge of qualities, prices and so forth. Edith is still with us, and indescribably useful. She takes care of all the four children while her mother is out; all I do to help her is to take Amy and Foster for their lessons, and to go out in the afternoon on the Heath with the party, as one person cannot well manage the four. John has a proclivity for running away, and Augusta for trying to get out of her perambulator. In the morning (when Effie and Lloydie are out for the whole day) Alice the housemaid goes out with Edith and the children. The dear creatures certainly spend half their day out on the Heath. It is a most delightful resort. All ups and downs, with great avenues of trees here and there, and shady clumps of old elms with benches under them, and two or three huge ponds where dogs swim and horses are brought to water. Numbers of donkeys for riding on, quantities of children playing about - altogether delightful. Such fine air, and such a wide expanse. Wonderful for only two miles and a half's distance from the Regent's Park. The poor things won't like being shut up in town after this, though K.H's Road can hardly be called a street. It is very open, with only Primrose Hill dividing it from Regent's Park - a nice open airy walk of ten minutes to the Dowager's.⁴¹⁴

She is very much pleased at it's all being really settled, but poor old thing, I question if she will ever have the enjoyment she has been looking forward to of being able to walk to see us in it, for after having been quite unusually well for two or three months, she is getting ill again very fast - has attacks of faintness and giddiness and the old dragging, miserable pain is torturing her, coupled with weight and pain in the liver. I daresay she will be ill all through next (p.402) winter just as she was last; so it is well that a house near her should have been secured, for to poor George, on whom the chief brunt of going to see her devolves, the fatigue and loss of time when we were at Kensington of going daily to see her by the Underground railway was most wearing.

⁴¹⁴ The step-grandmother of the Writer's son. A. J. G.

Also this situation is very convenient for his frequent business expeditions to Bethnal Green and Stepney.⁴¹⁵ She always sends him now; she no longer seems to have the energy to go herself. Clearly things could not have gone on without his being on the spot. This is a consolatory reflection when he pines for Adelaide. Another consolation he has is seeing that I feel even the English hot weather so much, that it is clear I could not have lived through another summer in Adelaide. The last fortnight has been lovely, but I feel less well by far than in cooler weather. Hands and feet much swoln - great necessity for Digitalis - breathing oppressed &c, just as I was in Adelaide, though in a slighter degree.

George is very much cheered by seeing that all his articles appear in the "S.A. Register"⁴¹⁶ as fast as he sends them out. The pay is most liberal. He has just dispatched a sketch of "the Comte de Chambord and the Orleans Princes". It cost him a great deal of hard reading; but was really very good, very vigorous - so good indeed that I want him to expand it into a couple of magazine articles. Would you ask Mr Steedman, and try yourself, to give me the names of any good works on the Legitimistes on the one hand - and the Orleanists⁴¹⁷ on the other. Mudie⁴¹⁸ does not seem to have much choice. It is such a blessing for the poor old fellow to throw himself into these studies, and thus find some vent for his love of occupation. At present he has plenty to do in going backwards and forwards to the house, to see how the workmen are getting on &c &c.

We are going to write to dear Ned to see (p.403) if he will come, some time this week - next week Hal will be here, and not a corner available for Ned to sleep in. Last week Effie was not up to having anyone here. We must always calculate on her being often "hors de combat". Goldie has written to announce himself for this week

⁴¹⁵ There was family property in the area. In about 1900 two blocks of flats named "Gretton Houses" were built by the East End Dwellings Company on Globe Road in Stepney, presumably on this slum-cleared land. One of these blocks survives (ed. 2016).

⁴¹⁶ This is most likely to be the "South Australian Register", a newspaper published in Adelaide 1839 - 1900 (ed. 2016).

⁴¹⁷ "Legitimiste": royalist supporter of the Bourbon succession. "Orleaniste": supporter of Louis Philippe and the Orleans succession. The point in August 1883 being that the Comte de Chambord, the last direct legitimate male descendant of Louis XVI of France (i.e. of the Legitimate succession), had died on 24th of that month at the age of 63, without having fathered any children of either sex (ed. 2016).

⁴¹⁸ Charles Edward Mudie (1818 - 1890), publisher and founder of Mudie's Lending Library (New Oxford St) and Mudie's Subscription Circulating Library (ed. 2016).

(after having been expected over and over again) so an ultimatum has been sent to him to state what day, so that we may have a clear understanding with dear Ned.

Your sheet about dear Lucy's letters has been sent to Aunt Sophy as you requested. As soon as we are settled and I can get at my papers you shall have the few - Alas! the very few letters I have kept of dearest Lucy's. In my ceaseless changes and travels it has been impossible to carry about many letters - I have all yours with the particulars of dearest William's illness, step by step - his angelic goodness and patience. Would you not like to have those some day? - I enclose the advertisement sent me by Clara Willet a few days ago. I am so tired I can write no more - I am quite limp and weary. Blessings on my Chuchotte.⁴¹⁹

Your faithful
Raven.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.404)

1883

Heath Fern Lodge.
South Heath
Hampstead.
9th September.

My dearest Addy.

You will be so overwhelmingly busy when this reaches you that you would not have time to read a long letter: and on my side the care of the children while Effie and Lloydie are away for the greater part of the day completing the purchases for 116 King Henry's Road, or superintending its arrangement, gives me full occupation, especially as the baby does not take at all to the new nursery maid and clings piteously to her Granny. That charming girl Edith Jones who has been with us for three months - and for the last two supplying the nursery maid's place - has now resumed her work preparatory to passing for a national School-mistress, and has gone to a school in the north of London as Pupil-teacher. She is an immense loss to us in every way.

⁴¹⁹ A pet name for the Writer's niece, Gussie Granet. A. J. G.

I hope the threatening symptoms which made you wisely hasten your departure from Cadenabbia⁴²⁰ have entirely disappeared - and that you will keep up under all that you have to try you just now. The partings will be painful enough - and yet never was a change of climate more necessary. Every spring that Gussie passed in Genoa was fraught with risk and anxiety, and those sea winds, and the stairs, and the hills, were all to you most hurtful. We have not seen dear Ned. Last week (I mean the week before last) on the 31st of Aug. I think it was - as soon in fact as Goldie put us out of suspense by saying he could not come, after we had waited a whole week, day by day for him - we wrote to beg Ned to come if he possibly could, as after (p.405) the 5th Sept there would not even be the half of a room for him. But he telegraphed to say he was still in camp and could not come. When we are in a less inaccessible situation and he is released from camp I hope he will come. A "combination-couch" has been bought for George's dressing-room with the express purpose of putting Ned to sleep upon it whenever he comes up to see us, and likes to stay all night. G's dressing-room is in itself combined with his study. It is on the same floor as the drawing and dining rooms. Poor dear Effie looks very tired; I am afraid some worry is in store for her about the servants. She fixed a cook, well recommended, went herself to get a personal character of the woman, and put her into the house on board wages to receive the furniture as it was sent in. It is too early perhaps to judge after three days, but her behaviour so far has not been pleasant; she is fastidious, makes difficulties and seems afraid of work. Hal⁴²¹ is very nice and docile. His affection for George is quite amusing. He follows him about like a faithful dog. Long may this last! He is adored by the children. Baby waltzes with him. He says she reminds him of a caricature he has somewhere seen of a Giant Baby.

Your faithful

Raven.

--- new page in typescript ---

⁴²⁰ Cadenabbia: on the west shore of Lake Como. Popular resort for the British in the 19th C. (ed. 2016).

⁴²¹ The Writer's nephew - eldest son of E. A. Le Mesurier of Genoa who was then preparing for passing his Exam for the I. C. S., and was living with, and being looked after by, the Grettons. A. J. G. I.C.S. = Indian Civil Service (ed. 2016).

London October.

.....
I had the great pleasure yesterday of a visit from Emily Owen, the mother of fourteen living children. Her two eldest daughters are married, and mothers. She had only come back a very few days before from the sea-side to find her house had been ransacked by burglars, everything that could be removed had been carried off, even the pictures had been cast out of their frames, and the blankets stripped from the beds. The good humour and patience with which she and her husband seem to have borne this heavy loss, filled us with admiration. She told me that it had distressed her to leave Genoa last spring, without going to see you, but her husband was ill and nervous, disliked the noisy hotel and hurried her away. Poor Dolly she says, has lost her gay spirits through anxiety about ways and means. Her husband, (Wilfred Lawson)^s⁴²² pictures don't sell, and one can imagine the gloom of the disappointed artist. They have let their house for six months and are now in Brighton. The Owens are very well off: he has his Uncle Dr Bayford's appointment, but as Emily says, fourteen children don't allow a man to get rich.

How is poor little Teddy? What a loss to them is your leaving Florence. How the poor things must bask in your sunny drawing-room, and enjoy their visits to you! Give them all three my very best love. Have you ever met the Herberts? She was Louisa Maude? I know they are now living in or close to Florence. I am so glad you are going to have a fortnight of Ned's society. I suppose the remainder of his leave he will take out later and spend with Aunt. Aunt has shewn herself very noble. Guy will go to Algie's I suppose. We must contrive to (p.407) waylay him as he passes through London. The account of Amy's housekeeping is very pretty. What a treasure she would be in the Colonies, and how well they both, she and Arthur, would get on there: but we won't tell them so. The anecdote of the dog convinces me, if I required to be convinced - which I do not - of Arthur's intrinsic excellence. It is a privilege to be so loved by one of that noble race. To this hour I cannot pass a brown, curly-haired retriever, like my Thomas, without stopping to look at him, with a swelling in my throat.

⁴²² Francis Wilfred Lawson (1842-1935) exhibited at the RA 1867-84, and elsewhere (ed. 2016).

The dear children are all charmingly well. Amy growing prettier and prettier, and John beautiful. Baby fascinating. Foster most dear in his pleasant ugliness. He and Amy begin to make way in their lessons, both can read very fairly, though not yet to amuse themselves. They write nicely for their age, and are getting some little notion of French. They say little rhymes and vocabularies, and pronounce less distractingly than at first seemed possible. Amy is fond of history, and has really a pretty little notion of that of England. Their Bible and Gospel history they both know very nicely. John is not taught anything yet: he is quite sharp enough. He bubbles over with fun and mischief. Sometimes he seems unable to keep within bounds, and from sheer excess of vitality flings the chairs down the nursery stairs. Then he is filled with contrition, and is inexpressibly winning. Hal is so good and pleasant. When Baby hears his voice she rushes forward and clasps her arms round his knees. I hope my Gussie will be entertained with this long letter. I am not particularly bright. That touch of gout which I had several weeks ago, does not seem quite cleared off. George has always an article in hand for the South Australian paper.⁴²³ They pay him most liberally and he hears from the Editor that his contributions (p.408) are much liked. No one has yet found out that they are written by him! Goodbye dearest friends.

Your loving
Raven

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.409)

1883

116 King Henry's Road.
South Hampstead.
2nd Dec.

My dearest Addy

Last night late came your letter of Tuesday 27th to Algie, forwarded by him, announcing your decision now that all danger of cholera seemed over in Egypt, to start for Cairo on Tuesday 11th Dec., and Algie added a few lines to say that Charlie was at your disposition, so that I conclude, if dear Gussie's cold has passed sufficiently to admit of her travelling so soon, you will be in the midst of all your

⁴²³ Probably "The South Australian Register" (ed. 2016).

preparations when this reaches you. The weather seems to have changed earlier and more suddenly in Florence than here: still one hears very generally here of people being laid up with bad colds. I am not therefore surprised at the dear child's having caught cold in spite of all your care, and I am very, very thankful to know that you have made up your mind to go. But I am afraid you will not be able to get off by the 11th - I shall be so delighted when I know you are safely housed at Shepherd's Hotel.⁴²⁴ You could not have a better friend and escort than Carolus:⁴²⁵ but remember, for any local advice or assistance H.P. LeMesurier is there, ready and able to be of service. His wife is laid up at the Grosvenor Hotel with congestion of the lungs; she has been ill for the last three weeks, ever since she sent her eldest daughter Maud and her governess off to Cairo, Maud being afraid to risk staying any longer in London as her chest is weak. Algie can get you, through his friend Miss Trotter, (p.410) introductions for Cairo - and I can ask Rose Kingsley⁴²⁶ for a letter to her cousin Colonel Grenfell.⁴²⁷ No doubt you will soon know more people than you care for. I don't dwell on the disappointment of giving up your plans for a quiet winter at home. Where our precious Gussie is concerned you think nothing a trouble - besides it is only returning to what you had decided on a month ago.

I am writing incoherently, but I was so tired after church today I could not write, and tonight I am not much up to it, but I cannot bear, to lose the early morning post. At least this will tell you how I enter into everything, feel everything - only I can't express it tonight, my head is still so tired. My precious lovely Gussie, how I hope and pray she will come back in a few months completely renovated by the wonderful Egyptian air. Without a complete change of climate people can't get well in cases like hers - obstinate colds need remedies of this kind. I remember what dear Papa was in 1835, 1836, and the first part of 1837. Our lives were one long misery and anxiety; he was always getting inflammation of the lungs or chest, or threatenings of them. In May 1837 he went to Ancona, and entirely recovered. He never had a bad cold from that

⁴²⁴ Shepherd's Hotel was the most famous hotel in Cairo for British travellers, businesspeople and the occupying army. It was founded in 1841, and later much rebuilt and expanded; it was burned down in 1952. It is illustrated in the "Illustrated London News" of 9 February 1884, p. 140-41 (ed. 2016).

⁴²⁵ Charles Granet de la Rue - nephew of the late William Granet. A. J. G.

⁴²⁶ Charles Kingsley's eldest daughter; 1845/6 to 1925; and cousin of the explorer Mary Kingsley (ed. 2016)

⁴²⁷ Francis Wallace, first Baron Grenfell, of Kilvey, Glamorganshire (1841-1925), field-marshal. His aunt, Frances Eliza Grenfell, married Charles Kingsley in 1844 (ed. 2016).

time. God bless you both, dear Mother and child - don't worry about writing long letters - Ask Algie to forward yours to him. I will write again in a day or two.

Your most loving
A. L. V. G.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.411)

1883

116 King Henry's Road.
South Hampstead.
5th December.

My dearest Addy.

Miss Kingsley writes to me today that she is writing to her cousin General Grenfell. "I will send the letter through his sister's hands who is always anxious to hear of the Genoese friends. She will send it straight to him as I don't know his address". This of course means that he will be prepared for your arrival and has been asked to do everything in his power for you. R.K. adds that her mother has been very ill for more than a fortnight and that she has been quite distracted. We are busy packing Hal's clothes and getting him off this evening. He is in splendid looks and spirits. God grant that he may return to us as well as he leaves us. His holidays last till the 3d of January. I fancy you must be so busy that you would just as soon be spared the perusal of a long letter. You understand why I don't enlarge upon all your motives for undertaking this long journey - though to a veteran traveller such as I am, the distance to Cairo seems literally a mere nothing. You must be sick at heart of all the condolences and kind wishes that pour in on every side. I will say brightly, hopefully, let us look forward, to the result of the step you are so brave and wise in undertaking. If dearest Gussie is weakened by this last cold, remember that Rose Atkinson could not stand or walk when she was carried on board ship - and that four months after, she was travelling with us for twelve hours consecutively on the top of a stage coach in Tasmania! My dearest Addy, may God keep up your own health and courage, and give you to reap (p.412) in joy, the harvest that has been sown in so much anxiety and heaviness of spirit. I can give you good accounts of Ned. Last Saturday he was quite well and at the Gordons. He was going to Aldershot very soon. We heard this from Bob G., who dined here yesterday.

In great haste with much love

Your most aff.te

A.L.V.G

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.413)

1883

116 King Henry's Road.
South Hampstead. N.W.
28th Dec.

My dearest Addy

We had on Xmas morning the very great pleasure of a card from Algie with the good news of your safe arrival at Cairo on Thursday the 20th inst, and by the wording of your telegram, concluding with "surprising adventures", we all judged you were pleased and in good spirits, and await with impatience fuller particulars. A fortnight ago I enclosed the letter of introduction from the sweet Miss Trotter to her interesting cousin, who is to be to you as a tender young son. Hal wrote me a Christmas greeting, with good accounts of all. The LeMs had no guests save the dear old Prevosto and the English Curate. It was a cold and sunless day, a contrast to most Genoa Xmasses. Here it was gloomy and damp, a contrast to the wonderfully bright and sunny weather which has prevailed up to Xmas Eve, on which day positively we had to lower the Venetian blinds to shut out the full glare of the sun! The fogs and damp are now asserting themselves and are undeniably depressing, but there is no cold to speak of, and this is merciful for the Poor.

A great deal is said, and efforts are being made in response to that remarkable pamphlet - "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London"⁴²⁸ - but whether any effectual remedy will be, or can be, applied, remains to be seen. My only wonder is that the destitute classes don't combine and rise. Happily they have not yet found out the secret of their own strength, but in another generation National and Board Schools⁴²⁹ will have

⁴²⁸ "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London: An Inquiry into the Condition of the Abject Poor" a 20-page pamphlet by Andrew Mearns was published in early October 1883, and summarised and supported by an article by W. T. Stead in the "Pall Mall Gazette" of 16 October (ed. 2016).

⁴²⁹ The National Schools were elementary schools set up and run by the Church of England from the late 1830s; the Board Schools (initially also only elementary) were run by elected "School Boards" after the 1870 Education Act (ed. 2016).

educated them up to it, and the result will be - "the deluge".⁴³⁰ The one remedy, or (p.414) rather palliative, seems to be emigration on a far larger scale than anything yet attempted. All parties, except the Socialists, agree in this, though they differ as to the means, some advocating state aid, others private contributions. But the Socialists tell the people that they need not emigrate - that there are the parks of the rich for them to settle on. George has twice been at meetings where these opinions have been openly set forth, and where the speakers expressly invited to speak on emigration, have been hissed down.

We had the pleasure of seeing Charlie. Le M. for three hours on Friday the 21st, en route from Dartmouth. His father had planned that he should stay with us till the Saturday but the boy could not bear losing one day of his holidays at home, so after piteous appeals Algie consented to his starting on the Friday evening from Charing Cross. There I daresay he met Guy. On the very slender probability that he would have to come up here between his arrival from Rugby and starting by the evening mail, we wrote to ask him to come: but as we expected he did not. They let them out so late from Rugby that there is not a moment to spare. Last year he and Hal would have dined with us at Kensington had had they found us out, but Kensington is much nearer Charing Cross than South Hampstead.⁴³¹ It will be the same when he comes back, unless he arrives early in the morning and is not bound to be at Rugby till night. I shall ask Hal to whom I am writing today whether he thinks Guy would like to stop here for the day, or would prefer to push on straight for Rugby. He will know his feelings. As Hal made no mention of Ned on Xmas Day I suppose he will have presided at Aunty's. The two Arbuthnots made it very pleasant for him, and dear Aunty is no doubt brightened up by these young creatures around her. How pleasant and how advantageous for Ned (p.415) to join you in Egypt. Positively I have nothing to tell you. Effie is quite well again but the rheumatism hung about her a good while and kept her in, and threw an air of depression over us all which we have hardly yet shaken off. The dear children are all quite bright and well, and were thoroughly happy and delighted with their Xmas toys, contributed by various kind relatives - all of a simple description I am glad to say - and above all with the gorgeous and

⁴³⁰ "Après nous, le deluge" – Madame de Pompadour: after us, the flood (ed. 2016).

⁴³¹ The north Londoners in the 2015-16 editorial team point out that, given the specific addresses, this is clearly incorrect as a matter of miles, but acknowledge that in cities cultural distance is all (ed. 2016).

gigantic rocking-horse presented by the Dowager. The latter is unusually well and able to get about, and spent the whole of Xmas Day here from one to eight p.m. Lizzie Griffith I cheer by frequent letters. Any news of you I at once pass on to her. She still feels the effects of the fall she had four months ago, and has a bottle of embrocation by her bedside to apply to her hip when it becomes too painful. Nelly How and one of her brothers came here to luncheon yesterday, and today Effie is going with Foster and Amy to a children's party at Stainforth House, from 4 to 7 p.m. All the children except these are clerics, (I mean children of East End clergy) who greatly appreciate the Episcopal festivities. As Amy and Foster have never been out before, their joy and excitement can be better imagined than described.

George went a few days ago to see Augusta Ritchie. She was very, very tired after the excitement of the wedding, and looked more fragile than ever. Nelly she said, looked beautiful in her bridal dress. They had only relations and near kin at the breakfast, the family on both sides being so numerous. Augusta admits that she begins to like her son-in-law much better. He has £800 from the "Daily News", fixed salary, and makes about £200 a year additional in writing for the Saturday Reviews. He has insured his life for £4000 for which he pays £100 a year. This is settled upon Nelly. (p.416) An income wholly derived from the pen is an anxious one. We must hope he will keep in good health. I suppose Augusta will allow Nelly the same as her sisters, £100 a year. They have taken a house in Argyll Road, Kensington; at present they are in the Riviera. The Aunt and cousins of Charley, Mrs and the Miss Ansons, have called and seem very pleasant. They live quite near this and I hope we shall become sociable. The fog is in my brain and prevents my evolving anything worth writing down, so I will only send our love, blessings and tenderest good wishes, and remain

Your faithful

Raven-friend.

The frames and pictures from Florence not yet arrived. Love to Charley.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.417)

1884

116 King Henry's Road. N.W.
4th January.

My dearest Addy

In tearing haste I enclose Rose Kingsley's post card and acknowledge your letter and post card of 21st Dec. received on 31st. and the beautifully vivid and picturesque narrative forwarded from Genoa. Hal was its bearer. He arrived at 6.30 p.m. yesterday, having only left Genoa at 9.35 the previous day. He brought heavy tidings - the death of that excellent Mr Bayly was a real sorrow to me. I know you will feel it much. I do not attempt to write a letter to you today. All my plans of doing so have been frustrated through Effie's being laid up with one of her bad headaches, so that I have been obliged all day to do some copying out for George which she would have done, had she been well enough - an article to go off by this mail - this very mail, to the "Register". As all his articles are unfailingly put in, it is most important he should on his side be punctual - and now the few minutes left me I devote to writing to Arthur Wright to charge him to be kind and sympathizing to poor B.B. in his loneliness and sorrow. I don't comment on your letter, but hope for good accounts of dearest Gussie.

My love to that good excellent Carolus - he is indeed a true friend.

Your faithful Raven

A. L. V. G.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.418)

1884

116 King Henry's Road.
South Hampstead.
8th February.

My dearest Addy

This day last week, just as my letter to you was closed, stamped and addressed, arrived your most bright, entertaining and cheery letter of 21st Jany from Helouan.⁴³² I was only able to acknowledge its receipt on the outside of my departing letter.

⁴³² Probably modern Helwan, in Cairo (ed. 2016).

The "cura" by rubbing had flashed across my brain a few days before. A sort of magnetic sympathy I suppose. It was while Ned was telling me that where Gussy shewed her delicacy was chiefly in her excessive thinness, that I suddenly thought, might not rubbing develope her muscles and strengthen her altogether?

These agitating times, are not good for an invalid - nor for any one indeed, and I hope you are less agitated by the events which are crowding upon Egypt⁴³³ than your friends here fancy you must be. Remembering how much more alarming great crises of this sort are to those at a distance often, than to those actually on the spot, I try and keep quiet, always persuaded that General Grenfell and others of your friends would always tell you in good time if any danger were apprehended in Egypt. With our troops in Cairo, all English residents there I suppose are safe. I have never touched much on politics because I thought much as you do, that the telegraph so anticipates every conjecture, or makes one's comments appear so futile, that it was idle to begin the subject. Just now of course the importance and misery of the news from Egypt is so absorbing that it is impossible not to dwell upon it. The accounts of the cowardice and want of discipline or spirit, or anything that soldiers (p.419) should possess, as shewn by the miserable Egyptians in Baker Pasha's awful debacle on Monday last the 4th, will I fancy deter all Englishmen from entering the Khedive's service. Is the race too long worn down by Turkish rule to be susceptible of rising? How is it that our Indian troops officered by Englishmen fight so splendidly? Dearest Ned on the spot will hear, see and judge for himself. Perhaps he may see service before long under his own colours.

Opinions in London are running high, and if the Conservatives had but a man to put forward as their leader they might get into power; but they have no one. I think Sir Henry Gordon⁴³⁴ wrote the post card of which you send me the copy in your letter of the 23th (letter received on Wednesday 6th inst) in a little fit of petulance. The family were angry with Ned for not going to see them, I fancy - but their anger soon evaporates. He has but to shew himself and his smiling face melts their anger like sunshine melts the frost on the grass. I imagine that just now their distress and anxiety over General Gordon's fate will absorb every other thought, and that Sir

⁴³³ The Mahdist war which would lead in March 1884 to the siege of Khartoum and to the death there of General Charles Gordon in January 1885 (ed. 2016).

⁴³⁴ Sir Henry Gordon, Charles' brother. (ed. 2016).

Henry will not pick up the gauntlet you have flung down, nor enter the lists for the present. Your letter was very clever and defiant; it had the snort of a war-horse: but honestly I don't think Sir H. acted from malice prepense. Recollect that he was looking on the question from the impenetrable, unreceptive John Bull point of view, strengthened by the reports in the newspapers of the execrable cowardice and helplessness of the Egyptians. To me the idea did not seem at all one to be lightly set aside, and though I knew the Gordons did not approve of it, I thought that Ned on the spot with the first-rate authorities he would have to counsel him, would be the (p.420) fittest person to decide. I did not write about it because I could give no useful suggestions, and mere comments or conjectures seem very unsatisfactory. But again I repeat my assurance that Sir Henry did not mean any harm. He must be almost beside himself now from the suspense about his brother and all the distracting conjectures afloat. Last night it was all over London that he had been made prisoner on his lonely journey to Khartoum, but this morning this news is not confirmed.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.421)

1884

116 King Henry's Road.
South Hampstead.
29th Feb.

My dearest Addy.

I may truly say, since I received your letter of the 18th, that neither you nor dearest Ned have been night or day, sleeping or waking, an instant out of my anxious thoughts. Following as we do day by day, almost hour by hour, the movements of the scanty forces at Trinkatal and Suakim,⁴³⁵ we taste the long agony of suspense, and share in all the fluctuations of hope and depression which are only too faithfully reported. All you went through in those agitating days, from the hour of dearest Ned's arrival to the Sunday morning when he bade you farewell, I can only too vividly conceive. I think those who love and sympathise away from the scene of

⁴³⁵ Suakin / Suakim: a port city in north-eastern Sudan, on the west coast of the Red Sea (ed. 2016).

action, see things unrelieved by the glitter and excitement which help to carry those on the spot through their fierce ordeal. For you the worst was to come. Every day that passed on at Helouan the suspense must have grown more terrible. To-day what must you be enduring, if you know as we know, that the battle was expected to begin this morning - that battle on the issue of which so many fears and forebodings are whispered - all due to the unaccountable blindness and stubbornness of the Authorities at the Horse Guards.

Dear brave gallant Ned! He only did what was his duty as an Englishman - an English soldier - and we all feel proud of his courage and determination. If he is spared (p.422) through the perils and dangers that surround him, he will have won a right to promotion to notice, and you will rejoice then that he went on this expedition. Dearest Ned, many prayers, many times by day and night go up for him! I am sure you have written to the good kind priest at the Oratory to ask for his. You were a grand, brave mother to speak to Sir Gerald Graham⁴³⁶ as you did. I think I could have done the same. Some people can't understand it, but the whole outcome of our training (such training as we had) from childhood, was to teach us that the heroic women of antiquity were realities to be imitated and loved. I copied out every word in your two letters, that of the 15th relating what had passed from Ned's arrival on the 12th to your going to Shepherd's Hotel on the 15th: and the second letter, with every particular up to the dear lad's starting on the Sunday morning, and the telegram he had sent from Suez, and sent it all to Guy. You had said "send first to Lizzie Griffith and then to Guy" - but it seemed cruel to keep him waiting, so Effie and I copied alternately and sent him off his letter on Tuesday night - yours of the 18th having only come that morning.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.423)

1884

116 King Henry's Road
South Hampstead. 7th March

My dearest Addy,

⁴³⁶ Lieutenant General Sir Gerald Graham VC GCB GCMG, 1831 - 1899, leader of the military expedition to Suakim (ed. 2016).

I wrote to you as usual last Friday. I was then in great anxiety as to the battle which was supposed to be then actually going on. Nothing positive was known till late on Saturday afternoon. Then each hour brought fuller details. From the intense eager interest we felt as we scanned the newspapers we could form some idea of what you were going through, without our ample means of gaining information. I trust however that everything that could be known was reported to you. All the people that you know in Cairo will surely have vied with each other in sending you whatever details, reached them; above all I hope you got some direct news from dearest Ned himself. We do so long to hear where he is, how he has been getting on, and wonder whether he is likely to be taking part in the battle that is considered inevitable for tomorrow. I do not somehow feel as if this will ever take place. Surely the Arabs will have profited by the terrible lesson received last week, and will submit or disperse.

Bob Gordon dined here yesterday (he and Hal are great friends and it is almost the greatest pleasure one can give Hal, to ask Bob), and he told us some particulars about the poor fellows who fell at El Teb which we had not seen in the papers. Poor Captain Slade's Mother and Sister! in Egypt simply to meet him on his return from India, and to lose him without having even seen him once after his four years' absence! Young Probyn volunteered to go. He consulted his Uncle⁴³⁷ about it, and his idea being approved of, he (p.424) offered his services. He was only just out of the Staff College where he had distinguished himself. Bob spoke of Ned's telegraphing for extension of leave in order to be able to go to Suakim, as if the step had the whole family's approbation, but was only just what might have been expected from him. The English are certainly a brave people; they make so little fuss over personal courage. This undoubtedly however will always tell in Ned's favour at the Horse Guards.

Foster Cunliffe writes from India that no one has a chance of getting anything if a man who served in Egypt in 1882 has applied for it: and this will hold equally good with this little campaign: and even should our Ned fail to get into any recognized position, his determined efforts to do so will stand him in good stead. Oh I shall be so glad to know he has got safely back again!

.....

⁴³⁷ Possibly General Sir Dighton McNaughton Probyn VC, of Probyn's Horse, 1833 -1924 (ed. 2016).

The news of dearest Gussie's improvement given in your penultimate letter - (I am acknowledging two letters, of the 23rd and 20th) was glorious, and though in your last there is the little drawback of her having taken cold at the change from hot wind to cool, still the great fact of the expansion of chest and lungs remains, to fill one with hope and thankfulness. I am not astonished at any good result from this medical rubbing. It is what I have always, though in an unconscious ignorant sort of way, had such belief in; and do we not in George's knees see the result daily before our eyes?

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.425)

1884

116 King Henry's Road
South Hampstead.
19th April

My dearest Addy.

I have been a very long time without writing to you, owing to a heavy cold, the first that I have had for several years. It came on a week ago and has completely stupified and depressed me. I was not allowed last night to go and meet dear Amy as I had made up my mind to do, and I do not think I should have been any the worse for it; but such a demonstration was made against it that I had no alternative but to give in.⁴³⁸ However the dear child was well looked after, and in the scramble and hurry of her arrival at Victoria at 8.15, three quarters of an hour behind time, and the excitement of getting her luggage through the custom-house - (no mere formality now, for every package is searched for dynamite)⁴³⁹ and transferred to a cab, and then rushing to the Waterloo Station to catch the Southampton train at 9, I should have been more in the way than of use. George, Hal and Effie went. Effie took care of Angela and the Baby, who fortunately slept through it all poor little lamb, while Amy and the two men bustled after the luggage. It was running it as fine as possible, but they had the satisfaction of seeing the party comfortably installed in a saloon

⁴³⁸ Her niece Amy Carey (née Granet) was rejoining her husband at Guernsey. A. J. G.

⁴³⁹ On 25 February 1884 a bomb exploded in the left-luggage room at Victoria station. The building was empty at the time and no one was injured. This formed part of a Fenian (Irish Nationalist) bombing campaign 1881 - 85. (ed. 2016).

carriage with apparently no other occupants, and started for Southampton. I trust it is a brighter day in Guernsey than here, and that dear Amy's impressions of her new home are happy. Both Effie and George were charmed with her handsome winning face and her evident joy at going to her Husband. That this is so, will be your great consolation under the trial of parting from her. Effie (p.426) could not describe the baby because she was afraid of rousing it by disturbing its wraps to look at it. Amy said it had borne the journey very well. The cold had been very great; all the way from Paris it had been snowing hard.

We have not had such cold or such keen winds all the winter as for these last ten days. The East wind has seemed to pierce through the walls of the house as if they had been honey-combed. All the children have had heavy colds and Foster has required to be kept in bed for two days on account of a threatening of croup; but compared with all the illness that is prevalent we have no cause to complain. Foster was to have gone with his mother and Amy last Saturday - to stay at East Court at the Wm Lyons' for five days, but when the morning came it seemed more prudent to leave the poor little man at home. It was a great disappointment both to him and to Effie who said it took away all her pleasure in going. At that time she did not expect Grettie back till the 17th, the day her visit was to end. To my great surprise he arrived on Saturday evening, and I really was quite sorry to see him, the house was so dull and empty. Hal at Portsmouth - the three children at home full of cold, and I scarcely able to keep my head up. The influenza in my case had fortunately not come on till Effie was out of the house, or she would have demurred at leaving me. I was very glad she had the few days' change, for though she only got out once for a little drive during the five days she was from home, yet the complete rest and country air, and the nice food and good cooking, all did her good, and she came back certainly improved in looks, less hollow-eyed and sunk at the temples. Grettie enjoyed his two days with you very much. He thinks you are splendid in your looks, and Gussie most lovely and graceful and fascinating. Amy told (p.427) Effie she is decidedly much better, and that she felt much happier about her. This weather though, makes one anxious, it is so treacherous - at least if there is any correspondence between the state of the atmosphere in Italy to what it is in France and England. But you! How strange that as soon as you get back to Genoa you should have a return of the old complaint. Evidently the air of the Riviera does not

suit you. How sweet it was to have all your four children together from Saturday till - when was it - Wednesday evening or Thursday morning? Did Amy start from Quinto or from Aunty's? Poor little Aunty! I do so feel for her horrible loneliness, with old age and all its attendant gloom closing fast around her.

It must be nice to see Ned and Guy together - Guy the admiring younger brother. Isn't he a fine young fellow, so pleasant, so full of humour, so original? Has he described his dentist to you? Hal came back quite radiant from Portsmouth - never was an outing more successful. He has gone back to work with a very good grace. Stooping to write makes my head so heavy that I shall close this, only sending you Effie's love and thanks for the piece of damask brocade. She would have written to acknowledge it and tell you about Amy, but she is a little tired today. Poor child, she is always pleased to attempt things and do as other people, and forgets she cannot do as they do. I don't think I ever told you that the frame intended for the Fornarina,⁴⁴⁰ with a bevilled sheet of plate-glass, makes a beautiful little mirror for the drawing-room chimney piece, flanked by Leonardo and Michael Angelo - and the two smaller frames sent by Annie Wilson, "effective but coarse"⁴⁴¹ beneath them. It makes a very good effect and is much admired.

Your very aff.te

A.L.V.Gretton

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.428)

1884

116 King Henry's Road
South Hampstead
1st May.

My dearest Addy

I have been waiting to write till I could tell you that we had seen the Hakim. After fixing to come on Tuesday afternoon he wrote to say he had been unavoidably prevented, but if agreeable would come on Thursday, and today accordingly at 4

⁴⁴⁰ Presumably an engraving after Sebastiano del Piombo's "La Fornarina"; the most famous such in the 19th century was by Raphael Morghen, published in 1814 (ed. 2016).

⁴⁴¹ These inverted commas seem to indicate that A. L. V. G. was consciously using a cliché of criticism often found in the earlier 19th C. (ed. 2016).

p.m. he came, and a very charming young fellow he is.⁴⁴² Effie was not at home. She had long been engaged to take all the children to spend the day at the Bishop of Bedford's,⁴⁴³ but Grettie stayed in to help me to do the honours. He had a good afternoon tea with plenty of brown bread and butter which he said he enjoyed very much, and as he stayed till near 6 I hope he liked us in some proportion to the way we liked him. He is so delightfully fresh and unaffected, and manly, and kind. About 5 Guy came in from the Grosvenor Gallery⁴⁴⁴ on purpose to see the Hakim and bring him an invitation from Ned to go down on Saturday to see the races at Aldershot and lunch at mess. It was 6 as I said before he went away; Guy volunteered to walk with him to the Station, and as he has not returned we conclude he has gone to dine with him. George told the Hakim that as soon as he had ascertained from Effie if she had any engagements, he would write and ask him to come to dinner provided a young man accustomed to drink only the most recherché Champagne could put up with our poor frugal ways. He blushed and disclaimed the imputation, and was altogether very nice and engaging, so that I do not wonder the Princess Toussoum⁴⁴⁵ loved him. He assured me (p.429) emphatically that Gussie's lungs were all right. The treatment at Helouan has done her much good, but he hoped she would not ride too much nor too violently. She was a beautiful rider, but too reckless, and too prone to overtax her strength. I shewed him her photograph and an admiring glow suffused his sunburnt cheek. Of you he spoke with warmth and gratitude, and tender veneration. He was paying his tribute to the East wind and had a bad cough. He said he was going up for his examination this summer at University College, but his friend the Professor did not think it likely he would pass this time. At any rate however he meant to try.

⁴⁴² A young Swede, professor of manual treatment who her sister and niece had seen a great deal of in Egypt. A. J. G. A "Hakim" is a physician using traditional remedies in India and Muslim countries (ed. 2016).

⁴⁴³ William Walsham How, Bishop of Bedford 1879 - 88 (Suffragan Bishop of London); author of numerous hymns including "For all the Saints, who from their labours rest": and founder of the East London Church Fund. He lived in Upper Clacton, in Stainforth House, Upper Clacton, provided for him by a supporter of his initiatives (ed. 2016).

⁴⁴⁴ The Grosvenor Gallery (1877-90) in New Bond Street, exhibited Burne-Jones, Whistler, Watts, Leighton and other leading members of the Aesthetic Movement; and was known for its support of women artists (ed. 2016).

⁴⁴⁵ A member of the Egyptian Royal Family (ed. 2016).

Now for a rapid sketch of Guy's doings since I last wrote.⁴⁴⁶ On Friday he was with Ned at Aldershot. On Saturday with young Anson till the evening when Hal, George and they two went to the play. On Sunday Guy and Hal lunched at the Ansons and then went in the afternoon to the Gordons. As it rained all day we were very glad the boys were thus disposed of till 7 p.m. Monday after going to the dentist, Guy went about with Will Gordon who happened to be in town, to Mme Tussaud's amongst other places, and was very happy. Tuesday, the first part of the morning with the dentist, who hurt him a good deal by trying to turn the crooked tooth, so that he could only eat soft food (Effie always has boiled fish and minces, and that sort of thing for his meals), and in the afternoon with George to go over some of the famous localities in the City. Wednesday up very early to get to the dentist's betimes so as to be released soon enough to catch the 10.15 train to Aldershot which he did by a hair's breadth, having to ride down in the Guard's van. Ned had written the day before to invite George as well, to see the Review and lunch at mess, but he could not go. We had not the heart to throw obstacles into the way of (p.430) Guy's going: it is so natural the boy should delight to see something of his brother, so we hit on the expedient of sending him to the dentist's before the usual hour for the reception of patients with the urgent request that he would see him. Last night we were not surprised to get a telegram to say he was going to stay at Aldershot all night. He came back at 12.30, looking very bright and happy, though speaking with some difficulty from the plate in his mouth. He had paid the dentist Mr Hall his usual morning visit and had a fresh peg fixed in his teeth; to-morrow under gas, the tooth is to be turned, and Mr Hall wishing to see the result of this, and also - to give him time to recover the power of mastication before returning to school fare - has procured a doctor's certificate to authorize his remaining till Monday in London. I need not say that Guy is nothing loth. I believe he accepts the pain and discomfort in his teeth willingly as the conditions of a few more days in London. Saturday morning he and Dr Lewin go down together to Aldershot. You may imagine how happy they both will be. The day is to close by Ned's taking him to the play, I daresay the Hakim will go too. Ned offered to come here to dinner and go to the play afterwards, but it would be impossible for them to manage it with any comfort, for they could not get up from

⁴⁴⁶ Guy was still at Rugby - but the dentist brought him often to town! A. J. G.

Aldershot after the races till past six - and then at least 1/2 an hour to come out here, without calculating on time to dress for the play which begins at 7.30.

Guy is very pleasant, and looks so handsome and so happy that it is a pleasure to see him, but my heart misgives me as to the chances of any work being got out of him if he were living in London: yet George thinks the dangers of a tutor's in the country, with no legitimate amusements, are likely to be greater. Do not regret his leaving Rugby. He will (p.431) never do any good there. The discipline and tone of the house are gone. If poor dear Lee Warner knew all it would break his heart. Never breathe a word of this!

I have been very miserable and so has Grettie, all this week past, about Effie who has a terrible racking night cough. We kept her in for it several days, but now the weather is milder she goes out in hopes the air may do her good. It keeps her awake more than half the night and shakes her to pieces. Sometimes Grettie is so sad and so anxious at her want of strength that I know not how to keep up his spirits. I assure you I have many dark moments. The Hakim's opinion of Gussie is most cheering. He is a nice Hakim.

Your faithful
Raven.

Miss Van Putten was here to luncheon last Saturday. It struck me that if Auntie would not invite Rose Anson, would she like to ask poor Van Putten? It would cheer her up so much poor girl, and for Auntie be far, far better than utter loneliness while Charlie is away.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.432)

1884

116 King Henry's Road
South Hampstead
11th August

My dearest Addy

I have your post card this morning of the 8th - I at once copied it for Ned, and sent the original to Lizzie Griffith whose grief and anxiety in her loneliness are most

touching.⁴⁴⁷ Arthur Carey also sent me your letter to Ned to read and forward. Your two last cards, one of the 6th received on Saturday the 9th - and today's of the 8th are not encouraging, and in the same light I read the telegram dear Amy sent on the afternoon of the 8th, to announce her arrival "Gussie not improved".⁴⁴⁸ Ned came yesterday (Sunday) and together we went over the letters Amy had left with me and that Arthur had sent on, and he decided that he would go out at once: but on reflection he thought he would telegraph to you this morning "Shall I come at once or wait a week?" He was very dear and earnest. My heart sinks at the thought of the long, anxious suffering nights you have been going through. It is difficult for me even now to realize how long the illness has been going on, considering I knew nothing of her not being in her usual health till the evening of Saturday the 2d. It seems like many weeks since that first telegram came. If I could only have been with you I might have been of some use: but now that Amy is come you have everything in her. I am sure too that Guy will be a great stay and comfort to you. The fearful heat must add to the darling child's oppression and breathlessness. Dear, beautiful child, I see her at every instant with her bewitching smile and graceful flower-like movements. It is a great grief for me never (p.433) to have done anything for her. I write in great sadness because the symptoms your two last cards announce, the diarrhea and sickness, seem to me so very, very unfavourable. How can her slender store of strength support this drain? I wish you had good, unselfish, true Arthur with you now. He would guide, cheer, console, strengthen. If I were with you now, without gloom, without terror I would read to the darling, now a hymn, now a few verses. - "Abide with me, fast falls the evening tide," are words I would love to have floating as it were over her pillow.⁴⁴⁹ As sweet Alice Butler said when her seven years martyrdom began; "I shall not die the sooner for preparing myself to meet the Lord - only I am striving to fit myself for whatever He purposes to send me. If Life and Health I shall be fitter for His services: if Death, then I shall be better prepared to meet Him."

Dear Lamb, sweet Lamb, as patient and as sweet and as self-forgetful as her angel Aunt and namesake.

⁴⁴⁷ Her niece Gussie Granet was dangerously ill at Bagni di Lucca. A. J. G.

⁴⁴⁸ Her other niece Amy Carey went off to Lucca to nurse her sister. A. J. G.

⁴⁴⁹ Henry Francis Lyte (1793 -1847) wrote the poem "Abide with me; fast falls the eventide" as he was dying of Tuberculosis. In 1861 W. H. Monk wrote the standard music for the poem. A. L. V. G. describes this as her favorite hymn in a letter of 19/10/1888 (ed. 2016).

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.434)

1884

116 King Henry's Road
South Hampstead
8th Sept.

Dearest Addy

I think you will be pleased with the enclosed which I received this evening. I am so very glad and thankful that the dear boy⁴⁵⁰ seems so pleased with his new home. It had been very much on my mind that we should hear quite a different report, I mean I feared he would be discontented. Your card of Thursday came this morning. The progress you report may not be rapid but it is satisfactory. In old times after thirty-six days in bed the patient would not have been able to do anything like what our Chuchotte has accomplished.

9th Sept.

I had to put by my letter last night to help George with his work for the Children's Country Holiday Committee.⁴⁵¹ It is good to learn for oneself, how much work is needed to carry out any benevolent scheme thoroughly. He came home Saturday with lists of two or three hundred children furnished by the Masters and Mistresses of different Board and National Schools - the addresses put down after the names, no attempt at classification; Whitechapel, Spitalfields, Stepney Green, the most divergent localities thrown together. We had to put some order into this, sort the addresses, put those in the same quarters together, so as to lighten the labour on Monday for those who were to go from house to house, inviting the parents to let the children named on the list, accept the Committee's invitation. Besides this the ladies in the country had to be written to. Their business is to notify how many (p.435) children they can get housed and to see they are well cared for during the fortnight's stay. The Secretary for whom George is acting, had overworked himself and things were rather in confusion and arrears, and the children's outing in consequence was somewhat delayed - a great pity, as the rain has now come. After

⁴⁵⁰ Guido (or Guy) Granet, her nephew - who had gone to a private tutor's A.J.G

⁴⁵¹ The Children's Country Holiday Fund was set up in 1884, amalgamating several east-End initiatives, many of them under the impulsion of the Revd. Samuel and Henrietta Barnett, who had been organising such holidays since 1877 (ed. 2016).

Church on Sunday we worked some hours, and again in the evening but to good purpose, for early on Monday George was able to start with long lists well arranged, to be distributed between those told off for the day's duties.

He came back at 7.30 p.m. He, a young Oxonian, and a curate, had severally started, and walked, in different directions, miles upon miles, through dingy hopeless-looking streets, and courts and alleys, at each house stopping to tell the same story, listen to the same answers, get the same particulars, and so on, but touched inexpressibly by the patience and courtesy of the people. George for his part got through twenty-five families. In only one instance did he meet a surly reception: It was a man out of work, who sat on a box his head resting on his hands, his back turned to him. The poor wife was stitching for very life. She shook her head sadly when George unfolded his plan and descanted on the benefit to the children. "He won't hear of it." "Perhaps", George said in a low voice, "the expence of getting them ready is an obstacle" - she nodded, but the man without looking round, said sullenly "No, I don't approve of such things - I won't have it." Their one room was two or three feet below the level of the street. In one instance he was much pleased by an old crone, a grandmother saying "Ah! well things are brighter with young people now than they were in my day. No one ever thought of giving us treats, or schooling either." He found a great many families with six or seven children living (p.436) in one small room, for cooking, work, and sleeping purposes - but he was struck with the cleanliness of these rooms, and the absence of bad smells. These of course are not the very lowest classes. In these families all strive to work - the fathers are porters, or Carmen, or tailors, or shoemakers: the mothers are slipper-binders, or shirt makers, and so on. The children swarm like rabbits in a warren: they are spare and stunted generally, but sharp and intelligent, and they are not unhealthy. The mortality is surprisingly small. The deep sadness is when work fails or is slack - then the sharpness of hunger and misery is at once felt.

The young Oxonian came to breakfast early this morning to start anew on the quest. He has just persuaded his mother to take one of the Dowager's Houses at Stepney - in old times it was a mansion. He has fallen in love with its massive oak staircase, and is full of projects of making the back and front garden very pretty, and having flowers in the windows, so that it will help to brighten up the neighbourhood. One of the Rectors at Stepney has got money together to buy up a piece of waste

ground which grew a few fine old trees; he has had it beautifully laid out with grass flowers and seats, and thrown it open to the people. Every day it is thronged, and nothing has been damaged, and it is a never failing source of delight and health. Mr Jones says (the Oxonian's name is George Jones), that the Church of England has nobly come to the front now. Much is due to the Bishop of Bedford, he is the great head of all the movement, but he has met a noble response. Jones is going to be a medical man and will study in all the London Hospitals - but his spare hours he will give to the poor people round about him.

I find it is post time. - My dearest love to my sweet Gussie. I do not speak of the terrible cholera (p.437) at Naples - I have so much to comment on, that my time fails me. Indeed every moment is filled up. The Dowager, still without her faithful Fraulein, is a great weight upon our hands. I go to see her alternate days with George. Effie's news is good.

Your

Raven-friend.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.438)

1884

116 King Henry's Road.
South Hampstead.
18th Sept.

Dearest Addy.

Your post-card Monday from Florence came late last night. Not hearing today makes me hope there has been no return of the diarrhea. It was a strange attack; I can well imagine the terror of the servants.⁴⁵² Had she had any moral impression, any scare? The disease seems everywhere decreasing; by the end of September you may hope for its cessation. The scenes in Naples bring back those of 1835 in Genoa to my mind quite vividly. The same outcry against the government poisoners, the same refusal at first to call in medical advice, the same concealment of cases, the same opposition to sanitary measures, the same excesses in fruit and sour wine.

⁴⁵² Cholera was raging in some parts of Italy - first in Florence - then - but everyone was ready to take fright. A. J. G.

Carlo Alberto⁴⁵³ came from Turin to visit the hospitals, but in those days newspapers were so few and so little read, that the royal visit was scarcely chronicled, certainly not praised. Humbert's⁴⁵⁴ courage and magnanimity towards the Neapolitans has been sublime. On his previous visit his life had been attempted; on this occasion he goes at a foot's pace in an open carriage through the crowds. I think this was even more brave than his repeated visits to the hospitals, his pity for, and personal contact with the sick. The mutual respect and sympathy between him and the good faithful Archbishop, cannot surely fail to bring about much good.⁴⁵⁵ The passage you marked in the newspaper is indeed a strange commentary on the Italian character. Not till today have I been able to make an abstract of some of the most striking episodes. (p.439) This was to help George who is trying to get an article on Cholera in Naples off for the "Register" tomorrow (mail day), but I doubt if he can do it. He will have to sit up half the night; tomorrow morning he has to be out early to see a batch of the emigrant children off. Up till late last night he was answering letters; making out lists &c. There is a great want of organisation in these earnest lady-workers.

10 p.m. Your Tuesday's card just come. Very, very much relieved and comforted. I cannot write any more for I must try and help poor Grettie. He wished to write an article for the "Pall Mall" on this subject, but time to do it, as it requires to be done for that paper where every line tells, has absolutely failed. Perhaps Saturday evening he may. I have written to Algie for more papers and some personal details of the King and his brother.

Dearest Addy I can no more.

My sweetest Gussie, I will write soon again.

Your faithful Raven.

Heat overpowering.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.440)
Private

1884

⁴⁵³ Carlo Alberto, King of Sardinia 1831 to 1849 (ed. 2016).

⁴⁵⁴ Umberto I, King of Italy 1878 to 1900 (ed. 2016).

⁴⁵⁵ On his next visit, in 1889, he went with his wife Margherita; a pizza, in the national colours of red, white and green was then made and named in her honour (ed. 2016).

116 King Henry's Road.
South Hampstead.
9th Nov.

My dearest Addy.

Your letter received last night. I burnt it at once according to your desire so I have it not at hand to recall the date. I fear your two sets of visitors will be an oppressive and conflicting sort of care to you. We are all perhaps unjustly prepossessed against the Reverendo, but the usually long-suffering Algie wrote so hotly against him that we must be pardoned for the dislike we have conceived towards him. Ignorant, grasping, narrow-minded - all these failings and faults are brought against him. It was so sweet and good of you to ask him for Aunty's sake. Do not I beseech you put yourself out one bit for George or Effie. A hot bottle for Effie's feet at night, I told her she was to ask for without scruple; it might not occur to you so early in the winter. I am so glad you are a little comforted about Guy, and that your Faith is unwavering.

Oh yes! the good old priest was right; prayer for a soul's safety must be answered, though the answer may for a time, for a long time even, be delayed. It was the certainty that my prayers had been granted for my dearest one, that enabled me to see him die without a murmur. The words that fell from him in his delirium, the snatches of prayers, the clasped hands, the murmured Creed, interspersed with the tenderest expressions towards "his darling wife", or pity for the wounded soldiers to whom he begged me to carry water, or smiles and beckoning to the friends he fancied were standing near him - without one word, one recollection that the most spotless soul might have scrupled to avow (p.441) - shewed me that indeed "old things had passed away", that the Everlasting arms were round him. How I had prayed! Before I ever saw him, for years, I had never failed to pray that he might be snatched as a brand from the burning. I never doubted somehow that it would all be right. Then when Grettie was a boy in Melbourne I was unhappy about his religious opinions (or rather a sort of defiant attitude towards religion) - I remember confiding my anxiety to Mr Berkley the clergyman sent to me by the Constables. He comforted me so much by speaking of the power of a Mother's love and unwavering prayer. And there too I can say with a thankful heart that all is well, though I fear he will be impatient and cross if Mr Doyle displays Irish bigotry and narrow-mindedness.

Before I forget it I must assure you I never spoke of H.B's admiration for Gussie. It was Guy who said "he had come to Limpsfield and had seen a great deal of him at the Lake of Como where he was awfully spooney on Gussie".

No time for more.

Your Raven.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.442)

1885

116 King Henry' s Road.
S. Hampstead.
24th March.

Dearest Addy.

Yesterday evening we were quite startled at seeing in the "Pall Mall Gazette" the announcement of the wife of the Revd Arthur E. Carey at Florence 20th inst "of a Daughter."⁴⁵⁶ As I knew the confinement was not expected till April, I of course feel a little anxious - but till Tuesday we cannot hear from you. Last night Effie had your post-card. She begs me to thank you for your kind present which is promised her for to-morrow. We had the pleasure this afternoon of a visit from Evelyn and Ned, looking both of them very handsome, very well dressed, very nice.⁴⁵⁷ She is quite enthusiastic about her visit to Florence. The present from you she had forgotten to bring with her, though she had fully meant to do so, but she is going to send it by parcel post. They were on their way to see her grandfather who lives at Queen's Gate. To-morrow she goes to Farnham to Mrs Paget's, which I suppose will be her head-quarters. She says Amy's nurse was engaged from the 1st of April, so this would not be so very much too soon. How I long to know how the dear child is, how the baby is, how everything has gone off.

Guy started yesterday morning. He was a little sad at having been "ploughed in Smalls"; but Hal says it is no discredit. In June he will get through. He took out his books with him and told me he should work up for it. I wish (p.443) Harry H. could have got him an invitation from the Gedges: it would have: been so nice if he could

⁴⁵⁶ Muriel Adeline Carey. A. J. G.

⁴⁵⁷ Her nephew Ned Granet R. A. and his betrothed Evelyn Chapman. A. J. G.

have gone to the Goschens afterwards. For him to have stopped here till the time for going to the Goschens, would have been too intolerably dull and dangerous: Hal all day under examination, not able to go about with him - a half demented cook - poor Grettie dreadfully low about Effie - I, feeling as if it was the very utmost I could do to keep up - nothing to furnish any safeguard against out of door attractions. Friday evening he dined at the Goschens. It is a charming acquaintance for him.

It snowed heavily this morning. To-night men are shouting the morning's news from Suakim. Another square broken apparently! O those fools and wretches of our Ministers last year, not to have followed up the successes of El Teb and Tamai - not to have granted poor General Gordon's petition for 200 cavalry! Now the Arabs have learnt to be good marksmen and to despise our squares! Effie's cousin Herbert Lyon is with our forces at Suakim as special correspondent of the "Morning Post". He seems by the telegrams to-day to have had a narrow escape. He is an only son - just called to the Bar - nothing doing, so he wrote to several newspapers offering himself as Special War Correspondent, and was engaged at once by the "Morning Post". He had never been out of England, but having been for two years in succession "cox" to the University (Oxford) boat, had a reputation for coolness and smartness.

Goodnight my dearest Adelia - I do so long to hear of my sweet Pussina and her baby - and of how you keep up. Dear Gussie seems better by Evelyn's account - decidedly better.

Your faithful

Raven friend.

I hope Effie is on the mend: but she still has to keep much on the sofa and she is not to go out, not even for a drive. The children all have colds - but with the variable trying weather we have been having over since March set in, we may be thankful not to have them more ill.

--- new page in typescript ---

p.444

1885

My sister was staying with her married niece Amy. A. J. G.

St Saviour's Rectory.
Guernsey.
24th July.

My dearest Adelia.

Post-cards for more than a fortnight have been my substitute for letters to you. I am determined that to-day shall see this remedied and I hope the Post-box at the Rectory's gate will contain this evening at 8 p.m. a good long letter telling you in full of things I have merely glanced at in my cards. It is just a week to-day since I arrived here and found my kind hosts waiting for me at 7.30 a.m. on the pier, having walked in all the way from St Saviour's. Eight days before that, on Thursday 9th July, the travels to which I had been looking forward with great dread and sinking of heart for many weeks, commenced. Early in the day Effie, the four children, and Edith Jones, Lloydie's sweet and most capable daughter of 19, who had had a week's holiday given her from her office (she is lady clerk at a wholesale stationer's), started for Westward Ho! Lloydie remained behind for two days to set things a little in order as the house was to be left without servants, only with a respectable old woman as care-taker. It was very hot and wearying.

Late in the afternoon Grettie took me down to Wimbledon and remained to dinner; then returned to his empty home where he means to remain till the end of July, up to the ears in East-end work which he delights in. The contests with the Parochial authorities, who fight inch by inch against carrying out the repair and improvements in the Dwellings of the Poor which the laws, (until now a dead letter), contain ample provision for, are a delight to his soul. Little by little his Committee (p.445) is gaining the upper hand, and the results in the improved condition of the houses in his district (for he is acknowledged to be the moving spirit in the whole matter as far as his Committee is concerned) are really most satisfactory. The poor people stop him in the streets to thank him for what he has done for them, and many who a few months ago, in a sort of apathy of filth and ignorance refused to let him come to inspect their houses, now invite him in and treat him as the acknowledged and successful redresser of their grievances. It would require the pen of a Dickens to do justice to some of the sights he has witnessed and the Bumbledom⁴⁵⁸ of the Vestry-boards in opposing his innovations. One woman who lived in a cellar over a drain with great holes in the flooring through which huge rats came up, complained to her landlord, a well-to-do tradesman, & one of the parochial authorities, that her children were

⁴⁵⁸ Mr. Bumble is the beadle in Dickens' "Oliver Twist" (ed. 2016).

terribly frightened by them. "Bless me! frightened at the rats! Why they ought to be glad to have them for play-fellows!" What touches George so much and gives him fresh courage in his work is the people's gratitude. When he came back from Warwick after a month's absence many of them shewed real pleasure at his return.⁴⁵⁹ Rough men would come up to shake hands and say how glad they were to see him back after his soldiering. As for the mothers he is an acknowledged friend amongst them. He would like so much, with the enlargement of the franchise, to offer himself as a candidate to one of the East-end Constituencies. The poor souls want a gentleman to represent them, a man whose sole aim would be their real good. But he could not face the outlay of the electioneering expences.

I spent a week at Augusta Ritchie's: it is a pretty house with a lovely garden all round it and a fine lawn for tennis. Dear Augusta herself is very feeble: the least extra exertion (p.446) seems to prostrate her, yet she still enjoys cutting and arranging her flowers, and in that way of course she gets quite as much exercise as she can bear, and plenty of air which is so necessary to her. Then every afternoon she drives out; when Gussie Freshfield and Nelly are in town, very often to see them. It is about an hour's drive to Kensington from South Mead.⁴⁶⁰ I much enjoyed dear Pinkie's being at home, and having a great deal of her society. One day she was at her work at the East End. She goes every Friday to Whitechapel to a committee for the encouragement and supervision of young girls - but otherwise we were a great deal together, and her sweetness, intellect and charming companionship were very delightful. Blanche too came for a day, and was just as loving and open and friendly with me as in her girlish days. They have had this spring and early summer's succession of small misfortunes. In March the measles went through the family; as soon as the children were convalescent they were sent to the house at Lynton in Devonshire, while Blanche stayed at Eton with the sick ones, one after the other. Then hardly was the last case of measles over when scarlatina broke out, but curiously enough only three out of the seven had it. They were removed to the sick-house at Eton, and Blanche went in there to be with them while her sweet Margaret

⁴⁵⁹ An absence perhaps connected to his being a Captain in The Royal Warwickshire Regiment (ed. 2016).

⁴⁶⁰ Now more usually Southmead, in south Wimbledon (ed. 2016).

had to receive all the Eton Montem⁴⁶¹ visitors on the 4th of June in her mother's place. Finally just as all were well and out of quarantine, Blanche was driving in a poney-chaise - the poney ran away, she was thrown out and her face and nose were frightfully bruised - she had only just left off her wraps and bandages when I saw her at South Mead. She is a very charming woman; more serious and "orthodox" as her sisters express it, than any of the others; full of toleration and liberality (p.447) towards others, but herself thoroughly persuaded and attached to her Church.

Augusta Freshfield's⁴⁶² eldest child, Eleanor aged 14, an immensely tall girl, has just been placed at school at Wimbledon at a Mademoiselle Souvestre's⁴⁶³ a French lady of very Comtiste⁴⁶⁴ views who is all the rage amongst the Agnostic party. I went one day with Pinkie to see Eleanor and was introduced to Mademoiselle Souvestre; she is a daughter of the author of that name, and evidently very clever and brilliant, with many original and startling ideas on education. As a class-book she reads out "Les Miserables"⁴⁶⁵ to the girls, but it is with omissions; and this reservation being made, the book is certainly in many parts sublime. She lets such as wish it go to church, but it is not enjoined, and I fancy no religious teaching is in her programme. I should like to have seen more of her but I could not; I was asked to a garden party she gave where all the parents of the pupils gathered, but my foot was too painful - I could not venture.

Edward Ritchie is a very fine young man still living at home, and devoted to his hospital work. He has finished his studies, but is now acting as house physician to the Hospital, which gives him practise and experience but no emolument. I saw Annie (Thackeray) Ritchie⁴⁶⁶ two or three times. She was very genial and sympathetic, and wrapt up in her two children, honestly and truly very pretty children. I told her what I thought of them and she kissed and thanked me with tears in her eyes. Richmond is secretary to Lord Harris who himself is Under-Secretary for India.

⁴⁶¹ An esoteric ceremony held periodically by Eton College at Montem Hill (Salt Hill) at which an ode was read, salt scattered, and money collected (ed. 2016)

⁴⁶² Augusta Freshfield, nee Ritchie. Her husband Douglas (1845 -1934) was later President of the Royal Geographical Society (ed. 2016).

⁴⁶³ Marie Souvestre (1830 - 1905), daughter of the novelist-playwright Emile Souvestre was a feminist educator who established schools in Paris and London. Eleanor Roosevelt was later a pupil. (ed. 2016).

⁴⁶⁴ August Comte (1798-1857) French philosopher, founder of the Positivist school (ed. 2016).

⁴⁶⁵ By Victor Hugo. Published 1862, now better known as a musical.

⁴⁶⁶ Novelist; daughter of William Makepeace Thackeray (ed. 2016).

They were much pleased at his getting this appointment under the Conservatives. He held the same in the Liberal Cabinet. He writes précis on Indian History, Finance, Geography &c and is considered very clever.

You (p.448) know when I came and how I came here. George took me to Southampton. I was not feeling very well. I had been feeling so frightfully nervous for some weeks and so tormented by this pain and burning in my foot. It is getting slowly better, the darts of pain are not so frequent or sharp, and the feeling of a red-hot coal in the great toe joint is much diminished; but I am still quite infirm and walk less well than many women of 80. It is gout I am convinced. At Brighton I will consult a homeopath of some repute who lives there. I was disappointed you did not carry out your idea of going to see Mattei in his Castle in the Appenines. I know he is pleased at being sought out there, I saw a lady who had visited him in his solitude four or five years ago. One thing one is certain of; he cannot hurt your constitution nor create a disease by his drugs. Yet why be repelled by the simplicity, the attenuation of his doses? It is like the washing in the Waters of Jordan to Naaman.⁴⁶⁷ I wish very much you would try his system for these headaches of dearest Gussie's, also for yourself. You are not well, and your life my Adelia is very precious.

With me I may say now, my work is done. All that I can be useful in is the children's education, and in that very likely a clever governess might advantageously replace me. But you my child have yet a great deal to do, and it is your duty not to neglect any means of strengthening and preserving your health. I have much to tell you of Amy - and Arthur, of the sweet garden and shady trees beneath which the baby sleeps and smiles, and Margaret plays, of the pretty drawing-room so exquisitely arranged with all the wedding presents which I was so glad to see and handle for myself, of the happy cheerful life, always busy and bright - the pleasant drives to which your largesse has so nobly contributed - and for (p.449) which accept my best thanks - of this and more besides I have enough to fill another letter, but for to-day I am tired; if I wait another day you will not get this for a long time as tomorrow there is no mail for England, so for the present Adieu my child.

Your loving
Raven friend.

⁴⁶⁷ 2 Kings 5: 10 "Go and wash in the Jordan seven times" (ed. 2016).

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.450)

1885

116 King Henry's Road
Oct 12th

My dearest Addy.

I know you must be on tenterhooks to hear all I have been able to glean about the embarkation on the "Jumna",⁴⁶⁸ but Guy was not back from Portsmouth in time for me to write last night.⁴⁶⁹ The summary of Ned's proceedings since I last wrote to you is as follows: on Thursday grand farewell dinner at Woolwich. Ned sat with his brother-in-law Percy Chapman and Guy on one hand, and George and Mr Guy d'Arcy on the other. It was a grand banquet, not at Ned's expense I am happy to say, except as far as his own four special guests were concerned. The object of the gathering was to feast the Battery before its departure. It went off splendidly - about two hundred covers were laid. After it was over the more juvenile part of the company adjourned to a room upstairs where they had ballet-dancing, wrestling, songs and drinks!! At this entertainment Ned made the first of many speeches. Then they adjourned to the smoking-room when all the furniture was cleared out except one sofa on the back of which Ned's guests were seated - then chairs and fire irons were provided, two parties of five ranging themselves at each end of the room; a man was named umpire, and he then threw the ball (a tin spittoon) and they played Polo riding on the chairs! They knocked each other a good deal about the arms and legs with the fire irons, but received no mortal hurts. Then the whole assembly (about thirty) went in for a general tournament riding on each other's backs, collaring and trying to unhorse each other. Many hard blows were given and received - all with perfect good-humour.

Then Ned called out to (p.451) know who wanted supper; everybody held up their hands. They had grilled bones, poached eggs and champagne. After this Ned's flow of speeches was unlimited. In the interludes of this foolery Major Hime, quite a

⁴⁶⁸ A Euphrates class troopship, mixed steam and sail, launched 1866 (ed. 2016).

⁴⁶⁹ Ned Granet and his wife were going out to India two months after their wedding. A. J. G.

celebrated gunner, talked earnestly to Guy on the beauties of Thomas à Kempis,⁴⁷⁰ urging him to read it in the original Latin! Where would you find such a curious medley but in Englishmen? All the toasts were drunk with Highland honours, one foot on the table. One of Ned's speeches during supper, was an impeachment of a wretched officer who had gone to bed at ten, and these frantic bacchanals rushed to his room, dragged him out of bed, and ran him in his poor torn nightshirt through the wet yard to the mess room, and there Ned poured a brandy and soda over his head! The victim bore all with perfect, good humour. After this Ned's four guests accompanied by himself and three other choice spirits, retired to their hotel, where they asked for more drinks, about 4 a.m. - but these were not given to them!!

Friday Ned dined in town with all his wife's family. Guy was asked, but thought it better to refuse as he was going down that night (Friday) to sleep at Woolwich, to start with Ned and the soldiers in the morning for Portsmouth. Hal arrived in the afternoon being under the impression that he was due in Oxford on Saturday the 10th - instead of which it was not till Friday the 16th. It was finally arranged that he should instantly be put into Guy's room, as Guy meant to sleep at Portsmouth on Saturday night, and to start for Oxford Sunday evening, so as to have two quiet whole days before him before Wednesday when the Matric: Exam begins. However he did not come up to town till late yesterday - and slept at Morley's. He is just now here waiting for a cab to take him to Paddington. He describes the bustle at Woolwich as tremendous. (p.452) He slept at the same hotel as before, Ned did not return till very late from the family gathering. Ned's servant forgot to wake him next morning, and Guy found him asleep at 7.40 and the trains were to start at 9. Ned's things were not packed! Guy helped frantically, flew here and there, and finally they got off but without any breakfast. Two batteries went from Woolwich. They reached Portsmouth at 1 p.m. It was raining hard. Ned went on board to see after the soldiers.

Evey came down with her sisters (Tiny and Madame d'Arcy) and Percy Chapman and Ernest de Guy d'Arcy,⁴⁷¹ and arrived about 5 p.m. Guy went to meet them at the station. All the party dined at the hotel joined by Ned. The merriment was forced. On

⁴⁷⁰ Thomas van Kempen (c.1380 - 1471) author of "Imitatio Christi" (ed. 2016).

⁴⁷¹ *Sic* in Typescript: maybe A. L. V. G. forgot to strike out the "Ernest de" (ed. 2016).

Sunday morning Ned went on board early - Evey and her friends at 12. At one o'clock in the afternoon, after having had luncheon on board, the bell - that horrid bell! sounded to warn off all visitors, and they had to come away. Ned was in high spirits; Guy's last glimpse of him was clinging to the ropes, standing on the ship's side, and patting the Major (Parlby's) head. Evey looked pale and shed a few tears. - 900 soldiers of all arms were on board. The crowd of friends to say goodbye was immense. Evey⁴⁷² shares a cabin with other six ladies; it is disgusting for the poor women to be all cooped up together and none of the husbands are allowed to go into the cabin; so, poor child, the agonies of the first two or three days' voyage will have to be borne alone - I mean without Ned's sympathy and nursing. However the officers of the ship predicted a first-rate passage. The "Jumna" is commanded by Captain FitzGeorge a son of the Duke of Cambridge's⁴⁷³ - and the first Lieut. is Mr Lambart; both of them know Ned. Guy returned sorrowfully to London with Evey's family: they were five hours the way. He dined at Chapel St, and very considerably came (p.453) up here at 10.30 to allay any uneasiness we might be feeling at his non-appearance, and went back to Morley's to sleep. I am writing this partly at his dictation 5. p.m. He starts at 6 for Oxford. He says he feels very dull and solitary. He has good hopes of getting through the Matric: all right. These three or four days have been very good for his eyes which were looking very red and tired. Now they are all right.

Adieu my precious ones.

Your aunt, and sister

Raven-friend.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.454)

1885

116 King Henry's Road
London. N.W.
11th Nov.

My dearest Adelia.

⁴⁷² Ned Granet and his wife were going out to India two months after their wedding. A. J. G.

⁴⁷³ Adolphus Augustus Frederick FitzGeorge, 1846 - 1922; second son of the morganatic marriage of the Duke of Cambridge (Queen Victoria's first cousin) and the actress Sara Fairbrother, 1817 - 1890 (ed. 2016)..

Tomorrow is your birthday for which accept my loving good wishes. I snatch a moment out of the turmoil of daily life to write you a few lines. A truly November fog has enfolded us today. Up till 12 o'clock we had lights all over the house. Yesterday, truly the first day such an expedition had been possible since my return from Weston s/m, Effie and Lloydie went to the C.S. Stores⁴⁷⁴ to get the fur cloak and ivory brushes and handglass for Amy, while I took charge of the children. Lloydie did not like the undivided responsibility of the choice. The cloaks in stock were all too narrow, only suited for very slight figures. They at last settled on the right size and one was ordered lined with squirrel which will be very nice. £3. Those lined with rabbit could have been obtained at £2/10, but Lloydie says the hair comes off and Effie says so too. One of her cousins at Llanrhaiadr last year had one and whenever she wore it her dress was covered with short white hairs. The brushes alas! alas! are much dearer than you fancied. True in the list in the Catalogue they have them beginning from 11/-, but they are baby's hair brushes!! As for the ivory-back hand mirrors the cheapest at 12/- or thereabouts, were for looking at one's teeth, simply that! They were in great distress and perplexity. At last they chose one brush at a guinea including monogram, and one hand-glass ditto: 30/-. Very nice indeed but not at all recklessly handsome. When they came home rather sad and mortified, I increased their sadness by objecting to the (p,455) idea of one brush. What was to be done? I had a happy thought. I was thinking of making Amy a little Xmas gift on my own account, and suddenly it occurred to me that I would give her the other brush, so she will really have a beautiful set for her pretty toilet table. Effie objected for some time, wanting to go back herself today to countermand the order for the toilet-glass till we had heard from you &c &c, but I kept to my own impulse, and we have written to order a fellow-brush to the one already selected (which was left to be monographed)- to be similarly embellished. The set shall be packed up as you direct with "not to be opened till Xmas Day" upon it. I am sure Amy won't object to my sending her one of the brushes nor will you. I think I have told you the prices right. Perhaps the monograms were extra. We went to the C.S. Stores in the City

⁴⁷⁴ The Civil Service Stores, on the north side of the Strand (ed. 2016).

because they are a little cheaper than the A & N,⁴⁷⁵ just the difference between the West End and City.

I hope dear Gussie's wisdom teeth are better. It is a trying process. Effie suffered much from the first of them when she was 22. Mrs Harrison⁴⁷⁶ came to luncheon yesterday - very sweet and affectionate; and yet a little changed perhaps - a little of the epigrammatic tone - a little of the straining after effect of the clever woman of the day. But run after, praised, discussed, attacked as she has been, how could it be otherwise? Four editions of her book, exhausted in six weeks! That and the Gordon Journals were the hits of an otherwise very dull literary season. The Publisher gave the Gordon family (including Mr Hake) £5000 for the Journals - at least this is what I have heard. Yesterday evening I meant to devote to "Siberia", but I had to read over a lecture on South Africa to help Grettie who is wading through a mass of heavy unreadable books on the Cape, Natal, Zululand, the Basutos, (p.456) Bechuanaland &c to make one readable comprehensible article. As soon as I can get to work I will write to ask you to translate some more - or indeed if you would or could do any passages that strike you as typical and brilliant, please, please, do so. The lessons are now formidable, for little Jack is eager to be taught, and Amy has to be gee-ho'ed on, and Foster's lessons before and after School are no joke. Grettie takes his Latin - Effie his Divinity - I his French.

Adieu my child, no time for more to-day. Could you address enclosed to Gabrielle at Bologna where I remember she is gone to await Maurizio?⁴⁷⁷ I should like her to get it before he arrives if possible. I sent you a P. card to tell you of our delight in him.

Your Raven.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.457)

1886

116 King Henry's Road,

⁴⁷⁵ The Army and Navy Stores, whose flagship emporium was on the south side of Victoria Street, also had shops in France, Germany and India (ed. 2016).

⁴⁷⁶ Mary Kingsley, Mrs William Harrison, who under the pseudonym of Lucas Malet had in 1885 published "Colonel Enderby's Wife" (ed. 2016).

⁴⁷⁷ Perhaps Maurizio de'Bosdari (ed. 2016).

South Hampstead, N.W.
10th Feb.

My dearest Adelia.

You will most likely be anxious to know how we are getting on as these sort of "émeutes" always read more formidably from newspaper descriptions than they present themselves to those on the spot. To us who have, as you know, for years foreseen what would inevitably happen, the surprise is not great - not at least as to the demonstrations - but the pusillanimity of the Government in taking no precautionary measures, makes the situation infinitely more grave.

George was in Trafalgar Square on Monday; the crowd there assembled is estimated at from 15,000 to 20,000. He could not get near enough to hear the speeches, but saw the red flag waved. The crowd on the whole was orderly - though he at once saw it did not wholly consist of the unemployed workmen. He recognised a considerable proportion of the criminal classes. A policeman told him the mob would make towards the Houses of Parliament, and in that direction he betook himself, thereby losing all the scenes in the West-end streets. We knew nothing of all that took place there till we took up the "Times" on Tuesday morning. At 10 a.m. G. went to look at all the chaos left by the rioters. He said he little thought he should ever see such a sight as London presented that morning. In the first place the dense fog plunging everything into blackness threw additional gloom over the streets - the streets themselves were strewn with broken glass. The Clubs were all filled with workmen putting in their windows as fast as they could - many of the shops were completely wrecked; in others attempts were being made (p.458) to resume business - Shutters were up in some houses - altogether it was indescribably melancholy. A good many people were surveying the débris; a poor man evidently in great want, said sadly to G. "Ah Sir this is very bad for us - people will say it's our doing." Ignorant and prejudiced people will of course say this, like the man who writes to the "Times" to-day to announce that henceforth he will stop all his subscriptions to charitable institutions; but the general opinion is, that it was a Socialistic demonstration headed by Hyndman and Burns.⁴⁷⁸ But Oh! Why did not the Government forestal all this? They knew the meeting of the unemployed was to

⁴⁷⁸ Henry Hyndman 1842 - 1921 founder of the Social Democratic Federation; John Burns, leading figure in SDF; later MP and member of Liberal governments of early 20th c. (ed. 2016).

take place on Monday, and they surely might have had an inkling that the Social Democrats intended to have a meeting on that day also, and have taken measures accordingly. Very different was the course pursued in April 1848 by the Duke of Wellington. Nothing has yet been done. The respectable classes are crying out: "Why don't they swear us in as special Constables?" "Why don't they arrest Hyndman who preached the Commune on Monday?" Today there was an almost universal panic. In the city the shops were closed, and shutters put up very early in the afternoon; business was quite at a standstill.

Up here all is quiet: I walked out this afternoon to see the Dowager and there was nothing to indicate anything unusual in the town except more idle slouchy men than one is accustomed to see about. The poor old lady is very feeble and suffering; she has had two attacks of faintness and difficulty of breathing. Her doctor desired the Fraulein to let George know that those attacks proceeded from the heart and might at any moment prove serious. Effie went out with George to the West End to pay some visits, and saw nothing unusual. I have not heard from St Saviour's for some time - I trust all is going on smoothly there.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.459)

1886

116 King Henry's Road
South Hampstead. N.W.
24th June.

My dearest Adelia

I found a letter from you awaiting me here when I returned yesterday afternoon from Southmead. Effie and the children had come home the evening before. The children had much enjoyed and benefited by their stay at Eastcourt in spite of the unseasonable weather, but Effie was not looking well. She confessed that she had been pinched up by the cold. Grettie was there only from Saturday till Monday. Foster Cunliffe was there also for the Sunday. My visit to the Ritchies was pleasant and restful. Augusta came to fetch me on Friday afternoon; I was alone with her till Monday afternoon when we went into town to an At Home at Augusta Freshfield's - numbers of people flocking in, some stopping half an hour, others

longer - tea and coffee, cakes and ices in the dining-room. The only celebrities were the author of "Vice Versa",⁴⁷⁹ a little sharp looking man; and Mrs Clifford⁴⁸⁰ who last year brought out the very painful book "Mrs Keith's Crime". Pinkie met us there; she had been from Thursday to Saturday at Ramsgate with poor Annie, crippled with Sciatica - from Saturday to Monday morning at Eton, thence to her East-end work at Whitechapel, and in her simple grey working dress presented herself at Airlie Gardens. There was a great variety in dress. Some people very fashionably and handsomely got up, others very dowdy. I enjoyed dear Pinkie's society till Wednesday (yesterday), when she rushed back to Eton to assist Blanche in getting up a musical open air performance of Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream to be held tonight in the (p.460) Cornishes' Garden!! It is an idea worthy of dear Blanche's enthusiastic, unpractical, brain. Some clever boys are to read the play, and an orchestra of gifted amateurs, Pinkie at the piano, will perform the music. The party does not begin till 7, so a number of lamps have been provided, which the wind will probably blow out if the guests prove courageous enough to sit out long enough to require them. Mario⁴⁸¹ is going to dine tomorrow at Southmead and great efforts are being made to get together a nice little party for him. Grettie is going - Effie alas! unable to do so. You, weighed down as you now are by servant and household cares, can judge how difficult, how almost impossible it is to find time out of a busy domestic life for literature. Pinkie was very sympathizing about my terror of attempting "Siberia".⁴⁸² One's only chance of doing anything is when one hits on a congenial subject - a subject that one knows will command attention. But as Pinkie says who will care for "Siberia" in summer? Had Stephen faced dreadful hardships and dangers there would have been some excitement in his adventures to tickle the jaded palate of English readers! It is late for the post, so I will say no more. Your letter has made me very thoughtful over many things. But I have no time for more.

Your Raven.

⁴⁷⁹ Probably Thomas Anstey Guthrie (1856 - 1934) who wrote "Vice Versa" under the pseudonym of F. Anstey in 1882 (ed. 2016).

⁴⁸⁰ Lucy Lane, later Mrs Clifford (1849 - 1925): the protagonist of the book is a dying mother who poisons her similarly afflicted child (ed. 2016).

⁴⁸¹ Mario Gigliuci, a great friend of the Grettton and Granet families, an Italian, but having had a quasi English Mother, the celebrated singer Clara Novello, - and having married an Englishwoman, we all claimed him almost as a countryman. A. J. G.

⁴⁸² This reads as though perhaps the Raven were contemplating an article for one of the Reviews on the exile of political dissidents in Tsarist Russia. If so, it has not so far been located (ed. 2016).

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.461)
EXTRACT

1886

King Henry's Road - Hampstead.

.....
Poor darlings, they suffered very keenly at parting from their Lloydie, though every possible care was taken to soften the blow. For instance for a long time they only thought she had gone for a time, just to settle Aunt Sophy in her new house. The baby's grief was most pathetic. In the morning she would be quite happy and playful in her little cot beside me, when a cloud would come over her face, her eyes would fill with tears, and with quivering lips she would ask "Oh Grannie, will she ever come back to us?" Another day when I had toys and pictures all ready to amuse her when she awoke, she turned from them all and said in a voice of deep anguish "Oh if I were but lying by my Lloydie's side!" Even yesterday, though she has ceased to cry and fret, she said, "Grannie, do you think we shall ever have her again?" I pointed out that we must be content to let Aunt Sophy have her, poor Aunt Sophy, who was so sad and lonely and uncared for, but is now so happy: "Well", she said, with a deep sigh "it's very hard - I had such a sweet dream, I was so happy, I thought Lloydie had come back to stay with us for always." Poor Lambs, I know not what they would have done if left to the new nurse's companionship, for with very short intervals ever since Lloydie left, they have been constantly with us. They all four breakfast and dine downstairs. The only meal they take away from us is their tea at 5 o'clock. Amy is growing so alarmingly fast that Dr Miller says her lessons are for some time are to be very slight, more employment and amusement combined, than any mental effort, so the governess-plan for the present is to be left in abeyance. The child used to be so bright and happy over her arithmetical lessons with the kind assistant (p.462) master from Foster's school who came twice a week to teach her, but now she looks so weary and pained over them that they are to be greatly mitigated if not entirely given up.

--- new page in typescript ---

King Henry's Road.
November.

A hasty line to slip in George's letter. It is late. He has been taken up most of the day on poor Mrs Snow's business for Alas! the son who was so ill last January with inflammation of the lungs, but had seemed perfectly recovered, and went out of an evening to parties &c as well as attended at his Office, has suddenly broken down, and is ordered off at once on a long sea-voyage. He is to go in a sailing ship, to be three months if possible on his way, and not to return till next May. If this is done at once the doctor assures his mother he will be saved and become a strong man yet. George has been to enquire about ships &c. The young man himself (he is 27) is most averse to going; and talks of putting it off at least till Xmas, but the Dr says he must go at once or it will be too late. He fainted away suddenly a few days ago which of course alarmed Mrs Snow, and she insisted on his stopping in and seeing the Dr. He has not left the house since, but it was only this morning that this sentence was passed. It is a terrible blow. All the expences, and no salary (he was earning £200 a year with prospects of partnership in the course of time). His employers will keep the place open for him and merely put in a temporary clerk. This is something, but the present realities are grave.

I have not said how sweet I think the volume of letters.⁴⁸³ I am so harrid for time - the dear children all coming on, and each requiring individual attention, which it is such a privilege to give them if one had but time for it all. The last few days too, every one I know seems to have taken it into their heads to write to me from all parts of the world.

Did I tell you of Mrs Harrison (Lucas Mallet) coming here to luncheon? George and Effie (p.464) have been to tea at Miss Trotter's to meet Rose Kingsley who is going to edit a juvenile Magazine in the lines of the "St Nicholas".⁴⁸⁴ It is to be quite first-rate; she has asked me to contribute but I don't know. Where is the time for it without detriment to the Lambs? Tomorrow Effie and G. are going to a large luncheon party at the Bishop of Bedford's. It is so pleasant to have her able to go about a little with

⁴⁸³ Dear Lucy Smith's letters to A. J. G. A. J. G.

⁴⁸⁴ "St. Nicholas Magazine" was a popular American children's magazine, founded in 1873. It published work by distinguished writers (ed. 2016).

Grettie - He is so full of joy over it. Last week I went out twice to luncheon and felt quite tired afterwards. I prefer hearing of going out to doing it actually myself. The weather from rain for one week has changed to sharp dry cold. This breakdown of Arthur Snow's makes me nervous. You can understand. Dearest Guy is under exam: now; he went up yesterday for the first day. I suppose it will last three. We only heard of it today and Effie wrote to tell you.

Goodnight my Adelia. It is past 12 and we breakfast at 8.30.

Your faithful Raven.

Love, and blessings to my Chuchotte.⁴⁸⁵ I hope Amy will like her things.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.465)

1887

14th April

My dearest Addy

Many thanks for your letter of Easter Sunday which sets our anxiety about Guido at rest till next time! If he had but written to you on Monday the 28th March to say he had suddenly changed his mind and was going to Brighton, what misery he would have saved us all! I quite agree with you in thinking that this insouciance about writing in men is a characteristic of the age, just as women exceed in a precisely opposite direction. Foster Cunliffe admirable as he is, is very sparing in his letters to his sister, though he knows well-enough how she delights to get them. Willie Ritchie, his mother has told me, never used to write to her when he was at Cambridge. I don't hold the Lamb⁴⁸⁶ himself blameless in this respect. With all respect and consideration I opine he ought to have telegraphed though nothing was decided about Oxford, to express his regret he could say nothing positive. But, men are coarse material creatures, yes even the Lamb, and are incapable of understanding what anxiety and suspense are to women.

I copied out your most hospitable and affectionate invitation to George and sent it off to Eastbourne, and I doubt not you will hear from him almost at the same time

⁴⁸⁵ A pet name for her niece Gussie Granet. A. J. G.

⁴⁸⁶ A pet name - sometimes changed to Lambo - for F. H. Trench. A. J. G.

that this reaches you. I shall be greatly surprised if the tenor of his answer is different from what I wrote a few days ago as to his mind being set on a sea-trip with Brother Bob, and of his unfitness in my opinion, for the excitement and standing about &c of the brilliant gathering in Florence. I wonder who you will ask in his place. Maurizio? Ah poor fellow, why did he throw up Manitoba when a fine career was opening before him? If you had but seen him as we did when he (p.466) arrived in London so full of hope, of enthusiasm of admiration, for his adopted country! He was going to be naturalized at once as a British subject, and there is no doubt that with his talents, his title, his energy, the prestige of the Marquis of Lorne's protection and so on, his foot being already on the first rung of the ladder, he would have risen rapidly. Is it too late to go back now? Count Robilant⁴⁸⁷ having retired, his prospects in diplomacy are of course at an end, but could not the wires be yet worked so as to lead to his being received back into the Government office where he had an appointment before his visit to Europe?

Your account of poor little Aunty's⁴⁸⁸ state is sad beyond expression. Has Charley been over to see her? Surely he could have borne the journey from Meggen?⁴⁸⁹ The story of his life is one of the most miserable tragedies this world has ever seen. Your gloomiest forebodings over his childhood have been too truly realized. Dear Augusta's sun is setting at Southmead with a calm lovely beauty. Her children never before knew how much they loved her, and she is grateful for their love. Edward is constantly in attendance on her. Annie (Thackeray) is a true daughter, Pinkie, as ever, most sweet and charming. The others come and go, but all are most tender and attentive. She may rally from this present attack, but they are uneasy at its duration and at her great weakness. It began nine days ago with spasms in the chest and heart.

Our dear children are very bright and happy. Foster brought home an excellent report at the end of the term. He has three weeks holidays, but he quite willingly consented at the end of a week to give up an hour and a half daily to his weakest subjects. Miss Tidy takes him for arithmetic and the rest of the time he (p.467) comes to me. She is a good girl, methodical, trustworthy and kind. A good

⁴⁸⁷ Carlo Felice Nicolis, Conte di Robilant (1826 -1888), Italian statesman and diplomat (ed. 2016).

⁴⁸⁸ "Aunty" was Madame de la Rue, the sister of William Granet of Genoa. A. J. G.

⁴⁸⁹ Meggen is a village on Lake Lucerne, close to the eponymous city (ed. 2016).

Arithmetician; on other subjects profoundly ignorant, after the fashion her class. I should have added that she is a good and skilful needlewoman. Her intellectual deficiencies do not so much matter as Jack is to pass entirely under me as soon as he is seven. She has been supposed to teach him for the last six months, but he has not progressed much from where he was when I gave him over to her in Nov. Baby on the contrary she has got on fairly, in reading and writing, and she is to keep her, for it matters comparatively little whether she makes much progress or not for the next twelvemonth. But with Jack it is a very different matter. He is not nearly so advanced as Foster was at seven. Amy has taken a start and is a very intelligent little girl, well informed and fond of reading. She is going to have a music master and to practise under her mother's supervision, but it will be all money thrown away and I hope Effie will not persist in it too long. The child has neither taste nor ear for music.

A Guernsey paper has been sent me today with extracts from Arthur Carey's letters giving further details about the distribution of help to the poor sufferers from the earthquake along the Riviera.⁴⁹⁰ What would those communities have done without English benevolence?

Goodbye my Adelia and my Chuchotte; the spring listlessness and weariness is upon me. The only thing I take pleasure in is teaching the children: everything else is pain and grief to me. When I write the pen seems to fall from my nerveless fingers.

Your faithful
Raven-friend.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.468)

1887

116 King Henry's Road
South Hampstead N.W.
5th May

My dearest Addy,

Thanks for your letter of the 2d inst. I am grieved to hear of dearest Gussie's cold hanging on so obstinately: I fear she will need change of air to shake it off. That

⁴⁹⁰ February 23rd 1887; over 2000 died. (ed. 2016).

horrid disappointment of all her hopes and expectations throughout the winter, has just broken down her elasticity. It was not Lambo's fault: how could he have left his pupil behind him - ill too with typhoid? - but one can't help feeling exasperated and worried. I carry about with me a vague sense of emptiness, of a something unfulfilled which I trace to this. If I feel it so, what must it be with that sweet precious child?

I have lately received from my friend Mrs Patton at Melbourne, that brave, original, gifted, beautiful woman of whom I used to write to you long years ago,⁴⁹¹ one of the saddest, if not the very saddest letter I have ever read. Her whole life has been full of tragedy - a harsh father who, soon after the death of her mother when she was only 14, fell under the dominion of a designing governess whom he ultimately married.

The pair rendered the girl's life so miserable that at 18 with the approval and connivance of old family friends, she married against her father's wishes, though he would never give any reason for his refusal. She had two years of happiness and then her husband who had a situation in a Bank, fell into a rapid decline and died. Her father, who was a Judge in Sydney with a large income, refused to do anything for her, even kept back a little (p.469) pittance of £60 a year which had been her mother's. She went to Melbourne and opened a little school, but want of capital kept her back and she had some years of bitter struggles; she even went on the stage and there attracted her second husband. Mr Patton proposed to her: he was a merchant, comfortably off, and they were married: two children were born and for a few years things went tolerably well. But then money difficulties arose; Mr Patton got seriously involved and she again took to teaching: music and dancing. She had large classes for both and supported the family; but the disagreements with her husband became more serious, and they separated. He got an agency which maintained him, but she took the education of the children entirely on herself, and worked desperately hard.

The girl was lovely, but three years ago when she was 16, fell into such serious ill health that all study, or continued occupation has since been impossible. The boy was a splendid fellow in face and form, but he would never apply - the only thing he seemed to care for was scene-painting, and finally he took to that as a pursuit, and was earning £3 a week when, unknown to his mother, the very day he was 21 he

⁴⁹¹ No previous mentions of her as Mrs Patton have survived in these letters (ed. 2016).

married a young seamstress three years older than himself. Poor fellow! I gather that he had not been very satisfactory for some time, had ceased to live at home or to tell her of his proceedings, when suddenly she was sent for, and learned all. He was dying of internal abscess, the result it is supposed of some injury from lifting heavy stage scenery. For a fortnight she and the daughter-in-law nursed him, and then he died exactly four and a half months from his marriage. His father and she met at his deathbed, the first time for several years. A week after, Mr Patton asked for an interview, told her that he was utterly ruined, threatened with (p.470) paralysis, and unable to keep his situation, and implored her to take him in. Her heart wrung by the loss of her son and all the sad circumstances connected with it, she could not refuse this petition, but she has not given him back her esteem. She has assigned two rooms for him, and Gwyneth, the half invalid daughter of 19, is very good to her father whose infirmities are daily increasing; but the wife does not relent. She simply works on with redoubled determination, to provide for the present and the future, for she feels her own health is breaking.

Her grandchild was born the very day nine months after the ill-starred marriage. The poor widow has won her admiration by her devotion to her son in his painful illness, and her courage and patience since. A brother who was earning good wages offered as soon as poor Regie died to go and live with his sister, pay her rent and take care of her. A month had scarcely passed when the poor man went suddenly mad and shot himself! Yet even after this no entreaties could induce the poor girl to go and take up her quarters with Mrs Patton or accept an allowance from her. All she will let her do is for the baby, its clothes, cradle, perambulator, &c. Meanwhile she stitches her fingers almost to the bone to earn some 18/- a week by tailoring for the shops. Mrs Patton says she is refined and modest and devoted, far beyond her birth and station, a heroine without knowing it, but she fears, "she may carry her pride of independence too far, she looks so worn and ill". The baby however thrives and is beautiful, the Grandmother says. To me there is something inexpressibly touching in the fullness of love which has overlooked all poor Regie's concealment and imprudence, and embraces so tenderly his widow and child. It is nearly a year since Regie died, but Mrs Patton says she had not courage to write and tell me. (p.471) All she seemed capable of was going through her daily round of work, lasting generally till 10 p.m., and tiring herself so completely out that she would cease to think, and

sleep from utter weariness at last. She made an appeal to her father now 83 years of age, and retired from the Bench, on behalf of the widow and babe, but obtained nothing, though he still keeps the £60 a year, his first wife's little portion. This⁴⁹² I hope there is no danger of the second wife who is now 72, alienating from Mrs Patton. Poor thing, poor thing, how she dwells upon her son! She says so simply; "People tell me that my daughter-in-law's sorrow is greater than mine - that I must not compare mine to it. I suppose they are right, but I had him for nearly 21 years (she means up to the time when he ceased to live at home) my very own - and she only for a few months."

He was a beautiful boy when we left Melbourne ten years ago - and devoted to his mother. One evening she brought him to see us and he was delighted - they stayed to supper, and she played and sang, and then Regie played one or two pretty pieces of his own composition and was all brightness and happiness. As they walked home the boy said to her; "are the Grettons always like that? I noticed they never spoke crossly to each other and seemed so considerate and kind?" Mrs Patton answered that to the best of her belief he had seen us as we generally were. "Then Mother", said the poor boy, "I wish I had been born into that family!"

I think I told you I had decided on discontinuing the allowance to Harriett Martyr (nee Hobkirk). She had the last quarter in March. It cost me a great pang, but under present circumstances it must cease. Poor Lizzie Griffith seems in a miserable plight. We wrote to ask her to come up for ten days to stay here, (p.472) it could have been easily managed while George was away, and we thought the change would have recruited her strength before starting on the serious business of clearing out her house. But she says she cannot come, neither is she fit to have anyone to stay with her. The Dr in fact has forbidden it. Poor dear Soul, how will she stand the pang of parting from all her household gods?

Our little Amy seems much better. The treatment she is under now (pure Homeopathic) is certainly doing her great good. Just a week ago Effie and I went to see Augusta Ritchie who was, the whole family said, quite wonderfully better. But we, who had not seen her for six months were quite shocked at the change. She is

⁴⁹² "this": this £60 a year: the writer hopes the second wife will not be able to take it from Mrs Patton (ed. 2016).

shrunken, her face is so small. However she herself says she feels surprisingly better, the breathlessness has so much diminished, and she is less weak. A galvanic battery is daily applied to the chest and back. She can walk about the drawing-room a little.

Dear Ned's success and studiousness are pleasing to hear of. We have heard twice from George from Lisbon, with the beauty of which he is delighted.

6th May.

Our gallant Jack's birthday to-morrow. Rain again!
Bless you both my friends - Mother and child

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.473)

1887

116 King Henry's Road
South Hampstead, N.W.
22d July.

My dearest Addy,

And so she is gone, the troubled, brave, suffering life has closed⁴⁹³ - and the end is so peaceful and beautiful that one dwells on it with immense comfort and thankfulness. She could have wished no other deathbed. What an unspeakable blessing Arthur's presence has been for her and all of you. I can realize the scene so vividly! I feel as if I had been with you, all through those last days. There is such harmony in your account; not a discordant note. If Charlie had not arrived in time what endless regrets! ... instead of which he not only came two full days and a half before she died, but was recognized, and so will have the lasting satisfaction of knowing that with him beside her, you, Amy and Gussie, Arthur as her good, tender, pitying priest, M. Bert, her good devoted friend Mme Clada, - her faithful Algie - (if not at the very last, still constantly beside her) - her servants, all of them at that moment, whatever may have been past shortcomings, all perfectly sincere in their prayers and tears - with all these surroundings she died rich in love and blessings, as it is given to few to die.

⁴⁹³ On hearing of the death of "Aunty" - Madame de la Rue. A. J. G.

Poor little Aunty! I was saying to Effie just now that of all the troops of friends, who rise up before me at Red Palace⁴⁹⁴ scarcely half a dozen are left. I am anxious now about you and Gussie, and little Muriel. How will Amy arrange her plans - who is she going to stay with at Lucerne? Is Florry (p.474) there? How will Mr Huntington's death affect his family? What news have you of Herbert? Guy's letter was very remarkable for a lad under 20 - I should like to know what the Dr. really thinks of his symptoms. It was a rather grave attack, though I have seen one with the most alarming symptoms, total unconsciousness, loss of pulse, cold perspiration &c &c (the Dowager in 1884) pass off, and never return. It was pronounced by one Dr. to be failure of the heart - the precursor of death; by another to be effect of indigestion. She had not eaten to excess, merely some macaroni, but it was badly boiled, and it disagreed with her. About an hour after her dinner she fainted away and when we arrived we found the doctor standing by her shaking his head. Could it have been indigestion with Guy after a hard day's reading? I write in haste to save this afternoon's post. Goodbye dearest ones.

Tell Algie we have written to the Goldinghams to fix a day for Louie to come to us. We know they had many plans for her so we have left the day to them up to Tuesday, the last we have free, as Wednesday we must pack, and Thursday we leave. Children all white and pasty, but have kept gallantly on at their lessons. I only however let them work three hours a day.

Your Raven.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.475)

1888

116, King Henry's Road
South Hampstead, N.W.
19th Jany

My dearest Addy

⁴⁹⁴ "The Red Palace", Palazzo Rosso, in Via Nuovo, Genoa, was Madame de la Rue's home for 50 years. A. J. G. Its owner, the Duchess Galliera, had given it to the Commune of Genoa in 1874, and in 1884 gave to the city, to be displayed in the Palazzo Rosso, the collection of paintings that she had until then expected to bequeath to the city of Paris, along with the art galley on the right bank of the Seine that she had recently built, which is now Paris' museum of the history of fashion, the Palais Galliera (ed. 2016).

Your very entertaining letter with the description of the young Princess's visit &c arrived on Monday!⁴⁹⁵ and the same evening Grettie who returned at 10 p.m. from his visit to Lee Warner, and his pleasant sight of Ned as the father of a family, sat down and hurriedly wrote you his impressions of the trio at Ipswich. He was quite enthusiastic over them all: Evey so sweet and refined, so spiritualized by maternal affection: Ned so bright and happy and studious: the baby so sociable and pleasant. He repeated several times that it was a most charming family group. As he wrote that night I thought I would let two or three days pass, as I am almost driven to my wits' ends for want of time to do even a small portion of all that I have on my hands. Effie's being laid up of course throws a great deal upon me. Then the children do three hours lessons in the morning though it is holiday time. Without this employment they would bore themselves the whole day long: as it is they enjoy immensely having the entire afternoon to themselves. At every spare moment I sit down to copy out the Circulars for the E.E.Emigration Fund:⁴⁹⁶ the book of names I had to work through is not exhausted yet. The private appeals however are finished; I have written separate letters to every person on whom I had the slightest excuse for intruding myself: the result in many instances is disappointing. Then there is the excitement of getting Foster ready for school on Monday the 23rd. The child is delighted to go. George took him yesterday into town (p.476) and they saw Wilber.⁴⁹⁷ The poor Lamb unconscious of the future was perfectly happy and unabashed in the awful presence.

.....

4.30. p.m. I have been interrupted and as usual am writing against time. Oh it would be so pleasant not to be perpetually rushed! I am afraid this varying weather - for I conclude the lovely warmth and sunshine you dwell on has been ere this chased by cold - is not very well suited to my dearest Gussie. I see she was not very well by what you say of her being feverish and unable to see the princess, whose visit would have amused her. I suppose she has taken a fresh cold, dear Lamb. I think of her with tenderness and constancy rare perhaps in the old, whose faculties even for

⁴⁹⁵ I had taken my precious invalid to San Remo for the winter. A. J. G. Three of the Daughters of Frederick III and his wife Victoria (Queen Victoria's first-born child) accompanied the couple to San Remo: Margaret, Victoria and Sophie (ed. 2016).

⁴⁹⁶ The East End Emigration Fund (ed. 2016).

⁴⁹⁷ Mr W. W. Gedge the schoolmaster at Wells' House Malvern Wells. A. J. G.

loving so often seem to get blunted.⁴⁹⁸ But as my memory as yet seems unimpaired so are my affections. I must leave off. I want to write to dear Amy to tell her how sorry I am about Margaret and all their cares as to having to change the house.

Your faithful

Raven

Effie still upstairs - walks from one room to the other - not much more. Please, please send me a card. Some visitor summoned away. I am obliged to see anyone who comes, and then if E is equal to it they are taken upstairs. To-day, a most unusual event, four people have come. Please let me have a card. I cannot write more to-day.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.477)
EXTRACT

1888

116 King Henry's Road.
February 10th.

.....
Our precious Foster writes the most charming letters and the most abundant that ever a little boy penned. Certainly eight or nine have come since the 23rd January when he went first to the Wells.⁴⁹⁹ He is much taken up with football and rounders, and is looking forward to cricket next month. He is in the lowest class but one (the same that George LeM. was put into at first), but expects to rise soon. In today's "Times" (9th) there is a letter from Mr Kitto dated 7th Feb. on the Casuals.⁵⁰⁰ All the materials were furnished to him by Grettie, who was certainly the foremost and the most persevering in carrying out the experiments which may so far be pronounced a success. It has been proved that in the very depths of London wretchedness and vice, there exist some poor creatures, not wholly irreclaimable. Mr Kitto winds up by an appeal for the East End Emigration Fund. Only about £500 have yet been collected - of this a good part has come in through the letters and

⁴⁹⁸ The dear Raven was only sixty-four. A. J. G.

⁴⁹⁹ Wells House School, Malvern (ed. 2016).

⁵⁰⁰ "Casuals": The casual wards of London workhouses, subject of Luke Fildes' picture in the first issue of the Graphic in December 1869, and the place where the homeless and destitute went to spend a harsh but sheltered night. Kitto's letter, written from the vicarage of St Martin in the Fields, does not mention George LeM G's help (ed. 2016).

appeals we have written - but Oh! the people this year are so cold, so slow in responding, so stupid in understanding! I have only had three £5 notes, yours, John LeMesurier's and Mrs Kent Hughes (an Australian). Of £2 postal orders we have had a good many - ditto of £1 - then we come to ten shillings, and to five. The last of this category includes the millionaire Mr Prankerd. Besides people whom I know sufficiently to address personally, I have written to hundreds of whom I know nothing, save that they are members of the Colonial Institute, and by inference, likely to understand the importance (p.478) of assisting Emigration. These have had no private letter from me, only the copy of Mr Kitto's circular, and the report, and leaflets. I can make a copy of Mr K's circular in five minutes, but the putting it into the envelope with the pamphlet &c, and the stamping' and directing takes five minutes more. In my "moments perdus" I work away at these but I cannot do much now, for almost every moment, after lessons, is naturally taken up by poor Effie. However there are only about fifty more to get through.

All you tell us about the princesses is excessively interesting!⁵⁰¹ That dear man their father,⁵⁰² my heart aches for him! To-night's report is so unfavourable. The operation seems inevitable. Oh the poor Crown Princess!

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.479)

1888

King Henry's Road.

(Dearest Gussy (the first Gussy)'s birthday! 14th Feb.)

My dearest Addy.

Your letter last night filled us all with the deepest tenderness and admiration for that noble man who stands out a heroic figure, in the midst of a sordid and debased generation.⁵⁰³ Grettie shed tears over it, and quite choked at the nobleness of the three Germans who had offered their larynxes for the Prince's life. Our poor

⁵⁰¹ The Writer's sister A. J. Granet, and her niece Gussie, were at San Remo that Spring. A. J. G.

⁵⁰² The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany had been staying in San Remo since November 1887: he was dying of throat cancer, which would claim his life 99 days after he became Emperor of Germany, as Frederick III, on 9 March 1888: he was succeeded by his son "Kaiser Bill" (ed. 2016).

⁵⁰³ The Crown Prince of Germany. A. J. G.

dissipated prince,⁵⁰⁴ who is I suppose to-day amusing himself at Nice in the Battle of the Flowers, is a miserable contrast to his brother-in-law. The description of the three young princesses in their sparkling jewels and historic pearls, was very, very vivid and graceful. Certainly, my Adelia, you have the gift of brilliant writing. I hope our little Foster will possess the pen of a ready writer. I have begged Effie to let me send you one of his letters to her to read, but pray don't fail to return it, for she keeps all his letters. He is at present an incomparable little correspondent. Scarcely a day passes without a letter to some one of the family. I wonder how he finds time even for his little unstudied scrawls. Your news of dearest Gussie is very cheering too. Care, care, care, let those words of Sir Morell Mackenzie⁵⁰⁵ ever be impressed upon her. I hope dear Effie can be pronounced better. She can walk about the room a little and go from the drawing-room into dinner &c without pain: only a little discomfort and stiffness - sometimes not even that. Her digestion is also very much better and she sleeps well. Her poor (p.480) mind is distressed by financial cares. That horrid house in Gloucester Road still unlet.⁵⁰⁶

Your faithful
Raven.

Please return Foster's letter.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.481)

1888

116, King Henry's Road,
South Hampstead, N.W.
24th Feb.

My dearest Addy,

I am afraid this is going to be a short and unsatisfactory letter for I do not feel at all in a mood for writing. The prolonged and intense cold has at last crumpled me up. I have been so wonderfully well, and serene and active, that I had almost forgotten what nerves were. Today I feel quivering to my finger-tips. Perhaps we all want a little change, a few pleasant visitors: I think two or three princesses might

⁵⁰⁴ The Prince of Wales (ed. 2016).

⁵⁰⁵ British laryngologist called in to advise on the Crown Prince's illness (ed. 2016).

⁵⁰⁶ This is presumably another piece of Cunliffe property, bequeathed to Effie after the death of "the Dowager" (ed. 2016).

cheer us up! Hearing of them is quite a “svagation” and you would be repaid for your trouble in writing such ample details if you could only see how we enjoy your letters. They are read to Grettie when he is solacing himself with a pipe near midnight, when he has finished the toils of the day and the correspondence of the evening.

We hope by the more cheerful tones of the telegrams from San Remo that the dear Crown Prince is really better - for the present that is to say - but what about the future? On the Sunday that you wrote, the 19th, the general depression seemed at its height. The old Emperor's appearance at the window with his three great-grandsons must indeed have touched the heart of his faithful Berliners. We are hoping that you and dear Gussie were at the Lawn tennis on Wednesday 22nd, when there was a large gathering the family including "our Uncle of Wales". In what language the Princesses converse with you? Your story of the Royal Dog's airs reminds me of a similar anecdote told me by Rose Kingsley. The Queen gave her father a dog, and he never at the (p.482) Rectory could be induced to go up by the servants' staircase!

(My poor old hands are so chapped they are bleeding: - never in my life before has this happened.) It has been finally arranged that I am to go to-morrow to Ebury St. to lunch at 2 o'clock. It is Ned's half holiday and he will be at home. I shall course write you a full account of Peterkin and the family interior, but as the post goes out at 5 p.m. that day, when I could not possibly manage a letter, and not again till Monday morning it will be some time before you will get my letter. Ned and Evey have intimated that they will come here on Sunday, and we hope they will stay to supper. It will cheer up Effie immensely. She now walks up, as well as down stairs, once a day, and a little from one room to the other: but she is afraid to move too much as it is still uncomfortable though no longer painful. She is so glad to dispense with being carried up and downstairs. Dr Miller says once over the first week in March, these great precautions will no longer be necessary.

.....

Our three dear lambs at home have all had very heavy colds yet have not been ill enough to keep their beds or interrupt their lessons. Little Jack has taken a wonderful spirt - (should it be spurt?), within these last few weeks and is really making wonderful progress. He takes such pains, and learns his poetry and spelling and writes his copy, and his English dictation and his French Exercise, and reads out

French and English History, and does his sums - all this every day, besides a chapter in the Bible the (p.483) first thing, read out verse by verse by Amy, Augusta and himself, to say nothing of a geography lesson two or three times a week as his father can make time for it. Augusta has no difficulty in anything she attempts. She has 20 minutes music lesson every day, and writes, and does sums and reads French.⁵⁰⁷ If I cared to push her on I could make her do anything, but purposely I do not, and leave her entirely, except for the Bible lesson, to Mdlle Ludovici. She chatters so prettily now in French it is a pleasure to hear her. Our Foster's letters are a constant delight. He is so happy tumbling about in the snow, "up to his waist". That is perfect bliss. Poor Jack sighs to share such joys. Amy is proud of being now as tall as Grannie. Admitting that Grannie has decreased considerably in height, two inches I should say from when I was 35, still it is fearful. She has no suspicion of the coming of the Intruder.⁵⁰⁸ It will be an immense joy to her, and a grand blessing too. It will teach her to live for others and to be active, thoughtful, careful, as a little elder sister should; without being brilliant, she is very well informed, and in advance of such girls of her age as we have any opportunity of hearing of.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.484)

1888

116, King Henry's Road,
South Hampstead, N.W.
3rd April

My dearest Addy

Your post-card dated Good Friday reached me yesterday and was truly welcome. What an illness you have had, what misery, what anxiety, you both have had, poor Mother and child! Truly, little did you think this would be the upshot of San Remo. Till the weather becomes settled I do not suppose you can expect to get well. We must be content if you can keep going without a relapse. Dearest Gussie also. The remittance of £16 arrived yesterday. The overplus, some 7 or 8/- Effie will write to you about as soon as she is well enough. Meanwhile she thanks you warmly for wishing

⁵⁰⁷ She was six years old! A. J. G.

⁵⁰⁸ A fourth child, Mary Le Mesurier Gretton, would be born on 17th March 1888 (ed. 2016).

to give a present to Addy. In honour of you it is decreed in family conclave that that quondam Baby is to be henceforth called by her second name of Adelaide or its diminutive Addy; Sarah, Mussell, are to be dropped - Augusta, Adelaide, are sufficient. The new Baby is to be simply Mary.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.485)

1888

116, King Henry's Road,
South Hampstead, N.W.
19th June.

Dearest Addy

I was too sanguine about the effect of Dr Baldwin's remedy. But I build much - more than on any other remedy - on the joy of Herbert's coming as soon as the Viva voce Examination is over. On that sweet Gussie, has fallen much more than the wear and tear of working for the Examination itself; she has had the suspense, the anxiety, not for the final issue - but the dread - of his breaking down and falling seriously, dangerously ill, and she unable to get to him. All this has been preying on her for many months. And it has been gnawing at her very heart, the more so because of her brave, unselfish, uncomplaining spirit, and her resolution in striving to enjoy and acknowledge all the compensations in her lot. It is the grumbling self-proclaimed martyrs who get the best of it in this world. Dear sweet Lamb (I mean Gussie, not Lambo) how I long for the time of his going out to Florence! I am writing under difficulties - in bed, a most extraordinary, unprecedented thing for me. It is nearly four years since I was ill and kept my bed - and then only for three days. This time it is for rheumatism - and I fear rather a serious complication - the displacement of a tendon in the knee. My knee had been feeling more than usually painful and stiff, when suddenly in bending it I felt such an agony of pain that I almost fainted. A doctor was sent for and he said that what had happened was very frequent in chronic rheumatism of old people. I was to lie down, have the knee carefully bandaged - hot compresses, frictions &c, and he hopes it will soon (p.486) be all right again, but I must for the future wear a knee-cap. As it is intensely painful even today, to bend the knee, I am to remain in bed - to-morrow perhaps on the sofa. I am

so grieved for this; for dear Effie, hardly able to get about, is trying to look after me, the servants are well meaning but perfectly helpless.

I am very glad Guy has done so well. You will see him soon, Ned writes. He is to pay a little visit to Ipswich and then go straight out to Florence via Harwich. Ned says his little son recognized him on his return: he looked at him for a moment inquiringly, then gave a scream of delight, and clutched at his hair, to pull with all his might at which, is his great delight. The weather is so cold and miserable we have begun fires again. We are rather anxious about George under canvas: he assures us however that though bitterly cold, the camp-life agrees with him, and his sore throat has not returned.

Even in Warwickshire the people are stirred and affected by the accounts of the dear Kaiser's⁵⁰⁹ noble endurance, and eagerly read all the details of his life and death and heroic patience. Some of the sermons on Sunday judging by the summary in the "Times", must have been very touching. It is an unequalled experience for a funeral oration to reach the highest point of praise, without one word of flattery. How grand he must have looked with his hands upon his sword! Like the effigy of an old Crusader. Kaiser Wilhelm II will make a great stir in the world for good or for evil.⁵¹⁰ The proclamation to the German people is very tame compared to those to the Army and Navy, which are ominously warlike and fiery.

We expect Algie tomorrow. We are so mortified at the plight he will find us in. My helplessness afflicts me. What shall I do if I become quite a burthen to everyone? Ah! that dear Emperor, (p.487) how often will his memory be recalled. "Learn to suffer without complaining". Well, the dear sweet Gussie is worthy of being quoted as an example just as well as he is; for how made up of privations and disappointments, and being unable to do as other girls of her age, has her life always been!

Your Raven.

--- new page in typescript ---

⁵⁰⁹ Formerly the Crown Prince, who had been staying at San Remo (ed. 2016).

⁵¹⁰ She was right about that (ed. 2016)

116, King Henry's Road,
South Hampstead, N.W.
29th June

Dearest Addy

I sent you a post-card yesterday just to acknowledge your letter about the trial of the new remedies, the effects of which I anxiously wait to hear, I also said how touched I was by your wish to see me, and how I had long been thinking of paying you a visit. If my knee only permits of my travelling I will D.V. certainly come. As I now am unable to get off the sofa without help, unable to bend my knee, or raise it, it seems rather presumptuous to talk of ever being able to get about again: but the opinion of the doctor, confirmed by the testimony of a friend who met with precisely the same accident, is, that with time and prudence I shall come round. It is not rheumatism, but slipping a tendon on the side of the knee cap, the result often of the relaxation and weakness of the muscles caused by rheumatism. Massage is what George is bent on my trying. He comes home tomorrow and is full of getting a first-rate surgeon's opinion on the subject. This is a horridly long story all about myself, but writing on the sofa seems to stupify me and I can't express myself clearly.

Dearest Gussie! To think of all these words spent over my own trumpery ailments, and she sweet darling, suffering so much and so long, and subjected over and over again to such constant privations and disappointments. There was one in the winter which I often thought of - the not being able to go to the lawn tennis party to which she was specially invited, where she would have seen the Prince of Wales and all the royalties. Then your both (p.489) falling so ill before the departure of the Princess Victoria and her sisters, deprived dear Gussie of the amusement of their visits. You made yourselves no illusion as to their friendship, but while it lasted accepted it as a pleasant novelty. Ned remarked on Mdlle Bujard's letter: "Evidently she does not love Princess V." Perhaps a good deal of the girl's levity, her love of coachmen and horses, her mania for hard exercise, were a "sfogo" for mortified feeling about Prince A. of Battenberg. I suppose you see the attacks on Sir M. Mackenzie in the German papers.⁵¹¹ Algje will tell you of worse things.

⁵¹¹ Over his advice on the health of the Crown Prince (ed. 2016).

I think Dr Baldwin must be a singularly noble, liberal-minded man to be so ready to take fresh opinions and try new remedies. I suppose Eucalypticol is a preparation from the Australian Eucalyptus so much used now in medicine. We are drawing near to the time when we shall be eagerly searching the "Times" - yet I don't somehow expect to see Lambo's name in the First Class; if it were so, I make no doubt he will telegraph the fact to you. Guy's sensible remarks have quite made me comparatively indifferent as to that. I wonder if he is with you yet.

Effie is looking rather pale and thin, but she goes gallantly on with her maternal and housewifely and society duties, striving little by little to return the visits which weigh on her like a millstone. Her nights are broken of late by poor little Mary's restlessness from vaccination. The poor little thing has a very bad arm and nothing soothes her except her mother's lullabys. I can hear Effie in the night singing on for hours. I have the room above hers now - the one that used to be the day nursery. I insisted on giving up mine to the baby, so that it might be near Effie. Amy is growing such a useful little elder sister: she can hold the baby and give it its bottle very handily. The lessons go on (p.490) without interruption fortunately, as I can teach on the sofa. In the morning I have the little girls in my room before I get up. It is fortunate I can walk downstairs without pain, walking stiffly like a man with a wooden leg that is not jointed: upstairs - ditto, but I can't sit down or get up from the sofa without great difficulty. Amy has had the treat today of going to the Academy - her second visit. The first time her father took her. Both parents find her very observant and intelligent, and quick at finding out the picture best worth looking at. She looks 14 at least, a tall rather graceful looking girl. The mourning for the dear Emperor has been very general. What a beautiful tribute there was in the Paris article in to-day's "Times", to his memory, and dwelling on the influence his desire for peace is exercising.

Dearest friends I cannot scrawl any more, the ink runs up into my fingers, and the pen won't write. I hope for a line from you to-morrow - just to say how our darling is.

Oh! I forgot to say, dearest Adelia that your generous offer is not needed.

Your Raven.

--- new page in typescript ---

1 Chester Villas
Southwold.⁵¹²
Suffolk.
August 10th

My dearest Adelia.

We cannot yet send answers to any of your enquiries though Effie and George have written respectively to Nurse Pattie and George Jones, the Medical Student who took such an interest in the Eucalyptus cure. The latter however has promptly answered that he was going at once to the Office of the "British Medical Journal" to try and get the Nos. of which G. had written him full details, with instructions if he could get the whole seven complete, to send them out at once to you. (We thought the whole set would be desirable.) If he could not get the detached Nos. then to buy the Journal for 1887, and forward it. In such a case it is of no use losing time: besides if anyone could find the detached number it would be George Jones, who knows every book seller and book-seller's stall in London. At any rate by this time I hope you have got Ernest Hart's papers. He is a well known man. George thinks he might get some information from Dr Lankester, a rising young doctor in Wimpole St whose acquaintance he made at the East end. He does not write to him because busy men in London hate having letters to write, but as he will have to go up to town early next week on some of the Gretton Succession business,⁵¹³ he will make a point of going to look him up. We have thought also of Edward Ritchie - a bright go-ahead young fellow whose ideas, if confirmatory, might be useful and encouraging.

From Nurse Pattie nothing will be heard for two or three days, at the least. (p.492) Effie wrote to her very clearly and fully. I don't think she would agree to go as joint nurse and lady's maid, nor for an indefinite time. It is of great importance to her to keep up her medical connection, not to fall out of sight as it were. For six or eight months I am sure she would take an engagement. She is such a little treasure that she would be worth a great sacrifice to secure the great blessing of her presence

⁵¹² "Chester Villas" no longer exists. Chester Road runs up from the shore just north of the lighthouse (ed. 2016).

⁵¹³ The grandfather of George Le Mesurier Gretton, William Walter Gretton, married twice. His second wife was Sarah, née Norton (referred to as The Dowager by the writer), born 1816, died in October 1887 (ed. 2016).

and skill: in such a matter for instance as the sub-cutaneous injections of Eucalyptus she would save you a doctor. She has such experience, such an insight, such gentleness, such nerve, that as Dr Miller very generously said, she was of more value by a sick bed than any medical man. Her terms are two guineas a week: I believe she would charge no more to go out of England, travelling expences of course paid. She is so handy and so clever at turning her hand to anything that, if dear Gussie did not give her much to do, I am sure she would, readily, do the little waiting you require. But her patient would be paramount with her of course and as Nurse, and Nurse only would she engage herself. Could not you get a Spanish "camarera" to come to dress you and look after your clothes? though mind, if Gussie gave her time for it, I am sure Pattie would readily do this. She got through a great deal of needlework while taking care of Effie and the baby - both of them, remember on her hands, no nurserymaid to help. All this, mind, is only my own idea. That which has been done with Pattie has been to state your requirements, and to ask if she could recommend a young nurse who would not be above undertaking the light lady's maid duties you enumerate, and to know what salary would be expected. I fancy about £50 a year would be asked. At the same time the more I think of it (and I think very earnestly), the less do I (p.493) reconcile myself to the idea of your going out of the country - what do I say - out of Europe, away from all of us - without one thoroughly trust-worthy, experienced, sweet-tempered nurse, medical attendant, helper, adviser, all in one. Pattie is a treasure - a rare treasure. A small, homely faced little woman, with clear candid grey eyes and an open brow. You will never find her in the way. She never assumes authority, yet instinctively one turns at once to her; she has a pleasant voice, speaks very nicely without a trace of vulgarity, and with a vein of quiet fun and humour which is very refreshing to the patient. She is High Church, but would accomodate herself to circumstances, and read her Bible and prayer-book very cheerfully if there were no Church for her to attend. Oh! I do wish you would telegraph to engage her for the first six or eight months in the Canaries. What a consolation for us to feel you had such a mainstay! Her experience in illness is so wide, she is equal to any emergency. I have read this to Effie. She says I have not in the least exaggerated Pattie's value, but she fears I may have led you to think she would engage as Nurse and lady's maid combined. This she doubts on grounds of professional etiquette. But Oh! to have her on her own terms for the

first winter, what a blessing this would be to all of us! Read this to Herbert and Gussie. Forgive my incoherence but I am still so weak and easily agitated.

Your faithful

Raven.

I go out every day for a drive and a little walk. The knee still stiff, yet less so than it was.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.494)
Private⁵¹⁴

1888

116 King Henry's Road. N.W.
19th Oct

My dearest Addy

I wrote to you yesterday in a separate letter posted last night. These few lines are for yourself alone. Your sad, but deeply touching and resigned letter of the 6th reached me on the 16th. It only told me alas! what I only felt and knew too well; to know that you could so submit yourself, so prepare yourself to resign what most you love, was a consolation for which I cease not to be thankful, deeply, deeply thankful. You have "many prayers and tears" - so Amelia Gimingham writes of you this morning. It brings to her mind so vividly all that passed twenty years ago when her cousin Octavia Johnson to whom she had so passionately attached herself, glided from her. Gliding, fading into Heaven that is what our darling seems now to be. George says she is no longer of earth, there is such detachment from all that is petty, or worldly, or selfish. My tears are not for her - but for you! - Guy when he was here on Monday said he could not, dared not face what you would be without her; your life would be utterly wrecked. I said I hoped for peace, in time even for comfort, for you, and the love for those left, the care and interest for the grandchildren, would gradually reconcile you to life. I had known what it was when still young to feel as if my life were utterly wrecked - and yet ... and then the dear fellow came up to me and took my hand and kissed me. I told him his mission would be your stay, your pride, your comfort. The words of my favourite hymn "Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;

⁵¹⁴ Written to her sister A. J. Granet, who had gone to Orotava (Tenerife) with her beloved daughter Gussie. A. J. G.

The darkness deepens, still with me abide" are constantly floating in my mind.
(p.495) When I seem unconscious to everything I have told Effie that it is to be read to me - I am sure I shall hear it. Sweet darling Gussie! I would wish for her the consolation of Herbert's companionship for a space longer. It is his ardent wish, Guy says, to go out to Orotava as soon as the examination is over, I must write a half sheet for Gussie to hear; George says she takes interest in all the letters so I must close this. God help you, God comfort you. I know He will. Though the anguish and darkness of Gethsemane be upon you, yet the strength to bear the cross will be given.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.496)

1888

116, King Henry's Road,
South Hampstead, N.W.
28th December.

My dearest Adelia

Your letters of 14th (of which half was to Amy) and of 17th, arrived together on Monday. The first was like sunshine to us all. It was so delightful to read of you laughing at Herbert's jokes at the dinner-table! The knowledge of the hope - faint and half stifled though it might be, which cheered your poor worn heart, made us all bright and hopeful too. It was quite with a happy feeling that I enclosed to Amy the two letters of the 14th, one to herself and one to me, having first copied them out for Liz Griffith who will have enjoyed them as much as anyone, poor faithful old soul, she who hides such a loving heart under such a stiff grim exterior. The letter of the 17th I kept to myself; I thought it was unnecessary to alloy their pleasure by hearing that Gussie's nights had not been so good and that in consequence she felt more weary. It is not surprising under the circumstances, and this makes me more anxious still for Monday's letters, which if they do not tell of Herbert's having left, must say he was on the very point of it. It depended I suppose on the steamers whether he would leave before Xmas Day or after it. If Gussie stands his going away without a relapse, I confess my hopes will become very sanguine: for that agitation and distress once surmounted it will be far, far better for her to know him peacefully away, carrying out

his compact with the Perkins' family, writing her pleasant letters, earning his money with a good conscience and trying to mould the poor young Croesus to some fitness for his responsibilities, (p.497) than to go through the inevitable flutter and agitation of his presence at Orotava. But it is the fear that the fresh parting may upset her completely that troubles me.

The weather is fearfully damp and muggy and makes me feel rather ill and has touched up my knee again, so excuse if I write even more colourlessly than usual. We have just had a silver-edged card with best wishes from Charlie at Meggen. I have had him for six months on my mind, wishing to write to him, but never seem to get up the energy requisite for it. The same by poor Hal, whom I reproach myself terribly for thus neglecting. Harry Huntington had withdrawn his candidature for Guernsey. On weighing all the pros and cons he has come to this decision, and I think wisely, although I fancy he stood a very good chance for election. He wrote me such a nice letter from the Wells whither he went for the breaking up supper, giving Foster such praise for his acting of the Professor in the Dialogue in the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme".⁵¹⁵ He and Alan must have been a comical little pair in appropriate costume. Foster drily remarked that he feared the audience had not understood much of it. He is a plain boy with his large ears; his nice grey eyes and thick lashes his only redeeming feature. Jack is inexpressibly delighted at being promoted to Foster's suit, and in it, after it has been duly cleaned and arranged for him, he is to make his "debut" at a children's party on New Year's Day. His father I think as pleased as himself.

The weather is getting gloomier and gloomier. At this moment 12.30 p.m. we are deliberating as to whether we must not light the lamps. Your lamp looks so well over the dinner table. The room has also been much improved by a number of Flemish pictures in handsome frames, a bequest from the Dowager, which cover the walls. I think, (p.498) mortifying as poor Guy's detention at Madeira was, it was not an unmitigated evil; for his arrival, coming only a few days before Herbert's departure, will have created a diversion in your thought: and his presence after it will be an immense comfort.

⁵¹⁵ Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" was first performed in 1670: one of its most famous scenes has the middle-class gentleman amazed and delighted when his elocution teacher tells him that what he speaks is prose (ed. 2016).

Adieu dearest friends - I say little but I think more than enough. (My kind regards to Nurse P.) Your Raven writes you on her venerable 65th birthday and sends you her love and blessing.

A. L. V. G.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.499)

1889

116 King Henry's Road.
4th January

My dearest Adelia.

Your letter of 21st Decr was an intense delight to us. I cannot tell you how breathlessly I tore it open, nor the joy with which the words "continued good accounts" were received. For three consecutive weeks now, good news has come. I hardly need say that this makes us all the more impatient for further accounts, but till Monday the 7th at the earliest we cannot expect letters. This last one did not come till Wednesday morning the 2d - Sweetest Gussie! Her joy in the joy of others, her delight in seeing Herbert⁵¹⁶ mount his horse, in hearing of his excursions, his admiration of the scenery, climate &c, all untinged by one thought of self, reminds me of her precious Aunt and namesake. The same comparison suggested itself spontaneously to George. Whilst I was reading your description of it all to him, he exclaimed "Why she's exactly like what Aunt Gussie was!" - and so she is, sweet Lamb! I am very glad the good natured pupil⁵¹⁷ wished to prolong the stay at Orotava for another fortnight; but that must be just over now, and I fear she may feel the blank. But then again she is so reasonable, so patient, so thankful, she will not let the parting prey upon her to her hurt.

We have been in the usual orthodox Xmas turmoil. The dear children evidently think it incumbent on them to be as noisy and restless as possible, and to shirk all settled occupation. The weather has been foggy and dark beyond the usual run, even of London winters. On New Year's Eve a frightful fog prevailed, but as George and Effie had promised to take the two younger Hickers, Fanny and Mary (neither of

⁵¹⁶ Herbert Trench to whom my Gussie was engaged. A. J. G.

⁵¹⁷ The rich pupil H. Trench was "coaching". A. J. G.

whom you saw), to a dance at Miss (p.500) Strange's at Kensington, they were unwilling to disappoint them, and taking their courage in their two hands, they started, preceded by a man on foot leading the fly's horse, and carrying a torch. Why the driver could not have done this I don't know, but he sat on the box. It took them two and a half hours to reach their destination, and two hours to get back. In most of the streets traffic was quite suspended: tramcars and omnibuses were drawn up motionless in long lines. The fog was not quite so dense in Kensington, and out of 80 expected guests about 50 had assembled. All Miss Strange's friends were anxious not to disappoint her, as this party was to inaugurate her going into a new house and to please some young people she is very fond of. She is one of our few intimate friends, a very bright clever woman; she was partly brought up in Paris and Germany, and when in India was asked by the Governor General to supervise the education of a native Princess engaged to the young Maharajah of Ruch Behar.⁵¹⁸ She is full of anecdote and information and is very amusing. On New Year's Day she had a children's party to eat up the remains. It was a comparatively fine day and the four lambs went at 4 p.m. in high glee: but alas! out of the 19 expected guests ten had disappointed her, all laid up with measles which are raging in some parts of London. However the young people came back very well satisfied. Effie, poor dear, paid for her overventuresomeness by a fearful attack of neuralgia, which made her quite ill for two days. She is much better today, and is going with Amy and Foster and Mr and Mrs Edwardes Jones, some nice people whom the family got acquainted at Southwold, to the Lyceum to hear Macbeth. It had always been promised that Amy should go, but Grettie gives up his ticket to Foster! The children have been coached up in the play and I (p.501) hope will understand it so far as Irving's new rendering of the part will permit. But it upsets all one's old fashioned notions to look on Macbeth as a reckless defiant ruffian, and Lady Macbeth as a sweet, tender, clinging woman, only impelled to evil by wifely submission. On the 8th the three elder lambs go to the Owens' party - a play acted by the young Owens; on the 10th to the Kittos', at St Martin's Rectory, Charing Cross - and on the 11th they have their own little party in honour of Addy's birthday. Besides that, some day they are to go to Hengler's Circus at Covent Garden - they prefer this to the pantomime.

⁵¹⁸ Should read "Cooch Behar" or "Koch Bihar": the Maharajah (the first: until then they had been simple Rajahs) was Nripendra Narayan, 1863 - 1911 (ed. 2016).

I hope Mr Merriam's "Life and letters of William and Lucy Smith"⁵¹⁹ will soon be out. You will enjoy reading it, and this delightful American Lady,⁵²⁰ whose name at this moment has escaped me, (I have not your letter at hand to refer to) will I fancy appreciate it also. She must certainly be a dear woman. I am so thankful that you are drawing towards each other. I think I told you how, at my earnest request, Mary Constable cut out a very lovely letter of sweet Lucilla's, giving her a most vivid account of a conversation she had had with me at Keswick. Mary honourably sent it me to read, but petitioned for its retention as it was in her dear Aunt's most exquisite and pathetic style of writing. But it could not be. I am longing for the book.

On Sunday we had the great pleasure of a visit from Pinkie and Gerald who, with his wife and child Theodora (nineteen months old) is over on a six weeks' visit! They returned from India about a fortnight ago. Blanche much better and able to return to her family, but still partly an invalid, not allowed to leave her room till half past ten, and all possible excitement prohibited. Gerald's happiness and pride in his child is delightful. They brought it without any nurse. He said it was no trouble. (p.502) "Margie washed and dressed it - she seemed always washing it! and he took charge of it on deck." They had a very kind captain and pleasant fellow passengers, and a very good time altogether. Pinkie told me that Herbert and Nelly had arranged the house at Cheyne Walk delightfully for her; "was it not good of Herbert to give up his own study for her use, and betake himself to the cook's room?" She has the spare-bedroom now for her own, and Herbert has contrived to put up a bed in his little dressing-room for his sister when she comes up to London.

Poor dear South Mead is empty now waiting to find a purchaser. Annie and Richmond are in lodgings in Lexham Gardens close to Willie's, just for these six weeks, and they have taken in Gerald and his wife and child. After they leave, the Richmonds go to live at Wimbledon in a small house. The air suits Annie better than London. George has gone to see them all today in Lexham Rd⁵²¹ so I shall have more to tell you about them next week. Pinkie enquired after dearest Gussie and you and talked of you with genuine affection. She was perfectly sincere and sweet -

⁵¹⁹ "The Story of William and Lucy Smith". Edited by George Merriam. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons. 1892. (ed. 2016).

⁵²⁰ Mrs Dabney, who lived at San Antonio, Orotava, and was a most kind friend to us. A. J. G.

⁵²¹ For which read "Gardens" (ed. 2016).

sweet as Pinkie always is. A most dear and noble woman she truly is. I have been interrupted by a visit from Gussie Cassels - I cannot read this over so excuse all errors. Dearest friends - may God bless and keep you both.

Your Raven.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.503)

1889

116 King Henry's Road
10th Jany.

My dearest Adelia

To my great joy this evening's post has brought your postcard and letter-card, of 28th and 29th Dec., both with the Tenerife post mark of the 30th. They were doubly welcome from the previous disappointment of not getting any on Tuesday. We were not anxious however but put it down to some eccentricity of the Santa Cruz post office. The accounts of that precious Chuchotte are indeed exhilarating: it is like a dream out of Wonderland.⁵²²

.....

In London people are much exercised by the frequency and audacity of murders and burglaries.⁵²³ The weather, Oh! what has it not been of fog, and damp and darkness. The expedition to the Lyceum last Friday was however accomplished, and Amy and Foster much enjoyed it. Effie said that Ellen Terry acted well, with much more energy and decision than the "Times" critique led one to expect. Irving ranted and mouthed so much that it was difficult to follow him. The mise en scène was magnificent.

Grettie had a very pleasant luncheon in Lexham Gardens with Annie (Thackeray) Ritchie, and the Gerald Ritchies; and afterwards he took a walk with Gerald, went with him to look at the outside of St Paul's School on the Hammersmith Road, West Kensington, and then to Nellie Paul's in Argyll Road where they helped Pinkie hang her pictures and arrange her books which had just come in from South Mead. He

⁵²² Wonderland – as in Alice in. (ed. 2016)

⁵²³ The first Sherlock Holmes story was published in November 1887; the first of the Whitechapel murders took place in April 1888. (ed. 2016)

had a little tête à tête with Annie, who was as always, most sweet and genial: they talked of dear Augusta⁵²⁴ and Annie told him of how deeply, to her surprise and pleasure, Richmond had felt his mother's death. He was only just beginning to recover his spirits. Then Annie (p.504) told him that his visit, so soon after his return from Tenerife (I think he had been back only 3 days), had given the poor dear invalid such extreme pleasure that; for two or three days, it quite revived and cheered her. It was less than a fortnight before the end. The Ritchies all advocate St Paul's! Willie's son William seems doing very well there, but Pinkie laments the boy's not being allowed to remain for dinner at the school, which the head master particularly recommends, as he likes the games to be entered into, and thinks that going backwards and forwards once a day is quite enough. A great many families have come, or are coming, into the neighbourhood for the sake of the school, dayboys being encouraged rather than otherwise. Richmond intends to send Billy there unless he can get on the foundation at Eton. I think Grettie's plans are tending towards it: probably he would leave Foster for a year or so longer at the Wells till he could take a good place at St Paul's, and also get the full benefit of the fine healthy air. Our Jack ditto, but meanwhile I daresay the family will move in the summer or autumn to some locality within easy distance of the school.⁵²⁵

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.505)

1889

116 King Henry's Road N.W.
7th Feb.

(Forty-four years since our dearest Mother was taken from us.)

My dearest Addy

We had the very great happiness yesterday of receiving yours of 29th Jany with increasingly good accounts of our precious Gussie. When Grettie heard of her sitting out on the large terrace on the roof of the house, he clapped his hands for joy. Effie was even more pleased at her playing the piano. It was such an evidence of

⁵²⁴ Our cousin Augusta Ritchie who died in 1888. A. J. G.

⁵²⁵ They did so move in the summer of 1889 (ed. 2016).

returning strength and energy. The accounts of the dog's arrival, of his beauty, his exquisitely graceful and filial greeting to you, his refinement and intelligence, all, all, are delightful. No more charming or interesting present could have been devised. Pat will be a joy and delight to his dear mistress and her mother. It is so sweet to hear about him: his liking to have his hand held reminds me of my Thomas. There is something very wonderful in the sympathy of a dog. Herbert had a most happy inspiration when he sent for the dear beast. I can fancy him the pride and pet of the whole of Orotava.

Very soon after your letter was sent you must have had the pain of poor Mr Howard's death⁵²⁶ - I saw it in the "Times" three or four days ago. Though you clearly foresaw the end was very near, still it must have been a sorrow and a shock. We have been wondering whether the trained nurse who was coming out to attend him might be found suitable to replace Patty whose six months will end now in four weeks or so. I am so glad you seem to be getting some nice friends. The letter sent on to us by Amy two or three days ago contained many interesting details - the Miss Jones' seem very dear and genial. I (p.506) hope Mrs Dabney is better. Your account of your learning to ride is so delightful, so spirited, so vivid that it was quite a disappointment to hear that you had given it up. I so enjoyed your setting out amid the admiring cheers of the cortege of boys and lads, and could fancy your acknowledging their friendly applause in fluent Spanish. After all it is just the same style of talking as Italian. Amy and Addy are much impressed by your languages.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.507)

1889

116 King Henry's Road.
7th March.

My dearest Gussie.

I have written a business letter to your dear Mother all about a friend of Rennie's who offers herself to go out to Orotava.⁵²⁷ You can enter into the

⁵²⁶ A young man who died in a Hotel near us - our own trained nurse was with him when he died. A. J. G.

⁵²⁷ Nurse Pattie alas, was forsaking us. A. J. G.

distressing sense of responsibility I thereby incur, the fear that my judgement may be at fault and so on. But I will say no more about it. My heart is right towards your hearts, as you well know dear friends. It seems a long time since we have had any details about you or Patrick.⁵²⁸ His timidity and depression weigh on my mind. It will be a grief to Herbert to hear of his being so wanting in national characteristics. What does he think of it? Did he know him before he came to the Canaries, or was he bought for him and shipped off to you? That lovely gold-brown hair could never grow on the breast of a coward, surely, surely not! Some grief, some sudden terror or ill usage, must have thrown his poor canine mind off its balance.

Last Saturday the 2nd who should walk in but Charles de Grave Sells!⁵²⁹ He came to tell us that the Careys had started from Genoa on Tuesday 26th of February escorted to the station by fully half the sorrowing colony.⁵³⁰ The party was increased by little Agnes LeMesurier whom it had been hurriedly decided to confide to Amy's care. The plan was only thought of on the Friday, and settled on the Sunday before they started, the child's health the motive. Maggie is to come over to England after Easter to go to school at Brighton. Amy Fowler will bring her over and remain herself in England till it is time to escort both the girls out to Genoa for the Midsummer days, after which Louie returns no more to school. It was (p.508) thought well that both sisters should be together for one term - Louie has several invitations for the Easter holidays which will give her the opportunity of seeing something of England.

To return to the Careys. The four children and three attendants filled one compartment; the parents, Willie Wilson and the devoted Sells travelled in another. On Thursday morning at Paris there was just time for a hasty breakfast and then all the Carey party started for Grandville which they reached at 4 p.m. and thankfully went to bed. On Friday they crossed to Jersey where the children and servants were temporarily deposited. When Mr Sells saw us on Saturday he had had a telegram from Arthur to say that he and Amy were staying with the Lees.

An uncle of Arthur's died the very day they reached Guernsey. Mr Sells hoped this would benefit his nephew. They had had a stroke of good fortune in selling all their

⁵²⁸ Pat the Irish Setter. A. J. G.

⁵²⁹ Founder of the Genoa Athletic and Cricket Club, which has a claim to be the first Italian football club (ed. 2016).

⁵³⁰ Carey had been Anglican Chaplain in Genoa, and was going to take over a parish in Guernsey (ed. 2016).

furniture on favourable terms to a returned colonist from South America who arrived in Genoa only a day or two before they left it. The man had an empty house on his hands which he was in a hurry to furnish: some one took him out to Cornigliano; he saw and approved and the bargain was closed. I am jotting down, as you perceive, all that we heard about the Careys, for very likely Amy may not have time by this mail to enter into many details. A great ball was given by the Municipio to the officers of the German Squadron a short time before the Careys started, at which Amy was present with Amy Fowler, and she slept that night or rather morning at the LeMs. Arthur accompanied her to the door. The Municipio provided supper for the German officers who did full justice to their banquet and remained more than two hours at table: for all the other guests refreshments could be had on payment!

The new clergyman Revd Arthur Owen arrived on Friday the 22d. (p.509) He comes for three months' trial. He has the reputation of being earnest, and energetic and athletic. He has never been on the continent, and cannot speak a word of French or Italian. Poor old Algie is taking him in tow. Mr Sells says he was very, very sad at the Careys' departure. It is indeed a grievous loss for him, and so it is for the English community in Genoa. The grief of all the poorer part of the congregation was very touching. The women would not be satisfied with the assurance that Mr Carey had set himself against any testimonial - no, they must at any rate present Mrs Carey with a little keepsake, and a silver teapot was decided upon as neat and appropriate. But not finding one in Genoa to their mind, they enclosed their little contribution (£5) in a pretty porte-monnaie, and begged her to buy something herself as a remembrance from them.

Muriel had not been well in February; the old frightened, hunted look in her eyes had returned, and some difficulty again in speaking. Sad as this was, it was in some way a comfort to their friends as proving the necessity for their leaving. Margaret is so lovely "that sometimes she looks like a little angel".

Claude has been going out lately to all the balls, winding up, so Algie says in a letter just arrived, by going in the costume of an English labourer to a fancy dress ball given by Madame Pignone on the 4th.

I feel so much agitated about the Swiss "femme de chambre" that I can't shake off the sense of heavy responsibility in having imposed on your poor Mopsie the

expense and worry of the telegram with her decision. Ah! if Aurelia⁵³¹ lured by higher wage, could set the extra help she could give her parents, against the necessity of remaining near them and her child, who could be so well fitted to be with you as herself! Dear sweet sympathetic little woman!

I must make haste (p.510) now to tell you about the Snows though I can't do justice to the story, for I am tired and sluggish in my mind. We have known them for more than five years. They came to N° 122 soon after we had settled at 116. Mr Snow, a Lincolnshire clergyman with a good living, had died only a few weeks before, and his widow with six sons and four daughters came to settle in London to make a home for the two eldest of these sons who were studying Law and Medicine. She had an income of £440 a year, supplemented by £100 which her eldest son, as soon as he was taken into a solicitor's office at a salary of £200 insisted on her accepting, as his contribution towards the expences: and her brother, a fairly well-to-do old batchelor offered £100 for the schooling of the third boy then aged 16.

The two eldest girls, twins, were barely 19. The family ran thus: Arthur 25 - Lionel 21 - Montague 16 - Malcolm 15 - Bernard 13 - Benjamin 7 - Ethel and Hilda 19 - Bertha 13 - Sybil 11. They had barely been three weeks in London and had not fully settled down in the new home, furnished with all that had been in the beloved old Rectory, when the brave devoted mother fell dangerously ill with rheumatic fever, and for eight months never left her room. We had only just exchanged visits (without finding each other at home) before this, so we saw nothing of Mrs Snow till the spring of '84 when I used to go and see her as she lay on the sofa, so patient and cheerful, under the certainty that her knee was incurably stiffened, and that she was lame for the rest of her life. I soon found that no topic was so welcome to her as her husband. To talk of him to a sympathising listener was joy. He must have been a most charming, admirable man, and she used to say that he seemed half restored to her, now that she could open heart to me about him. Gradually she told me all her difficulties (p.511) and cares in the management and up-bringing of such a large family on such small means. How she got through it all seems wonderful to look back upon: but the secret lay in her unvarying unquestioning faith and courage. She was never cast down or dismayed. And now the corner seems turned. The boys have

⁵³¹ A maid we had in Florence. A. J. G.

been educated and are each earning for themselves. True she no longer gets Arthur's subsidy of £100 a year, for since eighteen months ago he is a married man living in a modest little house of his own. His wife had £200 a year of her own, his salary is raised to £300 and he has no very distant prospect of a partnership in the firm of which the head is a cousin of his own; but her other expences have lessened.

Lionel who was completely on her hands for the first three years, is now in a rising practice as a country doctor. He has been married for three years to a girl he engaged himself to when he was only 18, a girl six years older than himself, without a penny, and whose people are very second rate. It was a disappointment to his mother, and for a time she refused her consent. But when she saw how constant he was and what a good, religious influence the girl seemed to have over him, she wisely yielded and is repaid by his most tender affection. After his marriage, when he was settled down in his practice, he wrote to implore her to go and stay with him and his wife. "Our home will not be sanctified without our dearest Mother's presence"!

Monty has taken his degree at Cambridge and is now assistant master in a school in the country, hoping to lay by sufficient to enable him to pay his expences at a theological college to prepare him for the Church, as his heart is set on taking orders. Malcolm a short-hand writer. Three years ago George had got him a good situation in the West India Docks under Col. Du Plat Taylor,⁵³² but (p.512) the boy's health broke down. He had a bad attack of pleurisy, and close office work was for a long time forbidden. Bernard is learning to be an electrical-engineer, and brings home 10/- a week. Ben is still at school. The twins with the help of a little maid did all the work of the house most exquisitely for years, while Bertha and Sybil were at School. Never was a house better kept, never were boys more neatly turned out, never were girls more tidy and nicely dressed.

A year ago Ethel said as the younger sisters would soon be able to take her place, she wished to do something for herself and begged to be allowed to enter a hospital and be trained for a nurse. After much deliberation and opposition from some relations who had never suggested or done anything for the family, she entered the "Chelsea" Hospital for children. The two months' Probation was terrific. Nothing in

⁵³² Secretary and General Manager of the East and West India Docks Company, at the time the largest docking operation in the world. (ed. 2016)

the "Daisy Chain"⁵³³ is half so stirring as the narrative of Ethel's sufferings and triumphs. She is now beloved, honoured and trusted in the hospital. Bertha is daily governess to a family in this street and gives music lessons in another. She earns nearly £40 a year and is very proud and happy at her success. Lastly Hilda is going to make a very good marriage with a good, clever and-prosperous, young doctor.

The whole family are very good looking which adds to the interest of their story - the twins so like that one can't distinguish them apart. But the mother is the grand central beautiful figure - the most unaffectedly pious, and devoted woman I have ever known. Speaking seldom of her religious feelings, but unwaveringly living the religious life. Twice a day does she always make time to go to Church - she says the interval of calm and quiet has been such a refreshment to her when weary and perplexed. I must leave off, my sweet child - I am anxious for more news of you.

Your faithful
Aunt Amy.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.513)
EXTRACT

1889

116 King Henry's Road. April 25th.

.....
I wish I had something interesting to fill my paper with, something to give you and dearest Gussie something fresh to talk about: but really I see so very very few people that I seldom get a change of ideas. Boulanger's⁵³⁴ arrival yesterday, in the midst of a thick darkness which for half an hour overspread London, must have had a depressing effect on his spirits, not relieved by any public demonstration of welcome. I wonder if he has had his day?

⁵³³ 'The Daisy Chain' (heroine also Ethel), published by Charlotte M. Yonge 1856. Yonge was a best selling novelist, near contemporary of the Raven; with similar concerns – though unlike the Raven, very much a stay-at-home. One of her books is called, suitably enough: 'The Clever Woman of the Family.'(ed. 2016)

⁵³⁴ General Georges Boulanger was a French soldier and politician, who planned to change the 3rd Republic into something more authoritarian and militarist, using a combination of electoral and putschist means; for a while it looked as though he might succeed. A warrant for his arrest was issued in March 1889, and he fled first to Brussels and then to London. His political power was broken by his flight, and he later shot himself on the grave of his mistress (ed. 2016).

Did you notice the significant winding up of Padre Agostino's⁵³⁵ course of preaching in Rome? He invoked blessings on the head of the Pope, the Church, the King, and Italy. If all ecclesiastics were animated by the same spirit as himself and Cardinal Lavigerie,⁵³⁶ it would be well for Christendom. The heart of the latter was won when he was in London last spring, by the welcome given to his appeal on behalf of the suppressing of Slavery by all classes and denominations.

I have enjoyed Motley's Correspondence in two large vols,⁵³⁷ He must have been a delightful man. Imbert de St Amand's series of "Les Femmes de Versailles et des Tuileries"⁵³⁸ has some "longueurs", some repetitions, but is still a most interesting gallery of portraits, and for a legitimiste, is singularly fair, and unprejudiced; Marie Amelie, and the Empress Eugenie have yet to appear. We are all pining to see something of our dear Ned. George says he will run down to Sandhurst as soon as the boys go back to school which will be on the 10th of May. I think I told you that Foster Cunliffe had seen him not long ago and was much impressed by his ardour in conquering Russian. Dear old Foster! He does not seem to have one spark of jealousy towards those who (p.514) are held up as examples of energy and perseverance. He admires but does not emulate. George's tremendous month at the School of Instruction⁵³⁹ will be over on the 1st of May to his own and the family's great relief. One comfort is that the Government pays liberally - 17/- per diem during the course.

Our little Foster's report this term is everything that could be desired; our Jack's leaves room for improvement. He is not attentive nor ambitious: and yet the child is neither wanting in brains or memory. He remembers quite well all he learnt with me before going to the Wells, but apparently has been asleep ever since. In bodily strength he has gained a good deal and is the picture of health. In stature equal to well-grown boys of eleven or twelve.

⁵³⁵ Padre Agostino da Montefeltro (1839 - 1921) a Franciscan whose Lent sermons in Rome discussed several 'modern' topics, including the reconciliation of the Papacy to the Italian government, and caused a sensation (ed. 2016).

⁵³⁶ Cardinal Charles Lavigerie (1825 - 1892), enormously prestigious campaigning French archbishop, who after the death of the Comte de Chambord declared his support for the 3rd Republic in France (ed. 2016).

⁵³⁷ John Lothrop Motley (1814 - 1877) American clergyman, historian, diplomat (ed. 2016).

⁵³⁸ Imbert de St Amand's "Les femmes de Versailles. Les femmes des Tuileries" was first published in Paris in 1882 - 83 in 32 volumes: A. L. V. G. must be reading a second edition, perhaps reduced in length (ed. 2016).

⁵³⁹ The School of Instruction for Militia and Volunteers was held at Aldershot in April 1889. G. Le M Gretton's 1883 commission was to the 3rd Battalion of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, a militia battalion (ed. 2016).

Maggie LeM. was to arrive today with Miss Fowler and go to lodgings known to Miss F. in Paddington. I suppose this is for the convenience of fitting her out for school. Algie has not sent the address but says they will at once let us know when they are settled. Charlie is in Genoa on three week's leave to recruit after a very severe course of study at Greenwich. Effie has taken Amy out to see about hats. The boys are rather turbulent. Excuse all mistakes.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.515)

1889

King Henry's Road. 9th May.

.....
The Stores⁵⁴⁰ have answered: the watch will be ready on Saturday 11th. From Miss Dabney I have not yet any answer. I am wondering whether Sir M.M.⁵⁴¹ has made any changes in dear Gussie's treatment. More open air would be a great break to the present monotony poor darling. How sweet and brave she is. Her dear Aunt Gussy would have been just like her. I often think how little she was understood, how little she was appreciated. Dearest William must be excepted though: from the first, with marvellous tact and delicacy he seemed to penetrate all her needs, all her feelings. He gave her a great deal of happiness, dear, generous, self-effacing man. He so understood the silent martyrdom of her monotonous uncomplaining life. She had no bright days to look back upon: her only enjoyment was in ministering to the enjoyment of others. How blind I was to all this!

We shall soon have materials for an interesting letter. Effie is going in ten days or so to Guernsey to stay with the Arthur Careys and look out for summer quarters, Mr Nunn having given unqualified approval to the plan of taking the children there to give them plenty of sea-bathing. Poor Effie is always running about from the Doctor's to the gymnasium where Jack and Addy are undergoing a course of "Medical Remedial gymnastics and Massage". Jack's muscles are relaxed; he has lost strength in walking and running - altogether he is grievously out of condition. It is just

⁵⁴⁰ Possibly the Army & Navy Stores: it was often so called (ed. 2016).

⁵⁴¹ Sir Morell Mackenzie who, being in our hotel at Orotava kindly came to see my Gussie; he had seen her at San Remo the year before. A. J. G.

a week today since Mr Nunn first saw him, and decreed that he was not to go back to school this term at the very least. George immediately went to tell Mr Stable, the charming young master Mr Gedge has just taken into partnership; hearing he was in London he had made a previous (p.516) appointment to have a talk with him over the boys, little dreaming he would have such a painful announcement to make. Mr Stable is by no means strong himself; he overworked himself at the beginning of last term. It would be a terrible misfortune to the Gedges were he to break down. I am very, very sorry for them in this diminution of their numbers by the withdrawal of little Jack, whose good looks, and manliness they were so proud of: what the poor parents feel about it you can well enter into. Oddly enough from what we can extract little by little (boys as you well know are peculiarly reticent about school), it seems as if Malvern air cannot have agreed with Jack; he used to get so soon tired, and did not have much appetite. Perhaps it was that the sudden start then took place in his growth, of which he is now feeling the effect. He was measured a week ago - his height is 4 ft 8 1/2, and he was only nine on Wednesday the 7th inst. Foster is going back tomorrow. He is so bright and droll and jolly, quite the perfection of a little schoolboy.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.517)
EXTRACT

1889

Hampstead⁵⁴²
July

.....
We have had such pleasure in seeing, Mario and Maurizio de'Bosdari.⁵⁴³
Mario came at once to announce his arrival and stayed an hour or two and was delightful: then to dinner to meet Foster who took an immense fancy to him and got him to go and lunch at his mess - finally yesterday to say goodbye. He is such a dear fellow! Needless to say how much he asked after you. He is going tomorrow for a

⁵⁴² The typescript has 64 Perham Road; this has been crossed out, presumably by A.J.G., and replaced with Hampstead in autograph. It seems they moved into the (new) house on Perham Rd after the summer, from remarks about gas-fitters etc. in later letters (ed. 2016).

⁵⁴³ Unidentified members of a noble banking family from Ancona; Maurizio is not to be confused with the film star of the 1940s and '50s (ed. 2016).

fortnight's "cura" to Mont Dore. Rose Kingsley is probably going there too and they are to become fast friends. Maurizio turned up on Sunday: he has been travelling with Baron Blanc thro' Palestine and Egypt. The third in the party was King Milan,⁵⁴⁴ who he found most charming. He is now going for a filial visit to the "Trave"⁵⁴⁵ and in the winter accompanies the Baron to India. He asked so much about you, that at last I read out to him your last letter (this was before the cheery one arrived) and he was much distressed at its tenor, also at the bad account I gave him of your health. He said he wrote to you last from Cairo. He has been very ill since, with typhoid fever: he arrived ill at Constantinople and had himself carried to the German Hospital - where he remained 6 weeks, splendidly nursed. Now I must abruptly conclude - but I will write again on Friday. Perhaps I shall know something more definite by that time about Amy and Guy. Love and blessings to the Quartette.⁵⁴⁶

Your Raven.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.518)
EXTRACT⁵⁴⁷

1889

.....

The cloth is going to be laid and I must leave off. It will be nice to have one's own writing table - again. We have given up the drawing-room for G. and E's bedroom. Theirs was on the ground floor, (they had assigned me the best and airiest) and it was soon discovered to be damp. The delights of the seaside are questionable to all but the children. They are supremely happy, out all day long, either playing cricket or rounders, or butterfly-catching, or on the beach, or taking long walks. Today the lifeboat has been launched, and a circus has gone in procession through the village - Two elephants, a bear, some ponies! So delightful! A great tent on the common where they will perform this afternoon! Happy little people! Every family here has an average of 6 children, and the parents to do them justice seem only to exist for the children's benefit. It is the children's Carnival.

⁵⁴⁴ King of Serbia 1882-1889 (ed. 2016).

⁵⁴⁵ The Bosdari family had a summer villa on the coast at Trave, 12 km south of Ancona (ed. 2016).

⁵⁴⁶ Her nephew Ned (Captain Granet) and his wife had come out to Orotava to join me and my Gussie. A. J. G.

⁵⁴⁷ From the contents, this must be a letter from Southwold (ed. 2016).

Love and blessings.
Your faithful
Raven.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.519)

1889

2 Jubilee
villas⁵⁴⁸
Southwold.
Suffolk.
29th July.

My dearest Addy.

Ever since your card of 15th inst, recd Tuesday 23rd, I have been on the look out for either a telegram or a letter from Genoa to say that word had come of your having started from Tenerife or some tidings at least as to how dearest Gussie had borne the journey to Laguna.⁵⁴⁹ I missed the day for writing by the New Zealand steamer of the 27th from Plymouth, in the sore confusion and fatigue of getting away from town: also because my head was so full of the certainty that, no telegram to the contrary having come, all was going well. A sense of great anxiety has now come over me; I awake with it in the night, it weighs very heavily upon me.

We had the pleasure of seeing Guy on Monday. He came up in the morning from Castle Howard and left that evening for Genoa. He stayed with us two or three hours and was very pleasant and as clever in his humorous epigrammatic talk as ever. He spoke very frankly and goodhumouredly about his disappointment. What made it worse he said was the examiners telling him he had "only just missed a First". He hadn't written enough! On his side he had aimed at conciseness.

Tuesday - 30th July.

Nothing has come, no letter, no telegram. My heart is sick with anxiety and conjecturing. Also I am sad and discouraged about Effie. She is so poorly, there seems so little life, so little rebound in her physically, while she strives and persists in doing or attempting to do far, far more than her bodily strength is (p.520) capable of.

⁵⁴⁸ Unlocated. Jubilee Villas have been renamed, or perhaps demolished (ed. 2016).

⁵⁴⁹ A half way station between Orotava (where we had spent ten months) and S^{ta} Cruz from which we were to embark from Genoa. A. J. G.

The last two or three weeks in London were very trying to her: so much to be sorted and packed; so much to be decided with regard to papering of rooms, carpets, cretonnes &c; all things which a person in vigorous health would have soon settled, but which in her weak nervous state became matters of overpowering importance. Grettie was wonderfully patient and thoughtful, seeking in every way to save her. He is very sad sometimes at her fragile appearance. He asked me this morning if she did not give me the idea of something that was fading, going out, as it were. We have been here since the 24th, but up till today have had dark dull weather. My mind is so distracted at hearing nothing about you that I hardly can keep quiet. If you did leave on the 25th from Sta Cruz, surely, surely Ned telegraphed to Genoa to say so, in order that your house at Nervi might be got ready: and if Gussie had not been able to start, surely he would equally have let them know about it. It is needless for me to say any more. Till I know something definite about you what can I say? The Mattei treatment does not seem to have done anything for Effie: it has been a discouragement - the doctor whom she consulted, a Swiss agent, for the sale of Mattei's medicines, going away suddenly and not answering her letter!

My sweet lovely Gussie, Oh! how is she?

Your anxious
Raven.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.521)

1889

2 Jubilee Villas
Southwold. Suffolk.
9th August.

My dearest Adelia

The letter⁵⁵⁰ I received from you this morning seemed the crown to the telegram from Barcelona (received on Monday). The relief of that telegram was indescribable. It dispelled all the misgivings and fears which, fight against them as one might, would keep crowding on one's mind sleeping and waking. Your voyage was hideously disagreeable. The rats are an almost inevitable accompaniment on a

⁵⁵⁰ A letter to announce our safe arrival at Genoa, after a nine days' passage from Tenerife to Genoa. A.J.G.

return voyage. When a ship sets out she is comparatively free from them - at least in English ports the professional rat-catchers are summoned to clear the ship before she is made ready for sea - and we were generally unmolested on the outward voyage: but coming home even on the beautifully kept P and O steamers they would play about one's cabin with perfect composure. Effie one night caught one on her pillow. Ned and Evey were indeed a help and comfort to you, and I am sure that all their lives long they will look back with pride and thankfulness to their expedition to Tenerife; while Amy's splendid activity and good management smoothed away almost all the difficulties you dreaded to encounter of first arriving. Only she could have done this so admirably and so thoughtfully. If only Aurelia⁵⁵¹ had been there to welcome you! I do feel a great pain and disappointment in her falling so short of all we had expected. Granting even that the milkman who, Algie suggests, has proved the bar to her returning to your service, was pressing for an early union, surely he would have granted her two or three months to help you unpack and settle (p.522) down! These sort of disappointments hurt one so keenly.

You don't mention the dog. I suppose he has come, though Genoa is never an Elysium for the canine race. From one day to the other the English dogs will be subjected to the same restrictions, and muzzles or chains all over London will be made compulsory.⁵⁵² Pat's highly strung nerves will scarcely brook this discipline: I am afraid it will seriously affect him. Ned was more than right to try and master him, but I am afraid the discipline has come too late. It is just like with children: if you don't master them early you'll never do it. Nanny the goat (I forget her pretty Spanish name) how is she? Is she still supplying her young mistress with good rich milk?

You must not write me more than post-cards for the next month. I know how the letters will pour in from all sides. It is sweet for you to have your four children all around you: it is so seldom that you can collect them all. The last time was eleven months ago. Ned is very, very dear, so is Guy. Was it not sweet of him to act as peace-maker and get Amy to write me a nice loving letter eight or nine days ago, and so set everything straight? I had had quite an aching at my heart knowing that she was angry with me, but her letter took it away. I can fancy how pleased and proud

⁵⁵¹ A Florentine maid. A. J. G.

⁵⁵² After an outbreak of rabies in the city, an Order in Council of 12 July 1889 made it compulsory for all dogs in London to wear a muzzle in public (ed. 2016).

she must have been at the results of her handiwork. The faithful Sells had no doubt helped and worked hard too. It was so nice and thoughtful to send for all the things from Florence to give an air of home to your rooms. You say nothing about the hammock-men. If you have not brought them with you, as you seemed to have for one moment an idea of, do you think two peasants from the Baths of Lucca could be sent for to carry Gussie? Ned could surely soon have a hammock constructed after the fashion of the Canaries, and teach them how to carry (p.523) her. The going out twice a day at Laguna seems to have agreed wonderfully with her. How well you managed everything! There did not seem to be a single hitch, but the odious nurse was a fearful trial. When you exchange her for a more amiable, more willing attendant, I promise myself the pleasure of writing to the Matron at the London Hospital to recommend that she should never place Jennings in any situation when anything beyond the fulfilment of the strict letter of her duties is likely to be asked for. All I so carefully dwelt on, the general helpfulness, willingness to oblige, &c, &c, she has utterly ignored. By the bye Effie received a letter from Nurse Pattie a week or so ago in great distress because "Mrs Granet had thought her capable of taking an engagement to nurse so soon", &c, &c. Instead of which it was an invitation she had accepted to go on a visit in the country to one of her old patients, where she was most kindly cared for and was getting better, for she had had a relapse after seeing us towards the end of June. Far from going out nursing yet, she had declined several cases proposed to her as soon as it was known she had come back to England. I am afraid you found dear old Algie looking very fagged and worried. His letters breathe a spirit of utter weariness.

Effie I hope is a little better than when I wrote you last, 17th July, but she has very little life or strength. We came down here on the 24th, and after a few days' rest she went back with George to finish the rest of the move, the furniture taken in great vans from one house to the other, the carpets laid down, &c. She came back at the end of last week and is to keep quite quiet for a month, when she will return for a few days for the final touches before the whole family will pour down upon her. But she is terribly fragile. We lost heart (p.524) with the Mattei treatment because the doctor never answered her letters nor sent her the address in the country to which she was to write, also I do not think at a time of such bustle and fatigue, the house full, one servant ill, all the rushing to and fro to West Kensington, that she could do that

system, or any other, justice. When she took the children last to Mr Nunn, he was struck by her suffering face, and seeing how observant and sympathizing he was, George and I persuaded her to consult him. He has given her medicine to take while here, but says he will thoroughly go into the case when she returns to town. Then if after due trial, he does her no good, I will try and induce her to give Mattei a fairer trial: but you will own with such a careless doctor it is not encouraging. If you remain at Pegli for the winter you will probably see Fanny Strange there. She would like very much if she can let her flat in Kensington, to go abroad for a few months. Annie Wilson proposes they should make ménage together for a while. You would find Fanny a very bright entertaining acquaintance. Did I ever tell you of her offering to go out to Tenerife, and help you, and pack for you, when the telegrams of the 20th, 22^d of June &c &c, had alarmed us so much? And she would have been as good as her word had we listened to her offer. My sweet Gussie! - tell me about her - no one else, for you are too weary, mind and body, to have the burthen of writing.

Your faithful
Raven.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.525)

1889

64 Perham Road.
W. Kensington
Friday 4th Oct.

My dearest Adelia,

I wrote you a long letter on Monday 30th Sept and a post-card early in the week besides, about Gussie's shoes. We wait before ordering them to hear whether her views have undergone any alternation through Box's letter to her - a letter on which he seemed to lay great stress. The day after I sent my letter to you I wrote to dear Megie, telling her everything I could think of to entertain her.⁵⁵³ I am the more distressed at her loneliness and suffering because of my inability to do anything towards helping her. The little remaining strength or ability I have left, are more than needed here. Sometimes I am startled when I realize how much still depends on me

⁵⁵³ An allusion to Amy Carey's severe illness (erysipelas) at this time. A. J. G.

and how ill I could be spared. That is of course the way one views one's own usefulness. Happily one's own estimate of oneself is generally wildly overrated.

Just now I have my hands full with teaching the children. Amy is being worked up for resuming her French classes next month, and little Jack and Addy are gradually being got into regular lessons. Through some delay or misunderstanding, the governess who was to have been here at latest by the 1st of Oct. has not yet come: the inconvenience is, that there is no one to walk out with the children. Their poor mother has no strength for it; and Amy is too tall to send out with the nurse and baby. Grettie has been very good in taking them some long walks, but it sometimes is very inconvenient to him. Now that the medical Gymnastic classes, and M. Roche's cours &c will be constantly recurring, the governess (p.526) is indispensable to accompany the children backwards and forwards, besides exercising them daily. If it were not for this, and for the keeping up the habit of speaking French, how joyfully would we dispense with her! Effie thinks a great deal about poor dear Amy. She said the other day to me how she wished she could offer herself to go and stay with her, but that she hardly thought that she was equal to it, to say nothing off the difficulty of leaving home with everything still unsettled.

.....

We are still without a parlour-maid. Christina who held that office has been transformed into nurse. Rennie, the clever but bad-tempered Swiss, left ten days ago to the whole family's immense relief, and Mary (who for some time had shewn a marked affection for Christina) seemed joyfully to acquiesce in the change.

.....

The furniture has not yet been covered, the thick window-curtains are not yet up, but by little and little it will get done. The whole of this past week poor E. has been laid up, two days in bed, the rest of the time on the sofa.

The house is certainly very pretty.⁵⁵⁴ It is so light from the lavish quantity of plateglass windows. This is the craze just now. I tremble at the cold, not unpleasant to ourselves, but making me fear that it may overtake you before you have got dear Gussie settled down for the winter. The enclosed from Aunt Sophy will not I hope give you much trouble. Mrs Townshend is very well off, and all she needs is just an

⁵⁵⁴ 64 Perham Road is still standing: a large red-brick post-Norman Shaw or "Pont Street Dutch" building on five floors, with its front door on Gledstones Rd, now in multi-occupancy. Its view over Queen's Club is now obstructed by a 1910s(?) block of flats (ed. 2016).

introduction or two - vouchers for her respectability which from you will soon procure her other acquaintances. Her son, who wished to accompany her, has not been allowed by his guardian to leave England as he was not yet, though nearly, of age. Effie says she remembers her as a sociable pleasant woman, but has not seen her since she returned from Australia.

We had a visit a few evenings (p.527) ago from Willie Ritchie. He seemed glad to see us, and to have us within an easy distance: he was especially pleased at my remembering the names and ages of all his four children. William, 14, is at St Paul's School. Adeline (12 1/2) is to go this winter to the Kensington High School for girls. At present she is teaching her little brother Charlie (7 1/2) and preparing him for school. Arthur (10 1/2) goes to a day school near home. He said with great glee that they had got rid of the governess now, an immense relief! Mrs Page the admirable and faithful nurse takes charge of the whole family. Pinkie is still at the pretty little cottage in the Surrey hills which she and her friend Edith Sichel have taken together. Nelly and Herbert Paul are taking their holiday in Italy. Augusta Freshfield has just returned to Airlie Gardens, with Alas! a great care and grief in the anxious state of Eleanor who, her uncle says, has for the last two or three months been in a most alarming state of weakness and nervousness, not unlike the state Blanche was in for so long, but from which she seems now at last to be recovering. But I will tell you more after Effie has been to see Augusta.

We are looking forward with such pleasure to seeing dear old Charlie LeM. tomorrow to stay till Monday. George wrote to tell him that owing to the non-arrival of the governess her room was vacant and begged he would come for as long as he could. After he has been here I will write and give Algie an account of him. Effie was very much pleased at his coming. She wanted to write to Maggie to know if she could have a holiday tomorrow, Saturday, to meet her brother here, but from having no-one to fetch her (and it is a long way off, and one has to escort her both ways) we had to put it off till the governess is here. I am rather tired and stultified as (p.528) you will discover for yourself. My sweetest Gussie will have as pleasant a letter as her admiring Grettie can compose very shortly. He is just now in a Maelstrom of family papers and accounts, to say nothing of having to rush about after gas-fitters and carpenters who have left their work undone, till he is nearly crazed. Foster Is

doing beautifully at Colet House.⁵⁵⁵ He is a most delightful boy, so full of fun and humour. My love to dear beautiful Pat, and a kiss on his silky brow.

Your faithful

Raven.

(After losing ground again, we brought my dear daughter back to Italy - almost dying. - She most wonderfully revived, and seemed to be recovering for two years. A. J. G.)

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.529)
EXTRACT

1889

London.
October

.....
Did I tell you that Mr Gedge in the quiet of Barnaby Rectory writes me the most affectionate of letters? I am afraid the poor dear man will feel the want of the excitement and rush of his school life. The muddy lanes and roads by which they are surrounded somewhat appal the family! He says they are seriously thinking (himself and the girls) of trying to get about on stilts.

I am glad to think you have dear old Guy under the same roof; it will cheer you and Gussie immensely. Dear old fellow! I am so very fond of him and Ned. I should like some news of Pat. Is he well? Does Nervi agree with him? How does he get exercise or amusement? All the poor muzzled dogs in London walk about with a depressed shame-faced air: if you look at them compassionately they immediately come up, wagging their tails insinuatingly, and beg you to take off their muzzle. My walks extend to a radius of about 1/4 of a mile; generally they focus at St Paul's playground, green and open and surrounded by trees and a railing.

The Preparatory school is on the opposite side of the road with separate playground. Dear Foster is the happiest of schoolboys. He has the blessed combination of quickness in learning and eagerness for play. He has worked himself up to be generally second and sometimes first, in the class of 23 boys which he was put into six weeks ago, but as yet the only observation this has elicited from Mr Bewshee the H.M. is, that he is a good boy and prepares his lessons well.

⁵⁵⁵ Now Colet Court, Preparatory school for St Paul's School (ed. 2016)

You will be glad to hear that poor little Ada de Martelly, the girl who was to have been "made into a missionary" - had not the good sense and kindness of the Committee this autumn found a way out of it without hurting her feelings - (p.530) has secured a situation as Nursery Governess at £25 a year, and starts tomorrow very thankfully for her new home in Oxfordshire.

.....
I don't think I have told you how much we like our church. It is a pleasure we have long been strangers to.⁵⁵⁶ Here we have a most energetic rector, who reads and preaches well; whose curates seem quite at one with him in activity and zeal, and whose successful labours during the twenty-one years he has held the parish can scarcely be surpassed by the returns of any other London district.⁵⁵⁷ He has come to call and I hope we shall all be excellent friends. The church is crowded, and all the sittings are free.

All the friends who are taken over the house admire it very much. It is certainly a pretty house, very much more unconventional and more picturesque than the last; but the loss of the garden is very grievous. Still there was no help for it. No house in this neighbourhood has any.

--- new page in typescript ---

(p.531)

1889

64 Perham Road
West Kensington, W
14th Dec

My Adelia

Your letter arrived on Thursday evening just as Fanny Strange who had been dining with us was going away. We were in consternation at first about the monogram. She feared the things had already been despatched. However she wrote

⁵⁵⁶ It seems likely that they had in Primrose Hill attended the Church of St Mary the Virgin on Elsworthy Road, where Charles James Fuller was vicar 1885-89. His wife converted to the Roman Catholic church in 1899: doctrinal antagonism may perhaps account for the Raven's dislike (ed. 2016).

⁵⁵⁷ The Revd. John Cardwell of St Andrew's, Fulham Fields had established a Mission in West Kensington in 1868, conducting services in a corrugated iron church from 1870 to the time when the church (whose construction began in 1873) was completed. He was not the Rector, but the Vicar; in 1890 he was moved to St Anne's, Soho (ed. 2016).

at once to the Stores to suspend operations, and volunteered to go there herself next morning. Effie was very unwilling to accept this from her, for Fanny is far, far from strong - often has fainting fits arising from chronic weakness of heart. One evening when Grettie was taking her home she fainted in the street, and had to be placed on a door step while he rang for the people of the house who came out to offer assistance, and helped to lift her into a passing cab. (She does not know this fully, only thinks she was a little faint and dizzy). I merely mention this to emphasize her extreme good nature and helpfulness, and enclose her note to me describing how everything has been satisfactorily settled. The children have been despatched with a warm letter of thanks, and to enquire what was the accident with the lift which she refers to. She is getting up a Xmas tree for the children at her own house.

The Fraulein is to help her, to her great pleasure. It is not to be till after the 29th Dec. as the Fraulein is going away for a few days to a German cousin's. She is getting on much better, less full of feelings, less wishing to be loved, and really I think honestly grateful for the trouble I give myself in teaching her English. Amy has been allowed at last to give up learning the piano, for (p.532) which she has far less disposition than even I ever had, if this be possible, and German, 1/2 an hour's lesson a day has been substituted for it. Her height is frightful, a shade above her mother and not 13 till February. It seems now as if the LeM's were not to come to us. Algie writes that George will come up from Winchester one evening, go to a quiet hotel near the station and fetch his sister from school and start for Genoa next morning. If he does not care about their stopping at all in London this is obviously the best plan: but Maggie had planned they should both have a whole day here. So we send Maggie her father's postcard to me, received this morning, and tell her to settle things exactly as she thinks her father will be best pleased.

You will probably see soon after the New Year, our great friend George Edwardes-Jones, the clever barrister 4th Wrangler⁵⁵⁸ of his year. He is taking one of his sisters to Cannes to stay with a lady whose name I forget, who has a most beautiful villa there, and will himself return via Genoa, chiefly I think, to see the LeM. family. We have told him that he will of course be taken out to Nervi to call on you.

⁵⁵⁸ Clever indeed. Graduates with First-class degrees in Mathematics at Cambridge were called Wranglers. They were also ranked: George Edwardes-Jones (1858 – 1936, author of several histories of aspects of English law) came fourth (ed. 2016).

The children are in the usual Xmas excitement. The weather lifts for a few days but is very dreary and damp again. Mary grows lovelier and sweeter every hour. Today she had a pencil and was "writing a letter". Foster in addition to being first in Greek and Latin, is top for Arithmetic and Mathematics. He came back from school rather dejected yesterday because the Headmaster had proposed to him to come to work all the morning during the vacation, with a select class preparing to go in for the Scholarships at St Paul's! But his father wisely said he would not work the willing horse too hard. The boy had worked most steadily all this term and he thought he now needed the complete rest and relaxation of the Xmas holidays. Mr Gedge will (p.533) applaud this decision for he warned us solemnly against over-pressure.

I must hastily close, for an old acquaintance, not seen for several years, has found us out. Tell Guy that the Oxford and Cambridge match⁵⁵⁹ is going on the Queen's Club Cricket ground just in front of our house and the air is rent by the shouts of the spectators! Coal heavers are standing on the backs of their horses to look on. George is going to be made a member of the Club for the sake of his family.

Blessings on my sweetest Chuchotte.

Your Raven sister.⁵⁶⁰

FINIS

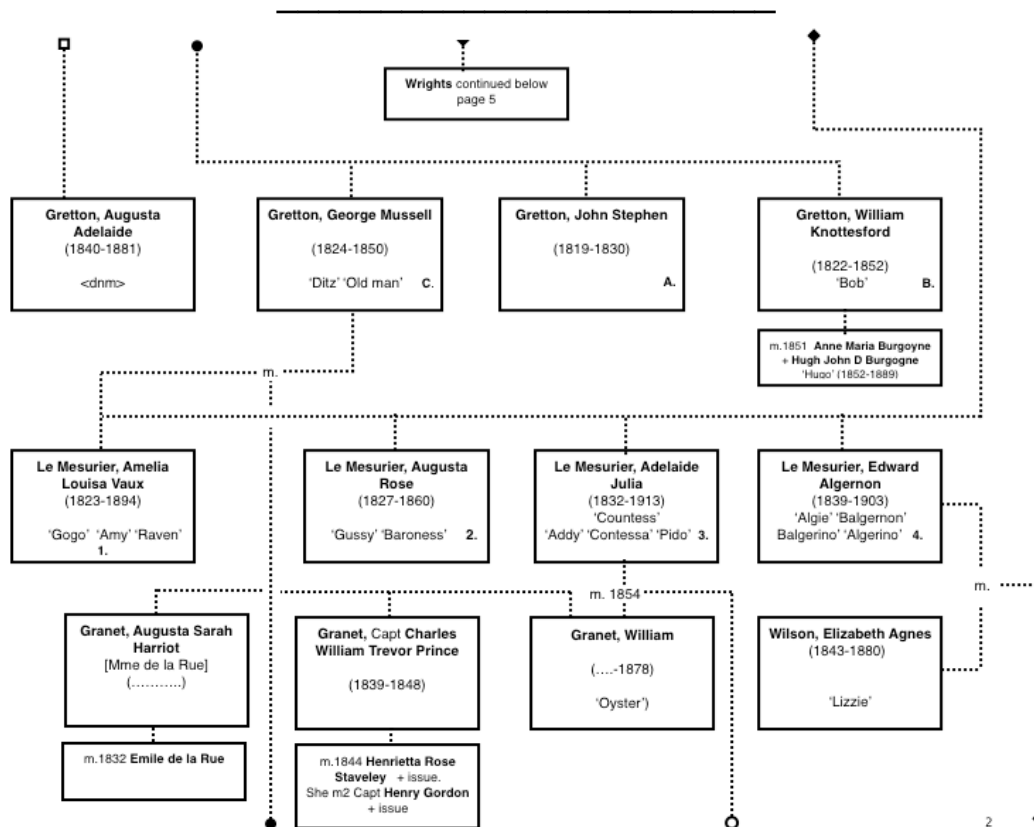
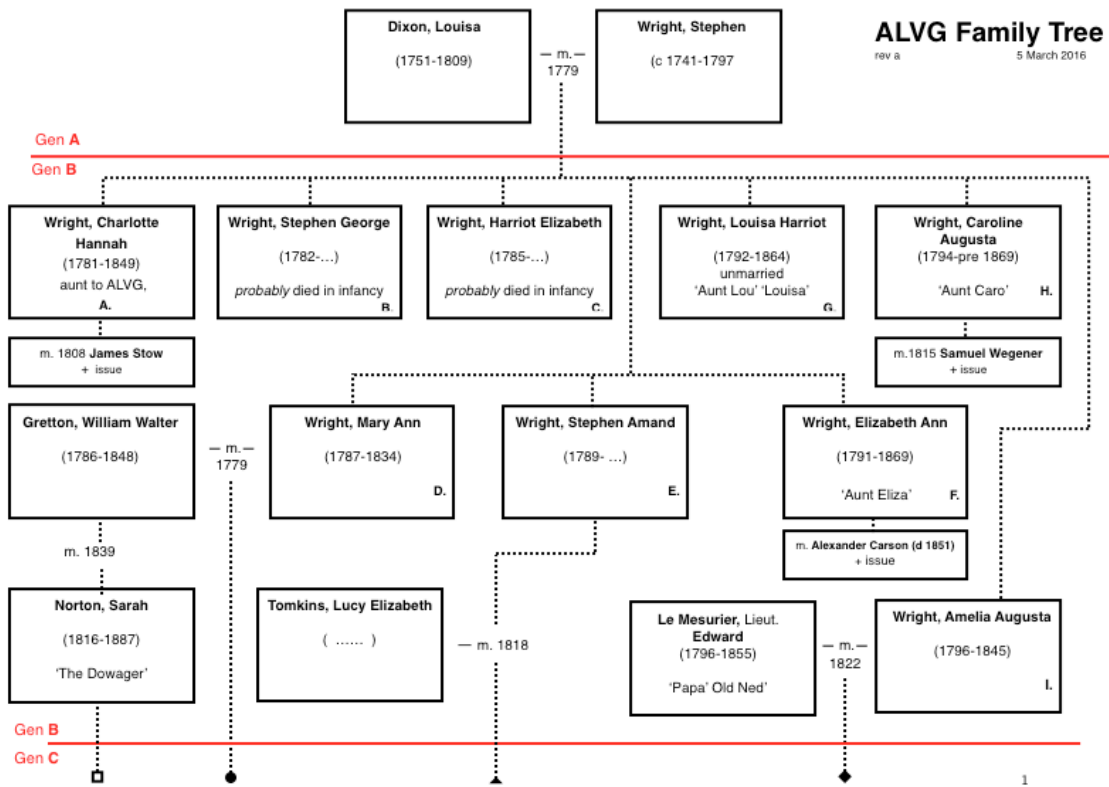


mid 19th-century portable writing desk, picture adapted (ed.2016)

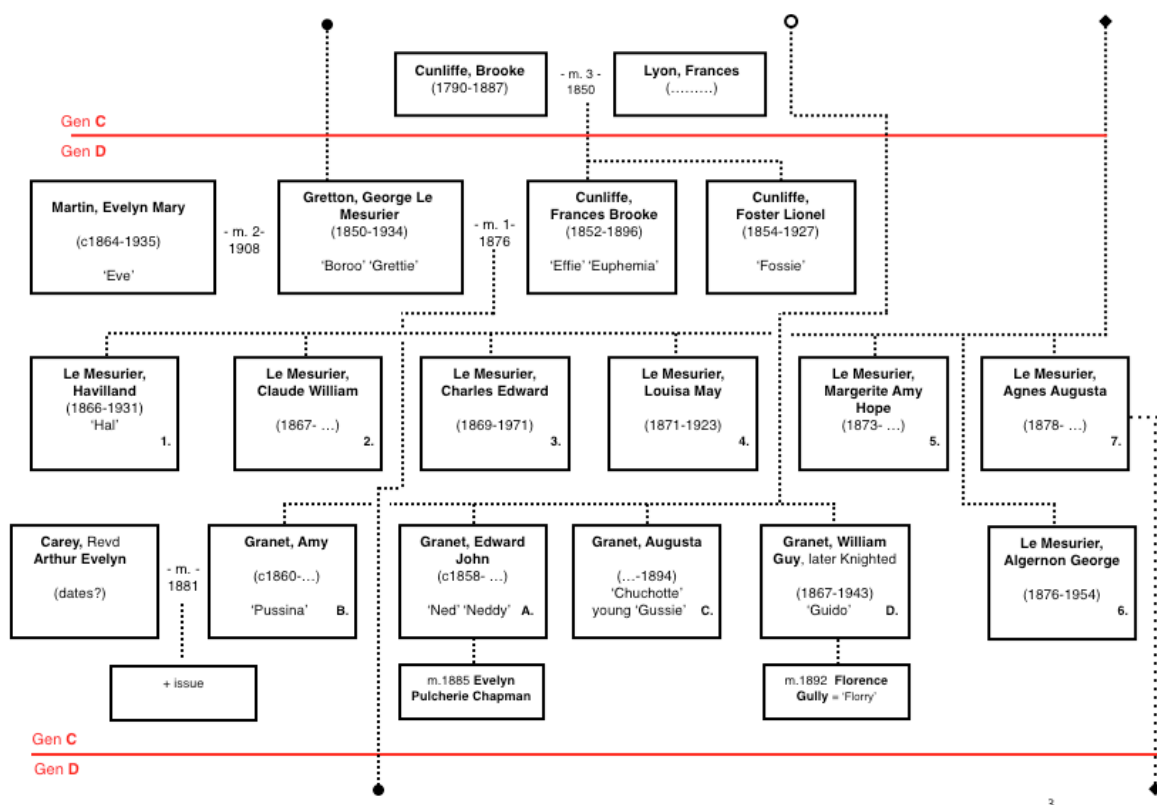
⁵⁵⁹ This was a Rugby Football match. Oxford beat Cambridge by two tries and one conversion to nil: in the scoring of the time, 4-0 (ed. 2016).

⁵⁶⁰ Although the title-page says "Letters 1849 - 1894", the collection ends with this late-December 1889 letter, and the typed word 'finis'. Notwithstanding, was the project in some way unfinished? (ed. 2016).

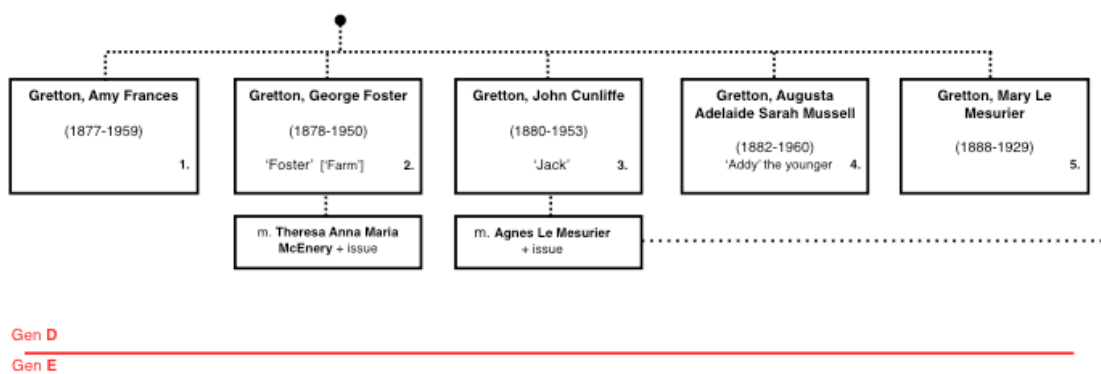
Appendix One: Family Trees



ALVG Family tree

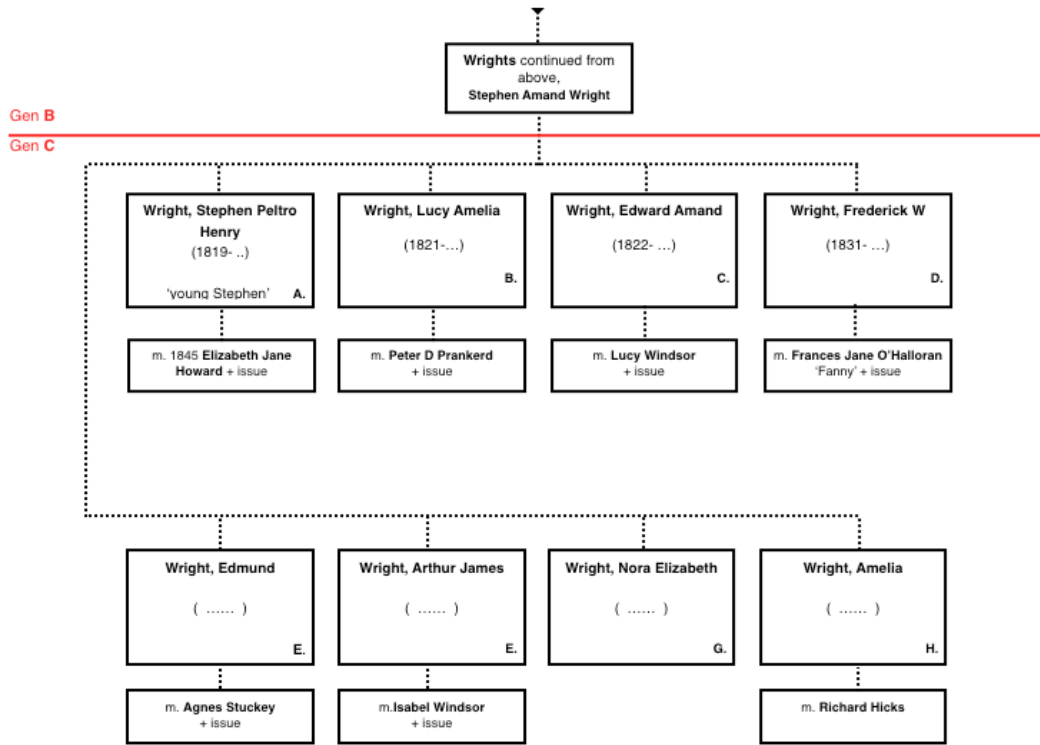


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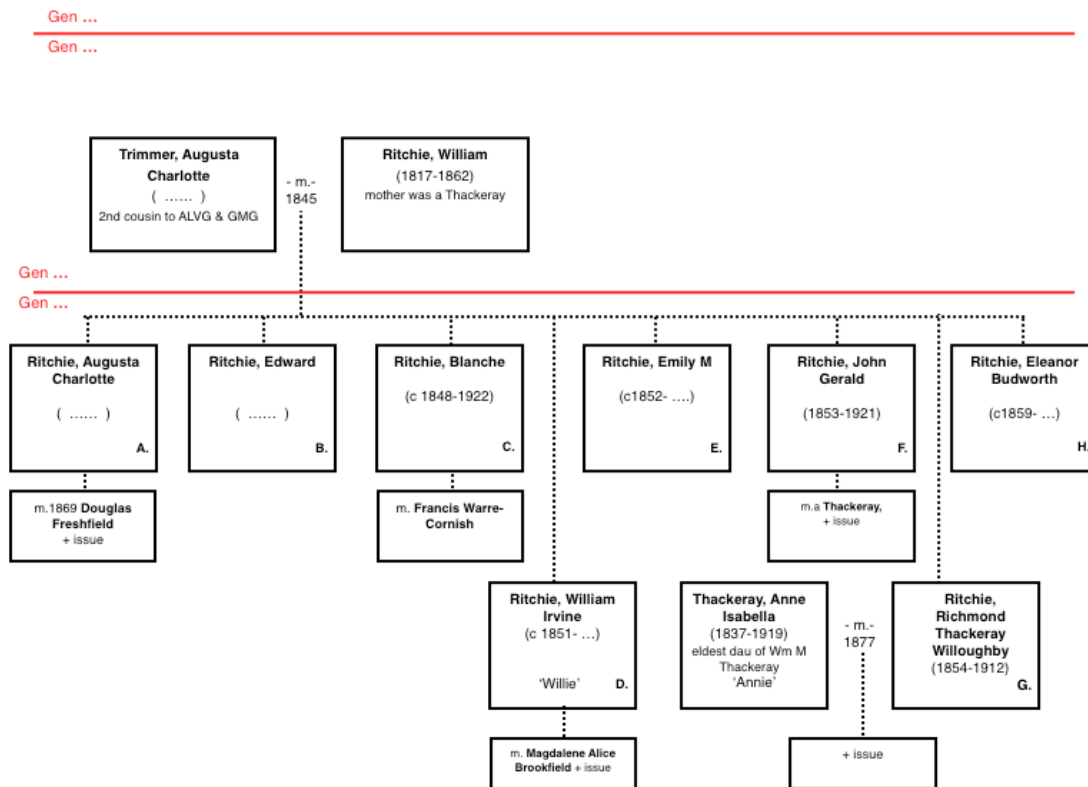


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ALVG Family tree



5



6

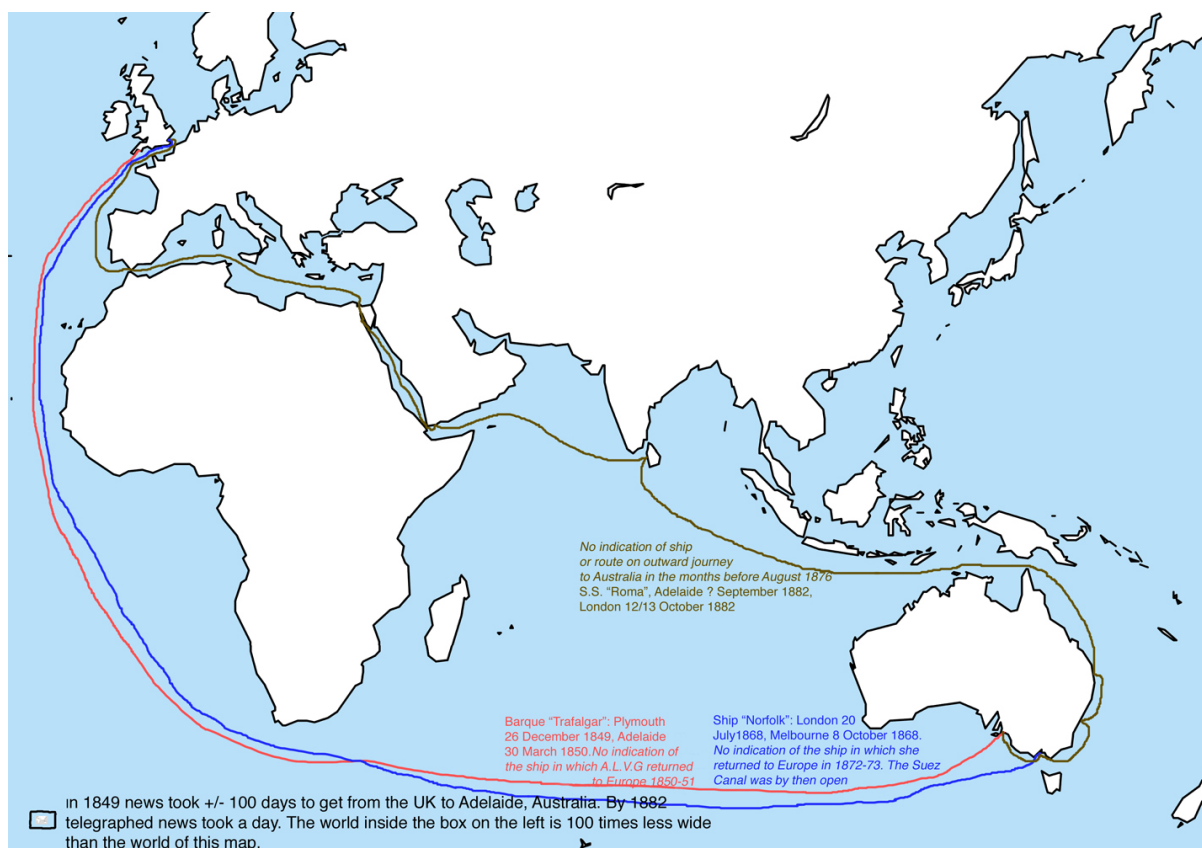
Appendix Two: Timeline

	ALVG Amelia Louisa Vaux Gretton, born Le Mesurier. ARLM Augusta Rose Le Mesurier. AJG Adelaide Julia Granet, born Le Mesurier. EALM (Edward) Algernon Le Mesurier. GMG George Mussell Gretton. GLMG George Le Mesurier Gretton. FBCG Frances Brooke Gretton, born Cunliffe.
ITALY 1823-1849	
28 December 1823	ALVG born to Edward and Amelia Augusta Le Mesurier in Genoa.
15 November 1824	GMG born in England.
7 February 1827	ARLM born to E. and A. A. Le Mesurier in Genoa.
1832	AJG born to E. and A. A. Le Mesurier in Genoa.
probably 1837	ALVG'S family move to Ancona.
1839	EALM born to E. and A. A. Le Mesurier in Ancona.
7 February 1845	Amelia Augusta Le Mesurier dies in Ancona. From 1845 until her marriage ALVG runs the household and acts as mother/educator to her siblings
24 December 1845	GMG visits the family in Ancona.
19 November 1849	ALVG and GMG are married at Livorno.
HERE THE SELECTION OF LETTERS BEGINS	
AUSTRALIA 1850-1851	
c. 28 December 1849-30 March 1850	ALVG and GMG sail from Plymouth, England to Adelaide, Southern Australia on the "Trafalgar".
12 April 1850	George Mussell Gretton dies in Adelaide, of typhoid.
3 September 1850	GLMG born to ALVG in Adelaide.
late 1850 or early 1851	ALVG leaves Australia with infant GLMG and returns to Ancona.
ITALY 1851-1860	
1851-1860	ALVG brings up GLMG, home-educating him in Genoa until he is 10. Her books 'An Englishwoman in Italy' and 'The Vicissitudes of Italy' are published and she writes for English magazines and newspapers.
2 February 1852	Frances Brooke Cunliffe (Effie) is born in England.
18 April 1854	AJG marries William Augustus Granet, banker, in Genoa.
11 February 1855	Edward Le Mesurier dies suddenly in Genoa.
July 1860	Augusta Rose Le Mesurier (Gussie) dies after long illness.
ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND 1860-1868	
September 1860	ALVG and GLMG move from Genoa to Cheltenham for his education. ALVG helps to look after AJG's children, takes them to Guernsey when their parents have bad health; throughout the 1860s in England she develops a close relationship and they stay frequently with her in London.
1860-1864	GLMG attends Cheltenham Proprietary School, run by William Wilberforce Gedge.
1862-1868	ALVG visits, at various times, Rotherham, Wigtown (Dumfriesshire), Bath, Henbury (Dorset), Reading, Guernsey, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Guthrie Castle (Angus), Keswick, London. This includes extended stays at her cousin Augusta Ritchie's houses in Scotland and Dorset.
1864	GLMG starts at Rugby School
July 1865	Edward Algernon Le Mesurier marries Elizabeth Wilson in Scotland.
July 1868	ALVG and GLMG leave England as their Wright cousins have suggested a career for him in Australia. They sail on "The Norfolk" from Plymouth to Melbourne.
AUSTRALIA 1868-1873	
1869	GLMG works in a bank.
1870	GLMG works as Judge's Associate to Sir Redmond Barry, a friend of ALVG.

1872	GLMG resolves to return to England to read for the Bar.
ENGLAND 1873-1876	
1873	ALVG and GLMG sail from Melbourne to Europe in May. They visit the Granets and the Le Mesuriers in Genoa, then settle in London at 41 Westbourne Terrace.
1874-1875	GLMG reads for the Bar. He studies social conditions of the poor in London.
1875	ALVG and GLMG are now living at 38 Elsham Road, London. He becomes engaged to Frances Brooke Cunliffe (Effie).
Summer 1875	ALVG, GLMG and Effie visit the Granets and the Le Mesuriers in Genoa.
29 April 1876	GLMG marries Effie Cunliffe in London.
1876	ALVG, GMLG and Effie sail back to Melbourne.
AUSTRALIA 1876-1882	
11 February 1877	Amy Frances Gretton, their 1st child, is born to Effie and GLMG in Melbourne.
1877	Soon after, the family moves to Adelaide.
1878	William Granet dies.
11 April 1878	George Foster Gretton, their 2nd child, is born to Effie and GLMG.
7 May 1880	John Cunliffe Gretton, their 3rd child, is born to Effie and GLMG.
1880	EALM is widowed in Genoa, leaving 7 children without a mother. ALVG leaves Australia for Genoa and stays with EALM and his children for a year. On his mother's return to Australia GLMG visits England briefly to help his step-grandmother, Sarah Gretton ('The Dowager', born Norton) with her property in Bethnal Green, London.
11 January 1882	Augusta Adelaide Gretton, their 4th child, born to Effie and GLMG.
1882	ALVG, GLMG and his family leave Australia and settle in London.
ENGLAND 1882-1894	
1882-1889	ALVG is busy with the home education of her grandchildren.
1882	Effie's health deteriorates.
1883	GLMG takes a house for the family at 116 King Henry's Road, near to Sarah Gretton and Hampstead Heath.
January 1883	GLMG gazetted as a Captain in the 3 rd Battalion, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
1884	GLMG is doing charitable work in the East End of London. He continues to help Sarah Gretton with her properties there. He and Effie visit family in Genoa.
1887	Sarah Gretton dies in London.
17 March 1888	Mary Le Mesurier Gretton, their 5th child, is born to Effie and GLMG in London.
1889	GLMG and his family and household move to 64 Perham Road, to be near St Paul's School which Foster will attend.
HERE THE SELECTION OF LETTERS ENDS.	
30 March 1894	The writer of these letters, Amelia Louisa Vaux Gretton, dies and is buried in Fulham Old Cemetery in London.
3 June 1896	Frances Brooke Gretton (Effie) dies and is buried "with her mother-in-law" in London.
1908	GLMG marries Evelyn Mary Martin, his 2nd wife.
1913	Adelaide Julia Granet dies
1929	Mary Le Mesurier Gretton dies in Warsaw.
20 January 1934	George Le Mesurier Gretton dies. His death is registered at Hambledon Rural District in Surrey; he is cremated at Woking.

Appendix Three: Maps

Ocean Voyages



Risorgimento Italy

Places in Italy where A.L.V.G. lived, or visited often or for an extended period



Great Britain



Appendix Four: Family Portraits



Far left: George Mussell Gretton in Hungarian uniform, c. 1846
Left: A. L. V. G., Adelaide, 1882



Far left: A. L. V. G. with book and ink-stand, London c. 1863
Left: George Le Mesurier Gretton London 1864



Far left: Frances Brooke Gretton (Effie), late 1870s or early 1880s
Below: Three generations of Grettons, Guernsey c. 1892: A. L. V. G., G. LeM. G., F. B. G., Amy, Foster, John, Adelaide, Mary

Appendix Five: some places A. L. V. G. lived, and her grave in London

Places where A. L. V. G. lived or made an extended stay in Genoa, Dorset, London



Henbury House, Dorset

Henbury House, Dorset



Palazzo Rosso, Genoa

Palazzo Rosso, Genoa



38 Elsham Road

left 38 Elsham Rd,
west London
right 8 Ashchurch Park
Villas, west London



8 Ashchurch Park Villas

below left 1960s replacement
for 116 King Henry's
Rd, north London, and
137 King Henry's Rd,
opposite.

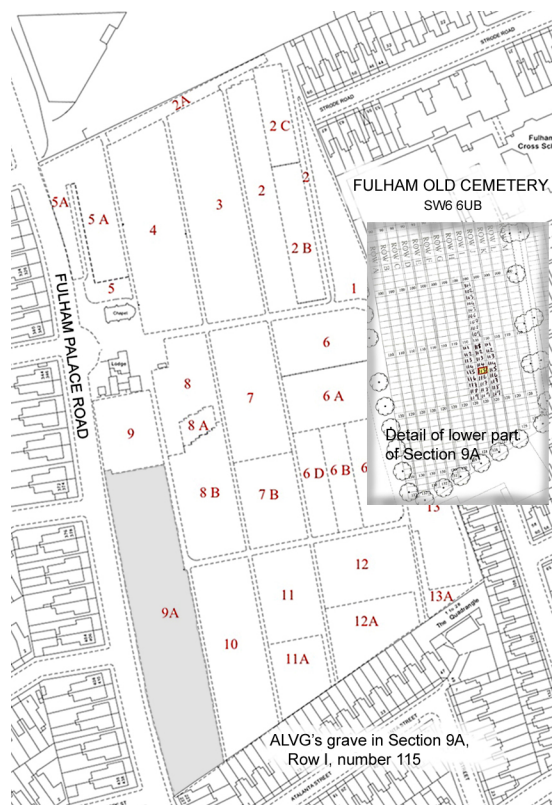
below right
64 Perham Rd, west London



116 King Henry's Road, and, opposite, 137 King Henry's Road



64 Perham Road



The grave on an early Spring morning↓ and on an early Summer afternoon↑



The grave of Amelia Gretton, her daughter-in-law and her granddaughter, in Fulham Old Cemetery, London

In memory of Amelia Louisa Vaux / widow of George Mussell Gretton // born 28th Dec. 1823, died 30th March 1894 / *"She being dead yet speaketh"* / Also of Frances Brooke, wife of / George Le Mesurier Gretton // born 2nd Feb. 1852, died 3rd June 1896 / also of Mary younger daughter of / Frances Brooke Gretton / died in Warsaw 19th Dec. 1929

Appendix Six: Glossary of Nicknames & Abbreviated Names

Nicknames:

'Addy', [the elder] -- see Granet, Adelaide Julia
 'Addy' [the younger] -- see Gretton, Augusta
 Adelaide
 'AHKB' -- see Boyd, AHK.
 'AJG' -- see Granet, Adelaide Julia
 'Algerino' -- see Le Mesurier, Edward Algernon
 'Algie' -- see Le Mesurier, Edward Algernon
 'ALVG' -- see Gretton, Amelia Louisa Vaux,
 'ALVLeM' -- see Le Mesurier, Amelia Louisa
 Vaux, *also*, Gretton, Amelia Louisa Vaux
 'Amy' -- see Granet, Amy,
 'Annie' -- see Ritchie, Anne Isabella
 'Aunt Caroline', 'Aunt Caro', 'Aunt C', ALVG's
 aunt -- see Wright, Caroline Augusta [later
 Wegener]
 'Aunt Eliza', mother of Lizzy -- see Carson, Mrs
 Elizabeth
 'Aunt Lou' -- see Wright, Louisa Harriot,
 'Aunt Sophy' -- see Lyon
 'Aunty' -- see De la Rue, Madame,
 'Balgerino' -- see Le Mesurier, Edward Algernon
 'Balgernon' -- see Le Mesurier, Edward Algernon
 'Baroness' -- see Le Mesurier, Augusta Rose
 'Bob' -- see Gretton, William Knottesford
 'Boroo' -- see George Le Mesurier Gretton
 'Boruccio' -- see George Le Mesurier Gretton
 'Carolus', 'Charlie' -- see Granet, Charles
 'Chuchotte' -- see Granet, Augusta the younger,
 daughter of AJG
 'Coco' -- see Burnaby
 'Countess' -- see Le Mesurier, Adelaide Julia
 'Ditz' -- see Gretton, George Mussell
 'Dizzy' -- see Disraeli, Benjamin
 'Dowager' -- see Gretton, Sarah
 'Effie' -- see Gretton, Frances
 'Eliza' -- see Carson, daughter of Aunt Eliza, later
 Griffith
 'Euphemia' -- see Gretton, Frances
 'Fossie' -- see Cunliffe, Foster Lionel
 'Foster' -- see Gretton, George Foster
 'Frank', son of Mr Gedge
 'GMG' -- see Gretton, George Mussell
 'Gogo' -- see Le Mesurier, Amelia Louisa Vaux
 'Grettie' -- see Gretton, George Le Mesurier
 'Guido' -- see Granet, William Guy
 'Gussy' -- see Le Mesurier, Augusta Rose
 'Johnnie' -- see Charles, 'Johnnie'
 'Lady Marion' -- *possibly* Capt Herford's wife,
 Marion Jane Caldwell,
 'Lambo' & 'Lamb' -- see Trench, FH
 'Liz' -- see Carson, Lizzy
 'Lizzie' -- see Wilson, Elizabeth Agnes
 'Lizzy', daughter of aunt Eliza Carson,

'Lucilla' -- see Cumming, Lucy, later Smith
 'Madame' -- see De la Rue, Augusta
 'Monty', at Genoa -- see Brown, Monty
 'Mr G' -- see Gedge, Rev W., schoolmaster
 'Mr and Mrs W' -- *probably* parents of Lizzie
 Wilson, Algie's intended
 'Mrs B' -- see Bosville, Mrs
 'Ned' & 'Neddy' -- see Granet, Edward John
 ('Ned'), son of AJG
 'Nelly' -- see Freshfield, Eleanor
 'Nile' -- see Gordon, Gen Charles George
 'Nonno' -- (presumably ALVG's father, Edward
 Le Mesurier)
 'Old man' -- used to name many: *particularly*
 Gretton, George Mussell
 'Old Ned' -- see Le Mesurier, Edward
 'Papa' -- see Le Mesurier, Edward
 'Pido' -- see Granet, Adelaide Julia
 'Pinkie' -- see *Ritchie, Emily*
 'Pussina' -- see Granet, Amy ('Pussina'), eldest
 daughter of AJG
 'Raven' -- see Gretton, Amelia Louisa Vaux
 'Sam' -- see Pelrie, Samuel,
 'Sissy' -- see Chepmell, Sissy
 'Somie' -- see Somerville
 'Squire' -- see Bosville J
 'Wilbur' -- see Gedge, William Wilberforce
 'Young Stephen' -- see Wright, Stephen Peltro
 Henry

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 - 309 (horse riding)
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- 1-4 Introduction by AJG. Early life in Italy. Talents and publications. Death of her mother. Engagement to GMG. Opposition of her father.
 - 4-40 Marriage. Emigration to Australia. Arrival at Adelaide pregnant. Immediate death of GMG from typhus. Helped by the Wright brothers (cousins). Grief and struggle to reconcile tragedy with her faith.
- 41-68 Back in Europe with her son George. Serious illness of 2 year old George. Letters from Pisa, Genoa, Nice, Voltaggio, la Tour/Turin, Paris. Marriage of AJG and William Granet, Enjoyment of long walks at Nice, Voltaggio, la Tour. Anxiety about financial difficulties of her father and health of Gussie. Death of her father. Early education of George. Social whirl in Turin with Algernon. Gussie's final illness. En route to Cheltenham with George,
 - 68-95 George starts at Cheltenham Prep. She helps him with academic work. Social life and commentary in Cheltenham. 'The English Woman in Italy' reviewed in The Times.
 - 97-99 Visit to Ravenfield Park
 - 99-104 Cheltenham and death of Mary Gedge
 - 105-112 Staying in Scotland with the Ritchies
 - 112-119 Cheltenham again, then the wedding of Lizzie Carson to Colonel Griffith in Bath.
 - 119-123 In Dorset with the Ritchies. George's delight in that family.
 - 124-130, Rugby, Cheltenham, to Reading to care for her Aunt Louisa, alone and dying.
 - 131-133 In Guernsey on holiday and looking after AJG's children with their nurse Babet.
 - 133-137 In Rugby where George enters the School.
 - 138-144 In Edinburgh and then Glasgow for the wedding of her brother Algernon and Lizzie Wilson.
 - 144-165 Rugby. Teaching Italian to the schoolmasters. Too little time to paint. Dinner party with Dr Temple. References to European Affairs,
 - 166-174 Holiday in the Lake District with Lucy and William Smith,
 - 174-180 London and Rugby. Farewells and preparations for sailing to Melbourne.
 - 180-188 On board the 'Norfolk' and arrival. Met by Fred and Arthur Wright and taken to Fred's
 - house at Toorak. Description of surroundings and of Melbourne's major public buildings,
 - 188- 237 First letter from Rugby Cottage. Acquaintance with Mrs Williams, her husband the Judge, Sir Redmond Barry, Father Moore. Some criticism of the values of those she meets socially. Severe accident when dragged behind runaway horse and carriage. Cared for by Fanny Wright. Concern for George, overworked at his office. Party at Government House, Exhibition of pictures lent locally. Affected by Melbourne climate. Reference to a painting of the Madonna that she was doing for Mrs Williams. Reference to the Franco-Prussian War and to the installation of the telegraph between Melbourne and England.

- Pleasure at prospect of GLMG's legal work at the High Court. and praise for his hard studying. Gratitude to AJG for receiving Mrs Williams and daughter on their European tour.
- 238-249 In London having returned from Australia so that George could be called to the Bar. Praise for the sermons of Charles Kingsley. News of friends and family. Observations about the 'Brompton set' (Mrs Leslie Stephen etc) and the Anthony Trollope set (preferred).
 - 249-282 Return to Australia with George and wife Effie (pregnant), In Melbourne and then in Adelaide. Occupied with news from Europe, domestic tasks and servants, satisfactory and otherwise and increasingly with grandchildren. Death of her brother in law William Granet. Returns to Europe for a year to help with the 7 children of Algernon when his wife Lizzie dies. Back in Adelaide she writes about the political situation in Egypt as AJG is there with her daughter Gussie seeking a cure.
 - 283-376 Return to England with George, Effie and 4 children. First to Weston super Mare and then settle in Hampstead. The house provides a base for AJG's sons, Ned and Guy, at school in England, and later for the sons of Algernon. Further anxiety about Gussie needing to return to Egypt. Reference to events leading up to the siege of Khartoum and the death of General Gordon. Many details of the lives of AJG's children (letters selected by AJG). Helps George with his social work and with his journalism. The Ritchies. Reports on the riots in central London by the unemployed and destitute. More on the grandchildren. Health problems with her knee and with gout. Further anxiety over Gussie now taken to Tenerife. Family and friends including the Snow family. On holiday in Southwold with the family.
 - 376-382 Move to Perham Road, Kensington to be near to St Paul's School. Pleasure in Foster's academic success at school.
- Gretton, Amy Frances (1877-1959), eldest daughter of GLeMG, 259, 261, 262, 284, 287, 295, 300, 307, 328, 332, 336, 339, 347, 351, 358, 377, 381
- Gretton, Augusta Adelaide Sarah Mussell (1882-1960) ('Addy the younger'), second daughter of GLeMG, 283, 287, 295, 332, 347, 348, 369
- Gretton, Frances Brooke (1852-1896) ('Effie', 'Euphemia'), wife of GLeMG, 247(engagement), 250(pregnant), 251(emigrating), 252(qualities of), 258-9, 260(affection for brother), 261, 268, 269, 275, 276, 277(servant problems), 286, 293(health), 299(health), 301, 306, 307, 311(health), 327, 330, 342, 345, 346, 351, 358 Health)
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- Gretton, George Le Mesurier (1850-1934), ('Boroo', 'Grettie') son of ALVG & GMG
- 41-61 (childhood and early education at Genoa)
 - 68 (Turin on the way to Cheltenham)
 - 69-129 (Cheltenham preparatory school, initial struggles with studies, holidays, in particular with the Ritchies)
 - 134-183 (period as a pupil at Rugby School and on board ship to Melbourne)
 - 190-220 (starting work, social life and fitness regime)
 - 221-230 (starting legal work)
 - 229-33 (ALVG praises his character and diligence)
 - 235-7, 238-245 (back to London to study for the bar, interest in conditions of the poor in London)
 - 251, 252 (return to Melbourne with his wife and mother, GLMG to be admitted to practise)
 - 262, 263 (work in Adelaide)
 - 264-5 (news of death of William Granet)
 - 269 (business and Effie's health)
 - 273-4 (meets ALVG on her return to Adelaide)
 - 278, 283-5 (on board returning to Europe 1882)
 - 286, 288, 291(move to Hampstead nearer to 'The Dowager')
 - 291 and 295 (journalism)
 - 299 (political meetings)
 - 300 (more journalism)
 - 306, 307, 309, 310, 311, 313-4 (active voluntary social work)
 - 316 (journalism)
 - 320-1 (more social work)
 - 324, 328 (more journalism)
 - 329 (London riots)
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