

Edgeworth Town
Friday Nov 5th 1819

My dear friend this morning I received a letter from Joanna Baillie & I am impatient to send it for your amusement and my Aunt Uncle and Margarets.

N.B. The Poems of Mr Hunter mentioned in this letter I will send you on Saturday next by Mrs O Farrell who will also bring you the long promised Letters of Lady Russell.

Now before I go any further, write post haste and clear my character which is in jeopardy on account of certain Dialogues on Botany which it is shrewdly suspected that I sent to Black Castle. The book all the time not being my own but Harriet Beauforts -- For the life of me I cannot recollect or guess even whether I am guilty or not guilty. So according to the fashion of the times I absolutely refuse to plead at all, and my trial is adjourned, till the writings I have summoned to my character shall be forthcoming.

Pray for your own sake answer also another question. Have you the 4th number of "Modern voyages and Travels which contains Chateauxvieux & travels in Italy. I have been so much delighted with it and feel so sure of its transporting my aunt, almost to Italy, that I had hardly read too the last words before I was going to pack it off post haste to Black Castle

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But Prudence in the shape of Honora E in a lilac tabinet gown whispered, " Better wait till you hear whether they have read it. I think Richard [takes] in that publication '& they cannot fail to see it'.

Please to answer directly (if that can be in Ireland) and say whether you have actually seen it for I have remarked & spite of sister Prudence I will say it that in this world there is a wide difference between what people "cannot fail to see" & what they actually do see. Even from Davy's lectures downwards I have been making this observation in my secret soul.

Have I mentioned to you Bassompierre's Memr^s new edition with notes by Croker which

make the pages on which they hang gay & valuable
--This book will amuse my Aunt -- it is thin & cheap
-- The review of Maurice and Berghetta in the
quarterly is also by Croker & ~~I believe was written~~
it is well in the beginning, but falls off and
does not make as much of the subject as he could.

What an extraordinary collection, I might
say farrago of strange facts and strange thoughts
are dragged together in the quarterly rev[ie]^w of the
Cemeteries and catacombs of Paris. ~~From~~ The <Jewish>
House of the Living! -- The migrations of jewish
souls being a bit of a <back> bone in shape of an almond
an rich high Travelling self moved from country
to country in subterranean migrations! -- Then
the ex communicated skeleton coming into the church
to party with Bishops! -- And the Parisian sentimen
talist in the country who sent for barrels of ink from

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Paris to put his trees in mourning for his mothers
death and the [man]of almost as good taste
who ~~erected~~ <in memory of his grief for his wife> made a fountain called The Weep
eye, which pours forth water continuall,
“and weeps the more because it weeps in vain

I hope my dear friends that you have all
been reading <of> these things & that you will say
Maria -- There are few things more pleasant than
these jumping of thoughts -- And how wonderful
that little black marks made on paper can make
thoughts jump & hearts jump too at ever, or never
so great a distance.

Now that I have a little time & eyes to read again
I find it delightful -- And I have a voracious
appetite and a relish for food good bad & indif
ferent I am afraid like a half famished ship- wrecked wretch, an appetite quite unknown
<to> those who eat their daily literary meals and
go to their regular monthly feasts and festivals
& grow nice & fastidious & eat the best bits
turning up their nose & vowing they can't
touch a bit more.

My eyes are much better for the rest which through
my dear kindest of kind sister Fanny's means
I have been able to give them & now I thought
I might indulge myself in this little excess. I
could not like Miss G[a]n use the word debauche
-- By the by I hear that Mr G [Funt?] is quite ruined
& was ruined at the gaming table before he married
& cheated his poor innocent wife with false confession

& statement of his debts! -- But maybe this is scandal, I cannot swear.

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But to stick to my own affairs, we have read about 200 pages of my part of the Mem[oirs] and are come to Clifton year 1792. -- I hope that you will be better satisfied because I find that all at home are & I feel more so myself than I expected <Monday> I had half written this letter intending to send It on Saturday when a vile head ache & back ache & bone ache & [Luz?] ache kept me nailed to my bed with a nail through my temples & another across the bridge of my nose for six and twenty hours ["XXX"] [ways] -- Same time Honora sick head ache in Bed, I suppose not quite so bad as mine -- because ones neighbors pains & aches are seldom as I have observed quite so bad as our own, in our own opinion. Same Saturday Kitty sick & weak, Marianne <found> lying down <on her bed> in her clothes with the head ache, aunt Mary bleeding with leeches, Foster with a great cold in his head, The cook ~~with~~ and <[underservant]> kitchen maid with pains above their hearts on account of certain blankets & sheets stolen betwix' them, & all through other in the kitchen -- So above & below stairs that was a black saturday surely!

But sunday came, and I got up and Honora got <up> and aunt Mary got up & Kitty got up & Marianne got up -- & we all found ourselves pretty well I thank you Ma'am -- (Only I having clean lost a day & thinking it was saturday forgot to put on a clean shift & never found out it was sun day till after breakfast when I asked why my mother had not her work box --

After church -- no before the cook was brought up into the study & face to face to her accuser there

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was such a horrible scene of lying and counter lying as cannot be spoken of in jest. It ended in Lovell and Mrs E's dismissing the cook upon the spot -- Three hours this scene lasted & it really was scarcely Possible to believe that such brazen faced falsehood [Missing] thing that supported me through [Missing] was the eloquence [Missing]

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certain marchioness.

Pray tell me how the letter to Dumont was sent to Mr Lucas & whether he ever acknowledged receiving it I have heard from [Pictet?] who has seen the Lucas's, more of this in my next [Missing]

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not yesterday have been ashamed of [Missing] Likeness -- for a more radiant noble indignant figure of truth defending herself against falsehood I never said or heard speak.

One expression I must tell you. Rose the vile public accuser said in part of her speech recollecting from Peggy Tuite's dress who came clean from chapel that it was Sunday. "And its two masses I have lost by you already"

"Oh Rose the mass is in the heart not the chapel, only speak the truth mind!"

My mother who magnanimously parted with the cook regardless of her own convenience has been rewarded this morning we hope by the offer of one who appears as if she would do & who happened to be on a visit to a relation in this neighbourhood. She lived for some years with Lady Arabella Scott & has served up good mens dinners which I supposed is next to sitting at goodmens tables, unimportant now adays.

And now having told you all our affairs even down to our housewive cares & sheets & blankets stolen & restored I must bid you adieu & trot out & walk to avoid backbiters for such are abroad.

Give my love to Margaret I admire her manoeuvring for her Reggy & Peter & intend to draw a parallel between herself & a