

I 4870

January 1892
My dear Peppa,
Many thanks for your
postcard which was a great
saying. As you may perceive, I have
stolen your paper but I thought
that if I wrote you a decent
letter you wouldn't mind. We
are all getting on very well here.
The house is very nice isn't it?
I like my room very much though
it certainly is a disadvantage
not being able to light a fire
in it. We had a very nice
Christmas Day considering you
were not there! The presents
were put into a bran tub and
Marjorie dressed as a witch
presented them. Papa's present to
me was that new illustrated

editor of Cranford with the
preface by Mrs Ritchie. Mama
gave me a Prayer Book & a hymn
Book which were very acceptable
also a set of apparatus for
needles, cottons and scissors,
very nice. Lytton & Majorie gave
me a box of Correspondence Cards
& James gave me a most elegant
china saucer. Dorothy gave me
a box of Bignon pencils with a
tiny silver pencil case. Elina's
annual gift of sweets arrived
as per usual addressed to James
who was much delighted. Oliver
and I gave Mama a little taper
stand - a monkey holding a cup &
a blotting book with her initials
J.M.S. on it in gold. We gave
Papa a Whittaker. On New Year's
Day (Friday) Oliver & I went up

to London, to hear the Marriage
at the Albert Hall. The soloists
were a new Soprano called Miss
Medora Hanson, Miss Patey, Edward
Stoyd & Wathin Mills. Medora
was rather painful; she was
robed in pale blue with a sea-
let face & yellow fuzzy hair;
her voice was good, I thought,
but she had a horrible tremolo
which spoilt it all. I am sure
it was not all nervousness. The
others sang charmingly; Stoyd
was the best I think he has got
such a lovely voice. Hart Davis
came with us; he stopped the
night at Sans Gate and on Sa-
turday we 3 trooped off to a
Ballad Concert at St. Jimmy's.
All the old crew were there,
among others Sawtrey whom we

had never heard before, Antoinette Sterling, Miss Mary Davies etc etc. There was also a choir which sang unaccompanied. Sautley is a pussycat isn't he? He sang Gounod's Medje as an encore Bid me to live; his 2nd song was Old Simon the Cellarer which is comic; he sang it sweetly. Everyone roared; he looked so quaint with his head on one side & standing there in his black gloves looking as though butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. He sang rather a feeble encore. I think that the songs that were sung were feeble & I don't think I should care to go to more than one Ballad Concert a year but still I have heard more popular singers there

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in that one afternoon that
even in my life before. After
that H. D. went home & on
Sunday O. & I went to an Organ
Recital at the Albert Hall free
gratis. It was quaint on the whole.
After that we went on to the
Pauls to tea as Rose had invited
us on Saturday. Mr. Paul was
ill in bed with a bad cold.
Nancy was visiting the Earles &
so Rose was the only dame at
home. After some time Mr. P. came
in, he only stopped about $\frac{1}{2}$ of
an hour & then fled off to an
R. C. service in some weird spot.
He behaved like a maniac & talked
so loud I thought the roof would
blow off. Rose showed some fasci-
nating photographs of drawings
made by Professor Oliver of

plants & animals in French
Cathedrals. They are beautifully
done and they are copied so
marvellously that they look ex-
actly like originals. Rose also
produced some photos of Guernsey
did you know she had been there
stopping with Miss Paul (? Aunt Ellen)?
It evidently can't hold a candle
to Sark; it is so populated
and horrible. Rose seemed in
about the usual state of gloom.
On Monday we came back here. On
Sunday evening Papa came up
to London for his meeting and
he drove us down in his fly
to Cannon Street where his show
came off. Have you seen accounts
of it in the Times? If not I may
as well tell you that this $\frac{1}{2}$ year
has been simply brilliant

& the results are splendid. His
speech went off very well. The
poor thing is somewhat seedy &
is recovering from the effects
of a small cold which he caught
here. We expect him here on Friday.
Mama is very well. Sa a thankful
Grandpapa is basting
with health. We have all had
colds, more or less. Dorothy is
at present suffering from the
most terrific depression I have
ever witnessed; she never speaks
a word & sits immersed in gloom
all day long. I have to read to
Grandpapa occasionally which is
most alarming especially when he
says "Don't drop your voice at the
end of the sentence dear." Isn't it
terrifying? When are you coming
back? Do come before the 20th please

The weather is rather cold. Aunt
Sally is back in town & is not
very well from what I gather.
I give Maymie & Lytton the most
weird sort of music lessons; May
has finished Cynthia & as the
poor dear loathed the thoughts
of the Toy Green we disregarded
your orders and she is at present
occupied on "In my Cottage" a very
difficult piece with 2 sharps!
Her scales are very good much better
than Lytton's. My private opinion
is that he is being vilely taught
however Mama doesn't seem to see
it. I think you had better write to
Dorothy next; it might act as a
tonic to her poor demented brain
& I can wait. Love from all the
family. Best love to Cousin M. &
the Squire

Goodbye
gr loving Pen.