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1, Berners Street,  
Oxford Street W.

Nov 24

1869.

My dear Miss Labor

I had intended writing to Miss Sargood on the day of my return to Town but thanking her for her kind hospitality, but really the work which had accumulated during my holiday of a day and a half was sufficient to frighten me had I given it a moment's consideration. So I buckled to at



once and am only now getting  
out of the wood. I had intended  
telling you too how bewilderingly  
I enjoyed myself in our cosy  
rambles in the cosy grounds, and  
even now I would risk being  
tiresome and foolish, did not  
time warn me the hour of even-  
song is close at hand. Thanks  
for your kind opinion of myself  
and James. May I call your  
attention to the last time but  
one in the Book "Hear O Jew!"  
The words are by my friend Bell

and I don't altogether dislike  
the tune. Thanks again for the  
poems they are indeed grand.  
But I hope to talk them over with  
you in the flesh. I am glad to  
hear you are progressing with  
your Book. And now I wish  
to say that the friendship which  
on my part (and I am persuaded  
on yours too) had never cooled  
promises to be very dear to me  
you were instrumental solely in  
inaugurating or rather initiating  
my artistic life, and I think  
you said the same of me.  
May we stimulate each other



by the fervour of our friendship  
to rise to the high things we  
<sup>at present</sup> hardly dare to hope for!

We are just now in a deserv'd  
condition at home, both our maids  
are on their backs ill. Very sad  
for them, poor things! and not al-  
together comfortable for us. Still  
there is a strong dash of the picnic  
feeling about it (in the necessity for  
waiting upon ~~yourself~~) which has  
at least the merit of novelty if  
nothing else. As soon however as  
things take a favourable turn I  
shall hold you & Miss Sargood to  
your promise to visit the cloister  
Our big service (S. Andrew's Day)



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is already, looming up; and regarding it as the beginning of the great event of my season I feel very much in the position of a bather who somewhat fears the shock of the first plunge. I suppose however when I do get in and splash about a little I shall - as usual - find it quite warm and comfortable. Pray remember if you are ever in Town and have a spare minute



or two I shall hope to see you in  
the Black Hole at Berners St.

I will not forget you the Juvenile  
Songs for Mr Ewen.

With regard to your great Score and - the Dolls and - the  
at bayatelle I can only say that DOGS) and ever below me  
Mr Harcourt (whom ever he may be)  
must be a singularly fascinating  
man to have inspired such a  
gigantic fluke. I H E R E!

I will endeavour to lend you  
my copy of Ferguson's Handbook  
of Architecture, if I can only

lay my hands on it

Give my kind regards to Miss  
Sargood and indeed to every  
one I meet in that pleasant  
abode (not forgetting the children

and - the Dolls and - the  
DOGS) and ever below me

Most cordially yours

Barnby.



9 Barnby

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