

The Hollies
 Malvern Hills. Aug. 13/85.

My dear Husband

I am having a solitary day, for as you know, Ned and Noel are at Celford with Mary Plenden and Mary Catherine en route to Malvern, and Filian is spending the whole day with the Josephs, leaving you there at half past eight this morning. They are going for a pic nic to the North Hill. The weather is bright and fine, so I hope they will enjoy it. I am writing this in Mamma's room. She sends her love to you and says, "Tell him to pray for me, that the end may come." She finds the waiting long and weary now, though she has no pain, only the futility and dependence of all. Her stance this time will seem when she is with us no longer. It is very pious about your leave. Shall you have no compensation for this long delay. And it keeps you in Cerediter too, during the worst season. Will you get any old stamps that you can for the children. I hope you will get to Cardiff in September. Do take care of yourself and come safely back to us. I have written upon about three papers as

I heard nothing from the man. Will
you post the enclosed to Mrs Dally.
Eliza wrote to Letitia, asking for the letter
which was to have been sent to you. The
letter Letitia wrote to me from the Paris Hotel
after receiving mine, and which Letitia
told Eliza to send back to her that she
might send it to you, but it was not sent to
you. A. replied she did not know what letter
Eliza meant. I then wrote again, saying
that it was and A. replied on 20th. "As
for the letter, I was hardly likely to imagine you
wanted my own letter back. However if I have
it, I shall certainly prefer sending it to
Father myself." Upon this I wrote to her
yesterday the letter a copy of which I enclose
to you. I was much amazed to learn from
Eliza that she had been left alone in that
Paris hotel. It was not proper for a girl of her
age. About Mary Plunson, her father is a
large farmer in Lincolnshire and she is
his only child. She was four years in London
at school with a Miss Daubney, who is a
second cousin of yours. Mary's maternal
uncle Mr Abbott married one of my aunts
in Australia. He is now dead, was a sea
captain. Mary is intelligent, refined, and
a very pleasant companion for the
children. Eliza and I much enjoy our
quiet time together. She is very good and
loving, and ready to help me in every way,
though really there is but little to do. No one can
share the responsibility of such a woman's
attendance. Ever your loving Ep.