

London March 13th 1870

Acc. 570

March 16th

The weather today, after being very disagreeable & cold, has again become quite warm, & springlike.
no other news, of any kind Mrs.

Dear Mamma,

I suppose by this time next month you will be well on your way across the Atlantic. I hope you will have a pleasant passage, & not much sea sickness. I found the best mixer for that terrible complaint to be Gregory's Mixture; & used to take a little every day as long as I felt giddy. It is also a good rule, to get up every morning somehow, however bad you feel. If you once begin staying in bed it is all over. You will no doubt think it very unpleasant of me to remind you of such contingencies, but perhaps I may be excused because of my personal ^{experience}.

I was at dinner at Mrs Etheridge's
last Friday, & spent a very pleasant
evening, looking over microscopic
objects, &c of which he has a large
collection. His house is, like all the
rest in the street, small, but
very nicely furnished. Mrs Etheridge
is rather a common sort of person, &
fancy, & Mrs Etheridge I believe thinks
her duty, & that fall wives to consult
in mending stockings & cooking.

He works every day as you know
at the Jernyn St Museum at
his public work, & in the evening
at his book, he says he stops work
regularly at 12 o'clock, gets some
supper which is left for him, & goes
to bed. His book has now been in
process for the last 7 years, & he
expects to finish it within a few

months. It is a tabular list
of all the known fossils of Great Britain
showing in what ^{formations} localities they are
found, & giving a list of all the
authorities & references for each one.

There are now, unless we get one
or two extra only about 7 more
Chemistry lectures, & also only a few
more drawing days. I am both glad
& sorry, glad because there won't be
so much to do & that I will be
able to take a little more care of myself;
& sorry of course; because the lectures
are very interesting, & we are only
beginning to get past the rudiments of
the subject.

I forgot to say that I found that
Mr. Etheridge is an friend, & was a
school-fellow of J.S. King. How curiously things
turn out.

We had quite a surprise this morning, on getting up to find three inches of snow had fallen in the night, & the streets all day in consequence have been in a horribly muddy state. The snow was hard, wet, clammy stuff & has now all disappeared. I hate this lingering spring extending for months, & months, & everything getting on so slowly, & cold weather coming back so often.

You ask if Mrs Sweet would value some little indian-work gear. I daresay she would, but I don't think it will be necessary to bring her anything.

I don't write to Papa now because he has not written to me, which of course he cannot be expected to do at present but simply because I have nothing of sufficient importance to say, or indeed enough of any kind, to fill more than one letter. Please tell him so

With very best love to yourself & all.
Believe me your affectionate daughter