

be over here so soon
I hope that we will
not miss each other -
Love to Mrs Carpenter
& the children

The Redpaths are
so pleased with the
children's photos &
think them very
good for such little
children about they
certainly are.
With best love
from
your
as is
your
own
as is
your
own

Wm. G. Gorse
Chichester.
October 24th 83.

My mind has once begun by saying that
Papa did pay Dr. Stephenson & he
the more I think of it now I am sure

I have not written to you for some
time & so I feel rather at a loss
as to where to begin but perhaps the
wisest plan is to begin with the
present & let the account of our
past fall in where it is convenient.

We are now as you may see by
the heading with the Redpaths
to say this means much. The
house it is impossible to describe
but I find it rather different of what

I had anticipated. The house as you know is an old one (indeed was a house of old standing at the time of the Black Prince & was lived in by his wife "the fair maid of Kent") but the Rudpaths have entirely remodelled the inside. Most of the inside walls & all the main ones of the house are the same but this is about all. They have got old panelling of other old houses, old doors, old staircases &c &c & I am quite sure that the Fair Maid wd not now be able to find her way here. The drawing room is all. wodegwood - the walls & ceiling all white painted wood beautifully carved & decorated. Everything in harmony. The floor is covered with grey felting & then over

this a large ³ turkey rug almost
as large as the room. Off this
large room is a small anti-room
up three steps & in this we
usually sit in the evenings. There
is no gas or any such vulgar
novelty in this room only
antique lamps & in the dining-
room candles.

It is quite an art to find ones
way upstairs for at every
turn there are large mirrors
& one is continually walking
into themselves, which is a
very bewildering process. But
I am rapidly becoming
acquainted with myself & know
just where to expect my double.
As I asked if there was a
short hair & received such a

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doubtful negative that I quite
expect to see one some night.
Mrs Nelson (Mrs N's sister) is
here now & she told me a tragic
story of the murder of a small
page at the time when
Walsingham owned the Manor
& so I suppose it may appear
in his form.

While we were at Chatterham
Mother wrote to Miss MacDonell
telling her of Anna MacD's welfare
When we saw her she had not
received any home letters except
one fr her mother at soul. She
was well & bright & seemed
quite happy. We stayed at
Chatterham fr Thursday afternoon
until Monday morning. Papa

fell in with a bit together
 who was at the School of Mines
 with George & they collected
 a number of fossils which
 afforded Papa great satisfaction
 Miss Rowland is in partnership
 with Miss Cairns & seems to
 be the "better man of the two":-
 She was most kind to us -
 The first evening we were
 there we dined with them
 & met Miss Bial: the head
 of the College & some gentlemen.
 The College seems very well
 arranged & there are some 500
 girls there at all stages from the
 Kindergarten to those who hope to
 take a London B.A. next term.
 Chatterham we were charmed
 with - partly I think because

we actually had two sunshiny
days which after the Manchester
smoke was most refreshing -

The situation too is very pretty
between the Cotswold & Malvern
hills & they say the death rate is
very low although there is an
alarming inscription upon a tomb
in one of the church yards -

It runs "Kiss me my three daughters,
who died of drinking Cheltenham waters
if they'd only kept to Epsom salts
they'd not have been beneath these vaults -"

The water certainly had a very bad
taste we thought but the particular
allusion in the above is to the
Epsom waters.

I muchly wanted to go to the
Warster pottery which is quite
near to Cheltenham but I ed

not get my respected parents to
take as deep an interest in them
as I had hoped.

To change the subject did the
games I sent ever reach you?

One was in a letter to Florence
the other addressed to you, both
sent by the same packet.

We got quite a number of letters
this week upon our arrival
here - Florence & William still
seem upon a very exalted plain
far above ordinary mortals like
myself. Long may it last!

Privately I was a little amused
at Florence having people at
dinner as she spoke of doing for
William as you know always
objected to our "wasting his
evenings" & now he delights in the

same things which is man! but
 we are of course delighted at
 the awakening but only wish
 it had come sooner.

Since beginning this we have
 been for a beautiful drive -
 The whole land here is so
 picturesque - you would be distracted
 to know what to sketch first. The
 brown & yellow tints are I think
 almost as pretty as the brighter
 ones with us & then there are
 such grand old oaks & elms
 in abundance.

The 5 o'clock tea & the gentlemen
 have just arrived & so I must
 close. I fear me this is a very
 disjointed epistle. Please remember
 me to all enquiring friends I was
 so surprised to hear that Katie is to