

1875

Kingrey

Monday May 20th

My own dear Bernard,

It has been raining all day. I was so glad to get your dear letter & think I deserved it, after watching a whole half hour for Charlie to come back from the post, the little wretch took nearly an hour to ride a mile & back again. To judge by the soiled appearance of the envelope that enclosed your note I sh^d say that the Post Office people had done their best to see at the contents & that you showed wisdom in wrapping a piece of unwritten paper

around your letter.

Now when morning has
come the sun has appeared
in sudden glory, & tinted
the clouds. & the woods
with exquisite colours
Yesterday the thermometer
was up to 76° today it is
 46° so the variation is quite
perceivable, & we have a
wood fire of great log in
the old-fashioned fireplace
I had quite made up
my mind to return tomorrow
but will stay till Thursday
if you think it best, but
I will certainly then take
the early train, if possible
As to resting I am the
grand est of girls - in that
respect. This morning for
example I read far about
two hours & then went to
sleep & slept till after 12.
& that certainly is the
summit of laziness - but
only constitutional was a
walk up & down the gallery

& since tea Sophie has
been playing exquisitely
& music. I take my thoughts
directly to you, my dearest.

It does not sound very
unselfish, but I am glad
dear, that you miss me,
our so glad, & though not
& quiet - are glad exceedingly
I don't find that they are
everything, after all, I sh^d like
to have my dear Bernard
too. Till I came away, I
scarcely knew how much I had
learned to depend upon you
& to look to you to sympathize
with me in all things.

I am glad that you are
going up the mountain on
Wednesday, & if it is fair
we shall go to the woods too
oh such lovely flowers grow
here & you will have a nice
chat with your "sister-in-law"
which will do you both good.

Tuesday

An eventful morning! Five little turkeys having picked their way out of their shells. The weather is so cold that we feel much anxiety on their account, & they are now in the kitchen, looking most comical, & not nearly so pretty as little chickens - I began to wish myself back again, though I certainly feel a great deal better for my refusal. Take care of yourself, dear love, I shall be so very, very glad to see you again, so please don't look tired, when I do reappear -

Mrs B - is in a hurry for the letters, she is rather a peevy person & I must not tease her - So dearest, good bye, with fond love from
your
Aunt