

Before marriage  
1875

Tuesday

And how are you this  
morning, my dear Bernard.  
How are the eyes, & the teeth,  
& the head generally? You  
must be quite sure to stay  
in the house today, I won't say  
that, but you must keep  
out of draughts, I won't go &  
say good bye to inquiring  
friends at the opera, or  
any other careless thing, for  
I want my dear love to be  
well again just as soon as  
possible! for I can't go &  
inquire for you, & console  
you, as you c<sup>d</sup> me when  
I was the sufferer - All I  
can do is to write you a  
little note on foreign paper

to show you how far off  
you seem to be. (real reason  
being that I have no other  
up stairs, but of course it is  
no use to mention that.)

Was there not a lovely "morn-  
ing bell" for today, "No  
twinkets" how well we sh<sup>d</sup>  
run if we were only brave &  
true-hearted enough to lay  
them all down. We must &  
we will too, in God's strength.  
Last night Mrs. Cushing  
& her sister puzzled me so, I  
c<sup>d</sup> not think who they remi-  
ned me of, but now I know.  
They are just exactly what I  
sh<sup>d</sup> imagine Dara's two aunts  
to be, I mean Dara in David  
Copperfield. Do you remember  
them? bright little creatures  
who hopped in & out, & had  
shining eyes. I took such a

pleased interest in Sara's  
love-affairs -

How well the sun  
shines today, only it is cold  
"offen cold" as an old French  
woman I used to know would  
express it - I must be off  
to school - I enclose a lock  
of my hair that science  
may be advanced, I mean  
especially, that some one  
very dear to me sh<sup>d</sup> not  
be driven to knotting hair  
& being annoyed endlessly.

If anyone sh<sup>d</sup> wish to  
write our lives & to publish  
this letter, what theory  
w<sup>d</sup> they invent, think you  
for the reason I give for  
enclosing a lock of hair?  
What connection w<sup>d</sup> they  
imagine between science &  
such a token?

But my desire for talking  
housewife is getting the better  
of me & besides I must be  
off to the Art school - If  
you think I am making  
a fuss "over your cold"  
I don't like my letter, why  
you can just send it  
back to me & I shall write  
on purely stoney subjects  
next time -

Yours lovingly -  
Laurie