

St Andrews

1876

Saturday

Believe me yours,

My own dear Bernard,
as tomorrow
is Sunday, & a letter
mailed on Monday will
not reach you till Tuesday.
I am going to write you
just a small letter. Do
not however give those 8
stamps the credit, for they
certainly wel not have in-
duced me to write till
Monday, but - somehow I
feel as if I had got to a
very far off place, & I
am not quite sure that
I don't feel just a little
home-sick, though every

one is very kind. It is
sad to think that no one
will talk Port-Royal to
a patient Bernard tonight
& I have not even the
consolation of expecting to
pass and your tea
tomorrow night.

It was so good of you
to come up for me this
morning, & your rug was
very useful. I reminded
me forcibly of Inetes. He
left the station about
5 minutes after you said
good bye, & found your
father waiting at Vandriem
he had been there an
hour in expectation of our
arrival. I like him, ever
so much, but oh what cold
blue eyes he has! he took

such good care of us,
Mary the drive was
rather long, but not cold,
& all rational grey sky,
& pearly shadows made a
restful half light, I very
nearly went to sleep two
or three times, but just
before I slipped over the
edge a remark from
under Mrs Walker's veil
w^ol arouse me, she
did look so funny -
I wonder if I c^d draw
her? - A sort of veiled
prophet - of Pharasim
& I am sure I
looked still
more queer, only
as I did not see
myself, I can't
attempt to draw the appearance



I have seen little of yr
mother, she & Mrs Holson
have been shut up together
of course they had so much
to speak of - Mary looks
pretty well, & only wants to
be raised, I think, her
nerves are out of sorts, & I
will make her laugh a
good deal, & cheer her up
till she won't know her
self - Laura is finishing
"that wool-work" - I think
this house is a perfect pic-
ture, everything so nicely
arranged & so pretty, flowers
everywhere - but in case
I quarrel with them all
before the week is out, I
had better not "gush" on
the head of first impres-
sions -

As usual, the mail
wishes to leave long before
I am ready, & as I can't
dispute with such a
law institution I must
give way, & say no more.

So my dear, dear,
love, good bye, I don't
buy any more easy
chairs, till I come back

Y^rondly yours

Anna

Be sure you don't
read this to my people, it's
only meant for you dear