

Somewhere. (24)

Aug. 4. 82.

Dear Howard,

This letter is being  
written in many places as I am  
going along so this may account for  
the somewhat indefinite address.

I am just going from here to  
Ipswich & so I boat down the  
river to Harwich & home again &  
avail myself of the time spent in  
the train & in waitings for trains  
to get through a little correspondence.

Thanks for your epistle you will

I am treating you terribly  
badly in not writing before but  
time slips by very rapidly & for  
a good deal of what ought to  
be done I have nothing to show  
save "paring-stones" which expression  
if you call to mind our old sylvan  
raps may possibly be enabled to interpret.  
I would that you could be  
enjoying some of the weather with  
which we are favoured: since coming  
only part of one day has been with  
& every morning is beautifully bright  
& cloudless: the evenings are  
something wonderful & enough to  
make me feel quite sentimental.

I am doing something in the  
way of sketching but not very  
much & am going to go in more  
for black & white than colours as  
the latter take comparatively so long  
a time especially when one is rushing  
about & covering a good deal of ground  
as I am doing today.

On Tuesday I had a very  
interesting day at Bury St Edmunds  
which is a fine old town with  
very interesting relics such as the  
altar of the old Abbey from which  
Layton addressed the ladies at the time  
of Magna Charta. However I went  
to begin a guide book. I am also

reading somewhat - "Verdant Green" is  
very stale & I shall have to  
make great exertions to get through  
it if ever that is to be done.  
If you have not read "Mary Barton"  
you will like it very much, it is  
now published in the 6<sup>th</sup> Edition.

We are now in a train who may  
account for these hieroglyphics.  
Yesterday I was talking to one  
of my relations or connections or  
second cousins various "removes" who  
knows Shorttouse the author of John  
Lylesant very well & spends some  
time each year at his house. I  
was very interested to get hold of  
him & hear something about him.

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The book is certainly an uncommon  
one: there are some strange  
things in it - mystical affairs  
after the fashion of those in George  
Madonald's "David Elginbrod" who you  
will have read but if you have  
not read it <sup>(John Lyell's)</sup> before then you  
shall have my copy when we  
next meet. I am very  
much obliged to you folks for  
giving me the book: it just  
came handy for the binders in time  
for me to take it. After all  
when coming up I missed Beard  
as he left a day earlier: fancy  
Wasson through his <sup>147</sup>B. d. at last:

it will be almost as much a  
disappointment as a surprise to him  
as he will be missed this he would  
~~have~~ have had no more work  
as it was to be his last shot.

If you can decipher these  
scribbles you are somewhat clever  
but I cannot go on any  
longer. We are just stopping so  
I'll wind up in peace.

I really must write to Miss E. soon  
or she'll cut me when we meet.

Yr friend

W.S.S.  
Please thank "your family" for  
their congratulations. I hope your  
mother is pretty well.