

Hardwick Vicarage, Hay, June 29. 1870.

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My dearest Arthur,

This comes to tell you various things - First, what I hope you do not need to be told, that you are anything but forgotten in the land of your voluntary exile - next, that we hope your flight from your old summer enemy has answered your expectations - then, that we wish you had been here instead of there, for we feel that your being there is "neither here nor there" - and then various other matters to be duly developed so far as luncheon, & post-horn, et alia talia, will allow. -

You will be glad I know to hear that your good friend, my better half, is something improved in health of late, though still suffering in a strange way from rheumatic pain about the neck & shoulders. Possibly it may depend upon the extraordinary dryness of climate, exceeding what has been known for many years. I hope the very mention will not disagree with you, when I tell you we are in the middle of Haymaking. - The Fever I thank God has long left us, and the neighbourhood is comparatively healthy. The Moon people have returned - but, as usual, the house is so saddened by illness & frequent dejection, that the neighbourhood does not greatly feel their presence. Still I am very glad to see at Church those who can come. - We spent last week at Stratford (Shakespeare's Stratford, not the other of flea-celebrity - do you know about that?) - at good Lady Emily's - and saw a good deal of their Church