

only say this to such an intimate friend - & I doubt  
now whether I ought to have said as much as that.

well - I shall want much help if it is to be,  
as I hope, an improved Edition - & I am resolved  
it shall not be reprinted unless it is - and I shall  
feel so very much obliged by any ~~and~~ criticisms  
& suggestions of yours - for which I shall look  
forward with especial interest. when you give  
us the great pleasure of your promised visit.  
My wife sends her kind love & I am always  
yours &c  
Arthur

your affectionate old friend

J. W. Webb.

Mrs "massish" - I believe something  
has happened in the human way again  
(the old single plow's ten Cheese) but I  
must look further. —

Hardwick Vicarage, 19 Oct. 1877 (after post)

219

(174)

My dearest Arthur,

You gave me no idea how long you <sup>intended</sup> ~~may have~~  
<sup>to</sup> ~~be~~ staying in the North - so I address this to the  
old quarters, where perhaps it will find you. —

I know we shall have your ready & affectionate  
sympathy in the sad affliction which has been per-  
mitted to befall my wife's family - you recollect no  
doubt the 3<sup>rd</sup> & tallest of our Wyatt nieces, Bella -  
and how 15 months ago she married a clergyman  
old enough to be her grandfather - our regret at  
the time was the almost certain prospect that  
in a few years she would be either a widow or a  
nurse. How blind we are! It never seemed a pos-  
sibility that she would be a mother - & die from  
her first confinement. Yet such has been the  
unsearchable will of God! - All went quite right  
at the birth of a fine boy, & for a week afterwards  
when, something occurring to require medical aid,  
the doctor gave her (it is believed) an overpowering  
dose of laudanum - which produced raving delirium  
of a most violent & distressing character. Another