

4
exercise the privilege of selection.

(old Proverb) -

Seriously, my dear Horace - (I write
so far as to say "Orridge") (no connection
with the old Bailey) - what am I to do.
I am happy - I like my work - I am
helping in a successful scheme - We
are turning out good boys, & making
a name - "Am I not happy, I am, I
am" (late Mr. Moore) - I have a crust
of bread & liberty - And why should
I go into the modern Babylon
to seek a barren name? Propose
something practical, & I will listen;
but merely say "Rouse yourself, &
come to London" Why you are as vague
as the denizens of Paphos, and I
stop my ears! One thing, I grant,

1
Circular Stamp

1865

Thursday Evening
November 2nd

My dear Horace - I have long
intended to renew our old correspondence,
so much neglected of late, and today
the return of our friend Price from
town and his tidings of you, induce
me to seize the fleeting hour, and
distrust the morrow.

But at starting let me tell you, what
I am sure you will be sorry to hear,
that old Mr. Atkinson died this
morning, quite peacefully & without
pains - He had been sinking rapidly
the last few days, & the end was
quite anticipated. - George Barnes

2
has of course gone to Rugeley, and
will remain, I fancy, until after
the funeral. It will be a terrible
break up of the family, whose centre
and gathering-point has always been
Rugeley: but it will be better for
some of them, I believe, to be forced
to look to other places as more their
home. I fancy Mrs. Atkinson will
live mainly among her children, but
of course nothing is settled yet.

I have not seen you for so long, that
I hardly know what to write about;
but one thing that calls for a few
words from me, is a subject on which
Price tells me he talked to you - that
your refusing curacies & all other
inducements to come to town - you say
that I am an ambitious animal

3
that can't live with the High
Church folks and die with the
low ones; that in short I am hopeless
and my friends must give me up.
You go on respectfully to add that
I am kicking my heels here, and
am afraid of work; & am pelted
about by my friends here with
the roll-soaked-in cream of
flattery and the nunced-chickens
of perpetual invitations,
my dear one! If you will provide
me with a salary in London equal
to my present one, I will come, not
unlike a bird. Find the money,
and I will find the man - But,
in spite of Tallyrand, ~~the~~ "il faut
biere", and mendicants must not

5 (1863)

I should like - namely, more time
for study, more leisure for writing -
but one can't have everything, as
the young lady said when she married
the sweep. (A.B. this last illustration
is original, & the copy-right reserved).

The last time you wrote to me was
in some sweet lines in the measure
of the poet Pope, & would I had been
able to send an appropriate answer -

By the way, do you see my "Farewell
to Farnances" in Punch this week.

I did not put the stupid motto
"Jam sates" at the top: that is some
of their young mens doings - but all
the rest is mine. I hope to write more
verse in Punch: I find it one of
the greatest stimuli to composition,
having a certain ofixed ~~to~~ vehicle for it.

You say fellows in town have
all the news, so I shall expect
you to let me have some by return -
All your latest poems, both sacred
and secular, will be welcome; &
the most recent buffooneries of the
Bar mess.

I shall be in town some part of
the Xmas vacation, if all well,
when we must see much of one another.

Will soon be here -

I was over at Alrewas the other
day, preaching the annual school
sermons for Haslehurst. They are
all pretty well there, but the house
is a sad blank -

Best regards to your mother &
sisters - Ever your own
The Country House -