

Bernard Barton

Woodbridge 10/14/44

Dear Maria

I write thee at Tivots -
- shall hap-hazard, or, as I have heard,
our Suffolk folk say, "promiscuously,"
for I have neither any very clear
information, or intuitive perception
of thy precise whereabouts at this
moment - Lucy sent thy letter
after me into Hampshire, & there
for aught I know, it may be now,
for I cannot find it so I think I
must have left it behind me - I grieve
so sorely that I am in a state of
bewilderment on such occasions, and
seem to myself to be as one walking
in a dream - it can be understood hardly
be strange that I should have lost
thy letter, chancing, at that period,
lost myself - do not think it any degree
a mark of disrespect to thyself - for had
I been favoured with one from the
Queen of Sheba, or the Perry of old
Oliver Rowe's Letters from the Dead to
the Living, it would in all likelihood

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have faced no better. How should it
then be a safe keeper of any thing, when
a change of locality, having clean taken
him out of himself he is no longer, in
fact, himself. I have been home two
days - but I am not myself yet - it will
take a good fortnight or so shall fully
regain my personal identity. I keep
picking up, in lucid intervals, first
one & then another of the old juncos & mem-
-ories of my old self as children put
together a dissected puzzle, which they
have a vague memory of having put
together before - but, brought up this
confused babble - I had as pleasant
a visit to my dear Brother as I well
could have in such a dream-like &
confused state - but it was time for me
to go - he had two more children than
when I was there last - & the others were
almost grown out of knowledge - so
had I part away much longer & I should
have been a stranger to my own kin.
We have now I hope, mutually revived
pleasant memories, & soon the seeds of
new ones. I had a charming visit to
at Farnham Castle. found the Bishop
& whole of us frank & cordial & kind
as ever. Their place antiquely grand

not only worth seeing, but worth going
to see - & the one does not always imply
the other. But the charm of my brief
sojourn was unquestionably the perfectly
warm hearted kindness & my reception
& entertainment - I arrived on a Monday
soon after noon - & left a little before noon
the day after. In a note I had from the
Bishop a few days after leaving he says
"I look back upon your visit with very
pleasurable recollections, & only with
the drawbacks of its having been
so graphically brief: but I hope you
will let me consider it as the
first of a series - you will always
find a cordial welcome!" Oh how we
us Dr Johnson used to say, when might
touching himself or his friends peculiarly
humbled or gratified him. Whether Mrs
Dunbar was so heartily taken in & done
for by a Bishop before, I know not. But
I am not sorry that I worked myself up
to the valourous feat - for the visit was a
sort of achievement in its way. In way
of contrast the day I left the Bishop's
I went to explore the little village of
Selborne, but it led to Gilbert White's
memory - and ended at a little Public
house, in a white wash'd room, with a
table on the floor of pease & barley - rather
a different spread to that of the Episcopal

both the day before - but both were
worth experiencing - I found the House
of the Quakerist just brought by a
gent from Down who all but idolizes
his memory - & is doing up the Place
with a reverential care not to remove
any vestige or relic personally connected

GEORGETOWN
1844

pre-press
depellars in Charlsworth
Trenchhall Rectory
Norfolk

SEPTEMBER
1844
GEORGETOWN

with the former occupant - When he found
I had come some miles out of my way
to see the spot, my greeting was cordial
but on learning my name - & that I was
the Quaker Pick from Suffolk, his welcome
was overpowering - He found out to be a
friend of my old friend Thos Taylor the
author of May you like it &c - His little
account of finding my one there who
we heard of - Give my kindest regards
to all my White friends at T - Yours
BB