

Worshipful Mrs Norton

Dear Col. Fox

Hyde. Thury Oct 18.

Will you excuse the trouble and let the parcel reach my servant, as I am a ruined woman with gout, and indeed have nothing left in the world but a gown of I of Wight lace which a friend has given me & which I shall wear on Monday when I come to town.

I hope Lady Mary is the more flourishing for the Highland tour, & not ill this autumn. I have had a somewhat long holiday, my family being scattered about Scotland & the North of England, but I have rather enjoyed seeing this pretty island, with all its miniature grandeur. One sees it to the best advantage ever since the guide books took to publishing the following sentence at every third mile: "here, if the traveller be a tolerable pedestrian, he should get out & walk; the carriage will meet him at such a point: the view will amply repay us." Dr Harvey's new Cab act cannot be more rigidly enforced.

than this hint, among the Island carriers. In vain after
having struggled over rocks & up hills once or twice with
enforced industry, and dropping exhausted into the driver's arms
at the end; - I endeavored to break thro' the rule. In vain
I murmured: "Here, Maam, the traveller walks." was the stern
sentence of exile; the car on was ground; I was aided to
alight, & then left; like intruders on the sea shore, or on
the top of a green down & chalk cliff from which the vains
that "amplified" my pedestrianism, was agreeably dotted
with small parties of equally unhappy travellers who
might be seen earnestly toiling after their vehicles, instead
of being seated in them



Having thus given you a faithful notice of my style of
travelling I conclude in haste, hoping that my enclosure, as
it contains orders for my return to aird beds & foreign
letters will find you at your office, and leave you with
the greatest possible celerity.

Yours ever sincerely
Charles Dutton