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C/- 522/6/53

Paris to the House.

Friday 2nd of June, 1857.

Dear Lady John.

I am extremely sorry to let you know that I must make up my mind to be disappointed, and not to come down tomorrow. I have been for some days a perfect victim to influenza - or Hay fever - or whatever it is - and have been a terror to my fellow creatures by incessant sneezing, coughing, and weeping. To the day I distinguished myself in these parts to that wonderful extent, in a railway carriage, that I became an object of hatred to seven other people, who were really resentful of me.

Dickens's MS

379

To day, after a week of it, I am as so much worse and in such a ridiculous state, that I feel that the only thing to be done, is, to go away to Lady's Hill and get rid of the enemy.

(I would enclose a tear if it were worth any thing, but I am shedding so many while I write, that my feelings have nothing to do with them.)

I have asked my brother to put Little Dorrit into a new frock for your kind reception. When he has done so, I will call with her in Chesham Place one day when I am in town, in the hope that I may have a chance of seeing you. If I should not succeed, then I will leave her, and, on another morning when I am in town, will try again, either there or at Richmond, as I hear

of the family movements. I beg to be remembered to Lord John (if he should ever want a Kentish Freeholder's vote, I know of one at his service to the death), and am always with thanks

Very faithfully yours

Marcelline

The

Lady John Russell.

Charles S. Dickens.
Author. Born 1812
Died 1870.