

From Longmore to his sisters, Maria and Fanny

Publication/Creation

1838-1870

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(2pp)

L. 29/4

Woolton, 12th Aug^r 75

My dear Maria,

I had to go again to
Geydon about the trial *Muir v. Redgway*
on Monday last. On my return I found
the enclosed from Uncle John, wh^{ch} you may
like to see. I have replied to it, so
do not send it back to me.

We have a rather sick house.
The eruption on the body which
began at the time Willie had the
eruption has increased, & has become
a serious matter. He is now being
put under a regular course of treatment
in it, which requires much care
- a course of Arsenic. Little Pemie

has now a patch of rugworm on
his forehead - how it has come is a
mystery - but once a thing of this
sort has got into a house, it is
uncertain when it is finally got rid
of. All this has depressed us,
& as I have ~~have~~ facerache, with a
general cold, I am altogether in
the dumps, as one may say.

I am thankful that Rosalie Senior
is well, & that Isabel, Susie,
Johnny & the baby are also well.

Isabel has gone for a week to Southsea
to General Monck's - we expect her
back on Saturday. I hope you

P. 2. 12 Aug. 1875 L. 29/4

L Emma are feeling
stronger in the change
I'm all having. Today
we had hoped to have
taken the children for
a little change to a
place called Bull Head
not far from Stokes Bay

The Blatherwicks were
to have joined us in
a sort of picnic, but
the rain, which has
been my guest the last
few days, is still
continuing & has.

prevented us from
saying - With our
united love to
Joe & Emma
I am, yours
affectionate brother
Thomas



2.29/3

Dorchester
Jan 27th 1854
Wm

My dear Thomas

I suppose you
have heard from
some of our having
been at a very agreeable
party at the Peppells
last Tuesday. About
seventy persons were
assembled. Among them
were Mr. & Mrs. Adams
Bittiston, the Barkers,
Mr. Sprinkles & others who
made

kind enquiries after
you. A Pianist was
hired for the occasion.
Among the new dances
written on the Programme
were the "Nouveau ^{Menuet} Simple"
& "la Simple", a kind
of Country Dance. Have
you seen this last
figure?

I spend my time here
very agreeably in reading,
working, practising the
piano, & walking & riding
out. My Aunt is kindly
trying to make a
Ch.-

dearer girl of mine.

Have you read any
of Currier Bell's new works,
or "The Newcomer" by
Thackeray, & can you
recommend any other
new & interesting work?

My Aunt & Uncle send
their love & say that they
shall be happy to see
you at any time.
My Aunt says that
should the 19th Regt be
ordered to Lancaster she
could give you a letter
of introduction to a family
of

of much influence residing
 here, & that (if you should
 not mind the daughters
 of Cotton Lords), that you
 will find many wealthy
 young ladies at Lancaster.
 Maria said that she would
 have written to you before,
 had she not been so wholly
 engrossed with purchasing
 & packing dear Benjamin's
 furniture. It is to be hoped
 that Ben's practice may increase
 & that both he & Henrietta shall
 at length find a permanent
 home at Barnack.
 I should be very glad to receive
 a line from you here, when
 your movements shall be as-
 certained. I am sure that you
 are going so far from us as the
 north of England, but shall feel thankful
 if you can only keep clear of water.
 I have just said good night
 to my dear & kind Uncle & with love from
 the same to you & your very affectionate sister
 Maria.

2.29/3
 Gornworth
 Jan^y 27th 1834

My dear Thomas
 I suppose you
 have heard from
 some of our having
 been at a very agreeable
 party at the Heppells
 last Tuesday. About
 seventy persons were
 assembled. Among them
 were Mr. & Mrs. Robert
 Bittleston, the Barkers,
 Mr. Sprinkles & others who
 made

L. 29/2



View looking from St. Aubin's Jersey.

Aug 13, 1842.

My dear Fanny

(2 pp.)

[copy 1842]

I send you another view of the place in
which for some months at least I am fated to have
my fixing as the Americans call it. The sun is
represented as shining directly upon our Fort - between
it & the projecting tongue of land which forms part of
the harbour of St. Aubin's ~~is~~ in the foreground of the
plate ~~is~~ but so close to the Fort as to appear joined to
it, is Elizabeth Castle & the prolong'd island rock
on



on which it is built. The view gives ~~and~~ altogether
a very correct notion of the place on a fine day &
at high water. at low water Eliz^h Castle is connected
with the shore by a partly natural & part artificial
causeway & the whole bay is skirted by good
firm sand - a favorite resort both for
pedestrians & horsemen - The sands however
are of a dark - somewhat muddy - color &

Therefore fail in producing the picturesque effect
which ^{the} bright yellow sands give to many of the
watering places in England & elsewhere. As far
as I have seen - the interior of the island is pretty
in the extreme - comprising all the beauty of ever
- varying irregularity of landscape with the highest
pitch of fertility of surface. The trees grow literally
to the water's edge - just as they do in the islands
of the Fresh Lakes. Carnations & roses are still
in full bloom in the gardens - at least I have
seen them so in many of the gardens in this
neighbourhood. & the whole country wears every-
thing but a wintry aspect. The Major has lent me his
horse & a party of us are going to ride over to
Garey - a part of the island from which immense
quantities of oysters are sent to England - & so to day
I shall see some more of the Jersey scenery -
had the weather been fine I should have explored
the greater part of it long before this.
I had got so far this morning when I was interrupted
to go off into the country - we returned only in time
for

myself - & I have now scarcely time to finish the letter. The
day we have been was very pretty - the day the finest since our
arrival - but the roads excepting in the hills very muddy.
At Grouz itself is an old ruined castle called Mont Orgueil
placed on a very high rock close to the sea - I was sorry we
had not time to go up to it as it would evidently repay a
visit.

I have written so much about the place & our parties
that I should think you must be well tired of them by this
time. On Saturday some of us were at a jerry party - of the
second rate class as I should think. The classes however in this
island are very much intermingled - in Guernsey they still
keep distinct & they have a curious way of showing it. When
going out at night the Guernsey people carry lanterns just as they
were used in London before gas came into vogue. They burn
candles not oil - & a first class family is entitled to burn 6
in one lantern - a 2nd class 5 candles & so on - & a 5 candle
family would no more be admitted into 6 candle society
than the 5 candle people think of receiving 6 candle persons
at their parties. The classes though not so marked still exist
here - & our Major has been even asked how he could
think of accepting the invitation of 6 & 6 - the said 6 & 6
being only given by 4th class people. He in reply states the rule
which he has laid down for himself - which is - to go out
of politeness to ~~the~~ ^{all} people on their first invitation & to

judge for himself whether he shall
continue to visit them afterwards.
Tomorrow the performance at the Theatre
is under the patronage of Col^l Le Conte
& the officers of the one of the Battalions of the
Militia (every inhabitant of Jersey between
certain ages is compelled to serve in the
Militia) so we have to go out of
compliment to them — on Wedz is the
1st assembly — on Thursdy I dine at a Colonel
Helys — on Friday we have a meeting —
on Saturday we are engaged for a dance
at a M^{rs} Le Feuvre's Jersey people so you
see we are likely to be surprised
with what is called pleasure.

Did mamma receive the 2 newspapers
— one French — other English? She wrote
that I had not replied to all the
points in her letter — I have
re-read

reread it & do not see any thing
that I have not written about either
to Maria or Ben or someone at
home - which I suppose is all one
& the same as long as ^{the matter} goes
home - I have nothing to do
with the Cyclopaedia of Surgery
nor have I had since I left
Gatham - I believe there is
still disputing going on between the
Editor & the Publisher.

I have heard from Mr. W.
William again - he seems
to be improving slowly. He
has apparently lost all
anxiety about his supposed disease.

of the heart.

My hair has been clipped so
short that I cannot at
present conveniently comply
with your request about the
locks but I will take the
first opportunity of doing so.

Should you see Mr. Bedford
say I have been intending to write
some time - I am taking my
numerous correspondents in turn
& his will be next. John
Britten wrote me a letter full
of news the other day about the
Gopells Hoppells & many others
Yours
J. M.

old London acquaintance - have
you seen him lately? has he called?

Is it true that Miss Silke's
mother has ~~not~~ become mentally
incurable, so as to require Miss Silke
or someone to be with her constantly?

Is Miss S. intending to recommence
daily teaching - or to go out as
a governess again?

Let me hear from some
one at home soon. With love

to Papa & Mama I am
at home & when we ever
are affectionate brother

Thomas Langdon

Monday Evening

Monday Sept 22nd / 39

Sept 29 / 1
Martha Owen -
Festiniog -

My dear Maria

A day of rain - "Welsh rain" - incessant - dead-roaring - prevents my intended departure from this place - It occurred to me that I could not employ the next hour better than in writing to you - so here I am - at my bedroom window - "armed at all points" - pen in hand &c. - The scene ^{before me} - or rather - compared with its usual appearance - the want of scene - is indeed dreary - a hundred yards off is the churchyard - Its great trees - tug - & strain - & roar - in their opposition to the tempest of wind - whist - up here - loose & furious - is almost a match for them - They seem enveloped in steam - not fog - white steam - or the vapors of a bonfire - The church - low & near as it is - without steeple or tower - nothing "heaven-directed" - save a little nipple of an archway protecting the bell - is almost lost in it - The eye looks for the lofty mountains behind in vain - an impenetrable veil is over them - The woodbine & ivy round my window - appear too like myself in doleful dumps - heavy - "green & yellow melancholy" - every now & then - they shake themselves as if to rouse them from their torpor - & then - a shower of tears & down they sink again - No sky! no sun! not a patch of blue - all gone & in its place a dead frozen mass - of any color - of the color of the Indian ink when very much diluted - There is a Welsh harper playing in the gallery & but even - "Rory O'More" seems but of spirits, but of all things - most perfect in its harmony with the whole scene - comes now from a few bed rooms off - the too-tooing - of a fellow practicing the sarant with variations - on a flute - Away! - I wave my wand - the magic magic wand of the imagination - & the gloomy realities of the day are lost to me - & in their place - the enlivening brightness of hope - or if you will - the enlivening hope of brightness - comes to cheer me - Even now - as if to strengthen me in my confidence - the light falling on this paper grows brighter - I - looking up - I perceive a small speck of blue - "Turn about & wheel about - 'tis descend from any altitude" is the motto of the Welsh - Weather fairly - as well as of him of Kentucky -

So you see - the chances are all in my favor - and tomorrow - I have no doubt - will see me - journeying - over mountain over dale - as fast as "Shanks' sheltie" - as the Scotch have it - will carry me - towards Llangollen - you will like to know - as I feel I dare say - how I have spent the last week - notwithstanding the bad weather I have you - most profitably & agreeably. I have dined - & spent the evening - almost every day with the Cambridge fellows. My second arrival here was on Tuesday 8th Inst. - & having during the day scrambled up to some lead mines on the side of a mountain beyond Tan-y-bwlch - I was tired - & soon retired to rest. Wednesday was fine - & wishing to see some of the neighboring scenery. I dined early with a Mr. James - a curious appendage to this village - a man of property & good family - & who for some reasons or other has chosen to immure himself here for the last 14 years. Guillemand - by the bye - a friend of "Mr. Thos" alias Wm. Pheasant tells me he was a nephew of Cambridge one of the most eminent characters there. The following day - was misty & raining - so ~~after~~ after breakfast I read Abernethy's Lect^{rs} till 4 p.m. & dined at 5. with the Cambridge party. After coffee - at 4 p.m. we separated - & I read till 1.4.10. The next morning Friday - was brilliant - rose early - had 2 hours reading & after breakfast - left with Guillemand for Tan-y-bwlch - to meet a party from Caernarvon - who were coming over to visit the party here - Guillemand is the tutor of this party - He took high honors - got one of the chief University prizes - & is expected to carry the Hebrew prize next spring - with a capital heart as well as head - & a rich fund of anecdote - you may imagine him to be not a very unpleasant companion. We found two of the party - who had come by the mail - luncheon at the hotel - & soon we all set off together to visit some of the lions. First we visit the lions of this neighborhood - tho' no lions in habits - Mr. Bailey - & then the "Lally Bonnet" of this part - & her mansion Plas Tan-y-bwlch - & then we set off for the Maentwrog waterfalls - It would have been a fortune to Cruthshank - to have seen us in our extraordinary attire - scrambling & leaping like cats & monkeys - from tree to tree - & ledge to ledge - over mountains - valleys - through & rivers - woods - &c.

There was Gubbinsard. a curious looking little fellow ^{in spectacles} with an odd mastic shooting jacket -
trousers with blue & white stripes - & a low-browed brimmed straw hat - trimmed with green
silk - the queerest thing in life - Cory - the butler at (Parnassus) - (from G. Yarmouth. known to the Lees?)
wore a shooting coat of another construction & color - white ~~trousers~~ trousers - (all had noted straps
a here & I had dignified his brows as had the other man - Fitch - with - twisted into
the orthodox clerical form - which - is technically called - a "wideawake" - or "cutaway"
- the one - plain - excepting a blue pennant & blue ribbon wh fastened it - below the chin.
- the other - painted black above - & highly varnished. You may know them - in town the
carmen call them "jerries" - Cory was a powerful man - his face - bounded on either
side by a huge development of whisker - so was Fitch - but he declined whisker &
cultivated mustaches - The heat being oppressive - all had removed their neckerchiefs -
Neither Fitch nor I - had coats on waist coats - we wore blouses - Place in our hands - sticks
of ash - & took us up - with our dry palates - stolen from the brown clay - while sliding
down places we could not walk along de de - & you have the party complete - The fact is
that dinner time - no one ~~has~~ thinks of state of dressing - in any way excepting that which
is most agreeable & convenient - After scrambling up from the falls - we all started in
oleptic dress fashion - over stream - mountain - dale - ^{in fact} where we arrived about 4 p.m.
& where at about 4 p.m. we did our share in demolishing a magnificent dinner -
the following - The postman just now brought me Benjamin's letter - which has completely
put a stop to all my former train of ideas - It gives me much pain to hear that my not writing
has given you all so much anxiety - did you not hear of a letter I wrote to you uncle & this
not quite a fortnight previous? I am very sorry that it should have happened - especially
as mamma is in so delicate a state - but cannot really comprehend the grounds of such uneasiness
- except as you describes - I hope he has a little exaggerated it - I may as well tell you now you
will not receive again a letter from me - unless any thing happens ~~except~~ before I leave Wales
visiting Maechan place - W. B. W. will see to do - is of course out of the question - I shall return
to take the shortest way - make to Llangollen or Shrewsbury & take coach & railway -
I expect to be at home tomorrow week - I wish Ben had been more particular in his home news -
he does not mention any of you individually - He always writes just before post time & concludes
a P.S. "in haste" - I requested most particularly all the home news - He never even alludes to
the matter at issue between Papa & Grandmama - wh of course most deeply interests me -

Dear Louise - I shall direct this letter to you - it may be better as your mamma is
so nervous at state -

T. L. L.

Chronicle.

Nov 13 1875.

Melancholy Occurance 2-29/6

We regret to hear that this (Friday
morn'g. a son of Mr. William

Wernett. of High St. died from
injury to the head, caused by his
being accidentally struck by a slate
by one of his school fellows a short
time since.

'I had heard the frightful news;
previously, that one Scotch boy
in a passion, threw a slate at
Wernett, about 15 years of age.
they had a few unpleasant
words, and the slate entered his
head it was a difficult matter
to get the hair out of the wound
after three weeks of agony; his
good pious parents have been
deprived of their beloved son
What an awful thing to indulge
in passion! and revenge.

Saturday Evening,

My dear Maria, (Miss Maria Longmore)

I regret to hear that you have been a sufferer; I hope that the worst has passed away now, and may you soon be fully restored to your health.

Thank you for the very pretty encouraging card. You enclosed I want more hopefulness in the future; more thankfulness for all past favours. Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.

No one in the world has more cause for a thankful spirit than your friend. Please dear Maria to guard against cold by mounting on your body best's warm hoods & stockings and every care in not sitting in damp shoes, or drafty cottages. Let me request you to resort to Port wine

and your old cure Quinine also.
Good people are very valuable: as they
consider others and are a great
blessing to the sick, and needy too.
Hope your influenza cold and evil
rheumatism will give way to warm
prescriptions to be followed out directly
as Lady Mary Ann knows it is good
for (Lady Maria self denying) to use
at her earliest convenience.

Horace Mac has gone through the
awful examinations: but we know
not at present how successfully?

Mr. Dimont ^{yesterday} called about Blankets
for the poor, but I was at Fines H
school & little ones listened to a book
on the Ascension and answered nicely.

M^{rs} Duncan (Lady Liabell) a most kind
amiable ^{person} is now in all this pouring rain
returning home to Stafford her husband
needs his loving wife to console him
we shall miss her company she
went to St. Paul's church with me
last Sunday. Morn^g. M. a. Dick Love.

Your Uncle John has just retired from
the office of Mayor of N^ork. I think
every one of the City; must say
he was a wise and pleasant Mayor
every thing seems to have turned off
pleasantly in his year of office!
and he must rejoice that quiet will
be more his portion now, we hope.

I believe W. J. has written you lately
she is now suffering from a swelling
in her knee. They are a sickly set
had constitutions Lucy's arm still very
troublesome. never has healed at all.
Mr. Dimont. preached from the text
Prepare to meet thy God. he has had
so much death & sickness in the parish.
I must hope with yourself that
your old friend passed away from
the sorrows of time to sudden
glory: spared the trials of lingering
illness to endure and fatigue others.
Yes. indeed important to be ready for death

L 29 / 5

4 P.M.

10th April

My dear Maria.

I have been sent
for on business to London,
& your letter announcing
the sad but I don't
my unexpected event
reached me just as I
was leaving home. I

the more I read in the letter

I am now off on
my way back. I do
not yet see how I shall
be able to get away
(My Lecture day is
Tuesday & so much
other work in hand)
but I must do so,

I will somehow
if possible. I
have not been able
yet to consult
trains &c. but
I will write again
from Rochester
tomorrow. My

Mother sent me 7²
letter written a few
days ago - I then made
up my mind our poor
Aunt could not
live much longer, &
I also felt that
death would be a
merciful relief from
such suffering.