

anxiety - it is dreadful &
I am so sorry - I don't
think I can forgive him
for it - but I am & blame
some myself -

When your letter first came
& Deacon Bartholomew he
met me in the Post Office
one day and suggested
that I should see a few
of your friends and so
raise the necessary amount
for transporting the furniture
I was only too glad to do
it and easily raised the
\$70. which was all that
was necessary - Minnie Post

helped me a little on High St. We got
it all from your special friends who
were glad of an opportunity of each doing
a little while they might hesitate to send
a small amount directly to you. I hoped
that would be sufficient to pay for carting
at Clifton - but it took it all. Mr B. paid
Lunch \$24, after a little argument & the
freight was \$45.60 - When I handed Mr. Lewis
the money I said "who will write to them
that the bills are paid" - & he replied, "Oh
let Mr. Bartholomew - he is the one to do it -
he will write at once" - I had wanted to
write you the first thing that it was being
done - but they both objected so I yielded -
& it seems so dreadful to me now - Why
didn't I write? I had no idea he could
do such a thing as never to write to you
& you so sick & nervous & anxious to know
It just about breaks my heart - I went
up to Norfolk just after the goods started
& supposed it had all been attended to. I
never dreamed but that Mr. Bartholomew
would do his part in the matter, for he

was at Sachers Head nearly
all the time & really did
nothing at all but fully trust
Dea Lewis was not at any
expense personally - but his
kindness & personal attention
saved the expense of carting -
So he will at once return
you check - I cannot imagine
his not answering your two
letters on the subject - it
was impardonable & I trust
I shall be given grace on
Sunday not to recd folk
the reasons as they deserve -
I take my full share of the
stupidity also, only I was
acting under orders -

Your letter dear friend was
so beautiful in word and
thought and I can so easily
understand your feeling in
this great trial that our
Father has laid upon you
and feel my own limitations
as keenly as they fall so
far short of my longing
desire to be of service to you
& yours. Let us lay aside
these feelings - we surely
know the others heart in
the matter and speak
freely & without reserve -
I do as long to be of some
practical service - is there
not someone to whom I

could write about your circumstances - it
is as much easier to write for another than
for our self - I have seriously considered writing
to the Nurses Bells in Phil^a, knowing how hard
it is to address ones relatives - but I feared it
would be an unwarrantable interference, but
I should be very glad to write any where for
I know the matter is so & such a hard one
for everybody.

When I think of the dreadful heart breaking
labours Miss Dear Mrs Polden had while
packing that furniture & of the many annoy-
ances that came to her while she was doing it,
I just feel faint & sick to think you should
have such a complication in getting it again
& instead of saying such nice things as you
always do about Bristol people - I should
think you would want to call us all dolts
& block heads - I cannot find words to express
my annoyance -

Grandma is so disturbed about it that she
wants me to telegraph in the morning but
Mamma fears it will scold you - She is always
so pleased with a message from you - I think it
is Mrs Julius Nott whom you refer to -
Give my penitential love to Mrs Polden, this has taught