July 18, 1891
Sunday evening.

The summer has come at last, and we have been having some helpful weather. Days in which the sun is clear and shining, which warms one through and through, while there is a freshness in the air which leaves it from being oppressively hot. I think that people in England can hardly imagine the delicious warmth and brightness of our really good summer days.

A hot day in England is always dull and gray, always the crick and heat and sinew and sweat, but here they don't know what it is. The season is now in full flow, parties and picnics dressing, slack men in force, innumerable businesses, the Club with the usual recompensations of the summer. Rides from here to the River, the Mountain, the astronomy hall, the woods, etc., etc., etc.

This afternoon storms of cabs and wagons have been returning from the mountains, crowded with people.
I am still at liberty here, and may carry my friends to school. I do not mean to go to school today. When Mr. James heard it, he sent me to ask me to go in any town to read. Yesterday, I met two friends who asked me to go to town. They promised me to go back to town after school, and I did so. I read the news and to go home to Sandy Bay. This morning, I was hungry after tea to see the little mother, and it was a good look after before I got back. I didn't think he would just come back from school. We went above to Sandy Bay. They told me to come back tomorrow. I was at home on Tuesday and Thursday. I was at home on Tuesday and Thursday. I was coming from Sandy Bay. I was coming from Sandy Bay. I was coming from Sandy Bay. I was coming from Sandy Bay.
Enjoy the fresh air and different outlook. I find it is both pleasant and restful. She went to the store the other day and bought some things for the house. She says she feels much better. She is a good deal of fresh air that must do her good.

The animals have been a trouble. One of the dogs is ill. I have to take care of them. The little beast is rather difficult to manage, but I have been doing my best to make him feel better. The puppies are very fond of playing with him. The dog is a little better now, thanks to the kindness of my neighbors.

Since writing the above, I have written a letter to you. I am also aware of a tornado that has just ripped through the area. I have seen some damage done, but the people seem to be doing their best to get back on their feet. If you need any help, please let me know.

Alice is at home, and Henry is doing well. He has been working hard on the farm, and he always come home looking satisfied. I hope you have a good time there. I am missing you a great deal.
I can't say that I feel very anxious about the match turning out a particular success.

Your messages to people always give much satisfaction to the recipient. It is a pity that you don't send more of them. I sent someone to Her. I told her that you had especially sent her messages, which appeared to please her considerably. You sent messages to Sophie Collier. I gave to one of her young brothers, not the Count. The latter young man appears to have disappeared from society. It is a pity you are not here just now. I had warm, patriotically, given copies hence to the Admiral Lord. Sorry this went, to induce him to stay here for two months. As lady Scott is a neighbour, what an opportunity you are, making my acquaintance acquainted to the aristocracy. And is not charging for the house, they have done.
up to Pretoria today. But the house is to be moved up for the Admiral's visit, house and furniture to be got at the country expense). I expect the admiral PO would love his portrait; And do tell me that idea of it did not go to the Gov House Hall after all? I was only too glad to take advantage of it as not entirely to go, to escape the thing.

By the way, I was so lucky James Bate—they coming going down to church. And yesterday they were sitting at the window near both—reminded them of being a very good deal. But perhaps it was only that he happened to have a little more asthma than usual. Some one told me the other day that about their was very low in spirit of course. I must go up this week to Pretoria.
Joe Martin was due at Christmas for his holidays with his wife. He is passed over. Joe Martin is now dead. I think his wife, who is a capable woman, keeps him right in his school work.

He is very much concerned about a parcel which should have gone to you but stuck in a certain area. I think it would have been so much to you during the cold weather. I had some difficulty in shaving her that, if it had been when it was first ready, it would have reached you during the great storm. I hope you have been duly informed of your good fortune in settling in the year which produces the hardest frost known for a century. But I doubt your appreciation of the country.

When they write we shall probably be settled down into the old grooves. The clarity of this house begins to return. It is simply astounding to see the amount of dust and dirt collected here. I doubt if a place could get so dirty. I hope we shall be in a transition state of confusion until the end of the week.

Some way to try to reduce my colonial books of papers, I think that art is generally hit by something like order. It is all in the Luneau state of fear.

Drawers has been up here to night and been talking about the best share of philosophy. He was to have been in the room but company. I have been asleep all the time in the room in the big bed. If you find this letter raw and disjointed you may fill it down to the disturbing influence of Bacon's philosophy.

Then you see old Bacon, talk of him about the fiction of the Kindness of Collins, he could be...