

West End House

May 18th, 1833

My dear and ever kind Uncle,

I write this from my Uncle John's beautiful residence in Gloucestershire, where Mamma and myself are passing sometime very delightfully, amid the finest scenery imaginable, quite an English Arcadia, and we have a view from the Quarter Deck (The name given by Admiral Cospoys[?]), who resided here, to the wide Terrace walk) of twenty miles in extent, and so richly wooded, that it appears one vast park. I am so enthusiastic in admiration of the beauties of Nature, that I quite luxuriate in my present enjoyment of them, and ~~between~~ sketching scenery, and painting flowers & all from the life reading, music, riding on horse-back, and in the carriage and strolling about the charming gardens, lanes and fields around here, my time passes in one round of mental and bodily enjoyment, varied by delightful society, which, when rational, and profitable, I mingle in, with as much real and sincere pleasure anyone can do, tho' a constant routine of idle gossiping calls in a morning, and a heartless, unintellectual crouds in an evening, would to me be a perfect misery - and my surprise is, how any persons, capable of appreciating more rational pursuits and amusements, can give up their talents and energies at so false a shrine - I do not call this society - it is, as Curran justly remarked, "One fool getting on the back of many, to fly from himself" - for no one loves the society and familiar and frequent intercourse with a few valued friends more than myself, I were lost without it, and the constant fund of literary enjoyment they provide, is equally indispensable.

to my happiness. Food for the body is no good thing, and I fancy most of us would be puzzled if put on Chameleons diet, but food for the mind is as requisite to some constitutions, and mine is one-I must always have some projects on foot, if one fail, I devise a dozen more in its place but it is society, emulation, ambition (if you will) a restless and enquiring spirit, combined with the constant insights to active and energetic exertion of the mind that creates these projects, and gives me perseverance for their completion:-now this digression brings me to the most important part of my epistle-which I must execute by putting a few questions to you, ^{my} assuring you, dear Uncle at the same time how truly grateful and proud I feel for your kind intentions towards me, which your brief letter to Mamma, forwarded here by Uncle Henry has made further known to me- In the first place (for as we all think your allusions to Mamma and Pops leaving England must be intended "en badinge" I pass that over) can you imagine that my parents, with all their fond and ^{DEAR} affection for an only child could suffer an eternal separation from her voluntarily?-to say nothing of that child's feelings on her own part - secondly - that any one of my habits and pursuits could bear the estrangement from all the many delights afforded them by living in a civilized (pardon the word) country and among friends whom, did I choose or could I afford it I might speedily extend ~~to~~ a much larger circle for I am no longer unknown in my native town, and I fear appreciated beyond my merits, that is in my literary avocations and I hear my forthcoming volume is anxiously expected - the success of which (for I am sanguine) will lead to introductions for my pencil, especially as it will have illustrations on wood (engravings) of my own original drawings - something new in the

book-line - but to return - Where would my literature be in V.D.L.? writing sonnets to whales and porpoises - Canzonets to Kangaroos - Madrigals to "prime merinoes" and dirges to Black Swans, illustrated by portraits of the engaging and lovely natives, semi-human natives I mean - where would my constant intelligence of all new productions (many of which I review for a kind, very kind and dear friend who edits our Birmingham Journal and whose "Poets Corner" is renowned for my often contributions) where would be all the literary papers, periodicals, new music, new engravings &c, &c? &c with which I am now enlivened, amused and excited to "go and do likewise". In third place (I must now speak without regard of our kindred) supposing myself competent, perhaps I am, to undertake all the tuition part of your establishment, for those very branches, being so rarely united in one individual, I might easily even in this redundancy of Governesses, obtain £100 per annum in England, without risk of a long and dangerous voyage, after which, if I did not like my situation I must toil several years for the bare means of conveying my lonely broken spirit home again, my place lost in the path which I hope I am now treading, and my mind weakened and rendered incapable of a new effort - and much as it would delight me to see you all again, I scarcely need say I must finally decline your very kind and generous offer, with the truest gratitude for the feelings of affection and good opinion which prompted it - I beg you to present my love to Mrs Meredith, repeating my poor acknowledgements, and best thanks for her kind intentions - pray assure her of the pleasure it will give me to hear from her, in which Mamma will, I am sure participate - Of course you must here this have heard from my Uncle

Henry of Mamma's severe affliction, last December she had a paralytic stroke, which, for a time deprived her the use of the right side, nor has she yet entirely recovered it in the hand & arm, but is tolerably well in general health, she would write you herself but feels awkward in writing long and so generally makes me her ^(illegible) that she very rarely takes pen in hand. You will find this epistle a bad specimen of my correspondence as I writing while Mamma, my Uncle and Aunt play dimmy ^{Gradröller (?)} for I hate cards, and never play if I can avoid joining in so vapid ^(?) and irrational a diversion, all the terms of the game are so often repeated that I am sometimes on the eve of writing them - We are most truly rejoiced at dear Louisa's happy marriage I wrote to her the evening previous to my journey hither the' very unfit for the task having suffered most severely from the prevailing epidemic Influenza which confined me to my bed above a week, and rendered me so weak that I was lifted ^{up} into a carriage only the day before I came here. My Uncle came for us and waited several days for my partial recovery which is now complete, but I suffer much from the intense heat we have now, as does Mamma → My Uncle and Aunt are both extremely kind, and make our visit quite delightful, we are going out next week for a few days to see Tintern Abbey, Chepstow Castle and Piersfield - from which excursion(s) ^(?) I anticipate great pleasure, as I sketch anything that particularly pleases me, and have taken so pretty and correct a view of my Uncle's lovely residence that he intends having it engraved - We are practising archery, which I delight in, and improve fast - I wonder you do not introduce it in Hobarton - I have received from George a very long and truly interesting letter, which has given us more information than all the other letters (except your own) yet arrived

from Tasmania; I cannot express to you how much it gratifies me, more especially from the inexplicable and mysterious silence respecting him, which is so strictly maintained by yourself and the other members of your family, you have give distinct(?) hints which at such a distance are, pardon my freedom, ill-advised, as they lead to endless and distressing conjectures - He mentions his intended voyage to New Zealand, and Mr. Watson in a letter from London to myself mentions his own, Mr. ~~Watson~~ regret at the "circumstances which compel him to quit his adopted country" - You may imagine we feel a ^{great} anxiety respecting his real fate, and sincerely hope to receive more satisfactory and decisive intelligence I am sorry to hear of Sarah's illness, and hope she will not experience a return of such serious symptoms, but is gaily and visiting calculated to preserve the health of anyone liable to nervous disorders, I fully expect to hear of both herself and (*illegible*) following their dear sister's example - and shall most heartily rejoice in their happiness - Another great political meeting has just taken place in Birmingham and I understand, went off quietly - Mr. Atwood is a wonderful man pray Heaven he be not a misguided and ambitious one - I respect his private character much, and am proud of his high opinion of myself - You would scarcely know Birmingham again, we have such handsome buildings erected, and our Town Hall now in progress, will rival if not exceed the famed Parthenon of letters. I shall send you an engraving of it with some books I shall entrust to Mr. Watson's care for Mrs Bell and her sister Sarah mentioned having procured a Nautilus for me sometime since. and I was much dis-appointed at not receiving it by the Henry, I value any thing of the kind extremely, the whales ear drum which dear Charles sent me is quite a prize - and my younger cousin's parrots are entrusted to

a clever ornithologist to be properly arranged and put in case for the adornment of that sanctum whose walls are hung round with my own productions and esteemed engravings many presented by my Uncle John and other friends, and some pinched out of my little savings, my book case is also well filled and I have a host of curiosity collections, that I fancy would puzzle Mr. George Tobins himself himself to describe adequately - a draw of neatly arranged shells from V.D.L. and a tiger skin obtained from the same, form two more of my valuables which with busts, casts, china, folios, and all the other movables of my double profession as artist and scribbler form some small variety of my chattles - I should look far for all these little luxuries for such they are to me, in Van Dieman's Land -?

Mrs John Aston and family are well, they have moved to a large, pleasant, comfortable house in Wharstone Lane - My Uncle Henry has suffered from influenza - and Henry and Mrs H. N(?) are gone to the sea. Mr. John Cope continues much as usual. I should think you have the Birmingham Journal at Hobartton, it being a radical paper, edited by a most able, kind and much-esteemed friend of mine, Mr. Lewis, who has brought me and my interests forward at Birm. and is publishing my work - I often contribute poems and literary critiques to his paper. He has promised to procure me a file of your papers from the N. and T. American Coffee House - I long to read your leaders, and often wish I could introduce you to Mr. L. He is the only person I ever knew whom I could place in the same rank - I have just had a letter from him enclosing me some proofs and flanked by Mr. Atwood who came with O'Connell to Birm. to the meeting. The good folks here are ultra Tories I am a great admirer of republicanism for a new country but can not

imagine it can agree with John Bull's long established notions - I suppose
your House of Assembly is certain - don't fancy me a politician in
petticoats, but I hear so much, that I cannot help now and then talking
myself - I am verging towards the end of my two sheets, for I dare
not venture crossing my literary hieroglyphics lest they prove unintellig-
ible - Mamma, my Uncle and Aunt join me in every kind remembrance to all
your circle at New Town, Hobarton & Swan Port - believe my dear Uncle in
the grateful affection of your ever attached niece

Louisa Anne Twamley