

Cape Town, Oct. 1863

My dear Loui;

This morning brought no
Over land Mail Letters, which
will, therefore, probably
arrive on Monday next. We
should all so have liked to have
heard by this time, how you
are, - Trusting so much that
you have again recovered from
your last attack of weakness.
From the enclosures which you
sent per last Mail, we almost
conclude that you wrote to Dr.
Mann regarding your health,
and we should indeed be very
glad to hear that you had con-
sulted ~~the~~ ^{some} ~~advice~~ ^{medical}
man, to whom you may feel so
much confidence, as I believe
you have in his skill. It may
indeed be that you would not soon
be able to see him; - but I trust,
I need not say, that this may
indeed be the case. Please, dear
Loui, may I ask you, in case even that
I should be mistaken, and you had
written to him, for some other reason
than that of your health, - that whoever

of the two (either Dr. Mann or
Dr. Callaway) will be ^{first} personally
accessible to you (and I should
think one of them would gladly
soon to be coming to I believe
on a visit) you will not hesitate
to consult with him ~~with~~
regard to your health, and
readily do whatever you pos-
sibly can do for its restoration,
- at least as far as human
aid goes. - Regarding our-
selves, - the chief event is
that on Tuesday last the
nurse left and not being
able on account of private
reasons of her own (mostly I
think arising out of the care
of a daughter just grown up) to
be longer absent from home. So
one week earlier the charge of
baby has entirely fallen to
Jemmie, - except that Mrs.

Mason comes every morning
to wash and dress baby. This
is indeed some comfort and
a great help at present to Jemmie.
Jemmie did not wish to engage
a new nurse now, - as she thought
it would rather add to the dis-
comfort and anxiety to have
a strange woman for a short
time in the house! Happily
baby is doing exceedingly
well, its existence ~~is~~ still mostly
consists in sleeping, drinking
a little crying, and ~~at~~ some ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~old~~
occasional intervals of quiet thought-
ful wakefulness. Both mother
and child want very much
going out again; - since Saturday
last none of them, nor even
Becka (who still retains a few
remnants of her cold, though
much better) have been out
of doors. The weather has been
very unfavorable. Yesterday we had

and hail (though not very
large stones, more sleet). Beside
baby, there is of course no news of
importance from here. Jennie
is pretty well, - only rather nervous
by the unavoidable staying in
doors. Today we had better weather,
but it was too cold. Tomorrow
I trust it will be sufficiently
warm to allow her to go out. Baby
has grown so much, is at least twice
as heavy, as three weeks ago; very
expressive face, ~~soft~~ cheeks,
receding double chin, - mouth more
like her mother's than ^{me}. Nose more
~~like~~ ^{like} mine. Eyes not mine. The Dr. has
not been in the house for a long time.
Nellie's Astronomy Classes will not
begin ^{again} before the 10th, if she attends
them again, which we should like her
to do, and offered her. The Macbeas will
not again be there. They find the weekly
march in & out town ^{very} assisted
either by Omnibus or Cart. You need
a tax for their strength. - Though
we are looking out for a house,

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yet we think it very doubtful,
whether we shall find a more
suitable one. - Living out in the
country is at least for the next
six months out of the question,
for it is not likely that the Nyberg
Railway will be finished before
that time, and we find it impossible
in any other way to manage it, -
nor are we sure that we shall be
able to manage it in this way.
Gemme is now almost the
whole day down stairs. She breaks
fast, indeed up stairs in bed,
then dresses, - has her portwine
and bread, and comes down with the
baby, who sleeps the greater
part of the day in a corner in
the drawing room, between the
chimney and the bookshelves;
on a temporary bed made on the
top of a box. She dines mostly
now with us in the dining room,
has her afternoon cocoa about
four o'clock in the drawing room,
and then about sunset goes up
stairs, has her tea, - undresses baby
with

with Nellie's help, puts her to bed, -
goes then herself to bed, - and
has her guest as the last thing
at night, - with some gruel
always kept warm for her during
the night. She feels she says
some times like a mealie milk
which has to ^{be} ~~given~~ ^{such a very}
^{for herself good for that long} ~~given~~ ^{concomitant} ~~with~~
great quantity of ~~meat~~ ^{meat} ~~and~~ ^{of course}
my quoting this (without her
permission) to you. I am very
glad my holidays are still taking
at least some part of this
month. They just begin to put
up the book cases in my room,
which looks rather smart, with
a handsome chimney piece.
The whole Library presents now
a very different appearance,
its ~~last~~ ^{last} ~~year~~ ^{year} ~~being~~ ^{being} ~~nearly~~ ^{nearly}
completed. The last two years
about £4,000 has been spent
upon it as Parliamentary Grant.
So I am almost all day at home,
& can help nursing baby, - in my

mysteries of which department
(I mean that of nursing) I am
gradually initiated. I have
also to play with little Bella, and
to let her read & write. Further
I have to tease Nellie, - and I am
afraid that part of my task is
the only one in which I may be
said to achieve any perfectness.
Baby is just roaring as if
she were being roasted alive, - she
is up stairs I suppose under pro-
cess of being made right and put
to bed. I sit just under her in the
drawing room, at the foot end of
the sofa, where my study table
stands, and write you all this
nonsense. The screaming has ceased,
it did not at last about a minute,
but baby has certainly good lungs,
as she is a most perfectly healthy
baby, - of course her mama (and
sometimes also her footish papa)
is frightened about all sorts of
imaginary ills. You may be sure
we worry ourselves quite sufficiently
about the little thing, who has
grown

grown considerably more human
since her first appearance in
this "vale of tears," as we do not call
it. It is very interesting to observe
the gradual growth of ~~decent~~ humanity
in the little animal, for you must
know (shocked or not shocked) that
we are firm believers of the Develop-
ment theory. Apropos! Have you
read the reverse ~~of~~ that doctrine
in Kingsley "Water Babies," when
he speaks of the degeneration
of the Do as you would be done
"Habababoo's," as we call
them. If I was very rich, I would
buy that book and send it to some one
in present, but at present I feel
I have no right to do any such thing.
In fact it is charming nonsense, though
there are few people who will not find
it silly. But Paterfamilias knows
that also silly things have their rights.
Therefore - I am afraid I must
conclude this letter ^{to you and all the nephews and nieces} with the
love your affectionate uncle