



especially the friend of women the one woman whose
hand has always been held up
to support the feeble voice of the woman
that is Emma L. Emma C. I of course
for her to the angels, always your affectionate
My dearest C.C. loves to
refer to Sally. I am a doctor
heard from me of you since you
left. How is it with you? I don't
hope this letter will be forwarded
after you and that you are at this
very moment breathing health
as I breathe on the Atlantic
far away from this burning
old Europe. How I wish dear
C.C. I could be your doctor, would
I just dose you with portwine,
milk, glycerine taken internally
raw eggs succulent meat
above all with some saline
in the fashion of a hip or two
every time you see your
2637

is all very
fine & to cure you externally
that you want is is to
replenishment of blood -
I will maintain in the best
of all the ^{of} in the world that
never was sweeter than
than yours never certain
a sweeter breath and all
those things are so much
in your favour - all the
people who have had need
of the nature you fear have
had sweet sound sleep, and
less than all such juice
as the breath as yours
I have known several
of coughs & blood ^{from}
by too much ^{of} ^{the}
fatigue body or mentally

or hearty - may cause melting
which I wish to see it, and
where there is a fear from ⁱⁿ
misfortune of such a disease may
confirm the suspicion that it is
but it is not the thing
more those ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{of}
cancer whose father was very
suspicious had a tumour which
prevented her to death and
she had it cut out - she was
ill for a long time but finally
got quite well and finally
had several children - has
and her wheated blood since
full of disease on the present
side and on the present
the fact - it is all very
& uncertain but from
does not like it and ^{is}
sweet blood ^{of} ^{the} ^{is}
tries to diminish it

much. Please eat and drink
Do not be tormented in any way. I wish
I could have managed to get to Exeter
this year so as to have had a
few of you as I had when you were
ill at Buxton. Sometimes
I wish I could give you some of my
steel - particularly in my veins
from my head. I want to give you
for a day or two - and the
copy again but the glass has
changed finally. The glass has
been reading for plants
at Mrs Bicknell's place
There is an article of mine on the
the journal in July I forgot the
date when I showed the paper to
you. It is called a French article
and I do hope that my sketch of you
& Kington written last autumn but
I wish you eye some where in America
but I scribbled it to Ellen A to post
and she posted it without registering
I fear it is lost. - I had you
see what pretty compliments I say for
I say Kington was a good wife & good
mother but C. C. & C. C.