And so out of all the dear life long talk one remembers two or three disjointed words here & there a look & tone — But I think there is something greater still — a sort of certainty of Love far far beyond our deserts — perhaps it may be ours even now — God knows I at least cannot be more unworthy of it than I was then (1864-65 Journal)

Anny began keeping a journal about a month after Thackeray's death. The journal contains reminiscences of Anny's life from the time she was three years old. Described are not only events but feelings, as Anny remembers them and tries to analyze them. The recollected happiness of joyful occasions is often aborted by her present feelings of loss and sorrow. The above entry from the 1864 journal is characteristic of its content and tone—showing her pain, her love, and her feelings of guilt.

At the time of Thackeray's death Anny was twenty-six, unmarried, intellectually unchanneled, rebellious against the rules that bound a Victorian woman. Thackeray had been the center of her life. It is not strange then, that with Thackeray's increasing illness, Anny would panic, her jealousy intensify and focus on anyone or anything that threatened to take him from her. It is also understandable that his illness and death would bring on a sense of guilt over the moments of distance from her father caused by her generally unrealized desire for independence or her minor failures—for instance, her repeated late-
ness. At the same time she was so close to her father that she naturally worked out some of her complex feelings toward him after his death by, in effect, trying to replace him, a more successful act that combined fidelity and independence. She assumed his role in the family, looking after Isabella, protecting Minny, dealing with Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth. In addition, she confirmed this new position by becoming the family breadwinner.

Before her father’s death Anny was, while clearly an intelligent young woman, a dilettante writer and volunteer social worker who bemoaned her fate much like Horatia in “Out of the World.” After his death, she assumed responsibility for her family and for herself, and she began to write in earnest. In the 1864 journal she searches not only for her dead father but for her living self.

Anny used the journal as a means of exploring her inner self and facing her personal devils. While she was pouring out her anguish in the journal, she had assumed Thackeray’s position as head of the household. The weaker Minny remained a child under Anny’s protection; Isabella, unmindful of the family tragedy, lived on, needing care and supervision. The sorrowing Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth grew more menacing in her religious mania. Thackeray was aware of the clash of wills between his mother and his daughters, particularly with Anny. In the 1864 journal Anny revealed Thackeray’s doubts about his mother and daughters living together once again. He had said to Anny: “it will be a very dismal life for you when I am gone. I have a great mind to put it into my will that you are not to live with Grannie.” His forebodings about the difficulties of the three women living together was borne out after he died. This was the real world Anny faced and dealt with, while in secret she examined her past, reconstructing her shattered life in the only way she knew: through the pages of her journal.

The 1864-65 journal is not one based on daily entries; the writing spans more than the year and a half. Anny not only covers her own life from her birth to the time she writes her last sentence, but she moves back into Thackeray’s youth. Time is elastic; wherever her thoughts take her, she is present. She tells stories within stories. She remembers a specific occasion when Thackeray told her an anecdote about his past. In this way, the journal concentrates on feelings, wherever and whenever they occur. The alternation between time periods is further complicated by Anny’s abrupt swing into the present tense when describing events in the past.

At times she appears desperate to put into words every picture,
every word, every mood she can remember about her father, often insisting that he is still alive. “Papa has beautiful white hands with pink knuckles & long nails — His eyes are so soft & large — his voice is low & gentle — he holds down his cheek to kiss & he presses our foreheads.” For a grieving Anny, this is the way Thackeray is—and always will be. Only renewed realization of loss brings her back to reality.

In addition to its value as a record of Anne Thackeray’s lament for her dead father, and as a more generalized work in terms of the basic father-daughter relationship, the journal serves as a source book of intimate details concerning Thackeray himself. Conscious of his failing health, Thackeray appeared to be taking stock of his younger days. The glimpses he gave Anny of his youth prove extremely revealing. ‘I am sure I must have been a most affected boy’ Papa said he never would ask anybody’s name.” He inspected his past actions impartially. “I have never done anything wrong in my life. Only once when I was a boy I did not pay back some money as quickly as I might have done. I kept the ten pounds for three months after I might have paid it.” He recounts events from his youth: how he had as a boy set by a secret store of brown sugar in a book; how he dreamed that the devil had gotten his nose and how he hid under the sheets; how they had made the coach ride to Paris when Isabella had gone mad. “He said Bhuu — What a terrible night that was —” Anny recounts that “Papa has told us how one day he was at his desk writing when Brodie came & asked him for some money & he changed the last five pounds he had to give it her, and we children were in one room crying and Mamma was raving in the other.”

Anny’s descriptions of her father are equally valuable. He “liked going to the play”; he did not like “cutting his nails”; when she expressed a desire for a shawl, he went to Marshall & Snelgrove that very day and bought her one; he was guilty at times of personal stinginess as well as of confessing that he swore at his clubs (a fact he was not ashamed of).

Anny’s descriptions of his physical appearance are rich with detail. I can see him passing his hand through his hair laughing at the children pouring out his tea. Then he liked pacing across the room & counting his steps from one place & another — his smile is extraordinarily sweet his voice is low & gentle.

I can see him swinging his arms as he walks I can see him looking out over the ship sides & placing his spectacles that are always slipping.
These are memories of a daughter who was in close contact with her father; these are also a novelist's telling particulars about the living Thackeray. He was no myth to her, no immortal; he was gentle to the cat; he came downstairs in his long dressing gown; "Brilliant conversation bored Papa he liked easy going talk"; he called her his "blessing"; he pronounced a sham benediction on her; he liked old curiosity shops and silversmiths; he always made jokes; when she bored him he would caution her "vous Radotez ma chère — & laugh so kindly"; he fell asleep and snored at the Athenaeum and at St. Paul's. "When we used to come & stand near his chair he had a way of putting up his hand to us backwards. Dear hand that was never closed never withheld. I am aching to touch it to speak to him once more." Anny moves from a physical description to symbolic meaning, to a personal revelation. Despite her grief, she was developing as a writer.

Although Anny reveals many of Thackeray's work habits and literary opinions, she focuses mainly on Thackeray the father and her relationship with him. To jog her memory about details of their life she refers to his diaries as well as her own. These entries keep alive for her the past so that it does not disappear as Thackeray did. At the start she despairs of capturing his essence. "It does not sound the same when it is written down," she laments. The outmoded theory of Thackeray the cynic is denounced; Thackeray the clubman and bon vivant did not exist for Anny. What emerges is Thackeray the loving but fallible father, generous friend, and dedicated artist. She does not inter the bad with his bones, does not hide his faults and flaws as she knew them; for her his good far outweighs them. He gave her the "certainty of love," and with that gone, her inner life collapsed. Although she was able, outwardly, to function as the head of the family, she became deeply troubled.

The natural reaction to the death of a father was further exacerbated in Anny's case by her feelings of guilt. Several reasons for this suggest themselves. In many ways Anny was still immature, and her childlike regrets for having been "wicked" stem from this immaturity. She also suffered from strong feelings of disloyalty to her father which can be ascribed to her wish to become independent while at the same time she found herself unable to act. Her writing at this time suggests another cause of her feelings of guilt. Despite the fact that Thackeray wanted her to have a career and suggested the topic for her first published article, she believed that, in some way, she risked usurping his calling. Her deepest feeling of guilt was provoked by Thackeray's death itself:
she was alive and he was dead. In addition, she was troubled by the feelings of jealousy she had experienced over her father.

The depth of her self-blame was nearly overwhelming. She bewailed her unworthiness, castigated herself for her jealousy:

Here once for all I will write down in case in after life I should ever ever forget or forgive myself.

That in these last days I think I must have been almost out of my mind at times. I can remember thoughts so impatient so unloyal so irritable & wicked. An absurd jealousy & suspicion had seized hold of me. The Last day my Father lived I went to church & prayed so fervently for myself to be delivered from it, that I did not think to pray for him.

Despite the fact that she recognized after his death how upset she had been at the time of Thackeray’s last illness, she judged her own actions harshly and without forgiveness. Thackeray had recognized this tendency in her toward self-flagellation. “Papa once said — not long ago — Anny always manages to reproach herself whatever happens. I remember he said on my last birthday You are reproaching yourself about every thing today —” Although Thackeray had detected Minny’s jealousy, toward Anny’s either he was blind or he chose not to see it, or perhaps she was able to hide it. It would take many years for her to forgive herself and accept these emotions as natural. Only in her last novel, Mrs. Dymond, does a heroine of Anny’s learn generally to accept her own frailties and to relinquish the attempt to be a model of perfection.

Anny’s jealousy appears to be free-floating in that it had no specific focus. It was entangled with guilt, and other feelings of unworthiness and “wickedness.” Up until the last year of her father’s life she had been able to keep all these destructive responses under control. However, when he became threateningly ill more and more often, her fear of losing him made control impossible. In the journal she realizes that “he was never well all this year.” Some references seem clear and others have the authentic vagueness of someone struggling to understand past behavior. After Thackeray’s last carriage ride, Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth, sibyl-like, had prophesied:

‘I could not bear to see the carriage drive up with Charles & Sims in their great black wagon

I said ‘What harm could that do us’ or something of the sort but I did feel a chill & at night when I went to the Coles with Katie I was so very wretched & I did try not to be jealous
And then next morning Fanny said Mr. Thackeray is not well Miss, & I went into his room in a sort-of rage of sorryness.

Frightened at the unsubtle allusion to a funeral coach, Anny tries to dispel this image but cannot. At the Coles' the sight of a family consisting of father, mother, and children underscored the frailty of her own family structure. She became envious of what she did not have as well as wretched over what she was afraid to lose. The "rage of sorryness" that tortured her when she found out the next morning that Thackeray was ill was caused by the guilt she felt in this implicit criticism of her father.

The Yates affair had elicited an earlier wave of jealousy and guilt: "As we were coming home in the dark at Knightsbridge we met the Collins who said he had been to see them, to show them something with Mr. Yates had written. I pray God to be forgiven for my wicked anger and absurd jealousy." Anny was angry at, and jealous of, a situation that became the focus of Thackeray's attention and that caused him discomfort and pain.

Thackeray's work was often a source of difficulty for Anny: "Papa once said to me, not pleased, — I find you have been complaining out of the house to two different people & expressing your desire that I should leave it — I said Yes, I had always said so to him that I could not bear to see him work when he was ill." Understandable as Anny's concern for Thackeray’s welfare may be, complaints to people outside her family were inappropriate. From Thackeray's point of view, Anny was interfering in his life. Her undue distress at his working when he was ill once again suggests guilt feelings. And to add to her burden, he was working to accumulate a fortune to leave to her and Minny. Therefore, believed Anny, she and her sister were responsible for hastening his death.

At the start of the journal there is a paragraph that has no reference to anything before or after it and that suggests Anny's jealousy of her sister. Further isolation from the paragraph which follows it (by a space in the folio) contributes to the evidence that Anny stopped writing at this point. It is one of the rare instances in which Anny presents an anecdote out of the past without any commentary in the present: "Grannie said one day that Minny had a pretty voice & I said has Minny got a nice voice & Papa said Min has a very sweet little pipe of her own." Anny exhibits tremendous willpower. She reveals the episode but she does not articulate her jealousy. Her halt in the narrative
at this point is a compelling indication that her thoughts proved to be too difficult for her to handle. Minny’s jealousy of Anny showed itself in overt actions; Anny, however, was ashamed of this same feeling toward her sister and tried to repress it.

One of Anny’s earliest memories included Minny in a negative manner. At times of stress, old patterns of behavior reassert themselves—the child in us gains sovereignty over the adult. Ray notes that Anny

Throughout this period . . . was haunted by a vivid memory of early childhood, Thackeray’s putting out the light in the stage-coach to punish her for being naughty during their journey to Paris in 1840 after her mother’s madness had declared itself.4

At the time she was a child Thackeray had put out the light in the coach as punishment for her making the baby cry. Minny was therefore the cause for the light going out in the coach, or so the child Anny thought.

In her journal Anny, childlike, fears “Has the light gone out now for us, because we were not quiet & good?” Minny’s weakness and her grandmother’s intractability made it imperative for Anny to have the adult in her assert supremacy over the child. It was necessary for someone to take charge of the Thackeray affairs, and Anny was the only one capable of it.

In a letter dated 1 May 1864, Anny wrote: “My little Minny is asleep now too sad to keep awake tonight — But she is much better thank God & the aching leaves off for a while now & then — Only she looks thin and so wan at times that I can’t bear it, but thank God she is much better.”5 Despite her old jealousy of her sister, Anny loved Minny. What had been an older sister’s protectiveness before Thackeray’s death turned into maternal feeling as Anny looked on Minny no longer as a sister but as a daughter. Anny’s own distraction was apparent in the repetition of “she is much better thank God.” Outwardly Anny worried about her more fragile and delicately balanced sister; inwardly she agonized over her past sin of jealousy. Anny loved Minny, but as a rival for Thackeray’s affection she fought unconsciously for supremacy over her younger sister, recording naively Minny’s “failings.” In real life Anny was caring for Minny, Isabella, and her grandmother; in her journal, she pushed them aside. When they impinged upon her thoughts, she was impatient for them to leave—to make room for Thackeray and Anny.
Anny begins her journal with a memory from her childhood. “Papa called Minny Min & me Nan very often.” In addition to re-creating her father, she is trying to establish a separate identity for herself. However, she still clings to Thackeray’s definition of “Nan”—and this despite his desire to abdicate his role as arbiter. “When I asked him a question he said I leave it to y’ own excellent understanding. It was a sort of little joke because I wanted him to settle always. One day he laughed & said I defy you to get anything out of me.” Thackeray had learned from his mother how difficult it was to withstand a possessive parental relationship; he wanted his daughter to become independent and make decisions for herself. Anny was reluctant to take the step out of fear of replacing him, or perhaps she wanted to but felt it was disloyal.

Anny was no beauty; Minny’s appearance was about average. They were both intelligent and moved in good circles, daughters of a famous father. Yet neither of them had received serious offers of marriage. Did Thackeray’s dependence on them, real or imagined, keep them aloof from eligible young men? Did Anny’s assumed position in the family triangle keep her unapproachable? And possibly the fact that Isabella had gone mad such a short time after her marriage acted as a further deterrent to marriage for her daughters. In the journal Anny records two comments made by Thackeray on his daughter’s marital status, “Once Papa said to us — I think you girls ought to marry so that I should have some grand-children. I once said Papa you don’t want us to marry do you & he said quite hastily but looking around, Certainly not.” Thackeray answered Anny’s question with haste and embarrassment because he did not want to appear to be blaming her for the lack of marriage offers.

For Anny, the memory of Thackeray and his views on children attaches to those about her marrying, and then once more to his love for her and her feelings of unworthiness. “God knows I at least cannot be more unworthy of [his love] than I was then.” Following a blank space is a paragraph beginning, “Papa is always so easily pleased.” The importance of Thackeray’s pleasure, meaning his approval, is excessive. “Papa always liked everything we did, & we never liked anything much until we knew he approved.”

It is perhaps now impossible to recover, if it ever could have been clearly known, the reasons for this somewhat extreme dependence on the father, even for activating her own experience. Perhaps in some complicated way her possession of her father’s attention—the mother
being removed from the scene—left her also too dependent on him even as it allowed her to be very close to him.6

Anny used the journal to examine her relationship with Thackeray. However, it was inevitable that references should be made to Minny, Isabella, and Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth. Those to Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth are negligible; those to Isabella and Minny seem neutral but under examination prove to be negative. For example, Anny wrote: “Mama went out of her mind,” “Mama was raving,” and Thackeray “talked about Mamma.” Anny offers these statements as simple matters of fact; she never reveals what she thought or felt. In contrast she discussed with interest Isabella “looking a little shocked” over Thackeray’s reaction to the Bible story of Abraham. Thackeray talked to her about her birth and how Isabella almost died because of the malpractice of a homeopathic doctor. Surely this would cause complex responses in any child, but again Anny made no comment.

Another telling anecdote Thackeray later used in Denis Duval:

He said he thought of a little story I had told him of walking on the sea shore with Mamma & she held me by the hand & once pulled me in a little way, & then her love struggled with her madness & so we came back safe. I remember someone said Papa was coming down to us — but this was 24 years ago.

Thackeray recalled the story told him by Anny, but whose interpretation was it that Isabella’s love for Anny overcame her madness? Anny was barely three years old when the incident occurred; it seems more likely that Thackeray made the judgment. Anny inferred that Thackeray was coming to rescue her. She dismissed the whole incident with “— but this was 24 years ago —” Again there is no comment from Anny in the present.

Anny’s relationship with her mother is hard to assess. From Thackeray’s and Isabella’s letters to Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth, Isabella emerges as a gay, indulgent mother who sang and played with the baby Anny. Their relationship was of such short duration, though important, that Isabella’s absence takes on more significance than her presence. Not until after Isabella’s death is Anny able to express sympathy and sorrow over Isabella’s plight. Here in the journal, Anny’s silence denotes great turmoil about her feelings for her mother. As the goodness of Anny’s early memories about her mother faded, what remained was the void left by her absence, and the guilt and hostility
attendant on it. Added to this was her guilt at having had the father to herself and having let him die.

Anny’s sense of having been “wicked” and needing forgiveness permeates the journal. “Dear Papa where you are can you hear, can you see us — If with my whole life I could tell you once more that I love you & know that you forgive me.” After these sentences there is a pause in the manuscript. This indicates a reinforcing of Anny’s guilt at not having loved him enough. If she had, if she had told him so, then, like a talisman, it would have warded off his death. Not having done so, she repeatedly asks his forgiveness. Throughout the journal she lists her transgressions. She “forgot Papa’s bag”; she “always kept him waiting”; she “bothered him about his cheques & retrenching & moving.” Relentlessly, she calls herself to account for her evils.

If I remember how often I misjudged how impatient how cruel my thoughts were it seems as if there could be no peace or forgiveness ever again. Only one lives on & one does not guess at the great pit into which one is falling down lower & lower & suddenly your life seems to stop all the great clouds roll away & you find yourself in a hell of your own making.

She has lost her chance to change her ways.

still I pray that I remember the wrong. the love was so part of us both that we did not think of it — or I at least until it was gone —

I wish that I could live my life over again — only just a little wiser a little more faithful & tender.

She excoriates herself for her past commissions and omissions. But she is also bewildered by the present: “my dear Papa O my dear O what shall I write — O what shall I feel If I am happy I am forgetting you — If I am aching for you I grow sick with grief.” And yet for all her breast-beating, Anny was aware that Thackeray knew how much she (and Minny) cared for him: “We would have blacked your boots you said to some one & indeed indeed we would.”

The journal has a remarkable structure. Unplanned as it was, it nevertheless contains the resonance of a sonata form. Divided into two parts or movements, the coda was written a year later, after the death of Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth. The first movement rises to the crescendo of Thackeray’s death; the second descends to Anny’s aftermath of grief; the coda balances the pattern with resolution and acceptance.

In the first twenty folios Anny weaves back and forth between the
past and the present. Finally she recounts the sequence of Thackeray’s last days, culminating in his funeral. With extraordinary force the current narrative begins to dominate the past memories, until finally, in the last nine folios, only the present remains. The tempo quickens, the details become more precise, the writing more taut and economical.

Anny’s memories glide between her past as a little girl and the present. Chronological time does not exist as she recalls episodes which follow her personal inner logic. Fuguelike, the episode is repeated, with variations. On the first folio she moves from the time she was “little” to “lately” to “not so long ago.” In most cases she begins with a scene out of the past that modulates into the present and ends, inevitably, with her father’s illness and death. An example of this is found in the following episode, which starts with Anny as a little girl; the incident is repeated “until now almost,” when she “cannot bear to think that quite of late it has not been quite the same.”

When we were little girls Papa used to talk to us a great deal and tell us about the Bible and Religion. He used to talk to us of a morning after breakfast in his study & of an evening after dinner smoking his cigar & we generally sat on the floor & listened to him. That has gone on until now almost. And then we would give him a chair for his legs and a little table for his candles & he would presently nod to us and go to sleep. I cannot bear to think that quite of late it has not been quite the same.

This is followed by a discussion of Thackeray’s religious beliefs. Then dipping back into the past, remembering Thackeray’s reaction to the story of Abraham and Isaac, Anny writes, “The last time we went to church together was that day at the Temple.” A lyrical description of the church service, the tea attended afterward, ends:

And Papa laughed because we were so pleased and happy and looked at the pictures on the walls. Is it ungrateful to be so sick with grief — Perhaps even when we come out of this Temple we shall find him gone on a little way before us and waiting to lead us out into the open air.

At this point Anny leaves a double space in the folio as if actual time had elapsed in her writing. The next paragraph treats of an entirely different topic. These spaces in the manuscript, often as much as half a page, and in two instances a page and a half, occur when she is overcome with emotion. Such abrupt halts punctuate the manuscript with escaped feelings she is trying to master. The two long hiatuses appear after each of the two parts. There is no way of knowing the period
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of time during which she ceased to write, but that she was overcome with emotion at each point is evident.

Although the two parts of the journal are similar in construction, there are many differences in content due to Anny's changing state of mind. Begun a month after Thackeray's death, the first part is written in the earliest stages of shock and mourning, while the second part, dated 15 April, is dominated by Anny's introspection and anguish. Suffering from even stronger feelings of loss, she is more able to articulate her emotions than before.

Another notable difference lies in Anny's modes of recollection. In referring to an old diary, she writes:

In one place I see — 'forgot Papa's bag — ' It was the day Amy went to India I went & knocked at his door in a fright next morning & when he did not answer I thought it was that he would not let me in — I remember how ashamed I was when I saw him, for ever thinking he wdi be angry; he wasnt a bit.

The notation in Anny's 1862 diary jarred her memory about the incident. She examined it, recalled her mistaken fright about Thackeray's reaction as well as her needless shame, but she was no longer worrying the subject. Many of the remembrances now end in more reasonable and distanced analyses. However, she continued in some measure to find fault with her past actions and to wish that she could "live my life over again — only just a little wiser a little more faithful & tender." She grappled with everyday life, but the hysteria within her was not placated, nor did the self-flagellation abate. The second part of the journal is a conflicting combination of more thoughtful analyses and more anguished loss.

Thackeray's real-life predilection for "water and milksop" maidens led him from Isabella to Jane Octavia Brookfield, known as JOB; and later to Sally Baxter, a different type. But they all disappointed him. Isabella went mad; JOB preferred her husband to Thackeray; Sally married a Southern gentleman. Only in his fiction could Thackeray manipulate his paragon. By the end of Vanity Fair Amelia Sedley becomes a "tender little parasite." Lady Castlewood, the older woman, pines with unrequited love for the young Esmond. In the 1864 journal Anny admits that Thackeray "liked JOB best of all women," "that after all there was no one like her. So tender so womanly except perhaps you girls." Of all the women Thackeray had loved—his mother, Isabella, JOB, and Sally—none had remained true to him. In the journal,
Anny writes that she should have been “a little more faithful” to her father; actually she remained faithful to him until she was forty, when she married.

In *The Virginians* Thackeray writes that Rachel Esmond “would have jumped overboard if her papa had ordered.” Anny’s reference to Thackeray’s belief that his daughters “would have blacked his boots” is an ominous variation of the statement about Rachel Esmond. As a five year old, Thackeray had been parted from his mother in India and sent to England. Perhaps this desertion by his mother made Thackeray sufficiently distrustful of women as to view jumping overboard or polishing boots as positive acts of fidelity.

In the second part of the journal, Anny’s inward journeys appear to be less painful than before. Although she continued to write of Thackeray using the present tense, she seemed to be searching for happier memories. On her last birthday Thackeray had accused her of reproaching herself too often. Despite this reproof Anny wrote, “But O what a happy day it was all the same.” Philosophically she added, “It seems no use to reproach myself about Papa. It does not make me love him more.”

In the first part of the journal Anny made no mention of Thackeray’s work. She did refer to his decision not to write for the *Realm*, and to his discussion of the Bible as literature. In the second part of the journal she recalled his comments about *Esmond*, *Pendennis*, *Philip*, and *Denis Duval*. She revealed how he had “a superstition to write a little every day”; how he “made little sketches in the air” with his finger. In the beginning of her journal she envisioned Thackeray the father to the exclusion of all else; only in the second part was she able to recognize Thackeray the writer.

As time passed Anny referred more and more to her diary and to Thackeray’s. “Papa has written in his book Dined with girls at Star & Garter.” This short sentence was Thackeray’s only comment on Anny’s birthday. For Anny remembering, it became a day of great importance. She fleshed out Thackeray’s brief entry with a detailed description of the people they met, the dinner they ate, the carriage ride home “past the river through the clouds & clouds of mists in the calm summer eve.” Anny’s reference to Thackeray’s entry in his diary was confirmation of her memory. Assuring herself of the past, Anny tried to rescue herself from the present.

Often, having consulted his diary first, she then described the event Thackeray merely noted. “On the 15 June Lady Trowbridge & Sir
R. Murchinson are written down.” She recalled that she had accompanied Thackeray and that he took sick, necessitating their return home. Retreating to the halcyon days before her father’s death, she relives them less than she did in the first part of the journal and instead recounts them.

Occasionally, however, Anny still resorted to living in the past. In May she wrote in a letter, “To me the dead are dearer than the living and more alive at times.”

The journal memories referred to here are followed by a blank space; a new paragraph begins, “We have been so disturbed & unhappy that I have left off writing for this last fortnight, but I will try & never do so again for the words fade out of ones memory with time, sometimes they seem far far away sometimes I almost seem to hear him speak.” Anny does not divulge why she was so disturbed and unhappy. What follows in her journal are several of Thackeray’s reminiscences of himself as a boy. This allows Anny once more to escape her present as well as her past.

The first two entries in her notebook dated 1864-77 read:

1864. This sad year began at Freshwater. It was bitter weather Minnie & I were in Mrs. Camerons cottage. She was goodness in person Alfred Tennyson used to come & see us in his cloak Harding Cameron used to come & try to interest Minnie in particular. I remember the cold & the nights. I seemed to see funerals passing along the downs — the rocks & the waves wailing against it were always consoling.

15 Jan
We came back to London to Katie Collins house. Everything seemed empty

From January through September when Anny and Minny moved into their own home at 16, Onslow Gardens, they traveled from the home of one friend or relation to another. From Mrs. Cameron’s at Freshwater, to the Collines in London, they went to the Ritchies at Henbury, then back to Freshwater, to Putney Heath, then to Mrs. Sartoris at Warnford. In August they joined Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth at Arromanches in Brittany, and this proved to be the most difficult time of all. As Thackeray had feared, each day brought “terrible religious discussions,” wearing down the already burdened Anny and the delicate Minny. “Grannie looks very ill. Minny says she herself is half mad. We want to do our duty, [but] seeing no one makes it so much worse [I feel] torn & crazed between the two dear ones, so
miserable & so fearing for the future.”  

A few days later Anny wrote: “I am crying Minnie is crying Granny is crying & thinking of GP. How very miserable we are. What can we do?”

The present life which Anny found so difficult was not only one without Thackeray but also a rootless, bleak wandering about. Affairs had to be settled: the house on Palace Green and its contents sold; the estate settled (Thackeray had died intestate); his copyrights sold. These were practical matters, distasteful to a grieving daughter. However, Anny was in control of her life now. Decisions were forced upon her; she became self-directed. In a letter to Mrs. Baxter, she wrote on 24 October: “we must look about I suppose & find something to do & to be interested in — It is very difficult — I try to write a little but I have nothing to say —”

Thackeray, the huge father-mother-teacher figure was gone; Anny turned to the only thing she knew how to do—writing.

In the Baxter letter Anny says she has nothing to say, but she is writing. She was also writing in her journal and had been since the end of January. The journal became for her a book of sorrow, a receptacle of her self-incrimination, self-examination, and self-revelation. From this she advanced to letter writing, and then to writing for publication. In letters like the one quoted above, Anny spoke openly and without reserve. Perhaps it was easier to do so with Mrs. Baxter, whom she had never met and from whom she was separated by an ocean. Nevertheless, and for whatever reason, Anny did reveal her innermost thoughts to Mrs. Baxter, her father’s old friend.

I know Papa was tired & that he did not want to live except for us & yet my heart sickens & aches & I feel that he might have been with us now —

I woke up with a start saying to myself It has only been a dream & it is not true. It makes one so humble & so ashamed to hear of his tender goodness & to remember his unceasing love & partiality — & it is like a sort of torture now to remember how little we understood it

The fact that she wrote about herself in letters (and not in her secret journal) made her thoughts at once more acceptable. By verbalizing her transgressions to another person, she began to forgive herself and to accept her past actions. At the end of October, her period of intense mourning was nearing its end.

It is illuminating to examine the endings of both movements or parts. One can readily observe at what point Anny regained a balance and perspective in her life. The first movement ends in a dream of great
anxiety and sexual content, followed by the discovery of Thackeray’s death, another short dream, and finally his burial.

That morning I dreamt I was with Papa climbing a very high hill. We went higher & higher so that I had never seen anything like it before. And Papa was pointing out something to me wh I could not see & presently left me & I seemed to come down alone. He said write to Mr. Longman. I said I have written.

What Thackeray was pointing to, which Anny could not see, was the new land—death—which he entered and she did not. Her coming down the hill alone confirms this. The dreamlike quality was made to seem real by Thackeray’s referring to a real person, Mr. Longman, and her father’s request that Anny write to him to break an engagement. Dutifully she had anticipated his wish. Although the sexual content of this dream cannot be ignored, it is not relevant at this point.  

The importance of the dream, for Anny’s purpose in the journal, is based on her anxiety and apprehension that her father had died during the night, and that what she had experienced was an intuitive foreshadowing of his death.

A space in the journal is followed by a short paragraph in which “Charles the servant met me He is dead Miss he said He is dead / Then Grannie came from her room.” This is the climax of the journal, perhaps of Anny’s very life, yet she takes the time to identify Charles as the servant, to record “he said” in its proper place, and to describe the direction of Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth’s entrance. These details indicate how hard Anny was striving for objectivity, for the distancing necessary for survival.

The next paragraph describes the dream she had two days later in which Thackeray asked her, “Are you sick my child.” Even in death Thackeray remained for Anny the loving and caring father. At the cemetery she “felt as if my head was on his breast. And it seemed as if he was with us the whole time at Kensal Green.” Although dead, and the cause of her grief, he was the only one who could understand it.

The entire recital of these last days is told in a straightforward, unembellished style. She held on to the actual facts of those terrible moments when she learned that her father was dead. For example, she “went out of [her] room to the landing & Charles the servant met [her].” Even when time had passed and she knew the truth, she clung to details in order to make it real: exact place (the landing), exact person (the servant). During these later months of loss she lived in a
push-pull exchange between present and past. The journal illustrates this exhausting pattern: no sooner did she go forward than she was pulled back, by some reference or some memory. "Sometimes he gives us a sham benediction & stands in an attitude. Only the shamness is realness & the Blessing is there." At this later date she was, at least, able to accept his blessing. Yet she comments in the present tense on what has happened in the past. Symbolically, she takes him from death and places him, once more alive, in the living center of her life.

As time continued to widen the distance between her and her loss, she was better able to remove the blocks against reality which she herself had constructed to save herself from pain. She could, step by small step, see the past as the past and, in effect, leave Thackeray behind.

Earlier, she made no comment at all on his death; how she had felt, what had happened when she knew he was dead, and, most likely, even saw him dead. The two days before the funeral were relegated to a locked cell of silence within her. Deliberately, she chose the burial of reality over the more painful burial of her father. As the journal nears its end, Anny is sufficiently distanced to reveal an incident at Onslow Square in which she referred to Thackeray's severe illness in 1849. Like her father, she uses this illness as evidence of a step along the way toward his eventual death, so that the death, approached slowly, will be less of a sudden shock—an event met in stages, therefore less overwhelming. With his help in the past, she was able now to recall the time when, alive, he had blessed her and spoken his thoughts about dying. "Papa said next morning That as he was in bed the night before & as he was looking about & thinking how comfortable it looked, he could not help wondering, what the end of it all would be, & whether this was the room in which he would die one day." In this entry Anny uses the past tense: "Papa said." She can bear, now, to separate life from death; she can recall a time when her father was alive and relinquish her wish to place him in the present. It is also significant that Thackeray is the giving father, sensitive to Anny's attachment to him, preparing her for a reality which he believes she will find difficult to accept.

On 29 September Anny and Minny moved into their new home at 8, Onslow Gardens. Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth joined them two weeks later. Now frail and sickly, she had exhausted herself in grief over the deaths of her husband and son. Chastened by sorrow, she became easier to live with. Anny wrote in her diary on 26 November: "I went for a little walk with Grannie. She said she had changed her mind about
many things, especially about religious things, and that she could now sympathize far more than she had once done, with what my father used to think and say.” Less than a month later Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth was dead. She died quietly and without any warning. With the exception of the cloistered Isabella, Anny and Minny were now bereft of family.

Scarcely four pages long, the last part, or coda, of the journal is dated “5th June 1865,” less than six months after the death of Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth, and almost a year and a half after Thackeray’s death. It is no wonder that Anny lamented, “We sometimes wonder if one of us will die next Christmas.” Yet for all her cataloging of Thackeray’s friends who had died within the last year, and her comment that “Today I have felt like Job,” this last part of the journal is not as grim as it is sad. Anny and Minny have learned to accept the trials of life. “Yesterday Minny said to me Anny how can you dare to complain? — our small troubles we can forget & our greatest sorrows are our greatest blessings — Her words have been ringing in my ears ever since.” After the deaths of their father and grandmother and the loss of Palace Green, little troubles were meaningless. Once Anny and Minny had been Thackeray’s blessings, now he was theirs. Anny wanted to be relieved of sorrowing. If Minny could not completely rescue her sister, Anny was ready to submit to religion: “the future came not as we had expected it but as I had prayed for I think somehow our prayers are answered I used to think it would be a sign that our failings towards our Father were forgiven if my dearest Grannie were to go at peace with us at hand.” And Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth went in just such a way. She had loved her granddaughters; she had also caused them great anguish; but at her death, Anny recalled only her kindness.

This section ends with a reminiscence of a recent trip to Cambridge where Anny and Minny visited Thackeray’s old rooms.

It was like feeling nearer to Papa to go & see his youth with our own eyes — It was like living then & when we came back here it seemed as if we had travelled from one century into another almost. A kind sick clergyman remembered him in M’ EFG’s rooms quite well, & again drawing pictures at a water party.

Thackeray and his youth are beginning to recede in time from Anny’s conscious memory, “from one century into another almost.” He will always remain a part of her life, but she is opening to the reality of separation. The journal entry ends with a young Thackeray visiting
FitzGerald and drawing sketches at a water party. For Anny this picture of a youthful, carefree Thackeray is especially attractive. Perhaps her guilt at having “replaced” her mother leads her to think of her father before he was married. The relationship of father and daughter, fraught as it always is with danger, was in Thackeray’s and Anny’s case particularly difficult.

Faced with this burden, Anny turned for refuge to her personal religion. She searched for and found a Bible text: “Have mercy blot out our transgressions — but many are in my — And I pray that for once my gratitude & love for the Father of my Father & of us all may be true & from a loyal heart.” Thackeray is still uppermost in her mind—she prayed to the Father of her Father, as if God could have validity only when linked to Thackeray. She had not overcome her self-doubt; she believed herself guilty of transgressions, hoping that her love “may be true.”

However, the tone of these last pages differs greatly from the two main parts of the manuscript. A year and a half had passed since Thackeray’s death. If nothing else, time had helped to assuage her grief. Her inner strength, common sense, and essential optimism made her recovery an eventuality. When she began to write about her grandmother’s death, Anny had already withdrawn from the journal and was looking at its contents with objectivity. “I cannot help writing a word in the book where my poor sick heart tried to write its pain. I am not once going to read what I wrote I am only going to say that even after such sorrow & darkness as ours has been a light comes.” Anny recognized how the journal had served her, but she no longer needed it. She shed her mourning clothes and sought resolution to her time of pain; she felt able once more to partake of life. The period in which she had written in her journal “seem[ed] like twilight when I think of it.”

Anny called the 1864–65 journal her “clasp book” because of its brass clasp. It was a secret diary, as holy as a confessional, as private and complex as an analyst’s couch. As long as she had need of it, she clasped it to her, pouring into it her innermost feelings. After she had written the final words, her “loyal heart” turned outward to the world. While Thackeray would remain the most decisive force in her life, she would, henceforth, seek a self who would grow beyond the past toward a future of its own. In times of great distress, she would return to the solid presence of her father and be again comforted as his “shadow.”
Important as the intimate record of a great artist, the journal also stands as the lament of a grieving daughter for a loving and beloved father. Not only by the words, but by what is omitted, by the unvoiced recriminations, the silent and often unrecognized anger, by the childlike need for more and always more love, Anny’s 1864–65 journal becomes the pivotal effusion of her psyche. Undisciplined, her sorrow had brought forth words and thoughts she no longer wanted to read or deal with. In the future, these feelings would find their way, transmuted, into her novels. The party celebrating Thackeray’s move to Palace Green had been the happiest moment of her life; the 1864–65 journal represents the intellectual climax of her life, and is the forerunner of her career.

What she had begun tentatively while Thackeray was alive, she performed resolutely after his death: she became a writer. Often working on more than one project at a time, she wrote continuously. On backs of envelopes, scraps of paper, odd sheets of stationery, and in notebooks, she sketched ideas, scenes, first drafts. Then too there were her letters. Even given the fact that the Victorians were a people who communicated by letters, Anny’s output was prodigious. Once she was able to deal with the immediate shock of Thackeray’s death, the event released her in a vast resource of creative energy.

Although Thackeray protested that he wanted her to think for herself, he nevertheless wielded the power of a strong father. He told her when to stop writing and when and on which topic to start again. Doubtless it was good literary advice; nevertheless, he was making decisions for her. She needed to please him—never understanding that his love would not have stopped at her independence. Doing what she thought he wanted her to do, not what she wanted to do, promoted her feelings of hidden anger, which in turn produced dissatisfaction with herself. She was caught in a vicious circle of unhappiness feeding on unhappiness. When Thackeray died she was truly grief-stricken. Yet his death released her to a significant degree from the unhealthy syndrome in which she was trapped.

No longer able to turn to Thackeray for advice, she had to decide where she and Minny were to live, how to deal with her mother and grandmother. Letters 42–44 to Mrs. Henry Cole illustrate how Anny emerged from her grief to become stronger and more able to take charge of her world. Always irrepressible, she met the challenge. The restraining influence that Thackeray, in all his love, held over her, was gone.
The letters Anny wrote soon after Thackeray’s death differ from the 1864 journal. They illustrate, clearly, her belief in the “necessity for self control” (Letter 43). This struggle is evident in her letters, whereas in the journal she wrote from an unguarded position. Nevertheless, disjointed phrases and fragmented thoughts find their way into the letters. As time elapsed, Anny gained more composure, and the tone of her letters changed.

When berated by Mrs. Cole for her neglect of Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth, Anny held fast to her resolution that her “first duty in life is to try & make my sister as happy as it will ever be possible to be, & my second to comfort & take care of my poor dear old Grannie. but from her letters I cannot understand what she w’d like” (Letter 43). Distracted by her exaggerated sense of duty to her sister and her grandmother, Anny never considered her responsibility to herself. The jealousy and wickedness for which she castigated herself in the journal only made her sense of duty to her sister more imperative. The letters show that although she made an intense effort to gain control over her sorrow, her life was deeply affected by it and by all the concurrent emotions.

Anny’s desire to hold on to something material—a book, a teapot, a sugar bowl—that had once belonged to Thackeray is poignant. Still bedeviled by remorse Anny nevertheless functioned in the world and showed more signs of overcoming her grief than in the journal.

By 1865 Anny was once again out in society but not yet fully recovered. “Minny goes out into the big world much more than I do It depresses me so that I always shirk it when I can” (Letter 49). The letter is, however, cheerful and full of orderly plans for social activities. Her period of mourning almost over, Anny was on the threshold of resuming her life. Written in 1865, Anny’s prayer (50) shows the struggle toward accepting her limitations and her life. In the last line she combines the past with the present and asks for blessings of the dead as well as the living. The note added in 1875 emphasizes the earthly happiness she eventually would count as hers.
'Good Will' he was to all men here
O keep our Saviour dear [?]
O weep my Muse on Thackerays bier
All suddenly his reign had ceased
Yet not untimed Deaths call was given
For bidden to an Angel-Feast
He kept his Christmas day in Heaven

January 28, 1864.
Anne Isabella Thackeray

Papa called Minny Min & me Nan very often. When we were little he used to call Minny Finniken & me Buff and sometimes Frederica & Louisa. He called Pussy Louisa & gave her his fish at breakfast & took her up very gently & put her outside the door when [sic] would not leave him alone. Papa has had a little tea pot to himself & the times & some fish & and his big chair at the top of the table & he has come down in his dressing gown & slippers & stooped for us to kiss him. Once or twice lately he has had some cocoa, but he made a face & said this wont do I must have some tea. After breakfast he has gone up to his room & stayed there or come down again into his study until Luncheon. One morning not long ago (after he scolded me that time for being always late) I was down a little early & I went out into the garden to say my prayers & after a minute I looked up & saw Papa looking at me through the dining room window & then I went in quickly & clasped him round the waist as we have always done. Minny could not reach round. The time Papa scolded me — it was six months ago I think — or less — he said I have asked you in vain for years & years to come down at nine o'clock — It has chipped off a little piece of my affection for you. When I am gone you will remember this & do it — but then it will be too late. That was
dreadful & though I answered quite cheerfully I thought about it until I could not help going up to him in his room & crying a great deal & saying Do forgive me Papa He smiled & left off writing & held out his hand & of course he forgave me & I think that is what he did.

One day he talked to me a good deal & then he smiled & said "& I am sure if anybody where to ask me which of you two I love the most I could not tell them" He has so often said he was so glad we suited him. What should he have done with a stupid son for instance.

Papa has said God bless you to us all our lives Pray God he says so still.

Sometimes he used to say Godblesh an' he will. That was what Biddy the Irish apple woman used to say to him because Papa gave her six-pences & shillings now & then. (She said God help you when we passed her stall the other day). And then when he went to bed he used to say Bong Swaw, or stoop for us to kiss him if he came in with us. And sometimes he said Goodnight my Shildren and Goodnight my blessings. & Ta ta And he always walked up his wooden stairs & shut his door with a push.

It does not sound the same when it is written down

One day not very long ago I came into the diningroom & Papa was sitting looking at the fire — I do not think I had ever seen him like that before. And he said I have been thinking that in fact it will be a very dismal life for you when I am gone. I have a great mind to put it into my will that you are not to live with Grannie. Papa said very often at my death or when I drop & at my vale . & once he said Why should not we sell off the house & everything in it & go away Somewhere. And then he used to tell us about his will. He said he had not signed it yet because he wanted something altered he said. I have left Amy £500 and now she will not want it now, & when I asked why he should make a will at all he said "because of your Mother — I cannot afford to give her a third." Grannie ought to have something, unless she gets her pension, and then she w'd be better off than you two

One day I took a walk with Papa & we presently met the little Normans in a procession, nurses & babies travelling along one of the new Roads by the Exhibition. And then Papa said 'Who's this? — I wonder who this is. Charlotte 'You are Annieminnies Papa' & then Annieminnies Papa took out his purse & looked untill he had found three little silver threepences. One for Charlotte one for Archie & one
for Georgie & he said, Charlotte look here, when you go home you must say to your mamma

A gentleman met me
And gave me a kiss
And afterwards made me
A present of this,

and then you must hold up the threepenny piece So Charlotte said Yes and Archie & Georgie each held their sils very tight & Papa & I walked on. Charlotte ran after us to ask are you going to my home? — whi amused Papa. Only Papa was always amused by little children.

I told Papa that one day I should come home & show him some money & say a gentleman met me & gave me a kiss & afterwards made me a present. Papa said “I should like to see you — ” Grannie said one day that Minny had a pretty voice & I said has Minny got a nice voice & Papa said Min has a very sweet little pipe of her own.

When we were little girls Papa used to talk to us a great deal and tell us about the Bible and Religion. He was always more reverent than anybody I have ever known about things wh ought to be sacred. He used to talk to us of a morning after breakfast in his study & of an evening after dinner smoking his cigar & we generally sat on the floor & listened to him. That has gone on until now almost. And then we would give him a chair for his legs and a little table for his candles & he would presently nod to us and go to sleep. I cannot bear to think that quite of late it has not been quite the same. He has dined at home very little & I was hoping only the other day that we should soon be going back to our old ways.

Papa said that he could not picture to himself any scheme of a future existence that was in the least satisfactory. But he said I am quite content to wait & see. And he bowed his head.

He said that Molyneaux and his set seem to treat the Bible as if it was God Almighty. It is perfectly preposterous the way they go on about a collection of Oriental fables & histories. Papa said I think that S! John was a gentleman that he liked the Epistle of S! James the best. That it would almost seem as if the simplicity & stupidity of the disciples had been purposely exaggerated in order by this simple artifice to heighten the superiority of the Personnage whom they surrounded.
They could not understand the plainest things. They were always asking stupid questions. — That was a long time ago. He said the other day that he should call himself an Arian, only the fact is he said I go a good deal farther. He often said that he ought to have been a clergyman but unfortunately he c’d not take in the 39 articles. He said that one or two whom he had known, owned when they were hard pressed that they could not understand certain passages. Papa could not bear the story of Abraham. He used to say that one day when I was a little girl he came in & found Mamma [sic] about poor Isaac in her sweet voice & that I burst into tears & stamped & flew into a passion. I can remember it quite well too. In a window in the drawing room in Coram Street and Papa taking me up on his knee & Mamma looking a little shocked. Papa said that never was anything more outrageous & unjust.

Once he said hesitating that he thought he c’d recognize the Sacred character of the Divine Personnage. Latterly he let us talk & only said I am quite content to wait & see. The last time we went to church together was that day at the Temple the

Lady Colvile came with us. I don’t think Papa minded at all, but at first he said it was quite a different thing from going alone with me & Minny. It was all bright & Autumn brown. We were a little late and we drove through the Park to the Athenæum to pick him up. I saw him through the window and then he came and said only twenty minutes late but he did not mind, and it was O so pleasant. We stopped at the Temple Gate & sent away the carriage and Young Herman came with a big stick to meet us.

But it was so late that we could not get in at his side and so we went over to Papas side & he let us in. They sang Rejoice and again I say unto you Rejoice then they sang the evening hymn and when it was over we waited a little while and then when all the people had drifted out we followed. We could not sit next Papa and I tried to see him once or twice during the service but I could not. Only when we came out of the church there he was waiting for us as I knew I should find him. Standing quite still with his back turned to us until we should come up to him. And as we came out into the open air he began to chaunt Rejoice and again I say unto you Rejoice and then he said — How beautiful that evening hymn is. So simple and unaffected & so entirely to the purpose. It says just what is needful and no more. The sun was setting over the garden & the river and everybody went away through the courts and archways
but we went and walked along the terrace and down some steps into the garden. It was all golden & shining, when we came out of the lamp-lit church & the organ was booming & the people we [sic] passing out and the sky was very bright & warm & red, but in the garden by degrees the twilight came and the lights faded out of the sky and the river.

We went up some twisting stairs into Young Herman's room where tea was ready spread for us. And Papa laughed because we were so pleased and happy and looked at the pictures on the walls. It is ungrateful to be so sick with grief — Perhaps when we come out of this Temple we shall find him gone on a little way before us and waiting to lead us out into the open air.

Tonight I suddenly remembered how Papa said the other day he was standing by the chimney in the dining room. 'I am sure I must have been a most affected boy.' I am sure I was. I remember going to see an old lady once and behaving in the most absurd manner. He used to tell us what agony of shame he went through on one occasion when he called upon somebody and was found reading the names written on the trunks in the antechamber. Papa said he never would ask anybody's name There are people whom he speaks to & whom he has known for years but whose names he does not know. Once or twice he said he did not know if he was going mad but constantly people took off their hats in the street whom he did not know in the least.

And another day — Again two fellows took off their hats to me — one was on Waterloo bridge and another in Oxford Street. I am certainly going mad. Papa liked the old curiosity shops so much and the silversmiths We have been with him very often. I wish so that I could remember some of the funny things he used to say. Papa always made jokes. I used to want him to be pompous but he never never was anything but himself.

The other night we had a talk after dinner about our summer trips & the happy week at Paris and then Knightons & Frystone.12 Papa took up my diary for 64 and said next year begins with a Friday. And I said little thinking — Papa I assure you Friday is our lucky day Indeed it will be a happy year. The new cook had sent up a nice little dinner on Friday wh pleased him & put us in mind of the Cafe's at Paris & I think that is how we came to talk about them. There had been some talk of our going to the Coles but we were vexed with ourselves for having been
out all afternoon & said we w'd not go. Papa got up and went into his study. I am so glad we stayed. Before he went to bed he came in for five minutes & I thought then that he saw how sorry we were to have left him. On Sunday morning I went to breakfast with the Seniors after early church & I do think it was a little that I wanted to be more cheerful & to talk to him. He was standing at his end of the table when I came in to lunch and carving for himself. After lunch we sat by the fire, we three & talked to one another. We talked about Mamma and about Mrs. Brookfield & Papa said that after all there was no one like her. So tender so womanly except perhaps you girls said Papa. And then we talked about Mamma & Papa said, how when I was born he knew nothing about it & the homeopathic doctor nearly killed her, & he sent out & brought in another who only was in time to save her life. About four o'clock I went into the drawingroom and found Minny crying. She said she could never bear to hear us talk about these things. And then the Collins came & W. Craigie & we went out a little way together & called at the Kurzons & came home. Papa came into the drawingroom again the door and to open [sic] & My daddy w'd stride in in his long dressinggown, all that week. And Mr. Cayley came & asked him about the Realm & w'd he write. Papa said he could not undertake to do anything for a newspaper, his own work was as much as he c'd accomplish. Then he looked at the device and talked about an orb & got up to fetch a book in his study about it, with some old fashioned drawings. Mr. Cayley was to come back to dinner. I said I was going to the Leslies & Papa said to me ‘You are not going are you?’ And I said — I suppose I must as they sent for me. I thought you meant me to go. Papa said ‘no I had nothing to do with it’ — I was so sad, so silly, so foolish, that I felt as if I could not bear to be at home.

When I came home they were all waiting for the carriage to take Katie back. I was very happy & began to tell them all about it, & sothankful to be happy again, & as I was telling them I caught sight of Papa’s face in the glass. Dear face turning away because he was smiling so tenderly, as he often had a way of doing. And I thought to myself now that is all I want & I went to bed so happy. Papa & Mr. Cayley went into the study. I cannot remember if I said a regular goodnight.

That afternoon Papa said to Mr. Collins come up into my room and I will show you something — Mr. Collins has since told us that he noticed that Papa was quite tired & out of breath when he got up stairs.
On Monday morning I went into Papa's room early and I remember that he was so gentle that I could not help a sort of pang. There were only some horrible kidneys for his breakfast. But he said it doesn't matter. He lunched with us & we talked about the dinner-party the day before. Papa said about the Realm I cannot see any demand for it — & then he said how nice M'r Merivale had been the night before. I said you must have a drive all by yourself in the carriage. He liked going alone or with us only sometimes, but he did not like to go if Grannie didn't. And as we were going out Papa came walking out of the study saying, I came to see if the carriage was there. Minny & I crossed the road & Papa looked after us & stopped behind. It was the only time almost this ever happened & I thought so then to myself.

As we were coming home in the dark at Knightsbridge we met the Collins who said he had been to see them, to show them something which M'r Yates had written. I pray God to be forgiven for my wicked anger and absurd jealousy.

When I saw him next morning he told me of a nice article in the Star. I told him I had seen it — he said "There should be some sort of answer I suppose" — I said something about the Yates affair, & he told me then he was going to leave it alone — He had partly written an answer but he would not send it. Then he told me to find a Milton. I brought him one odd volume after a long search & he balanced it in his hand and said this is just what I don't want. I want Miltons Epitaph on Shakespeare. Thinking it hopeless I went to breakfast leaving Fanny looking. She found it & gave it to Grannie who took it in.

I heard his step overhead as I was sitting writing in my little room. I waited for the first time in my life I think to finish before going to him. When I did at last he was gone out in the carriage they told me. We went out about 3 — Miss Davison detained us, had she but stayed a few minutes longer — Papa came home just after we had left very gently & sad & cold & asking for something warm. There was only some brandy & water with Fanny prepared. Grannie said, 'I could not bear to see the carriage drive up with Charles & Sims in their great black wagon'

I said 'What harm could that do us' or something of the sort but I did feel a chill & at night when I went to the Coles with Katie I was so very wretched & I did try not to be jealous.

And then next morning Fanny said M'r Thackeray is not well Miss, & I went into his room in a sort-of rage of sorryness.
And Papa who lay very still with large-large eyes took my hand in his & said — It can't be helped darling. Then he added I did not take enough medicine last night. I have taken some more I shall be better presently. Thank God all my wickedness went away & I stood by his bed forgetting to go & only thinking of him. Then he put up the paper to his mouth & signed to me to leave him.

About three o'clock I heard him coughing.

The doctor said he w'd be all right in 24 hours. I went out in the afternoon for a while & coming in the man told me he was much better. And then I thought all was well.

That morning I dreamt that I was with Papa climbing a very high hill. We went higher & higher so that I had never seen anything like it before. And Papa was pointing out something to me w I could not see & presently left me & I seemed to come down alone. He said write to M' Longman.\(^23\) I said I have written.

I was just dressed when there was a strange crying sound in the house & I went out of my room to the landing & Charles the servant met me He is dead Miss he said He is dead Then Grannie came from her room

And two days after, as I was lying asleep O so heart weary I thought he stood by my bedside & said Are you sick my child.

His coffin was so long it was like him & I felt as if my head was on his breast. And it seemed as if he was with us the whole time at Kensal Green\(^24\)

I like to think of one evening a little time ago when he was undergoing his treatment & Minny & I sat up in his room while he was at dinner. We cut up his chicken for him into little bits & his sausage & then he said I must have some more & some more and we said O no Papa but we cut it up & gave it to him all the same. And then Papa used to say You may now leave me my blessings.

Papa once said — not long ago — Anny always manages to reproach herself whatever happens. It seems no use to reproach myself about Papa. It does not make me love him more. I will try please God to do as he likes & to love him always I pray God to make us always love him so that at the end we may meet once more & be his children still

I remember he said on my last birthday You are reproaching yourself
about every thing today — First about Anslie now about Miss Davison. But O what a happy day it was all the same. We went by the Kensington train to Richmond & we walked along the terrace to the Park. There was an old flowery gentleman sitting on a bench. Papa said he had once been very rich & in the heighth [sic] of fashion and that there was still a sort of faded splendour about him. He & his brother were the illegitimate sons of two great people but the world had gone wrong with them.

We walked in the park and met M' Anslie who was going to India very melancholily Papa said he felt very guilty at not asking him to dinner, only it is not the same as dining together & it wd spoil it quite said Papa. Then we dined together in the coffee room of the Star & Garter There were two old ladies drinking cups & cups & cups of tea. There were some Scotchmen toasting one another — a clergyman & his party who presently simpered away. It was such a bad dinner Papa said, but we liked it so much all three of us. Then Papa called a little open carriage & we drove home past the river through clouds & clouds of mists, & coming through Birnes & over the bridge. And all the people were out in the street at Kensington & we got home in the calm summer eve. Papa said he could have walked almost as quickly as going by the slow stopping little Kensington train. Papa has written in his book Dined with girls at Star & Garter. Next comes Clifford Trafalgar.

On the 15 June Lady Trowbridge & Sir R. Murchison are written down. I went with Papa in the carriage & he said he felt so unwell & sick that he really thought he must go home, w' we did. But we enjoyed our drive all the same & he said as soon as he turned back, he felt quite well again. On the 17th we dined at M' Grant Duffs Papa says it isn't M' he cares for so much as M's Walter & went to the Donnes. Papa liked the dinner at the Walters, & said it was nice to see all the Times people rally round their chief. I think he said M' Walters was quite stupid & good humoured & quite good company enough.

Then the next day we drove out with Papa to Bedford Row. We waited for him in the sunshine outside, and he came down after some long while with ever so much money — Mr. Trollope following — & I think Papa said part of this represents our trip — I remember making room for him as he got in. All the people with their papers passing up the street — the clerks nibbing their pens — the cabs waiting here &
there I think we must have driven in the Regents Park after that but I
cannot quite remember

We have been so disturbed & unhappy that I have left off writing
for this last fortnight, but I will try & never do so again for the words
fade out of ones memory with time, sometimes they seem far far away
sometimes I almost seem to hear him speak

Papa said

I have never done anyone a wrong in my life. Only once when I was
a boy I did not pay back some money as quickly as I might have done.
I kept the ten pounds for three months after I might have paid it.
Speaking of some family affairs he said that very time I had my illegiti-
mate sister Mr. Bletchenden's money in the bank & though I was in the
greatest straits at the time I never thought of touching one penny of it.  

Then Papa used to tell us how he lived at Paris for a whole month
upon five pounds & bought a waistcoat out of it —

On Saturday before he Died Papa told us that old familiar story at
dinner. Here once for all I write down in case in after life I should ever
ever forget or forgive myself

That in these last days I think I must have been almost out of my
mind at times. I can remember thoughts so impatient so unloyal so irri-
table & wicked. An absurd jealousy & suspicion had seized hold of me.
The Last day my Father lived I went to church & prayed so fervently for
myself to be delivered from it, that I did not think to pray for him. I
was over-anxious & over worried by little things Papa once said to me,
not pleased, — I find you have been complaining out of the house to
two different people & expressing your desire that I should leave it —
I said Yes, I had always said so to him that I could not bear to see him
work when he was ill.

Papa said, It is absurd to expect a man to give up work at fifty. If I
live I hope I have ten years more work in me. But he forgave me then as
he always did.

Papa said he had a superstition which was to write a little every day —
were it only a line. — I can see him pointing now with his finger to the
two or three little words some times he would shew us a few lines & say,
There, that has been my days work I have sat before it till I nearly cried
& nothing would come. One day lately he did a famous Long piece four
or five pages

I think I like best to think of him shaving. When we were such little
girls we used to go in & watch him. He could shave most beautifully & quickly — he mixed the soap with his little old silver brush & wiped it on his shirt sleeve off the razor. When the old soap glass was broken one day, Papa used the silver top for the lather. He used to laugh at the silver tops on our table, & he used to say the girls have taken an old dressing case of mine & set it out in state. Papa always liked everything we did, & we never liked anything much until we knew he approved. Now all the people he liked seem (now, as then so much more near us than our own friends. Papa liked M' Leech as much as anybody & M' Collins & M' Neate & M' Merivale Old Spottinose he used to call him. Brilliant conversation bored Papa he liked easy going talk He liked Professor Owen & the old Dean of S' Pauls & M' Bell. We used to have discussions over M' Bell — Papa used to call him a handsome young fellow with turn down shirt collars. & he used to ask Katie why she hated him so. Then Papa liked JOB best of all women, but he was fond of others of Marianne Irvine, of Emmy, of Katie of Tishy Cole. Of M't Whitmore of M't Jackson. He had a charming way of saying — How dydo my dear I am very glad to see you again — He was fond of Adelaide Procter, and Kate Perry & then there were many whom he liked — M't Mansfield M't Stephenson M't Vivian M't Denman & a good many of whom he was fond without exactly liking — They bored him so often —

When I bored him he used to say — vous Radotez ma chère — & laugh so kindly. Papa used to laugh out at things which children said to him. When he offered little Granville Cole a sixpence, the child said very gravely Spose you was to give me a sillen? — Papa often said that.

Last year when we went down to Blendworth there was a pretty dirty little girl in the carriage we tried to amuse her & shewed her pictures, & presently Papa said Shall I show you a lovely green bird with a beautiful yellow nose & he took her up in his arms & held her to the window to see a parrot who was travelling up to town & looking out of window. Then the little girl made a grab at Papa's spectacles. He said children always try to pull off my spectacles & then he told her about the monkey at the Zoological Gardens.

When Papa was a tall young man with black hair & an eyeglass I can remember how we used to hold his forefinger when we walked out with him. He always talked to us very gravely as if we were grown up women then, lately I think he spoke to us as if we were children & he used to say come along my little dears.

The first time I remember Papa is standing at his knee & asking him
to tell me the name of my doll and Papa said this is Miss Polly Perkins I think.

Then I remember him in the stage coach after Mamma went out of her mind. He was very grave & when I kicked & talked he told me I must be still or I should wake baby, & when I still went on he said he must put out the light if I was not quiet, & then still I was not quiet & the light suddenly went out. Has the light gone out now for us? because we were not quiet & good — I pray that the sun may rise & a day of peace & forgiving & love for weary aching hearts once more.

When I talked to Papa about that journey he said Bhuu — What a terrible night that was — there was a french man in the corner clattering with his teeth & saying J’ai la fievre mon dieu J’ai la fievre but he was kind afterwards & held Minny while Brodie was attending to you. Papa has told us how one day he was at his desk writing when Brodie came & asked him for some money & he changed the last five pounds he had to give it her, and we children were in one room crying and Mamma was raving in the other. My poorest dearest — Was it more terrible than it is now for us — I think so for at least this is peace sometimes. Terrible & aweful though it be. Last year on Christmas day we took a walk with Papa in a bright sunshiny morg and we went to Little Holland house & saw dear old Mf Prinsep in a sunshiny studio being painted by Mf Watts. As he just now came to see us it seemed as if Papa must be with us still. It is so strange to see one person after another but not Papa.

Papa said when I drop there is to be no life written of me, mind this & consider it as my last testament & desire. Today I do not remember many things he has said. I can see him passing his hand through his hair laughing at the children pouring out his tea from his little silver tea pot — I can see him looking at his dear face in the glass & saying I am sure I look well enough dont I. Then he liked pacing across the room & counting his steps from one place & another, he couldnot go on writing as I am doing now, his spectacles were moist if I asked him abt little Janey — Papa has beautiful white hands with pink knuckles & long nails — he says he cannot bear to cut them, he kept saying that he would get no new clothes this year but that next year he wd have some done up. His eyes are so soft & large with falling lids his smile is extraordinarily sweet his voice is low & gentle with a manly tone in it but when he is not well, it seems to lose the ring he holds down his cheeks to kiss & he presses our foreheads.
I can see him swinging his arms as he walks I can see him looking out over the ship sides & placing his spectacles that are always slipping I can see him waiting for us at a little table with the dinner spread, with his legs crossed & reading the paper & then he turns it to the other side. He orders what we like and a pint of claret for himself he says take away the cheese how I see it all — he looks in the paper for a play for us to go to — this year he said to us when I asked him if we should go abroad or not It is very foolish of me but I cannot bear to part from you. Yes pack up your things & come along. Dear Papa where you are can you hear, can you see us —

If with my whole life I could tell you once more that I love you & know that you forgive me

When I came back from Brighton not long ago Papa came out in his dressing gown & opened the door for me & I placed the lilis I had bought for him in his arms He was amused at all the things I had to tell him — a certain part of me is shut up for ever. Nobody else can I talk to as I talked to him. Then I shewed him the prayerbook I had bought for Minny. I began to draw black lines along the red letters & Minny scolded me. Papa said you have rather improved it but that is quite enough.

We sat in the morning room and the sun shone & I talked & talked. The other day I had been reading Esmond & I said to Papa that I thought he was very like Esmond and Papa said He thought he was perhaps only Esmond was a little bilious fellow. Papa used to say that Esmond was never a favourite with the public. Papa was quite fond of his characters they seemed alive to him & he used to wonder whether he should meet them ever. One day he says at the cider cellar there was an old man with his hat cocked & a little cape — the very image of Costigan. Papa said it seemed to him wonderful at the time but presently the Captain turned around & offered to treat him to a glass of anything & Papa said it was like a miracle It was the voice & the brogue of Cos. He drew Pendennis from M' Hannay — the face I mean. I remember coming in to study at Kensington — in Young Street — & finding Papa drawing him in the window Papa liked the Little Sister but he used to say that Philip was a failure — he was sad about it and he said he was determined that Denis Duval should be a Great Success. He talked to us about it a good deal Agnes the heroine had one or two
names, but Papa said she shd be Agnes after all — it was an ugly name but there were 2 St. Agnes’s & it was convenient for the working of the story. And he I think said he should take a voyage on board a man of war to learn all the nautical phrases Papa was so sorry for the poor crazy lady in Denis Duval. Think He said he had thought of a little story I had told him of walking on the sea shore with Mamma & she held me by the hand & once pulled me in a little way, & then her love struggled with her madness & so we came back safe to the little white house in w’h we lived. I remember someone said Papa was coming down to us — but this was 24 years ago —

Papa often spoke to me about my handwriting & asked why it was necessary that I should write in such enormous characters — he called Minnys a funny little fist & screwed up his fingers & pretended to write as she did & laughed. Papa used to beat upon his thigh sometimes & say it was quite numb — That always made me uncomfortable — he said lately it had become worse.

He used to paint his pretty pictures and say “I had much better have left it alone. I have only spoilt it. There is one we have w’h I shewed him & said I should get framed. Papa said Ah that is clean because I did it twice over.

Mr. Brookfield was telling us today how one day she & Magdalene met Papa in Pall Mall & walked along with him a little way. And she says they met Mr. & Mr. Garden on their road, & that the one interest Mr. Garden has for her is that she has shaken hands with Papa. When we used to come & stand near his chair he had a way of putting up his hand to us backwards. Dear hand that was never closed never withheld. I am aching to touch it to speak to him once more. In his books there is written at the end. House. And as he wrote it he said — that is about the last cheque I ought to draw this month — and I was so glad when he said it for I had bothered him about his cheques & retrenching & moving until he had almost ceased for a time to speak to me of money matters.

A little way back is Marshal & Snelgrove. I had asked him for a lace shawl & he went with Minny & walked there all the way and bought the pretty white lace & brought it back.

One night — it was like a funny dream. We had been out to tea Minny & I, & Mr. Dalrymple brought us back in a cab to the gate — It was after 12 & we cd not get in & the cab drove off & two soldiers
came up talking very loud and just at the moment when I was going to get frightened up came another cab, out of which stepped a tall gentleman with a large bundle of asparagus in his arms all in the moonlight — And then all in a minute the tall gentleman was Papa & we were so glad, & the gate was opened & we all passed in together — Once I walked home from the Collins with him & that was very very nice — & my last walk God help us & give us strength to walk alone now for a little I seem to remember every step as we went along by that path which runs with the Remington Rd to Hyde Park Corner where Papa called a cab — He said I shall have to go on with you all the way to Poland Street — I said I should be quite safe alone And so at the corner of Regent St he left me & paid the cabman to be civil to me & to take me to my workhouse.

Mr. Brookfield asked me yesterday if I remembered dining at the Whites years & years ago — Papa and the group folks dined downstairs & we children were up in a nursery — Mr. Brookfield says that all the time Papa fidgetted & waited & would not eat any dinner until they had sent some up to us & he said at last to Mr. White first the poor little people upstairs When are they to have their share — And then when the people said O yes by the way what shall we send some roast beef Papa said — I should say veal pie —

That was when we lived in Young Street. We came when I was 9 & Minny 6 Papa was not at home when we arrived but early next morning when we were half dressed & the maid was tying out strings he tapped at the door and came in & took us in his arms. Everything seemed so strangely delightful — the volumes of Punch on the drawingroom table the delightful Keepsake books in their red covers with the lovely ladies the old schoolroom with the book case & the cupboards — and Papas room with the vine round about the window & the sun pouring in.

April 15. Putney Heath.

I have been looking at one or two old notebooks out of my davenport Instead of writing about Papa it is only about myself but — I see here delightful drive to Hampstead with him & walk in the Park — Papa dined at home. I remember the drive to Hampstead — we were trying to find out Mr. Procter, & when we asked our way to Oakhill everybody said, What name was it — Papa said that was the way they knew nothing about the way & so invariably asked the name out of mere curiosity and when they went on bothering he said Jones — So Sims
went driving about saying very loud Can you inform me where a party of the name of Jones is living. When we got to M. Procters at last they were in a terrible fluster — M. Forster has sent to say that he was coming & so we drove off quite quick only laughing rather at their predicament. In one place I see — "forgot Papas bag —" It was the day Amy went to India. I went & knocked at his door in a fright next morning & when he did not answer I thought it was that he would not let me in — I remember how ashamed I was when I saw him, for ever thinking he wd be angry; he wasn't a bit, only said I had better write to M. Phinn & tell him how it was.

When Papa came in and found us working strips, he said most useful or sometimes Thankyou — And when he held up his old carpet slippers and said are not these pretty slippers, he used to add my daughters worked me a pair but these answer my purpose quite well. When I asked him a question he said I leave it to y. own excellent understanding. It was a sort of little joke because I wanted him to settle always. One day he laughed & said I defy you to get anything out of me Papa always liked going to the play. We used to dine rather early, and the cab used to come & Papa used to say have you got the glasses or we used to Pick him up at the G or the Atheneum. I can always see Papa going up the G steps and walking away, or at the Atheneum he was oftenest waiting for us. I wish so I had not always kept him waiting — it spoilt many a pleasant drive we might have had — The last time we went to the play together we did so like it we first went to see something of Byrons, but they wd not give us good places & then we went on the Strand to Miriams crime. And it was so nice and Papa so well & in such good spirits. I remember now — only I cant think of it — that he was never well all this year, he said Life at this purchase is not worth having — If it was not for you children I should be quite ready to go.

At the play that night he lent me his spectacles to look through & fell in love with a most hideous creature & I said O! there is such a love. In the second little piece I do not know how it was going — Papa said he thought it wd be as well not to stay & see & the actress gave such a bewitching ogle that Papa jumped up in a fright and we all filed out. Afterwards he said — I hear that after piece at the Strand was quite moral & proper & that we might have stopped to see it quite well —

The other day opening one of his old School books he found a secret store of brown sugar wh he had hidden away — It was the thing to do in
those days, he said You put by y' store and then you had the gratification of coming upon it unexpectedly — Papa said it was scarcely sweet at all.

One night Papa told us he was lying in the dark with one hand outside the bed, pointing up in the air. And suddenly he thought to himself, now what wd happen I wonder if the Devil were to come with a pair of nippers & take hold of my finger.” So then he put it under the bedclothes again. But then he suddenly remembered that he was not safe even then for the Devil might still come with a pair of nippers & take hold of his nose. So we asked Papa if he put his nose under the bedclothes. But he laughed & said No not his nose. One day when I was a little girl I was dreadfully frightened by a story he told me of a man whose nose had been broken for years & years, & one day when he was blowing it, it came off in his hand, & Papa waved his hand. I felt a little Thrill of horror & thought Papas was coming off. Papa couldnt bear cutting his nails — He had a favourite barber who used to cut his hair, & where he went for a very long time, & always took a cake in his pocket for the mans little children — One day he found that this wretched creature, always charged him twopence more than anybody else who went to the shop. Papa said it was not the twopence but it was the ingratitude which shocked him so. He never went there anymore though he was very sorry for the poor little children. I know he once sent us to Greenwich in the carriage to take a big cake to a funny little boy when he asked him his name, said Master Snooks & stood like the clown he had seen at the circus the day before. Once Papa said to us — I think you girls ought to marry so that I should have some grand-children. I once said Papa you dont want us to marry do you & he said quite hastily but looking around, Certainly not.

And so out of all the dear life long talk one remembers two or three disjointed words here & there a look & tone — But I think there is something greater still — a sort of certainty of Love far far beyond our deserts — perhaps it may be ours even now — God knows I at least cannot be more unworthy of it than I was then.

Papa is always so easily pleased. He likes everything that people do for him Gardner60 washed two little dirty gold tables we had & made them shine Papa was quite charmed & said once or twice Have you seen how smart the gold tables look — Go up and see. Then his new
paper pleased him and the red carpet on the stairs & he said Stephenson had only charged £19 for the whole job — he did not think it dear. He would pull the ragged threads off his coat & turn out his elbow and say is not this a handsome coat? — One day he came down with his shirt sleeves carefully turned back. It was a stinginess he said, he was going out to dinner & he did not want to put on a clean shirt — he used to laugh at his swearing & say that in after days we were to say that we were sorry to say our dear Papa used sad language at times. The young fellows he said never swore — It is only us old ones who damn and swear — to hear some of them at the Club is perfectly awful Papa said all the waiters at the G were always eager to serve him tho' he only gave them five shillings now & then — At the Athenaeum he always went to sleep in the library — one day he said he was horribly ashamed he woke with a loud snort — Everybody must have heard him. He said one day when we picked him up that the old dean had always something ready & appropriate — He met him & told him how he had fallen asleep at Sf Pauls and then the Dean said a little verse about the curates eyes, you never saw.

We went to Sf Pauls Emmy Papa & I by the underground railway Papa bribed a beadle who put us into the Deans box all carved oak soft cushions dust and darkness. Then the choir chanted the Psalms the people knelt & bowed their heads. Once in the Psalms Papa pointed to And he shall run to & fro & howl like a dog, & said Beautiful Beautiful shaking his head. I cant help laughing, but when he went to sleep in the soft cushions & gave a little snore, I was obliged to touch him & wake him up. We said our prayers laughing but with all our hearts — Numbers of people with much greater pretensions to piety were asleep all around about Young Mr. Milman droned on & on, it was like reclining on luxurious sofas, — through the arched aisles the light fell shadowing — And my dear Papa O my dear O what shall I write — O what shall I feel If I am happy I am forgetting you — if I am aching for you I grow sick with grief

If I remember how often I misjudged how impatient how cruel my thoughts were it seems as if there could be no peace or forgiveness ever again. And yet I do think I loved you — We would have blacked your boots you said to some one & indeed indeed we would — Only one lives on & one does not guess at the great pit into w1 one is falling down
lower & lower & suddenly your life seems to stop all the great clouds roll away & you find yourself in a hell of your own making. Still I pray that I remember the wrong because it was new & strange & that the love was so part of us both that we did not think of it — or I at least until it was gone — a little way only a little way.

I wish I could live my life over again — only just a little wiser a little more faithful & tender.

One Sunday we drove down into these parts, we called at the Owens who asked us to dine and we walked with them in their garden. Two little boys were rushing about with switches & cut the Professor over & over again. He only smiled very goodnaturedly & moved a little uneasy. Then they tried Papa I knew they w'd not do that a second time — He never w'd allow a liberty, — & he turned around & said 'No that is rude you must not do it, & took the switches away out of their hands. Then Mr. Phinn asked us to dinner, & then we drove on through a lovely landscape Papa liked it so & made little sketches in the air with his finger & at last we came to Heaths to whom we were engaged to dine. Poor old Mr. Hampstead (Papa called her) we all missed her jolly old welcome, but it was nice too & we sat on the terrace Minny & I & Fanny Rose Owen. The gentlemen talked over their wine.

Papa used to like to tell us how one day he took Mr. Heath aside, & said I have an important question to ask you, Tell me where do you get your teeth! — And old Mr. Heath immensely flattered, burst out laughing and said My dear Sir look here, & they were every one his own.

Papa used to carry his sham vel about in his waistcoat pocket. There was one so shabby, and so ugly I always said, that I gave it away a little time ago. Papa only laughed when I took it, & said it was a very handsome waistcoat & he wondered we did not think it pretty

Tonight looking at the animals I seemed to hear him saying Brownie has again mistaken the nature of my apartment. I can hear him say little everyday things which seemed so familiar they must needs go on for ever. To imagine their ceasing never occurred to me. Bring my bag to the club. Drive to the Athenaeum Sims. Has anybody got a needle & thread, & then I'm sick — I'm sure I don't look very ill — I was at a concert last night when he had been to Evan — Papa says to me so often. I want to know what has become of all my penholders, O no of course nobody takes them —

Sometimes when we go into his room of a morning he puts out his
hand & feels for his spectacles & then he says now I can see my daters. Sometimes he gives us a sham benediction & stands in an attitude. Only the shamness is realness & the Blessing is there.

The first night we slept in our new house in Onslow Sq. I said to Papa who was sitting in the corner in his little study — I am so glad you did not die when you were so ill We should never have known you then or learnt to care for you & Papa said — a little hurt & yet touched too — I have thought so myself but I do not think it right ever to talk sentimentally about ones feelings. Papa said next morning That as he was in bed the night before & as he was looking about & thinking how comfortable it looked, he could not help wondering, what the end of it all would be, & whether this was the room in which he would die one day.

Monday 5th June 1865.

I have been sitting in the corner of the room where Grannie died & such a peace & rest has come over me after the long disquiet that I cannot help writing a word in the book where my poor sick heart tried to write its pain. I am not once going to read what I wrote I am only going to say that even after such sorrow & darkness as ours has been a light comes. Yesterday Minny said to me Anny how can you dare to complain? — our small troubles we can forget & our greatest sorrows are our greatest blessings — Her words have been ringing in my ears ever since

After a long year that seems like twilight when I think of it, we came in October to this little new house of ours. It was all bright & alight with flowers We thought we should have found it dark & dreary but we almost cried for joy instead of sorrow to be at home & with Papa again

All the terrible time of Arromanches was over. I think we were mad almost I was torn & crazed between the two dear ones & was foolish & hasty but O so miserable & so fearing for the future — and the future came not as we had expected it but as I had prayed for I think somehow our prayers are answered. I believe though it frightens me to believe — in the constant will & Almighty Patience with our short comings.

I used to think it would be a sign that our failings towards our Father were forgiven if my dearest Grannie were to go at peace with us at hand

And she went in one night like the awful night at Kensington. We spent a long happy Sunday evening together She said she was not very
well but she was so sweet so tender that it seemed like old days. She told us all the dear old stories once more — Her youth her happy time at Bath India & the Grandfathers 72 — I will write it down one day perhaps but today I only want to tell of her last love & last words

About 9 o'clock we had a little supper. It was like the last meal Kate Perry used to tell us of when she spoke of her sisters death. Grannie God bless her broke bread & gave it to us, she only took a little broth herself but for us she was looking for the nicest little bits & I remember thinking how she looked at Minnie with tender eyes of love. At 10 o'clock — we had ceased talking & I had read from the Christian Year for the day 73 & she had been reading the Psalms to herself for the last time. She got up & looked at the clock & said it was time for bed. Then she gave me a great long tender kiss & then another & went away and as she went I thank God that I remember saying thank God in my heart.

And then as we were sitting by our fire we heard a little noise & a minute after Fanny called us — And all was over.

The night Papa went, was a very terrible one when it came round again — The men were busy in the house & we sat upstairs in our bedroom with Jane Ritchie who had come to us dear woman, in our wretchedness.

Just about the time, Minny had fallen asleep — suddenly my anguish went away The room seemed to grow light a strange brightness & perfect peace & happiness came over me — Minny began to smile in her sleep. I think the brightness of their love must have fallen upon us

We sometimes wonder if one of us will die next Christmas So many old friends have gone their way this year. Poor Sims to whom we said goodbye Mr Prescott & Admiral FitzRoy 74 both by their own hand. Dear Mr Prescott that was a real sorrow Mr SpringRice 75 is the last friend we have lost.

He died at sea quite peacefully with his daughters & his wife about him

I have just taken down Grannie's bible & seen a few words that Job spoke in his utter desolation — Today I have felt like Job, so much is gone & yet all is dearer & nearer only that is gone. It seems to me at last as if more happiness & more peaceful times were in store Amen if it is so, if not pray God to make us know him as we should know him love him as we should love him, & wait in peace & trust until the end. What it is, this great end is very awful to realize, sometimes I feel as if it was
our home, & then again as if it was only a strange country — But this is the strange country please God.

When we were at Cambridge the other day, we found out Daddy's name written in the old college books, many more of the old familiar names that are now dying out — dear Mr. SpringRices — it was like feeling nearer to Papa to go & see his youth with our own eyes — It was like living then & when we came back here it seemed as if we had travelled from one century into another almost.

Papa left Cambridge about 31. His name is first put down in 28 — Whewell was his master,76 & we passed his rooms without knowing it! — A kind sick clergyman who was there remembered him in Mr. EFG's 77 rooms quite well, & again drawing pictures at a water party.

My heart is very full & I have been looking for a text. I have only found Have mercy upon O lord according to greatness of thy loving kindness blot out our transgressions78 — but many are in my — And I pray that for once my gratitude & love for the Father of my Father & of us all may be true & from a loyal heart.
LETTERS 41–50

To Lady Stanley

Letter 41 [1864]
Huntington Library
HM 6965

My dear Lady Stanley Your letter seemed to comfort us & warm us for a little as the goodness of the people Papa cared for can do sometimes. He used to say to us that you were always a good friend to him & kind & faithful. It is impossible to write only I wanted to say this to you. Minny & I send you our love for that kindest letter. Your sincere

Anne Thackeray

Please give our love to Miss Stanley & say thankyou for us.

To Mrs. Cole

Letter 42 [1864]
Ray/Morgan

My dearest Mrs. Cole

I have just remembered a little old thick green book in Papas bedroom with Private written by him upon the back. It was as well as I can remember in the book case near the window & rather high up — but I am not very certain. Would you dear Mrs. Cole put it safe away & lock it up — I am so afraid of valuers or servants &ct looking into it — Is it very silly. I am sure you will not mind my troubling you.

Dear Tishy sent me so long and a nice a letter about the wedding, & do not you think it was kind & charming of Mary to write us a little word from Folkestone?

Minny & I have been writing to Grannie about taking a little furnished house for a month instead of our all stopping about here &
there — We are good for nobody just now & it seems a pity to waste kindness & hospitality w'h we should like so much some day. We think lodgings w'd be such a confusion & with maids &ct the other w'd be as cheap I think for us 5 people.¹

Dear Mary how very very happy & good & tender they both seem.

God bless you all prays

y' affectionate

Anne Thackeray

To Mrs. Cole

Letter 43

Ray/Morgan

My dearest Mother Cole

Of course we mean to try & do our duty by Grannie.

I had already written twice to ask if we could be taken in at her lodging but I could get no answer.

We felt very guilty when we came here, but we were so nervous from constant society & necessity for self control that I am very glad we did come, & now we are quite ready for anything. You know we went to Henbury¹ entirely to be with her & I c'd not help her coming away, but she always had such a dislike to the idea of our being alone that we did not like to insist upon it till now. You know that I am not dishonest or apt to say things of myself that are not true, & now that Papa is gone I feel very strongly that my first duty in life is to try & make my sister as happy as it will ever be possible to be, & my second to comfort & take care of my poor dear old Grannie. I cannot help the first being the pleasantest — it was pleasantest always to be with Papa & yet it was the most right. It makes me very unhappy to thing you & M's Brookfield & Grannie evidently think me wrong — we are only too glad to live with Grannie if she will like it, but from her letters I cannot understand what she w'd like except going to live abroad. But I daresay it will be all right when we come tomorrow —

Goodbye my dearest kind friend — I keep forgetting that I shall see you quite soon. Your affectionate

Anne Thackeray
My dearest Mother Cole. I wonder what we should do without you? — There is another box at Lubbocks with my things & a tea-pot I should like to sell as we shan't want three. I suppose the dear kettle had better go — but couldn't we put a reserve — say 40 or £50 upon it. I think Papa gave £40 for it.

Perhaps the little sugar bowl gilt inside may be in the box. Papa always used it & so we want to keep it. We only want to keep 2 little filagree small baskets. We don't care for the big cake basket. We packed up & came off in a fluster this morning & I find if I don't write here at the Station without the list that you will not get it.

Perhaps if we sell my teapot we can keep the cup, but I don't care very much for it & M's Cole shall decide only we want a little Relic or so — To look as if we had seen better days.

I'm afraid poor dear Granny is very hurt & disappointed that we have put off coming & indeed I am too not to come to her, but Minny got so pale & limp at the notion of coming back just yet that I had not the courage to force her. I don't think Granny knows how miserable it is for us: Father, home all vanished in one moment, — or she would not think it heartless to shrink so from coming back before all this last horrid thing is over.

Mr. Brookfield says she met M's Cole who she thinks is quite an angel he is so kind to us & it seems to us that there are indeed one or two angels walking about & comforting & helping — Here is the list — There is a little barrel beer-pot mug I should like to send Edward — &

Goodbye dearest M's Cole we shall come to town on Thursday week — as our lodgings will fit in to then

I send my best love & to Harry arent you proud to have a son major? Im always your affectionate

AIT

Mr. Sturgis has sent us a offer f'm America. £100 & perhaps farther profits if we will give our sanction to a collected edition of Papas books
Dearest Aunt Jane. I read your kind letter in the railway yesterday. I went to Mr. Coles on some business & found it there. We are at Putney in a little cottage called Heath Cottage, who has done us a great deal of good & been like a good friend to us. Grannie is at Paris & we are thinking of going over to her as soon as we have got things straight but everything has to be waited & waited for.

We have got a house to live in close to Onslow Sq called Onslow Gardens — It is very fresh and open & though there are a good many rooms they are not large ones. Theres a balcony & a bath and a little study for me to write in someday — at all events to write my letters & improve my mind.

We are both quite well though Minny is very very thin — I hope you & M. like this fine weather as we do it seems to comfort and soothe & bind up ones aching wounds somehow.

I have been reading in the Times how at the great literary dinner yesterday the Prince of Wales spoke so very very nicely about Papa and after him Mr. Stanhope & Mr. Trollope and Mr. Russell whom he knew. Did you ever know your Father — You do know alas what a weary life it is for lonely women to lead — I mean to be very busy & think of other peoples aches as much as I can. Granny has a great scheme of a cheap-food kitchen in Chelsea like the Glasgow one. Did you ever read Robertsons sermons there is a little passage in one of them who seemed to comfort me one day when I wanted it very much — It is on a favourite text of yours I remember

Beloved if God so loved us. It is the one, almost only struggle of Religious life to believe this — In spite of all the seeming cruelties of this life in spite of the clouded mystery in which GOD has shrouded Himself in spite of pain, & the stern aspect of human life & the gathering of thicker darkness & more solemn silence round the soul as life goes on, simply to believe that GOD is Love & to hold fast to that as a man holds on to a rock with a desperate grip when the salt surf & the driving waves sweep over him — I say that is the one fight of Christian Life compared to who all else is easy. When we believe that human affections are easy — It is easy to be generous, & tolerant when we are sure of the
Letters 145

Heart of God. Minny said abt this (as she always call [sic] me) Ainy — I like much better to see the little animals all so wonderfully cared for and the little birds & the chickens than to read vague things about rocks

Our little chickens have come to such a sad end. The hen sat & sat & sat for days & the rain came & then the fine weather & at last one morning there was a little yellow bright eyed creature & then another so pretty — That brute Brownie — opened the door of the coop took out our pretty little things & ran off with — the hen flew after her, pecked screamed got the chicken back again but it died just after; well then we didnt know & left the chicks & the eggs together under the hen, & she not being able to manage so much at once trod on the two others & they died in Minnies hand. Poor little Hen was miserable would go on sitting on one old addled egg wouldnt eat wouldnt come away, until at last we bought some little chickens three weeks old, slyly took away the egg & popped them in.

Old Hen went about as proud as possible scratched nice little holes in the earth for them to bathe in, broke up the food for them to eat clucked & tucked them under her wings because you see she thought they were so very young & tender they must be kept quiet — she didnt understand they had already seen life & were 3 weeks old, but they were all so happy — We went to London yesterday on some worrying business & only came home quite tired out & disheartened about seven o’c — What do you think — The poor Hen was dead, someone had opened the coup w’h I had shut when I set off Brownie had bided her time rushed at her — & there were the miserable little chicks squeaking & quaking

Brownie slinks about all in a sort of lump. When we look at her she turns her head away she sits on the stairs not daring to come in to the room & we cannot forgive her yet & speak as if nothing had happened

Do you know if Uncle Arthur has got anything?? I saw him once he was very kind & jolly

Goodbye dearest Aunt Jane
We send you our love

I’m y’ affectionatest
AIT.

PS. Minny sends you her love.

Yes! He has got a very good wife,
One of the greatest blessings in life,
Of brains he has an excellent store,
And — a great deal else — I say no more!

To Mr. and Mrs. Synge

Letter 46
Fales

Putney
May 20th [1864]

Dear Friends Your kind letters touched us & comforted us but indeed we knew that they were coming & that you were thinking of us in our bitter pain — Of Papa always & always — The worst is over now please God & five months have passed away of such pain that we try not to think of them but if we had died of grief it would not have been enough for the dearest & tenderest of Fathers. As for dying that would have seemed easy enough & it was living w'h seemed so terrible at first. But it is mercifully allowed that one does not realize ones loss & we even now forget often & often, & indeed we cannot feel that he is not with us at times — nor do we try not to think so — Please God we shall hear his voice see his dear brown eyes & feel his Fatherly blessing in our hearts until our lifes end — He always hoped to go as he has gone Thank God it was all peace & silence, he had not moved that is the one comfort in a terrible darkness — We thought it was only a little attack — perhaps we too may die all alone — I had always so hoped to die with Papas hand to hold — It makes me sick now to think how blind we were — we would have it he was better — & indeed he had had no attacks this autumn but he was constantly ill in one way & another & yet so brave & bright at times & so very tender but it has been a sad & anxious time & though we would have it he was better we were thoroughly wretched & did not dare to look forward. Minny was out of sorts & I made her go away it seems hard to think of now but with all the bitter bitter sickness there is the unspeakable peace and comfort of having had his love for our very own of looking forward to the happy day when we may meet again without fears & forebodings to make the brightness so dim.

Everybody has been very kind to us — we have been here at Putney for the last month or more & Grannie has been at Paris — Now as soon as we have put a few things into a house we have bought close by Onslow Sq — we think of going to her & going to the Pyrenees for w'h she has
a great fancy — And indeed we rather dread settling down, though we longed to have a home of some sort to come back to.

We are both quite well & so is Grannie — Minny made me very anxious for a time she got into a dull sort of way but I think please God there is nothing amiss. She is only delicate & very thin & easily tired —

The last time papa spoke of you all he said what a nice letter — WWF had written to him —

It was a comfort to get Amys letter & yours for a long while after as if all was well with us. They are still at Dibrugarh I am sorry to say & tho' he has leave to exchange he can find no one to take the place. However Amy has her little girl to comfort her — Edward says he did so hope to show her to Papa — If we do go away we shall not come back to England until the beginning of October — Some friends of Grannies will be going with us & we hope that the Collins’ may come. How good they have been to us — and the Coles & Mr. Brookfield and everyone Mr. Trollope came to see us the other day — they are both as kind as friends can be. But there is very little to be done for us except this wonderful & warming kindness which has helped us through so much. Mr. Smith too has been so very very good to us. Once some of Papas letters were sold in a drawer & Minny & I were rushing about nearly crazy to buy them back — We found that he had been beforehand & done it all for us without a word.

Now I think it is a pity that so very much was sold but at the time we did not care. I used to go & try to choose [sic] & I only got into a sort of stupified state. There is enough left I think for a house — Papa always liked to talk about his sale so that we could not bear that it should look shabby. The drawingroom you never saw furnished looked so very pretty — Papa used to walk up & down in his slippers & dressinggown & say What a pretty room it is to be sure — I am sure every body must allow that —

Charles has got a good place at the Museum & Sims is with an old lady Gray had left us just a little while before. Gardener has been so very good I shall never forget how she rushed off through a storm when we were waiting at some little railway station on our way to the Isle of Wight & came back with brandy & all sorts of things to warm us quite wet through herself. She & Fanny are both going to stay & we shall have a cook & Grannie is to keep house besides at least that is the scheme we have made.
No 8 Onslow Gardens it is called & please write there. It is a new Sq behind the church — a continuation of Onslow Sq. Good night and God bless you & keep you & we send you our love & we miss the dear children and I am your affectionate

Althackeray

When is Bobbie coming back? — We shall always have a room for him.

To Miss Boyle

Letter 47
Huntington Library
HM 15293

My dear Miss Boyle

Thankyou for your letter — It was very good of you to think what this would be to us. It is a great great loss & grief — Papas friends are like a little bit of himself somehow.

What it is to those, who have lost the tender & noble protector & husband & father, makes ones heart sicken to think of. At times the poor wife is delirious with anguish but Last night I went to her & she was much more composed & quiet than when I first saw her. God help & comfort her. I am going to see if she will see me today & I will tell her all you say. Time seems so very very long when every moment is a pain that I think she feels already as if it had all happened long long ago instead of only yesterday.

He was up & in the dining room on Saturday — about 5 o’c he went up into his shed for a little & then said that he was not well & instead of coming down he should go to bed. A little later his favourite sister came into the room & Mr Leech was there & suddenly He is fainting — the sis put out her arms & he I am going — & smiled — God bless him & died.

Ones heart is very full. It would be a comfort if one could do anything for her. We shall all love his children for their Fathers sake, & we ourselves for our Fathers sake who loved him so much.

Mr Leech said once or twice that he should never rally from that shock. He was very ill & low & nervous — Papa was thinking about
him & talking to us, not a year ago & telling us how serious he thought it was

I am fidgetting & longing to have news of Mr. Collins I am afraid this will be a great blow to him

Goodbye and thank you all [?] again

We felt somehow, so sure that everyone cared about Papa that those who spoke — or those who felt it, but did not speak of it to us seemed to us to be acting only in kindness — We want him so much now to go & comfort Mrs. Leech. He could be so tender & so cheerful too

I think I told you once how he showed us your little nephews letter — half touched half laughing as it was his way.

Yours sincerely
AIThackeray

To Mrs. Synge

Letter 48  Brighton Dec 28. 1864

Fales

My dearest Mrs. Synge

We have had another sorrow & my dearest Grannie is gone. She died quite suddenly on the Sunday before Xmas She had said good night quite well & in good spirits — while she was undressing Fanny left the room for a minute or two & coming back almost immediately found that all was over. We had been dreading Christmas for weeks past, but we did not think what a second Christmas it was to be. And yet strangely to ourselves even — though the last semblance of home & protecting love is gone — this new sorrow seems to have eased the weary pain wh has ached & ached all this endless year. I think now, even if one of us were to die the other would almost feel as if she had only gone home For home does seem there more than here at times Grannie was buried on Christmas Eve — but all our strength & courage failed us & we could not go again, it was this day year that we left our Father there. We came here a few days ago with my cousin Jane Ritchie — I think for the present we shall live on in Onslow Gardens — the future must settle itself — I have no heart to make plans or schemes.

Dear little Bobbie \(^1\) was so bright — I thought as I put my arms round him & kissed him how you must envy me — It was a real comfort &
pleasure to see the dear little face again quite unchanged only a little bit more mother countryised. We were to have arranged before this for some little expeditions together but all our plans were changed. Now Minny thank God is looking & feeling quite strong again & I still hope he will come & stay with us before he goes to Charterhouse.

I want Mf Synge to do me a kindness wh I am sure he will if he can — Would he let us know whether he thinks there is any chance in the Sandwich Islands for my Uncle Arthur Shawe. It seems impossible for him to get even a bare subsistence here. He is about forty, well mannered & trustable — he had to leave the army in consequence of a jollification three years ago, but he has never transgressed since then — he writes a fair hand though he is not very eloquent with his pen, he understands his own trade perfectly, & if there was any chance ever so small in the Honolulu Police or Army it would be quite worth his while to go out — Mf George Smith advised me to ask Mf Synge — if he can help me I needn’t say how grateful we should be. I wonder if we shall see him in the Spring. I have just been reading in the Cornhill Magazine that the Queen is really coming over.

I am so thankful to hear that Gilbert is well again — I wish you were coming too. Of all the household that you left, there are only us two & Fanny left. Gardiner gave me warning a little time ago. I was very much hurt and disappointed for I had thought she really cared for us: but I believe she had long wished to go into the country.

We sometimes feel almost inclined to go away & hide ourselves somewhere, but people are very kind & we should break all the old threads & so we had best struggle on until use and peace come to make our lives less sad. Miss Perry was telling us about Walton the other day. Katie Russell was there she said — it brought up old days very keenly as she said it — Amy writes so happy that it is a comfort to think of her, her baby is very pretty & a funny mixture of the Father & Mother. Allahabad — India or care of Messrs Colvin & Co Calcutta is their address, the latter is the safest perhaps. I do not wonder that you cannot read her writing, we are only beginning now to make it out. And now Good bye in [word illegible] & Godbless you all in the New Year — Your affectionate

Annethackeray

Please if you can don’t forget Uncle Arthur
Letters

To Mrs. George Baxter

Letter 49
Columbia
[1865]
16, Onslow Gardens
S.W.

My dear Mrs. Baxter

I have been away & my answer has been delayed a few days & I do hope that it will not miss the mail. I cannot tell you what a real delight & pleasure it gives us to think there is a chance of welcoming dear Miss Lucy in our little blue room — I am so very very very glad to think that she has almost made up her mind to come or rather that you have for her & Minnie says "Anny ain’t you glad — & wont it be delightful to see her. I know we shall be very fond of one another —" and that is something enormous from Minny who never says much only thinks Dear Mrs. Baxter I know it will be good for her & we wont let her get tired or overdone — We are going away for a month somewhere in the suburbs from the 20th of May to the 20th of June, but we mean to come up & see pictures &ct — then we shall have a fortnight before we go to Switzerland here at home & Im sure Lucy will like Bromley where we think of going it is only a few minutes by Rail & O dear me how I wish it. About gowns, I think you will know better than I shall for Americans dress so much better than Englishwomen — I suppose for Switzerland 2 walking dresses & a silk one & a cut square or sort of demi toilette & a stout one for rainy days is about what one wants — in London an eveg dress is always useful, though in June we dont go out much All our dinners &ct come before Easter — after Easter a very fast set of country people come up to town, & the residents who are not quite grand & in the world go to see pictures & sit out in Kensington Gardens & are much more quiet in the heigth of the season as it is called than before it has actually begun. Minny goes out into the big world much more than I do It depresses me so that I always shirk it when I can, but I promise that Lucy shall see everybody interesting & Tennyson too — if we have to make a pilgrimage on purpose

I only came back yesterday — little Margie met me with little arms open — said Aunt Annee — do ’ou lub me vedy muss — I hear her chattering away upstairs now & I send you a very bad photograph of her & Minny — We are such shocking bad housekeepers & never make brandy peaches, but I do hope Lucy wont miss them very much — I do
hope she won't mind Bromley. I have looked out at bricks for the last few months until I don't feel as if I could bear it any longer & am longing for trees & commons. Goodbye dear Mrs. Baxter it is so good of you to trust us enough to think of trusting us with Lucy. I promise you to take as much care of her as I do of Min & Im.

Yours affectionately

AIT

We're here already. How fortunate that I happened to write about how charming that yr cousins should be coming. Dear Lucy please give her my best love & tell her how happy she has made us — I won't write to her now but I will by the next mail.

{A prayer written by Anny}

Letter 50

9 June 1865. AET. aet. 28

Ray/Morgan

Pray God be our helper & keeper now that we are alone in the world & that troubles & bewilderment & remorses have come round about us. Pray God make us humble & true & thankful for all the love & all the mercy which has been shewn to us.

Pray God teach us to feel thy presence comforting us & surrounding us — Teach us not to fear the great chill Death & uncertainty which awaits us all — Make it into a home when we have reached it at last.

Pray God if it be thy will give us someone here to love & to go to, if not teach us to be content & not to desire as a right the inestimable graciousness & manifestations of the love with which come in different ways to each one of us.

Teach us to love make our hearts burn with truth, help us to work & to live from a higher point of view than we have done hitherto.

Help to help others a little — to remember our own shortcomings to try for truth in all things to be pitiful & gentle.

Our Father thou hast allowed us to come to thee. I think I feel in my
heart that it is no presumtive [sic] fancy but that the spirits fashioned by Thy hand may look to their creator as their Home.

Pray God bless Papa & Mama Grannie & GP & us two & little Jane 1875. Since then what dear ones have come to bless us Leslie & our little Meme & Anny & Margie & My Richmond & Pinkie too & the love of friends