

1810 - 1889

Albury, Guildford, Surrey.  
Decr. 3. 1845.

Dear friends,

Well pleased am I - we -  
to receive so prosperous & speedy an  
assurance of your well-doing. As to your  
"forsaken little wife, Mary," - O thou  
desperate traitor - the poor little creature  
first blushed, then seemed quite sorry,  
& finally became slightly indignant, - "it  
was a very mean thing: but never  
mind, I dare say I shall some day  
have another lover". See, heartlayer,  
that thou break no more; but like

M. J. Tupper.

You with Mary, on my behalf for her  
 newspapers, reading, writing, & doing  
 duties, make me a very busy & a  
 very happy man. My blessing on  
 you both! the 26 of last Nov. was our  
 10<sup>th</sup> wedding day; may Wm & Eliz.<sup>th</sup>  
 be as happy 10 years hence as we  
 were then. What a nasty naughty  
 fellow that Wm was, Elizabeth, just to  
 lay a trap for me to deny thy positive  
 chickenhood, & then go & tell thee of it:  
 tease him well for that: and as to me,  
 if that I be blent, commend me for  
 sincerities: but - tease him well. -  
 Isabelle & our darlings unite in love to  
 you both. All we are well: so be you.  
 Goodye both, - & if need be at all, forgive  
 but never forget your afft<sup>n</sup> friend  
 M. J. Tupper.



a staid sober Benedict, comfort  
the good & loving one allotted to her.  
Who ever thought to see W & R mated?  
and that as happily as heart could  
wish. Well, now, all you have to do,  
Elizabeth, is to keep your good, kind,  
religious husband clear of Rome: In  
that end, I counsel you both to go  
to Italy, & there get disgusted of  
Popery at the fountain head.

For my part, William, as you  
guess, I rejoice to see those Puritan  
fellows apostatizing openly; they always  
were wolves in sheep's clothing, and you,

good heart, never were one of them  
nor ever could be. Go to Geneva,  
Hesron of Malan & Merle d'Aubigné.  
Go to Switzerland, taste the difference  
between Protestant & Catholic Cantons.

I'm writing in a great hurry, to  
save a post. I am full of business.  
Such a lot of iron in the fire:  
edition after edition of all my works,  
going off in America rapidly; "Crock of  
Gold" dramatized; transatlantic  
newspapers full of M & F. Then,  
there's my nice old house rising like a  
Phoenix from its dust of ages, & I'm potting  
up its ancient oak with 2 & 20 workmen.  
Then children learning, wife, correspond