

any active measures whatever may be her disposition, but in this case I really do not think there is any desire. If you were in the way of any of her enjoyments, if she were required to give up a ripe peach or a plate of strawberries, or a locket or a piece of faded ribbon even, she would complain and find fault with you and wonder what right you had to be happy, while she was otherwise, she has none of that disinterested feeling which actuates Harriet & yourself, and being disappointed she has become querulous although I sincerely believe her disposition to be amiable and by no means vindictive. Thomas will doubtless have shown you my last letter to him and I am happy to say I am fully confirmed in my opinion. You may therefore place implicit reliance on it. This is packet day and I have a thousand things to do, do good by and may Heaven continue to prosper you.

Sincerely and affectionately
your friend

Geo. B. Ogden

I have not time to read all the
nonsense I have written -

St. B. Ogden
June 1830

Liverpool June 1st 1830

My dear Friends

I returned last evening from a short trip in Wales where I went to accompany Harriet & George a little way on their journey to meet Margaret & William on their route from Holyhead. The party joined on Saturday evening and we spent Sunday in the delightful and widely celebrated vale of Llangollen, each in their own characteristic way. After breakfast trout from the river Dee, which broke in a beautiful cascade immediately under our large bow window into the recess of which our table was spread, thrived hours with plenty of pepper. Muffins, toast &c we had an hour or two or rather half an age to spare, for from an English breakfast to an English dinner, from eight o'clock to six much as you may love your friends is rather too long for one sitting, accordingly after the usual deliberations, consultations, hesitations, alterations and now & then an imprecation, for George swore he would be a - if he would go, and I hoped the Dr might take me if I did, to see Miss Tomsonby - poor Lady Eleanor is dead so a visit to her was not insisted on - the carriage and four was drawn up, and as you know is even the case when a certain Lady has a point to carry, her will was obeyed, and George at the risk of being a - and I of going to the Old boy, were bundled into it, and off the whole party proceeded with Barney, who has been anglicised into Bernard, and Ann and Mary in the boot. to plus something with a Welsh name of half a

down consonants, impronounceable by any other than a Welsh tongue
and therefore unnecessary to be here written. to see Miss Tonsonby!
Now you must know, the great merit of this Miss Tonsonby is, that some
sixty years ago she and a certain Lady Eleanor Butler, both of
them, as it is averred, at that time too ugly to induce any body to
run after them. ran away from their friends, and settled down in this
retired spot in Wales, here they vegetated together for more than half
a century, until last year when, God rest her soul, poor Lady Eleanor
departed and left her dear dear friend to trudge on the rest of
the journey alone, for if she were ever so much inclined I fear that
the little beauty she has left of the very little she ever possessed
would hardly at this time of day attract any of our sect and our
women you know always hate each other. besides, she is a great fat
old body with a grey wig, wearing a mans hat, and in conformity
with the vow it appears they made, the same dress in which she
made her escape. (I dont know if it be the identical same, or
only after the same fashion) a cloth riding habit. Well, as I said
to see Miss Tonsonby we were all embarked, and poor me I thought
there was no help for it, when fortunately one old saw saved me
one man may lead a horse, thinks I, but ten cant make him drink
so having safely handed the two ladies to the gate. Good morning
says I. when you have enough of our antiquity George you will find
me admiring another on the top of yonder hill - in about five
minutes G. made his escape and away we started for the ruins of
Dinias Blenn. which well repaid us for our trouble. on the top of an

high mountain overlooking the most beautiful valley in the world
these ruins stand a beacon of times long gone by. here we
enjoyed ourselves for two or three hours of singing dancing shouting
and reminding me of "An arm for joy flung out of joint". while
this was going on, on the top of the mountain, the visit to Miss Tonsonby
being over, H. went to church, W. went to sleep and Williams.
I dont know what became of Williams I believe he went to help W.
after church we all took a stroll together, and we talked about
absent friends and going home, and fortunately his wishing cap
and such like interesting subjects. but at six o'clock ye Gods! what
increases we made upon the Welsh Mutton and the veal and the
pigeon pie, and the tarts & the cheese - until like the Boe Constrictor
when he has swallowed an Buffalo! at least I can speak for ones,
perhaps it would not be delicate to include the whole of the party,
at the early hour of ten sleep became our only solace. In the
morning we rose with the Lark, and accompanying them six miles
further on their journey, after breakfasting, and taking an affectionate
farewell I left them to return to my lark mill while they proceeded
to London. thus far in compliance with Harriets injunction to write
and tell you all about them, and our excursion. My paper wants
my dear W. that I must be brief in what else I have to say.
I have conversed fully & frequently with H. and depend on my word
that you are as dear to her as ever, nor I am quite sure have any
attempts been made from the quarter you suspect to estrange her affections.
There is a strange apathy a listlessness in W. that will ever prevent