

Macirone Archive
1876 onwards

“All My
Darlings”

17 March 1876

Mary Cowden Clarke to Clara Macirone

My dear Angela

Your kind gift of the lovely 'Unchanging Heart" arrived this morning just in time for our darling Portia to play it and sing it for us before she and her sister Valeria left on their return to join their Parents again, after an enchanting stay with us of four months which seem to have flown by like four weeks - almost like four days ! We were all charmed with the exquisite song, and with the effect of ever-enhanced richness in the accompaniment as the strain proceeds.

Thank you very much for the kind present.

Sabilla - who has been obliged to keep her room much lately with feverish attacks and swelled throat, alas too frequently recurrent - was able to be downstairs with us in the dining-room for lunch ere the darlings, Portia and Valeria, left.

My Charles had hoped to have been equal to the exertion of being with us; but after three months' illness, he feels the fatigue of walking even a few steps, and we are looking forward to more settled Spring weather for better recovery of his health and strength. He joins me in thanks for the lovely song and for your affectionately expressed Postcard of the 12th January, wishing his recovered health and all kinds of amiable remembrances of your 'Writing Master".

With me unite, in kindest regards to yourself and sister, Sabilla and Alfred.

Oh, if you could have been with me a few moments ago to witness my lonely feeling as I looked at the left lunch-table, I know you would have sympathised with it. There were the patera-vases heaped with fresh camellias that our dear girls had arranged for us as the last thing ere they went, to deck our meal-table and last as a flowery reminiscence of them as long as the colour remains unfaded; and there were the just-vacant seats around the table, mocking me with these tokens of departed presence. But here I am, in our own room, sitting beside my Charles as he takes a little nap after his lunch and writing to the sweet sisters Macirone - God bless them ! - and thoughts of dear husband and kind friends comesto soothe pain of heart. Think of me always as your admiring friend, Mary Cowden Clarke

Ps Do you see the "Gentlemen's Magazine"? Since August last some 'Recollections of Writers' known to an old couple when young have been offering and might interest you. I would especially like you to see next month's number for April 1876.

April 1876

Clara Macirone at Boscombe to Emily Macirone

11 letters headed 'My darling's letters while at Corfe'

(Clara is 55, Emily 49, George Augustus 42, (their father George died 1858, their mother Mary Ann died 1870). G.A.'s son Francis (the 'bairnie') is 5, Catherine is 4, Lucy 2, Teresa 3 months. His wife Mary is unwell after each birth).

My own darling,

How good of you to give me that cup of coffee. I had not the least idea, when I ran after you, leaving the coffee and luggage to see for itself, and watched your retreating form, you never looked back and I watched the retreating red cloak which let itself be easily followed till it was gone and returned to my luggage and coffee and writing, - and then I rested, watching each arriving vehicle and each group of people.

You know now, know that a telegram was sent home - but of course I didn't. Meantime all the people came and lodged themselves in the train, and at last the train went off, and I was left to think what to do. So I went into the ladies' room and re-wound myself and watched the packing train and the arriving people for the 3.5 train and it suddenly occurred to me it would be better to be off at once if there were a cheap carriage, and so I did and very well it was I did, for I had the long daylight journey, and wrote away for dear life all alone in a pleasant carriage, alone save for one very pleasant gentlemanly person who just devoted himself to his books as I to my writing and cut my pencils for me. I enclose you a few of my scraps. I can't part with the rest yet, but will send them up as I can. But I was so happy and at last got to Bournemouth, to be hailed by a crowd of flies, but my Knight had warned me the cabs are frightfully dear, and he got

and found an omnibus for me and so out of the dull night, in I turn to the light and warmth and all the loving greeting of this dear place. They were so surprised and disappointed to see me without you, and after the cold and darkness the room looked so delightfully warm and bright. These are all separate villas, besides this, a large square one, surrounded with pine woods, all new inside, square built with a large handsome balustraded staircase. But we were all at sea about why no one met me – there was no one at the station to meet me – no one knew why I turned up then, but there was only one thing perfectly clear, I must have tea. Only think how well the blessed cup of coffee came in – it was eight o'clock before I got my tea. How kind they all are. I had come down in a perfect glory of A...[?] and wrote out all the first act on the way. I enclose you a few bits and will send on the rest as fast as I can copy and put them to rights. Then, the last thing at night, after watching all possible and impossible sounds for wheels for Peter and Mister, at last comes something and we all rush out to the hall and in comes a fly-full, Irene etc with the news of the telegram. They had been looking out for me – with what success you may judge.

I am looking out for your letter to say how or if you got on at all yesterday afternoon. Did Mr. Hansen venture out in such weather? I am very glad I came – for I don't think I am a burden to them and the rest and air and writing out my play is so very pleasant – quite lying fallow as it were and resting. They are all so loving and kind and Nyemi got up to make me a beautiful cup of tea this morning. I am visiting in Mary's room who is looking so much better and sends her love to you, and Irene too. They are so sorry you are not here. How is Sarah? And how have you been my own darling? You see I have no message for you from Mr and Mrs McDonald as they are not here and it seems very doubtful when they will come. It is such bad weather for Mr McDonald to venture to travel in.

We went out just now after dinner (I went to church in the morning) across such pine woods – a little square box of a church - And we turned out in glory with Kitty and the little open carriage, intending to get some mosses and primroses for the Chapel and send them up by the train today - but such a storm of wind and snow came on it was blinding. I put on my hood and kept up a fight with wraps, rugs, umbrella and hood, but we cut and ran back and got home at last. We are struggling after afternoon tea. I am writing on the little table near Mary's bed. She is on the sofa before such a fire, which is close to me. Irene is sketching her, and at intervals we are watching the snow storm which comes down into the woods opposite. Please tell me all

the news – if the carpet has been beaten and how it looks –if you like it, and if the mantelpiece cover looks well. But I remember you mustn't touch anything till after Easter Day but your new bright dress. I only fear my darling you won't have a very bright Easter to wear it with this snow and wind and rain. Give the dear children a good hug for me and George and Mary and remember me very kindly to Sarah. I hope she is better.
Ever your loving sister Clara.
I shall write to George and Mary and to Molly soon.

Boscombe Good Friday

My own darling.

Your dear letter was brought in so delightfully this morning with such a cup of tea and a buttered bun – there's luxury. It was so pleasant to have that if visiting between this blowy seaside place and the dear village. I shall write to Sister Mary so that she has it before Sunday, and to Molly.

I hear you say nothing of the Hansens coming. I took it for granted they wouldn't be able to come – such a day – both so delicate, so I shall not be surprised if they had to put it off. I spoke to both Mr and Mrs McDonald about your not coming and gave your message and they were so tender and kind and sympathising. But you won't be allowed to stay away another time young woman. Meanwhile it is such weather I don't mind so much your being at home for there is little going out possible, and Mr McDonald looked very grave when I told him you would have been obliged to go home Easter Monday and said then you were quite right, it was such a dreadful day to travel, it would never have done to travel alone, and I should of course have had to go to see you safe home and come back again. He has given me such a beautiful book, *The Exotics* – and one of my favourite sonnets of Petrarch is in it.

Now to tell you of yesterday – all the afternoon I was in Mary's room and our party of teachers, the ...[?] and someone she arrived at last, just as our prolonged afternoon tea in Mary's room had reached a unanimous close. And then there was such a triumphant coming in and embracing of Mary who was found to be very much better, going on all right and then a tea dinner for us all. The trains were two hours

late and had had to be cut in half, there were so many people. Lucky I came when I did with my amiable Knight .

On my bits of my MS , you shall have some more soon but today of course that work stops. Then we sat up to some extent, all together in the pretty drawing room, Mary in her mother's arms and everybody taking care of somebody else, but it grew too late at last and so we all went to bed, except Lily, watching up for the last party G,L and Greville who were to come by the last train. They were lucky for Uncle Matthew came with them, so he took care they had lots of tea hot to keep them warm, but they said that train too was so full. I listened up till late, arranging my things for I had to move. They had put me into the very best and sunniest room and of course Mr McDonald has that, but they had Nyemi make mine so pretty – with such a fire and fine cover over the bed, and just now Mr McDonald has come in and lighted such a fire here that I may write and do just as I like today – so time goes.

I am so glad darling you have that muslin. I couldn't have bought it here myself – only I did intend to make it up for you myself unbeknown and keep it as a surprise for you Easter morning. I so wanted to make it for you. It will look gorgeous with your blue bonnet, if only we can wear anything but waterproofs and galoshes. The wind makes anything but a hood hopeless. I only hope the weather will change tomorrow and then we shall be out. I am so glad I'm here. The rest and society of all these dear children, all so loving, is so blessed – and I tell them Francis's little jokes – to a very appreciative audience. I shall make a thorough rest of it and come home so fresh, and please do take care of G and don't work too hard at anything.

The service this morning was so...[?] in the little box of a chapel with the pine woods looking in at all the windows. I shall enclose a letter to Mary in the next letter to you. Oh my little cap with lilac ribbons is just the thing and I feel no end of gratitude to you for making it every time I put it on. I shall send you a hymn I am very fond of if I can get it written out in time. (*see below*) Always your Clara. All send love

Enclosure:marked

Good Friday 1876

Jerusalem my happy home

When shall I come to Thee

When shall my sorrows have an end

Thy rays when shall I see.

O happy harbour of the saints

O sweet and pleasant soil
In thee no sorrow may be found
No ill no care no toil

There lust and lucre cannot dwell
There envy bears no sway
There is no hunger heat nor cold
But pleasure every way.
Thy vales are made of precious stones
Thy brickwork diamonds square
Thy gates are of right orient pearl
Exceeding rich and rare

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine
Thy very streets are paved with gold
Surpassing clear and fine.
Oh my sweet home Jerusalem
Would God I were in thee
Would God my woes were at an end
Thy joys that I might see

Thy saints with glory shall be crowned
Shall see God face to face
They triumph still, they still rejoice
Most happy is their case
Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall
Our pleasure is but pain
Our joys scarce bear the looking on
Our sorrows still remain

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continuously are green
These grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.
Quite through the streets with silver sound
The flood of life doth flow
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of life doth grow

Here trees for evermore bear fruit
And ever more do spring

There evermore the Angels sit and evermore do sing –
Jerusalem my happy home
Would God I were in thee
Would God my woes were at an end
Thy joys that I might see.

Boscombe Easter Day

My darling,

We have had such constant interruptions that I have been able to write very little. We had a lovely day out yesterday driving a long beautiful drive to Poole through the pretty country to that quaint fishing town, and there we lunched and shopped and then a long ride back again. I shall write to Mary tomorrow but I don't think I shall be back before the end of next week. I feel this place, its rest and beautiful air is doing me so much good, only I wish it were doing you good too. Your dear pale face haunts me so, and the lovelier everything is the more I need you to enjoy it with me. I enclose some of the MS notes for you in case you like to use them in any way and a letter to enclose to Mary if the dear children come over. Keep me up to your news. I shall send the papers back to you tomorrow and hope to get on a little with the 2nd act in time.

Don't tire yourself my darling and do see to your dress first, you will want it. By the bye, could you enclose for me the account sent with the cheque for Mrs Langley, and I will receipt it and send it to her. Also change the cheque at either Broadwoods or Novellos or Hopkinsons and send me a PO order for 19/-.

Remember me kindly to Sarah and do please take care of yourself my own darling – What have I but you? If I can get very strong here it will be worth while to be away from home awhile. So you see there will be plenty of time for the c.....? without hurrying or pestering. By the bye today we walked to Christchurch but I was very disappointed in the church – it so needs painting and lights. Then there is a very lovely Norman...[?] – pure Norman I think they would say and perfect, only it does so want finishing up. All the accessories are so meagre and poor. The whole is very lovely, but unsatisfactory. I am very glad we didn't take no end of trouble to get there, because I feel how dissatisfied you would be with it.

We are going somewhere tomorrow with Mr Matthews and Mr Smithers and the home party. They are down here just for the Easter

and going off at daybreak Tuesday morning, and arrived Thursday evening so they are making the most of their time while they stay. Tell me all about what you have done, seen and enjoyed since I left. All send love to you.
From your own loving Clara

Unfinished note to Emily from Clara

My own darling, Soooooooo thanks for your dear letter and all its cheering. I was at breakfast with about 20 of the dear house party at the Retreat. Mrs McDonald came down, though she never appears before the middle of the day, on purpose. Such a loving crowd they were, I do feel it so much that just now when I need it so much, there should be such.....

Boscombe Easter Tuesday

My own darling,

To answer your dear letter first – I thank you so much for writing so often. It's just life to know how you are going on. I have so much to tell you but business first as the illustrious Richard 1st so beautifully observes. About Miss Dobrie : I don't think I shall be home by the concert time and have written to tell her so. I shall see. About Cissy – please write to Mlle de Pagrie and tell her if she likes to sell the ring and get it sent for Cissy's emigration – there it is and welcome. Thank you darling for making up the tie for Easter and the mantel piece. Send me the words of TL, but Mr McDonald is so fearfully busy I don't think I shall get them till Sunday . I will send the scenes for AFH as soon as they are written.

And now for me – Oh my darling only think – I feel so sorry to have had such a luxury by myself, but I couldn't keep it. We had such a day yesterday and I can't keep it in any longer. I had such a glorious long chat with an introduction to J. Palgrave Simpson* yesterday evening and told him we were trying to remember his play all through and he was so nice and cheery and kind and told me so much about it, and Clayton and the whole thing altogether, and I do believe I shall see him again, he seemed quite to like me, poor little me, and I was so happy.

This was how it all was – we had a wonderful day yesterday, driving all day. The drive was grey and cold across the forest to Lyndhurst

with Mr and Mrs Cunliffe and all the whole party of us. I wanted you then. Though those trees are grand and noble to see with twenty laughing and talking our quiet sympathy is more like those glorious forest glades. But the fear was lest our ...[?] in an east wind. But the drive did us good, and they went because I could guide them, but as it turned out there was no time for any place but the high road, straight on to our Lyndhurst lunch at the Crown, and I bought my darling a bit of blue ribbon at the old chemist's where we used to go and see the Photographs. The church was one mass of flowers. Well we rushed home just in time to get one cup of tea, change our dress and smooth our hair and with cloaks and hoods be off through the night and the pine woods to Lady Shelley's where the whole party was invited to see the rehearsal of some plays in such a pretty theatre. Palgrave Simpson was there acting, and very well, in the first, both his and pieces by amateurs, and afterwards he came and sat down before us, next to Lady Shelley, and Lily being a kind friend and a better manager than most people, when I had told her who it was, spoke to Lady Shelley who immediately turned and introduced him to me. He was sitting exactly before me so it was so blessedly easy to talk, and oh how much he told me about Clayton. He is so fond of him and when he was with John's other brothers, (highly educated, their father is a very rich man) turned out of house and home (they are all doing capitally), he begged him (Clayton) to come and be his adopted son. And now he says he has been twelve years with him and he loves him as if he were his own son, and he is such a good, tender son to him, writes to him every day when he is away, if it's only a line, and when he had been with him a little while Clayton said he couldn't live on him, he must earn his living and he had a tremendous longing to become an actor and after everybody had done what they could to dissuade him wisely, he began, studying very hard always, till at last Palgrave Simpson wanted to dramatise the character of Sydney Carton for him and got Dickens' leave and wrote the whole plot, dividing it with scenes etc. and then said to Hermann Merivale – Now you must put this into your own brilliant language for me and him, and they have given them the play and he has trained another company to go into the provinces where he cannot go, they won't produce it, because of course if they did it would be lost to him and he gets £25 a week now. I said that was little for a man of his abilities, but he said he was very proud of it, and it was very well for a young man of his age, but he said he was such a good fellow, and I said we felt he must be so fearfully exhausted and he said that if he could act it without feeling it would be so much easier, but every night he

never goes up to the scaffold without tears in his eyes, and he feels it all the way through so intensely, it takes so much out of him. He said five or six times he had acted it twice in the day. He went to Paris for these holidays, and Mr P.S. seemed to enjoy my being so up in all the news of it. He said Elwood was going to continue, Clayton had found him out and coached him up in the part, he was so much better - and Crawford is going to be Colonel Bruce in London and those lines which Atkins said were in the original play only a little more - "That fellow has the best of it now, if there's a heaven he is bound for it - I have hell within me", and he said a point we had never noticed because we were watching Hugh - Those papers Hugh speaks of did...[?] Radford, and he is arrested on the stage, - just before Hugh kneels down Col. Bruce touches his shoulder with a paper and he ought to show his terror - but he said W acted those lines so badly he made people laugh and so he cut them out.

Palgrave Simpson was so pleasant and came to see us out in the classroom and they say he is coming with Lady Shelley to call. If we are invited there I shall have to send up for a dress in a hurry. Best love to Francis and Lucy.

Your loving sister Clara

**From "A Chronicle of The St. James' Theatre from its origin in 1835*

On January 8th, 1876, Mr. Horace Wigan returned to management, with a play by Messrs. Hermann Merivale and Palgrave Simpson, founded on Dicken's " Tale of Two Cities," and called "All for Her." The authors were especially congratulated on their wisdom in merely using the motive instead of attempting to dramatise the book ; and Mr. William Archer pronounced it "an excellent play, the least faulty if not the best of all Mr. Merivale's works, romantic without bombast." The same critic has, too, nothing but the warmest praise for the development of the plot and for the character of Hugh Trevor, the Sidney Carton of the drama, of whom John Clayton - departing from light farcical parts - made a lovable and intensely sympathetic personage.

Corfe - Boscombe, Bournemouth. Thursday after Easter

My own darling,

It is only, you see, that everything that is pleasant is driven backwards by the feeling you would enjoy it. I shan't want any fine things my darling. I believe. Mr Palgrave Simpson's manner last night was very different and Lady Shelley said nothing about coming, but what I have had is so pleasant. I said last night I hoped he had brilliant news from Liverpool, and he said something I didn't quite understand, about either that Clayton said he would send him the papers, or see that he, Mr Palgrave Simpson would send them on to me – which is unlikely – but we enjoyed ourselves very much and I wished you were there – but when don't I wish for you?

I send by this post a letter to dear Kitty. It is indeed for her mother a blessed Easter, but Kitty will feel it terribly. I think Mr and Mrs Hansen will be a great blessing to them and find some way out of their loneliness and dullness for them. I am sure they will if it's possible.

Tomorrow you will have the bairnie. I shall come up as soon as I can, but I feel I am of use here. I am so sorry I wrote so urgently about the M.S. (*my notes I mean, I don't want yours – not the large copy*). I will come I think by that when I come home, and I shouldn't like to risk losing it. I am getting on better now and hope to get a tolerably fair copy done before I return. I feel sure the dates for the first lessons, (Miss Tait and Emilia) are the 28th – tomorrow week, so I shall be home before then some time. I don't quite see my way as to what day yet. I don't like missing so much of the bairnie and fear you may get tired, not of him but with him –(the weather seems clearing) and when he comes give him a desperate hug from his godmother.

What did we do yesterday? I was visiting in the morning and then at my window which opens on a mighteous house and garden and a few pine trees, and then went into Bournemouth for all sorts of little odds and ends, glove buttons etc to make my dress right for the evening. I had taken out all my lace and got it up splendidly and made my velvet dress quite nice. It needed nearly the whole day there and back - and in the afternoon work and a long lesson to my little N and then we dined and went in a fly which came back for me and some of the boys to Lady Shelley's 2nd rehearsal and very pretty it was – a much prettier play than "The Doom of Saint Kerek" a Breton legend – such a creepy thing !! I think it did us the greatest credit that we got any sleep after it. It was very bright and pleasant, the whole thing and I sat in front with Ronald and he is so delightfully bright and intelligent and affectionate and sympathetic that we got on tremendously and it was as pleasant between the acts as during the acting - such a very...[?]story, a Breton legend. I will tell it you afterwards.

Refreshments were handed round by highly proper servants between the acts. The scenery was beautiful, painted by Sir Percy Shelley*. The drive was so pleasant and the coming home ditto. Minnie's portrait was set (?) and Mr McDonald has just finished his greatest part in the work, only correcting...? which won't be such a? of concern. By the bye, thank you darling for the P.O. order. Is there any news of Hugh and Jenny Russell ? How did you enjoy?, and *won't* we go to all the lot? when we get together at home again. Any other news of home. How is yourgoing on? I do hope you have been trying to get a thorough holiday from your painting, and I think we shall possess a thoroughly faultless copy of "The Play". I think mine is getting on. We will have a sight? of it and call ourselves 'The Authors' Club'. Farewell my 'friend and pitchman(?)'
Your loving sister, Clara.

**There was until very recently a pub called the Sir Percy Shelley in Boscombe. This Sir Percy Florence Shelley was the only surviving child of Percy Bysshe Shelley and Mary Shelley. He is described in The London World of 1889 as 'without the slightest spark of poetic fire, but with an extraordinary love for private theatricals'. His home was Boscombe Lodge which incorporated Boscombe Theatre.*

Boscombe Grange

My darling,

First and foremost, please send me the scraps of All For Her you took out of my parcel. I can't get on without them and never intended to part with them, but you ...[?]by Friday ? – only don't lose a post in sending them me as I'm sticking in the mud and want them very much.

Tell me what is done about poor Cissy and how Sarah is. I have such dreams of the blessed children and should like to come up when Francis comes but doubt if it's best. Would you call in at Mrs Hodgkins and see if she has any really first-rate gloves – black and other colours, dark blue or green or brown. If so pray buy any she has of my size that are thoroughly good and I will pay for them when I come, and send on the black pair down here as mine don't

look well. We had a very pleasant quiet day yesterday, only I stay at home and try to hammer out All For Her and want my notes. We had a grand breakfast because the gentlemen were off for town (Mr Matthews and Mr Senshall) and Mr and Mrs McDonald were down to see them off, and a very long and interesting discussion we had after breakfast. If I am to send you back any of those letters about Cissy tell me darling. I must go off to get this to the post and so goodbye this once with a short letter.
Your loving sister Clara

Boscombe Bournemouth Sunday morning

My darling,

My cup of tea and your letter has just come. I am so sorry about my papers because I had not written out a word when I left home, and calculated on your sending me mine as fast as you copied them out, that I might use them too. I didn't want to copy your copy but to make a good one entirely my own and then help each other. However it can't be helped. I have struggled through the whole without my notes, but you see I felt I might as well have been saved the fatigue of trying to remember once again what I had written. However of course I must put off all the rest till I come home, but what I wanted was to do it myself. I have done that as it is but those notes would have been such a help to me and I never dreamt of giving them up altogether because I hadn't written a word of the real copy when I left home. However what can't be cured etc. So now I finished my copy in pencil yesterday and shall not touch it till I get home and compare it with yours.

So now I have had my grumble out we will go on again with the pleasant history of the holiday by the sea, and far from your saying nothing about it your dear little picture. Don't fancy I forgot it ever, but I don't like to worry you darling. It deserves to be hung, as I do believe my Emigrants' Song deserves to be published, but Mr Littleton sent me back all my MSS with a polite but dispiriting note, but I am not dispirited. We have both worked faithfully and our work will be...[?] some day and even if not, as the Three Children Grundy

said – if not – it has been done as well as we could for His sake and duty and that can't fail. What is failure ? I think a life which becomes rotten by wealth or selfish by indulgence, is the real failure, and a poor little life which is kept healthy though cold by the running waters of adversity may be only a bit of watercress compared to a rotten rose, but it's a true healthy thing after all. I intend to go on, harder than ever. He shall see that I work for Him in shadow as well as in sunshine and trust Him by night as well as by day, and the last morning and the last Home will come – at last. By the bye I am so sorry dear Mary allows Francis to go about by himself – at all – I have heard such things of kidnapping children and he is such a tiny little mite. Mrs McDonald is anxious too. She says they train their children to be of use in the house, but even Grenville wasn't sent to post letters till he was seven. I shall never have a quiet hour thinking of that child caught up so easily by some tramp and kept perhaps for months away from us all.

Well, to return to our 'moutons'. I shall try and get home Tuesday night, for now I have this visiting to do which I had hoped to do here. By the way Sir Shelley called yesterday with Mr Hubert G...[?] the author of the play we saw Wednesday and he told me he had capital advice from Leighton about costumes for an Italian play of his – who told him the loveliest Florentine costumes were in a church in Florence – some from pictures by Gherlandaio - by two brothers. They said they understood the Prince of Wales was delaying his return by the Queen's will as she wanted to stay out there and be home when he came. Also they said this new title was given by the Queen's own will and that it is to be proclaimed (somewhere and when I don't know) and by electric telegraph, guns are to be fired off in every quarter of her dominions.

I am sorry...[?] Lady Shelley was a nice pleasant ladylike woman, cheery and cordial and kind in her humour. They do say she has been a ...[?]and if so Sir Percy has certainly done credit to his judgement as well as taste for she makes an admirable wife and travels about continually with him on the sea though she suffers frightfully, or at least she did but he has been as ingenious as she and found out how to manage his yacht so as to save her suffering. He paints continually when at home and they have these plays for the sake of his scenery and he also writes plays and music. The scenery is beautiful. We had rehearsing yesterday at home for some pieces to be done tomorrow. I wonder if you and the bairnie are off to the town today. I should so like to be with you – we go a little walk through pine woods to this little hut of a chapel and I hope to be out a good deal now, but the

weather and a cold in my face made going out in the treacherous wind very dangerous. The winds are so high when they are up, that it's quite impossible to put up or at least to keep up an umbrella. I am very glad we keep Mr. White at the Savoy though why he should give up such preferment is puzzling. By the bye I don't send you any of the rest of the pieces of the play though I have kept them carefully. By the bye if you could get this pump for Francis mind you do because it would be of use just now. I shall learn the C...[?] quick and send you a little one enclosed. I shall learn to make what ever I can, and try to write a verse of a little hymn perhaps Francis could learn before I come. I have just begun to read a book I think you would like, 'Memoirs of Sara Coleridge'. Her letters are delightfully refreshing – such a noble, true mind. I will copy out a little bit and send it you afterwards.

I should like to know if you have heard anything of Lena – what Georgie and Lucy's address is, when they went and how long they are to be away. – what do you know about Murdins – also about the Hansens. I come back certainly by, if not before Thursday evening and shall want Sarah to do up my fine things then. I have Godwin's Life, Norman Wilkin's Life, 2 Vols of Sara Coleridge's Memoirs and Green's History of the English People. I want to see something of the Hansens if I can before they go.
Always your loving sister Clara.

21 April Boscombe early

My own darling,

I want, not the scraps I sent you from here, but those you took out of my parcel at home. Of course I had copied those before I sent them off, it is the others I am stopping for. Would you send me those by return post?

Cissy's ticket is in her purse, as she gave it me, under the sliding panel in my desk near my money box, underneath to the left hand. If you put your left hand in and feel you will find it.

Thanks for the news darling and all the home work. We shall look too beautiful for daily life. I wrote off at once to Kitty but there are no

wild flowers here I am sorry to say and it rains so much I could not look for them if there were. I went down to the sea for the first time yesterday and the apparent rocks are most of a sticky sort of clay that has attached itself strongly to all of me it could get at and will give me some trouble to get off. Meanwhile I hear from Mary D that they have scoured the country round to some purpose and found nought for their comfort, so that's off our minds. Thank you for the gloves my darling, but my size is 6 half not 7 half, so I keep them to change. Please keep the bill for me, though I don't think that matters. I shall be home I think Thursday next so as to be ready for my lessons at home Friday morning and see the bairnie a little and you a great deal. I have made everybody's blood run cold about that precious 'individigle' child disporting himself in that airy way at night like a goblin. I don't think you will let a poor wandering musician in – the Drawing room will look so grand. I will write to Kitty Thompson. Heaven bless you my darling. Give a hug to the bairn for me and tell him something very dear for me. Your most loving sister – in haste as I need send this off by the early post.

C.A.Macirone

All for Her Is not being acted anywhere. At least Sir P.S didn't know of it and he said that's why they can't get it published[?] Because he wants it to be property for Clayton.

Your letter went overweight

April 21 Bournemouth

My darling,

I see, it is as I thought from the first glimpse of your parcel. You have sent me the notes I made on the way here and which I copied before sending to you. I want those I wrote out first and which you took out of the parcel to write out your own copy by. I enclose a little note for our MS. If you don't post those MSS tomorrow by post time I shall not get them till Tuesday. I think you might take Francis to hear the band play at a Marlborough House – if you liked tomorrow only. I will pay the entrance. It plays from 10.45 to 11.15 close to Marlborough Gate and he and you would enjoy it. I will try to learn making the paper boats, and if you saw any of those little constructions you saw and liked at Sophy Knights to cut out and glue, do buy them and I will pay

for them out of the toy fund. I think there are some pretty things of the kind in a Kindergarten shop in Berners Street, near Roland's, the same side of the road. If you chanced to see anything of the kind you would like to amuse the child, you know I have 7/- to spend for them. I would buy what you thought best.

I think it was so kind my darling to do that settee work. I'm almost glad I never thought you were going to do it – I should have been so nervous about your getting overtired and overworked. I have seen the Times account of 'Queen Mary'* and of the unfortunate mistake of Henry Irving's making a speech about it immediately after the curtain fell and sending a message to Tennyson of his success. What a mistake – I have written out in pencil the second act of A.F.H (*All For Her*) but need my notes very much, so I hope they will come tomorrow – these are no use to me at all. It's what I wrote at home that I want, not what I sent you, darling. If you don't send them I shall have to come back for them and I shan't mind that.

They wanted to take me on a drive this morning and I refused, there are so many who went back just now, Mr McDonald so Greville came, Maurice came and one of the little pupils has ...[?]and I felt I should be better for a good drive but I got into the thick of the plot so I didn't go out at all except for about five minutes.

I shall send a line to Georgie tomorrow and a rose if I can get a pretty one for his feast day. God bless him and make us grateful for Shakespeare. We shall be having a little play 'A Morning Tale' tomorrow evening so think of us. You will be having the bairnie his players[?] – happy girl. I may finish pencilling A.F.H. tomorrow if I get the notes. I have written to Fanny Smith about the college and she is very glad of the offer.

Always your loving Clara. Love to G and Lucy and Mary

**In 1876 Henry Irving played the role of Philip in Lord Tennyson's play Queen Mary*

Boscombe Tuesday morning

My own darling,

I am so sorry I said anything about the MSS of A.F.H – never mind, I've done it now and the more difficulty the more glory. I am sorry too about your dear picture. We've been there together, that's some comfort, but it deserved to get in – and it doesn't give our blessed

mother a ...[?]now. You must put aside your painting for a long while and get a long bout of reading and study of other kinds. I fear you are getting tired with the dear boy and shall be home sometime Thursday evening. I can't stay a minute longer. I should have been home long ago, but that it seemed not quite right to lose the rest and fresh air and handiness of being here but I can't bear to think of you looking pale and tired – do go out. The money for the rent – because you know it's all in the Bank ready for you and – if they have sent for it I enclose a Postal Order to get it accounted, only if I can date it on or after May 1st – there will be interest for the month allowed. (It seems from the 1st of every month to the 1st of the next). I am so grieved about your picture. I didn't really think it was right[?]because – all sorts of things- and it was so pretty, but we seem to be very unfortunate just now. I am very glad we are rid of that ring honourably and that it will be of use – if it be of use. I am quite out of all hope of her, if I ever had any, but I have been repenting of many things –but that's an old trial you know - only a sentence of W Newboulds should be, 'that it is much wiser, as well as kinder to accept all the kindnesses that are offered you' and I will try to be better, and I often wish you had come down with me - they so completely expected you and I feel the change would have done you good my darling and that you wanted it. But it would have been of no use if you hadn't stayed as long or nearly as long as I, and I don't see how you would have been happy to do that.

The brightest things were Sir Shelley's theatricals last week . G last evening went off very well. Lily acted splendidly - and Mrs McDonald is in the middle of all sorts of interests, which make reading and walking out for me the only employments after P's lesson in the morning. I shall take this to Hammersmith and post it early so that you may get it tonight. I am so sorry I wrote about those papers. I will take the whole charge of Francis off your shoulders as soon as I come home, all except those two lessons on Friday morning, Esther? at ¼ to 9 and Miss Tait at 10 to 11, and after that I can take the bairnie out – if it's fine of course. I write by this post about the toy pump to ...[?] Have you got your needlewoman all right?

I went into Bournemouth yesterday and got a pail and a spade for Francis. Lily sends him those favours with love and a kiss. I haven't done any art since I have been here. The air is very relaxing and I have had aches flying about my head which have made me stupid – but I get home Thursday. I have just had a message they are going to drive out and if I will go there will be a fly besides the little pony chaise, so I shall be out for a long while. I wish you were with me.

The setting was pretty last night and Lily acted splendidly, but Mrs McDonald was 4 times above all and the higher they were. Mrs McDonald's own piece was a charade, and I played between the acts. There were just two or three people besides the home party, and among them a Miss Turner, who is an old friend of the Miss Peters, who are such good friends of Mr White at Dover. They live at Guildford now and are as fond of him, or more fond, than ever and think him almost perfect and say he is utterly unspoilt by all his popularity. I hope to see him again.

But I can't get over your being out of spirits. Just better think what blessings we have been to Papa and Mamma and Georgie. It doesn't so much matter about ourselves and it won't last very long, all this want of success – the lane will have a turning and the night will have a morning my own darling some time or other and it's something to have such glorious arts and be allowed to work at them. We might be much worse off than we are. We'll have a round of dissipation when I come home. I shall have a bank of money and we will go and call on lots of people and cheer each other up.

I will tell you many things when I come which I can't write, so God bless you and comfort you again. What should I do without you – just collapse. I am so glad the red wool stockings look well – I thought they would. Oh we'll look lovely and have such enjoyment together when I come home. I am to get home about 10 at Waterloo, Thursday

Ever your own loving sister C.A.Macirone

26 April 1876

My own darling,

(Crossed out – Pray give the ticket to Cissy) It has occurred to me that if Mr and Mrs McDonald wished to give ten pounds for the ring - the £6.17.6d could go to the ticket and there would be £3.12.6d left for Cissy's journey and things and be a safer way than letting her lose it. If they don't, perhaps you could go over to the Huchens or write and see if they wouldn't take it at that price, and that would raise the money for her without the danger of her drinking it away. I have mentioned it to Mrs McDonald and she is gone to speak to her husband about it. Here is the cheque. The amount will be £8.3.0d so it leaves £3.1.9d to be spent for Cissy – journey etc and no danger of her losing it all.

God bless you, Yours always.

The McDonalds come up nextand I can give them the ring then. Meanwhile – I am so anxious about the dear Tripps. It's the first break in their happy house and they will feel it very much. What will they do? Tomorrow if Miss D'Oyley would be of use there, Mr Mostyn will be sure to need travelling and how will he manage with his children, unless old Mrs Mostyn could come – but it's very little use thinking just now of what they will want. Have you their address at Hastings?

I am going to find out if there isn't a better train tomorrow than the 5.0 o'clock one, which gets into town at 10.0. An earlier train so as to get home by tea time would be so reviving. I will post this off so as to give you the result about Cissy's ring and send off a P O card this evening about the train. We shall be all in confusion this afternoon as they have charades and acting for Lady Shelley and from 6 to 8 we shall be in a turmoil and the post leaves at 7.40 here. Mr McDonald's letters are not come so he is in some trouble and to console him Mrs McDonald is going to send him out driving with your humble servant. What you say is perfectly true. Vide Kate M on one side Robert Hall on the other – an ideal home and on the other loneliness and incessant pain and yet the result I shall see from tomorrow. Friday - home again ! I am so sorry my darling you have had all this turmoil about Cissy, just when I was away and you with our darling couldn't see to it. She mustn't come to our house for anything. I shall be home soon and can see to something for you, and at all counts we shall be together and can fight it out together. Here comes M with a cheque from Mr McDonald. You can get this changed at once. I spend the £3.2/- for Cissy

Your loving C A M

Later the same day

My own darling

I start by the 2.0pm train and not the 5.20. It is a fast train and gets into town between 5 and 6. I should think perhaps you had better see – come and meet me or not as you feel best. I shall have only very little baggage and can get into our omnibus quite well.

God bless you always. Your loving sister C A M

(On same sheet) My own darling, I hope you got safely the cheque from Mr McDonald I sent you this morning. Either Novellos or Broadwoods would change it for you. Mr McDonald wishes it to be clearly understood that they shall be quite willing and glad if any of the family would redeem it back and if not they must be at liberty to sell it if they want the money. I felt it was at least a way of managing

it for the present. Perhaps Mr Hansen would like to buy it for his wife. At all counts the McDonalds are safe to get their money back if they want it and it will just send Cissy safely off. I hope you got the P.O Order for the rent in case you wanted it. I left it undated on purpose, as if you didn't want it till May it would be a trifle more interest.

Always yours, C A M.

You must take care to spend so that the £9.00 will cover everything. I have nothing more to give Cissy now

Undated May 21

J Estlin Carpenter* at 4 Oppidan's Road NW to Emily Macirone

**Joseph Estlin Carpenter 1844-1927 A Unitarian Minister from Manchester College Oxford, and prolific author eg: Zoology, Botany and Geology of the Bible : Buddhism and Christianity etc.*

Dear Miss Emily Macirone,

May I say that I am at last ready for the picture as soon as it is convenient to you kindly to send it. Did I not know that you have stores of beautiful conceptions on which to fall back, I should hardly like to ask you to part with it. I trust that you have derived much refreshment from your recent sojourn in the country; surely spring was never more beautiful. Believe me faithfully yours,

J Estlin Carpenter

(same date)

Dear Miss Emily Macirone,

It is most kind of you to send the dear Temeraire so soon; it will be a happy greeting for the lady tomorrow. I assure you we think we are most fortunate to be its possessors: and we shall value it the more because it comes from your friendly hands and has such bright associations with it.

Will you ask Miss Macirone to excuse me for not availing myself of the ticket she is so kind as to send. I did not know that the concert was tomorrow, when I shall spend at Regent's Park Road the hours I can spare from my study; and I should be sorry, too, to occupy a seat which I hope Miss Macirone may be well enough to fill.

With best regards, believe me always, faithfully yours,
J Estlin Carpenter

5 June 1876

Clara Macirone at Dunsley Cottage Tring to Emily Macirone

My own darling,

Many thanks for the letter which did reach me yesterday morning and for any other you may intend to write today as I shan't be able to write again. I am as you see here at Edith's and very cosy it is – but I shall be so glad to be home again, as I always am from everywhere(*she continues in pencil*) This pen worries me so that I can't write. I hope I gave Hesketh's message right but I hope Georgie won't go – why I will tell you at home – perhaps I am in a morbid and misanthropic humour. I can't bear to be away from home, that's the truth and this makes me just dread the idea of Ireland- but all will come right when I once get home. After the two evenings, yesterday morning at Hesketh's church, and the afternoon Mr Charles brought me such a pleasant country walk over here - and this is such a different place from what I had expected, so cosy and comfortable and countrified - and a pleasant well ordered house, quiet children and an old fashioned house.

I shall, I hope come up tomorrow by the 9.25 train which gets to Victoria by 10.58 and so I get my box and get an hour's practice at Broadwoods and dine at 12.30 and get to Chelsea before 6 blessed home by 7.0 o'clock, to you and back to my blessed work again. The church service here was so reviving in comparison – but oh the Savoy - I must shut up.

Dearest love to Georgie and Mary and the blessed children G sends kind regards and Edith would send something if she were here.

Your loving sister Clara.

I am left alone for a minute. Edith sends her love

Undated

George Augustus Macirone to Emily Macirone

My darling Minniekin,

We leave here tomorrow for the house of the Rev. E. Cross, Walton , near Stafford, close to this house. We have been very happy in our holiday and here we are most hospitably treated. I hope dearest Clara and you and Francis are very well and have not got colds through this wintry weather. We are sorry for the fate of poor birdie. If you have not bought the cage please do not buy it. Mary is writing to you about Francis's drawers. She has a very bad cold I am sorry to say. The post is just going.

Goodbye sweet heart. Mary's love.
Your very loving George A Macirone

Undated - St.Luke's DayEmily

**George Augustus Macirone at 20 Eton Villas, Haverstock Hill NW.
to Emily Macirone**

My darling Minniekin,

We are so sorry to miss you just before your return home but Francis will give you our love, and be a substitute for us – Clara came to help us and sit with us while we packed yesterday which we were very glad of. I hope you have had better weather so as to go on with your painting lately. Goodbye darling. Love us all very much please.
Your loving brother G A Macirone

30 September 1876 to Emily from

L.Hughes at Fern Lodge, 103 Stockwell Rd. to Emily Macirone

My dear Miss Macirone,

I am glad to know that you have found the few suggestions I have made on your drawings useful and to assure you again that you will be welcome at any time you may require them.

My daughter desires me to offer her best thanks to your sister for the pieces of music she very kindly presented to her and I beg to add my thanks to hers, and remain, My dear Miss Macirone ,
Yours very truly,
L. Hughes

Undated

Clara Macirone from Home to Emily Macirone

My own darling,

I hope you got down quite well and safely. I found when I got asking the station that if I went to Laurences[?] I should keep Miss Read waiting, and as a reward for my having nothing then, Mrs Gale has just sent me in two of the most delicious peaches I ever had. I still wish I could send you one by post, but I can trust to your imagination. Well my darling I have nothing to tell you at all, for while I was out a telegram came to say Miss Kingsley and Mr Holland would come tomorrow, he could not come to town today, so Miss Read and I pottered about and I am very glad for I think we did a good deal of good besides that she let me in to her plans about Kitchens which will save me a good deal of trouble and space

14 October 1877

George Augustus Macirone to Miss M.A.O'Brien

My dear Miss O'Brien,

A very fine nice girl (*Maria Lutugarda*) arrived here on Tuesday the 9th October and I am happy to say that Mary although very weak and wearied is going on well. It would give us both very great pleasure if you would consent to be the baby's Godmother. If you will do her this great favour, will you let us know if there would be the slightest

chance of your being able to come to the baptism. Mary thinks that as you were in London at the beginning of last November you may possibly be wending your way hither again at the same time of the year. We have not at all settled on baby's name. We have asked George's wife Ida to be the other Godmother. With Mary's best love to you and to her cousin Emma, and kind remembrances to Ella, believe me to be your affectionate cousin

George A Macirone.

Ps. We have just been reading Canon Lightfoot's sermon before the Congress and enjoyed it exceedingly. We are so grateful for the two prayers. We have had them framed in old-fashioned black and gold frames and they look very well hanging up in Mary's room.

Undated - All Saints' Eve

George Augustus Macirone to Catharine Macirone

My very dear daughter,

Your dearest mother and I are very sorry that we must wish you many happy returns of the day by letter instead of by talking to you, but we hope you will have a very happy day, and as you will be with your dear Uncle and Aunt and Cousins we are sure that if you are good you will be happy and we are very happy ourselves because we hear that our dear Cathie is a very good girl and is unselfish, and tries to be helpful to others. We wish you very much to come home and see the new sister (*Lutugarda*). Francis says it is very dull when he comes in from school and you are not here and he wants you to come home. Your dearest Mother has been very ill, but is getting better slowly. Will you pray to God dear to make her quite well.

Francis and Lucy and Teresa - and Emma and Eliza and Kate - all wish you many happy returns of the day.

God bless you and keep you sweetheart.

Your loving father , George A Macirone

11 March 1878 to Emily from

W L Leitch at 124 Alexander Rd. St. John's Wood to Emily Macirone

Dear Miss Emily,

We shall all be delighted to see Dear Miss Macirone and you also tomorrow at 6. I will have a Tea Dinner – that is either chops, steaks or a roasted fowl or Qualque Cosa altro per la restaurazione del corpo- e poi avremmo un grand parlamento e staremmo allegri assai. Forgive my bad spelling – as I am not very well this morning and the pen is very bad. Our kind regards to Clara, and believe me
Yours ever truly W L Leitch

13 September 1878

Clara Macirone from Home to Emily Macirone

My own darling,

I have been so grateful for your letter, it is so delightful and I am really glad of this other ...[?] the dear old Kempiedral and is such blessed company. I have not much time to write as I have had a great deal to do today. I hope you won't come back if you can stay at Miss Sales' or would like to stay for ½ a week till Wednesday to finish any drawings, any where else at the old place, though they do cook so detestably. Of course I would rather have you home and you would only gain 2 days as Sunday goes for nothing and Wednesday you must come home. I wrote to you about the Chairman and the school, and I wrote to him today lowering my rate of fees, as he seemed to object so much to it. It's quite true that numbers may make sadly more profit out of low fees than few and large ones. I have written to Miss Druett today to tell her she won't be wanted. I had rather a bit of a headache last night and was going to bed at eight o'clock after early prayers, for when you're not at home what is there to sit up for, and poor Mrs Bird called and wanted to see me, so she came up into my bedroom, and then I found she was in dreadful trouble. I will tell you all about it - it's all right now to a certain extent and I will tell you all about it, but I am going out now to meet some people at Miss Drubery's and may be home long after post. We are looking forward

dreadfully to your getting home again and to the Black Prince being better than ever. Always your own Clara.
Love to Mrs Pauley and the little ones and kind regards to the Bishop.

May 1878

Catharine Macirone aged 6 to Emily Macirone

'First letter from dear little Cathy'

My dear Aunt Minnie

I love you very much

Your loving little Godchild Cathie

The Lord is risen indeed Alleluia

28 May 1878

Sabilla Novello at Villa Novello to Clara Macirone

My dear Miss Macirone,

Mrs Cowden has received your letter and forwards the enclosure to Clara. Mrs C C's hands are so afflicted that she writes with greatest difficulty; so I write for her. We Villa-ites know no-one of the name of Macirone excepting your own distinguished family. We rejoice to hear you have regained your health, and that sweet Minnie is flourishing. We all send kindest remembrances. Excuse great haste.
Yours affectionately, Sabilla Novello

28 July 1878

W L Leitch at 124 Alexandra Rd., St. John's Wood NW. to Emily Macirone

Dear Miss Emily,

I have been very much out of health for nearly a twelve month and at present I am very wretched with all sorts of dreadful sensations in my head. I am exceedingly behind, that I cannot get on with my work – I have now Dr. Dobell attending upon me for a long time and nearly every day. I do not know what to think – but I am very desponding, and he says I must be very careful as this weather is very serious for old people in my state. We shall be very glad to see you, when it is in your power to come this length. I beg you will give my kind regards to Miss Macirone. With all our kind regards added, ever truly yours.

W L Leitch

Your note was directed to Kilburn. We are in St. John's Wood and not known in Kilburn

6 August 1878

George Augustus Macirone at Admiralty, Whitehall to Emily Macirone

My darling Minniekin,

We are so glad you have arrived all right and are resting and being refreshed. Clara's Italian letter has arrived and it was very kind of her to do it for me, and I have sent it off to La Tolfa recopied etc. I hope she and you are really resting and well. Please give Clara my love and a good kiss and let me know how she is. The children are all well except Lucy who is rather ailing. I am just going to the National Society to buy a bridge for Francis
Your loving brother G A Macirone

21 August 1878

George Augustus Macirone at Admiralty, Whitehall to Emily Macirone

My darling Minniekin,

Thank you very much for your most interesting letters and thank you dear darling Clara. I hope you will see Laurence and his wife and sister-in-law when you come back for I am sure you will like them. Give my love to Clara, and ask her to be so very kind as to criticise with a friendly eye the enclosed Italian and correct any bad mistakes. Love each other very much, and us also a little, and as we are 7 we expect sevenfold love.

Your loving brother G A Macirone

Mr. Saunder's man the night before last brought here your picture of Saint John Baptist's Chapel at Genoa but could not explain why. I asked him whether you gave any instructions about it, but he could not say.

Goodbye sweetheart from your G A M

Christmas Eve 1878

George Augustus Macirone at 126 Adelaide Rd. London NW to Emily Macirone

My darling Minniekin,

I do not think as you really propose to send a valuable drawing that it is becoming for me to take the credit of it. I have written to Mr Swain merely saying I have sent his note on to you. If you still like to send it, will you write to him. Paul W Swain Esq. Perslee Cottage, Stoke Devonport. I would suggest your telling him the price you think he should ask, asking how you are to send it to him (He may have some agent in London) – Also – say it is not framed, and perhaps will travel easier to Devonport unframed, and that you will make the charity a present of the frame, and if he will have it framed at Devonport before it is hung you will repay him – (of course I will repay you). You had better suggest a limit of price for the frame. Do you mind the trouble of writing this. It will come much more gracefully from you. A very happy Christmas my darling sister to you. Your very loving brother. Mary and the children send best love and kisses to you both.
G A Macirone

The Mr Swain to whom you will write is an old gentleman,(the father of my friend), a retired physician and an amateur artist, like Dr. Fripp

Undated 19 February

George Augustus Macirone to Emily Macirone

Dearest Minnie,

After carefully reading Dalziel's book on dogs I am inclined to think that your dear old Fido is suffering from inflammation of the bladder or of the lower bowel, perhaps a combination of both. I should think however the first organ is the most affected from the doctor's having ordered gin and water which is a strong diuretic. It is however too simple a remedy for an old dog. I send you a very clever prescription of Dalziel's for all such afflictions which is both a diuretic and an aperient though the latter in a less degree. He says it is an excellent remedy for the inflammation of the bladder. I will write it very clearly and put it on another paper. Dalziel is a better authority than any one for dogs – Quite the dog physician. It can't hurt Fido as you will see the drugs are all harmless . I wouldn't however give quite as much per diem. I mean not so often as is put on the prescription for diuretics are weakening to beasts as to men. I do so hope it will relieve him. It is an illness brought on by want of proper exercise and so is frequent in old dogs who won't stir out. It is so bitter or I should have tried to run round to see him, and 'last but not least' you dear Minnie, I hear you have a nasty cough hanging about you. I do wish you had not come back in all this bitter weather. I fear it must try you sadly. I was so pleased to see dear Clara looking so much better – less fagged than I have seen her for years. Why do we never see you? I suppose like ourselves you are always at work. I am going tomorrow with my dear old Mr Wyatt to see the French pictures. I often have nice afternoons with him looking at pictures. He is down at High Clere* today. He is to design poor Lady Carnarvon's tomb. She was so fond of him and said Carnarvon has begged he will follow his own individual feeling entirely – always nice for an artist isn't it? In a minor artistic way I feel this for I am doing things in a small paper with designs and they limit me to 2 inches and a half by five inches, almost too cramped for any grace of design.

Ever dearest Minnie with much love your affectionate Boy.

I shouldn't diminish the dose for Fido, only give it a little less frequently than ordered till you see how it agrees with the poor little invalid.

**Highclere Castle Home of the Earl of Carnarvon*

The remedy for Fido –

Advice from George Augustus to Emily for her pet dog

Powdered nitre – 1 dr.

Sweet spirit of nitre – ½ oz.

Mindererus' spirit - 1 ½ oz

Wine of antimony - 4 oz

Mix all together. Dose for a dog 20-30lbs.weight – one tablespoon every four hours in water gruel.

I should only give it thrice a day. The wine of antimony sometimes acts as an emetic if it does not purge, but it is so cleansing. I don't know Fido so you must decide that. If the parts are bathed continuously with a warm infusion of poppy heads the little invalid will experience great relief. Even hot water alone is good but care must be taken to dry the parts well after in case of cold. C who is smaller than Fido took the mixture I have given in distemper and it cured him. The distemper had grown to the bowels and lower parts. I however only gave him a dessertspoonful twice a day. I should think this would be the better dose for Fido as he is old and weak.

23 March 1879

Mary Cowden Clarke at Villa Novello to Clara Macirone

(Mourning stationery)

My dear Angela,

Bearing in mind your often expressed loving admiration for my beloved Husband, I think you will be interested to see the enclosed Prospectus of the last Shakespearean work he and I wrote happily together; especially as he had greatly at heart that it should be published. You will also, I fancy, be pleased to learn that our 'Recollections of Writers' were brought out last Autumn in collected book form, a point that he likewise much wished. Do you still see Mrs Charles Dickens? There is a passage in that volume at Page 320, which it would give me extreme pleasure to know had met her eye.

Remembering your kind wish for more verses of mine to set to your lovely music, I send you a couple of stanzas that came into my head a short time since, which I fancy might strike you as suited for a tender little song.

With cordial best wishes to yourself and sister, and for continued health and happiness to yourselves and all those most dear to you both (in which wishes my brother Alfred and my sister Sabilla desire to join) I am, my dear Angela,
Yours faithfully and admiringly,
Mary Cowden Clarke

22 June 1879

Clara Hampton (*nurse to George Augustus's children*) **to Catharine Mary Macirone aged 8.**

(Her mother Mary is very ill expecting her 6th child).

My darling Cathie,

You cannot think the pleasure it gave me to have that dear kind letter you sent me. It was so very sweet of you to write. Lucy and Bobbit are quite well and Lucy sends her very best love to you and I have made Baby (*Lutugarda*) throw a kiss for you. I do so hope you are well and trying to be a good little girl and helping your dear Mama all you can. I think of you every morning when I am dressing and wonder whether you are helping to dress Theresa. Will you give my love to Francis and Theresa. Will you tell Francis I will write to him soon. Give my love to Eliza and Ellen won't you dear. You asked me to tell you about Minne but there is such a lot to tell you when I get back I really cannot write anything about her now. I am longing to see you. I remain your very fond and loving nurse. Clara Hampton

Re: August 1879

Later note by George Augustus Macirone on Hornby/ Vaillant connection.

'In August 1879 Francis was taken during his dear mother's last sickness by my two dear sisters with them to Clovelly. One day he was playing on the public street on steps near the sea and a gentleman spoke to him kindly and after a little conversation asked him his name. When Francis answered, the other said it was curious to make the acquaintance of a relative so, and that his name was Sir Edmund Hornby . Sir Edmund then called on my sisters at Clovelly and then wrote to Mrs.Vaillant (the sister of his first wife). Mrs Vaillant wrote to my sisters, and so we became acquainted with her and called on her at Weybridge, and there met with her mother Mrs Maceroni who was living with her.

17 August 1879

Emily Macirone at Clovelly to Catherine Macirone

My dear little Cathie,

It will give me great pleasure to hear from you if Mrs Matthews could kindly help you to write to me, but if not I dare say she will kindly read you these few words. It is a great comfort to think that your dearest Mother is getting better, though very slowly I fear. Dear Papa is able now to go to the Admiralty, so dearest Mamma must be better or Papa would never have left her. Your dear little brother Francis is with us and we stay here till the 4th of September or 5th when we return to town. This place is very pretty. The street is all steps and very hilly. There are such lovely flowers and the cottages are all whitewashed and look very clean and pretty. We often go out in the Hobby - a road on the cliffs with trees arching overhead. There we gather quantities of ferns and wild flowers and often send some in letters to your dear Mamma, for we think she would enjoy seeing the pretty wild flowers. They would remind her of the lovely country, poor Mamma who is lying so ill and cannot have any of her dear little children with her, only little Clara. Do you ever send Mamma any wild flowers in a letter ? Perhaps there are not many growing near where you are staying. Francis learns a verse of the Bible every morning. He is now learning the Sermon on the Mount and I hope he

will be able to repeat the verses nicely to his dear Papa and Mamma.
My darling, I hope you are enjoying yourself and are a dear good little girl. Auntie Clara sends her best love and believe me dear little Cathie
Your affectionate Aunt and Godmother Emily Macirone

19 August 1879

Clara Macirone at Clovelly to Catharine Macirone

My dearest little Cathie,

We all send you a great deal of love, and Francis has been asking me to remember how very glad he should be to have you with him. So he does not forget you, nor do we dear child but this is not a place where I should like to see you for the cliffs and heights are so terrible. We are in great anxiety always about Francis and I hope we shall get him home safely . We have still good news of your dearest Mother and should be very glad of a word from you when you have time.(Anyone can help you. Tell us what you are reading and writing etc)

God bless you dearest child,

Your affectionate Aunt, C A Macirone

Francis gave me a long answer for you but I am sorry to say in trying to remember some important things for your Papa I have forgotten, and he is out.

14 October 1879

Clara Hampton to Catharine Macirone with the Fortescues at Alverton (*her mother has died*)

My dear little Cathy,

I cannot tell you how very pleased I was to get your kind sweet letter. It was so nice of you to think of us. I can see you wrote it yourself because it was pencilled first. I know it must have took up a good deal of your play time, but I am quite sure you will write me another letter some day, as that pretty little letter gave me so much joy and

pleasure. Dear Cathy I hope you are quite happy at Alverton. I am quite sure you enjoy the nice garden and also with the nice Dolls' House. Theresa and Lutugarda send their very best love to you, and have a good lot of love from myself, my dear little Cathy. I was so pleased to know you remembered us all in your prayers. I always remember you in mine and so does Theresa. I hope you and your dear Papa are quite well. I hope you are a good little girl and try to do what you are told. You know my dear, your dear Papa looks for and expects a good deal of comfort from you and if you are a good little girl that will be one of the greatest comforts you can give him. You know you are the oldest little girl of all and you know eldest is always expected to set the younger ones a good example, and I feel quite sure you mean to try and do that. It will please your Papa so much. Will you give Theresa and Lutugarda's love to their Papa. They are just having a good romp and knocking against my chair. Tootoo was so pleased with all her pretty presents. I did not know it was Tootoo's birthday and it reminded me of mine – it was the day after. Goodbye dear Cathy, with much love from your fond and affectionate nurse Clara

19 October 1879

Emily Macirone to Catharine Macirone

My darling Cathie,

While dear Auntie Clara is writing to your dear Father I write you a few words to say how happy I am that you are travelling about with your dear Father, and it makes me still happier to hear that you are a good little girl as I want you to try and be all the comfort to him you can. For your dear Papa has had a great sorrow. It will be many years before you are old enough to understand how great a sorrow your darling Papa has had, but we all know what it is to be unhappy, and as he is unhappy I want you to be all the comfort to him you can – and I feel sure that you can be a great comfort to him in many ways, but most of all by being a dear obedient little girl and doing all your dearest Mother would have wished you to do had she been with you. You must know I saw your dear little baby sister yesterday and she was looking very well. She is much grown and has a sweet smile. I held her in my arms and thought she was quite a weight. I called the

other day to see dear little Lucy at the Lievings but she was out with Miss Charlotte Lieving. I heard that she was quite well and was going to leave them on Saturday – yesterday.
So now goodbye dear little Cathy and believe me your loving Aunt and Godmother, Auntie Minnie

18 November 1879

George Augustus Macirone to Catharine Macirone

My darling Cathie,

Thank you for all you have learned of the catechism. I hope to hear you say it when we meet. I am so glad everyone was so kind to you on your birthday and that you have so much love given you which you return with ever so much more. DO you remember Mrs Gaugsen and her daughter Ella whom you met at Alveston – they have written to me and both send you their ‘love and a great hug’. We shall meet, please God on Monday the 1st of December – so goodbye till then.
Your loving father G A Macirone

25 November 1879

George Augustus Macirone to Catharine Macirone

My own sweet Catharine,

Yesterday was the yearly return of the day you were baptised and I could not write to you in time to remind you of it. Will you ask dear cousin Edith to say a prayer with you that you may make good use of the grace given you and give God your love, as all you can do in return for this great goodness to you and us all. Also today is St Catharine’s day and it is good for you to think with special love of those whose name you bear. She was very good and loved God so much that she died for His love.

I shall be so pleased to see you again my darling. We shall meet, please God on Monday at 1.15 at Charing X – so look out for your father.

Give my love to your cousin Catharine and to all your cousins.
Your loving father G A Macirone

7 December 1879

Emily Macirone to Catharine Macirone

Dearest Cathie,

I am quite looking forward my darling child to seeing you and your dear Papa and brother and sisters tomorrow when you return. Miss Woodhouse and I called today to see dear little baby. She was well but pale with the cold. She behaved beautifully and was quite quiet in dear Miss Woodhouse's arms. Dear little baby seemed quite happy and took to her new friend quite naturally. It is so cold I hope you will all be well wrapped up. We were very sorry to hear that dear little Francis was unwell with rheumatism. I shall be very happy to nurse him and I am sure he would be very happy to be at his old home once more with you all. I hope you have had a happy week at Addington. Wh have often thought of you all in that large comfortable house with the kind Archbishop and the Miss Taits who are so sweet and good. I hope my darling child that you will be a dear good child and a comfort to your dearest Father as they are to theirs. Did I tell you that we have a nice little doggie ? I shall be very happy to give you some nice pieces for your patchwork if you would like to have any. I know you have made some with your dearest Mother and you must try to remember all she said to you and what she wished you to do. I wonder if you will have any pretty new hymns to sing to me. And now, goodbye dear little Cathie. Give my love to dear Francis and your little sisters Lucy, Teresa, Lutugarda and believe me your loving Aunt and Godmother,
Minnie Macirone

Undated1880

George Augustus Macirone to Catharine Macirone

My darling Cathy,

Miss Woodhouse will go off on her holiday tomorrow. Connie is here. Auntie Minnie comes tomorrow. Poor Teresa was found to be in need of all sorts of medicine and lotions and change of air and Aunt Ida took her to her house at Clapham on Monday last. Yesterday I had to go to the funeral of Cousin Harry Selfe at Addington. It was very sad to see the tears and distress of his dear mother. Give my love to Unce Edward and Aunt Alice and to Gabby and Annie and Coco and Feddy, but more particularly give my best love to Mister Coco because he is my godson. Also please remember me very kindly to Miss James. Also mind you love me very much. Write and tell me how you are – All you need write is I AM VERY WELL and you may write it on a postcard if you like.
Your loving father G A Macirone
(Give the enclosed to Aunt Alice)

11 October 1880

George Augustus Macirone to Catharine Macirone

My darling Cathie,

When I go back home I shall miss you most dreadfully. Be sure to write to me sometimes and tell me what you are doing. All Saturday there was no going out of the house on account of the rain and Sunday was not much better. Yesterday evening we had such a nice sermon from the Archbishop about the beautiful vision that was read of in the lesson about the prophet Ezekiel seeing the dry bones raised to life and he showed how it was an image to us of God's way of dealing with four things – 1) the world at large 2) great gatherings of men in cities like London 3) the soul of each of us 4) the resurrection of our bodies hereafter.

That is to say that in regard to all these we may hope for a new and better life. There are such pretty white cocks and hens here, all quite white, and this morning the sun is so pleasant I can quite imagine Uncle Edward and Aunt Alice and Miss James and Gabby and Annie and Coco and Feddy and you, and

everybody else about this time at morning prayer and the garden looking so pretty. Give my love especially to Coco. Be sure to thank Uncle Vincent for his letter to Lutu on her birthday and say how kind it was of him to think of her.
Your loving father G A Macirone

11 November 1880

George Augustus Macirone to Catharine Macirone

My dearest little girl,

Thank you for your letter. It is a great pleasure to me to hear of what you have been doing and where you have been. I want you very much at home and we all want you very much. Connie is still very ill but is, we hope, getting slowly better. Try to be a help to Aunt Alice and to Miss James and to your cousins, and try to please them and to be a dear good little girl.

God bless you my darling and bring you soon home to your loving father
George A Macirone

14 January 1881

George Augustus Macirone to Catharine Macirone

My darling Catharine,

I do want you so very much, and do so wish you were at home. Lucy is I think quite well but Teresa still has the ringworm a good deal. I do so hope it will soon go and that you will come back to me. It was very kind of your dear Uncle and Aunt to give you nice Xmas presents, and it is very kind of your Uncle to say you may have a puppy. I do not know what Miss Woodhouse will say to it. I will ask her to write and tell you what she thinks herself. It was Teresa's birthday yesterday and she had some little presents which pleased her. Do you remember our snap-dragon on Twelfth Day last year in the dark – downstairs with the raisins burning in the pan and we all picked them out of the fire ? We had the same this year – only we missed Francis and you very much. I really must have you home soon whether you get the ringworm or not. I would rather

have you with the ringworm than have you at Alveston without it. So tell Aunt Alice I shall send you the ringworm in a letter and then you will be obliged to come home. This is only a joke you know, you don't suppose I mean this seriously. God bless you my darling. Be sure to pray to God for your sweet Mother and for me, and for your brother and sisters that we may all have grace to be good, and to love each other and God.
Your loving Father G A Macirone

Undated 13 February

George Augustus Macirone to Catharine Macirone

My dearest child,

Tomorrow is your baptism day. May your father's best blessing be with you. How well I remember it – It was stir-up Sunday and all your Godparents, Mr Garner, your Aunt Emily, and Miss Grant were at church. Your sweet mother was churched first – then there was evensong – and after the second lesson you were christened in that font where your brother was christened the year before, and your sisters, Lucy, Teresa and Lutugarda afterwards. Your Aunt Emily gave you to the priest and Miss Grant received you back from him. Then we all went home and drank tea, and your uncles Laurence, George and Vincent were there.

I was very glad to receive your little letter. Write to me again and tell me what you are doing. It will be so pleasant when we can all be together again. Be sure you pray to God tomorrow to help you to keep the grace of your baptism.
Your loving father George A Macirone

13 February 1881

George Augustus Macirone to Catharine Macirone

My dear little girl,

I do want you so much at home. Francis went with his Aunts and with me to the Temple Church today where we heard a beautiful anthem sung – the words

were "The heavens are telling the glory of God" It was all about the wonders of God's creation. I should have enjoyed it so much more if you had been with me. As it is St Valentine's day tomorrow I shall not sign this letter and you must find out who wrote it, - but I do not think you will make a mistake. My darling Catharine I am your Valentine - and so good bye.

26 August 1881

Clara Macirone at Arzein(?)Switzerland to Catharine Macirone
(drawing)

My darling little Cathie,

I write to you from the balcony of this house of which I send you a drawing on the next page. I have put a little cross over our window, and we sit in the balcony outside the windows. This is a very pretty place and there are lovely fir woods, and beech woods and great circling hills down to the lake, and more hills and mountains going up to the top of this Jura Range, and there are long carts this shape (*drawing*) drawn by oxen that carry the long trees down to the lake, and a funny church clock that strikes each hour because few people here have clocks and they have to listen for the time, and this clock strikes the hour once, going much faster as it goes on as if it were in a great hurry, and then in a moment it begins striking again, very slowly at first, and getting on very fast afterwards. And then there are goats with bells trembling, down the wood paths, and cows with bells and perpetual noise of threshing going on in the village, and then our bells for meals which sound a long way off, while the mountains on the far side of the lake look different every hour and the clouds settle on them in all shapes and the sunset makes them glorious with all sorts of purple and rose colours.

Oh how glad I shall be when your dearest Father can come to this beautiful place and bring you with him. There are large fields full of flowers and butterflies and orchards full of fruit and pretty houses to draw, and the mountains above and below, so it is so pleasant to be here. They do the washing in such a funny large stone trough, large enough for the cows to bathe in it when they are not working, under a shed of stone. Then the lizards spring up under your feet in the hills and the grasshoppers spring up in such quantities you feel as if you didn't know what you trod on. The flowers are so lovely and the butterflies in clouds over them, bright blue. I will tell you more next time. I have learnt a pretty crochet edge I could teach you when I get home. All the

people here and the children knit their own stockings so that their feet look so comfortable.

Give our dear love to your Father for us both and to your brother and sisters, and our love to Miss Woodhouse and tell her we hope she has good news of her sister. Your loving Aunt C A Macirone

I hope you are going on steadily with your music. Has Miss Rawling come back yet ?

3 September 1881

Clara Macirone at Alzein to Francis and Catharine Macirone

Dear children,

We were so glad and happy to get your letters, Francis and Cathie, and we will write again soon, but we send you now a little sketch of the village church, that you may see something to tell you what we see every day.

We have our breakfast in the large low balcony attended by a most astonishing quantity of wasps who seem to appreciate very much our honey and jams and pots of milk and coffee. We dine in the long room under...[?](*damaged*) green opening on to the yard in front and the cocks and hens look in very anxious to catch the bread we throw out to them.

The ladies who are here with us are so kind to the village people and take such wonderful care of us, and we go up the woods together, up and up with paths like this (*drawing of steep path*) all stones and rocks and mosses and beautiful wild plants, sometimes its like that (*drawing*)so slippery and we come to a little brook at the bottom of a ravine and have to take care we don't slip in, but its not deep water and the cows get about somehow, with bells so that if they are lost they can go after them, and the sheep have bells, but there are few of them, and goats have bells, and there are many goats and they look so pretty skipping down the paths and they all, cows and goats, live inside the houses and the corn is inside in huge barns, as the houses are very large with a large door like this(*drawing*) where the animals go in and a barn where they thresh the corn. This was next to our last bedroom (we have moved to the best now), but we never could understand what that noise could be. We shall send your more plants and are so glad you like them. Feed them with sweet pure water every day. We are very sorry the kitten behaved so badly. I hope dearest Lucy will come back quite well and Baby look so well and strong and Teresa and Tootoo. We are so glad they are at Addington and that the piano is going on capitally.

We are coming home next Saturday week and hope to see you very soon afterwards. I shall write to you both again soon but must leave off now, and we both send a great deal of love and kisses to you both. Francis doesn't tell me if his rheumatism is better and if the green apples have left off ...[?]so much, but they are dreadful things and behave very badly most times.
Your very loving Aunt and Godmother C A Macirone
Kiss each other and Papa for me.

30 September 1881

George Augustus Macirone to Catharine Macirone

To my very dear Catharine,
Health and Peace. It does seem so very long since I left you, and I want you very much. How kind it was of Janet to bring you the nice fruit. Mrs George Garner at Wasperton asked after you, and when I left there I was driven to Alveston by a dear old man who grooms the horses and cleans the carriages and he asked so kindly about you, and said you used to play with him.
I am so glad you have got on with your work. I am most dreadfully anxious to know what it is that you are going to surprize me about when I come home and I cannot stand the suspense much longer. God bless you.
Your very loving father G A Macirone

This package of letters marked 'precious GAM to 1910' include a large number of poems/songs for setting to music, in a booklet and loose leaf. These are not transcribed. The letters were probably saved by Clara who survived George Augustus's death in 1910

7 August 1885

Emily Macirone to Catharine Macirone

My dearest Cathie,

After a hard morning's work on our packing I have a little time that I may write to you and say how I wish I could have seen more of you this holiday – and I hope you will be able to write and tell me now and then the home news as you are the eldest and your dearest Father is so very tired of writing that I don't like to ask him to write.

Miss Porter, a friend of ours, has lent us "From Six to Sixteen" a very pretty story by Mrs Ewing that you and some little sisters may read. It is very pretty and we think you will like it - if you will manage to read it through by the end of the holidays - also a very pretty book lent by Miss Beale who lives quite near you "The Lives of the Greek Heroines" They are beautifully written and as the book is quite new will you be very careful about the book. I am sure Miss Woodhouse would not object to your reading either of these books.

Dearest Auntie Clara is very tired and we both want a little quiet and rest. I think we shall get it at Southwold – the whole country is as flat as a tea board and very rough and primitive. I dare say we shall enjoy it very much, though dear Auntie Clara did wish to see the lovely Swiss mountains. I so hope one day we may see it together, you and us – how you would wonder and love them, so white and glorious. I should so enjoy it some day if it were ever possible. There are so many things even grown-up people cannot do if they wish it every so much, and after all the only thing we can do is try and do our best and take gratefully the pleasures that God sends in his infinite wisdom and love and which must be the best for us.

We saw such a lovely play the other day "The Angel King" – the same story as King Robert of Sicily, only differently carried out, and it made me think how different our lives would be if an angel were to assume our shape and do exactly all that was the very best and insist things for us to do in our position. And after all I suppose it is what we must strive after, God helping us. I cannot think any ideal is too high for us to strive after, if we only remember that we have no strength of our own, but that all we have that is good is God's free gift. I hardly meant to write you such a serious letter but I see you so seldom and I often think of you.

I hope you may be having a happy holiday and that your dear Father will keep well. Remember do all you can to make him happy and now my darling child, Goodbye and believe me ever your loving Godmother
Emily Macirone.

My love to Miss Woodhouse and your dear little sisters all of them, Lucy Teresa, Lutu and baby.

30 October 1887

Emily Macirone to Catharine Macirone

My darling Cathie,

I write a few lines my darling child to wish you many happy returns of your birthday, and I beg you will accept this little work basket with my love and best wishes. I am reminded in writing to congratulate you on your ninth birthday of a letter my dearest Mother wrote to me when I was exactly the same age, many years ago. My mother wrote nearly these words "This day you have completed your ninth year. In nine years hence you will be a woman, and on the way in which these nine years are spent will depend the whole of your future life, so when you are about to decide upon anything you have to do, don't say - What should I like to do ? but What ought I to do ?"

These words of my dear Mother's have often come to my mind, and I hope my darling that they will also help to guide you always to do your duty, however unpleasant. But you will find by the blessing of God your duty will grow pleasanter as life wears on, and may it be so until we come to that happy life when we shall rejoice with all blessed and holy spirits for ever and ever.

I felt I must write these few words, for I love you very dearly and earnestly desire above all things that my dear Cathy will grow to be a good and holy servant of our dear Lord.

And so goodbye my darling and believe me always,
Your very affectionate Aunt and Godmother Emily Macirone

16 May 1882 from George Augustus Macirone to Clara Macirone from 126 Adelaide Road NW

My darling Clara,

It was Thursday on which Emily asked me to come to you at 7 - and not tomorrow as you say in your note just received.

I am sorry you should say what you do of yourself, darling, for I fear it must mean that I have been more than usually unsympathising.

Thank you for speaking kindly of Miss Woodhouse. She has a task which has many difficulties and performs it from the love of God and from gratitude to Mary and her father for past kindness, and it is of importance to the children that its difficulties should be lightened as far as they rightly can be. I should

show her what you say but that the earlier part of the note is somewhat disrespectful to yourself so I tore it up.

Love to Minniekin,
Your loving brother G A Macirone

26 June 1882

George Augustus Macirone to Emily Macirone from 5 Park Village West

My darling Minniekin,

I must be very unsympathising, my sweet, for you to want to write as you do. I can't love you with your faults, for my own are too big to let me see them. Miss Grant called today to thank you both for the flowers and asked Sarah to ask me to send her love I think as some kind of thanks. Enclosed are some cards and a letter, which I will take the liberty of taking out of its envelope. I hope you will have nice weather. God bless you my darlings.

Your loving brother G A Macirone

P.S. Francis' report and bill just came. His bill is over £17 for THE QUARTER – and the headmaster intimates he fears if he does not take more pains his move may not be approved. It would hardly do to say this to Francis (*age 11*) as he needs spiring up to work and not depressing, but if I do not see a good hope of his improvement I must reconsider the question of his school. It is a great pity to move a boy from one school to another if it can be helped.

Tuesday night:

I have written to Francis today. Next Saturday I shall go, please God, to Stonehouse so I can not come to you – thank you very much.

Tell me if you dislike my taking the letters out of the covers – It is rather easier to send them so.

Thank you for your beautiful note just received, and for your charming description of the place. I should like to see it but fear there is little chance of it. I went to see Fred and Rhoda and Aunt Jane last night - they were all very well. You are very proud to object to use their paper when they leave it for you - !!!! Love to dear Minnie. It is nice to hear the Saint Katherine's bell for prayers every morning at 10.

Your loving brother C A Macirone

28 June 1882

George Augustus Macirone to Clara and Emily Macirone from 5 Park Village West

My darling Clara and Minniekin,

Thank you for your dear letters and flowers. Sarah sends her love and many thanks for the flowers you so kindly sent her.

I am very glad Sydenhurst is such a pretty place, and so restful. Thank you for all you say about Francis. I shall be writing to him soon.

5 July 1882

George Augustus Macirone to Clara and Emily Macirone from 5 Park Village West

My darling Clara and Minniekin,

Thank you for your affectionate letters, and for the flowers. I had a pleasant day with the children and they send you their love, and Miss Woodhouse did the same. Thank you for all your kind thoughts about the service. I will send Miss Telkusch's tickets to Leischen. Perhaps I may use the other. I called on Miss Acland at Stonehouse and had a long chat with her. She sent her love to you and to Aunt Laura. She was very proud of her age (86) and looked extremely well and happy. Sarah sends her love and thanks to Miss Emily for the flowers and she is very glad to know you are both well.

Poor Cissy - I feel as if I ought to have done more to save her from herself. God help us all. I am sure you both did all you could. Your loving brother C A Macirone

(Cissy - Cecili, artist daughter of Colonel Francis Maceroni and Charlotte Williams - left her husband and children and went off to Australia where she was a successful painter of wildlife)

11 July 1882

George Augustus Macirone at the Admiralty to Catharine Macirone

To my very dear daughter Health and Peace,

All day long we have been waiting most anxiously to hear the news from our Admiral who is fighting for our Queen a long way off. Ask Miss Woodhouse to show you on the map where is Alexandria at the mouth of the Nile. Is it not wonderful that a little wire should go all those thousands of miles and that the Admiral while he is fighting for his Queen should be able to stop and send home word to the Queen what he is doing and how the fight is going on. During the course of the day several messages have come from him and now has come one to say that the fighting is all over and the Queen's enemies are beaten. I have just read it. Mind you thank God for his mercy to our Queen and to us, and ask HIM to take pity upon the dying and the dead in the battle and upon the widows and orphans who are weeping and suffering.

Thank you my darling for your dear little letter received this morning. It is beautifully written and gave me a great deal of happiness. I hope the poor cockatoo is happy. Kiss my darlings for me and give me a kiss yourself. I was so sorry not to see you all on Sunday.

Your loving father G A Macirone

19 September 1882

George Augustus Macirone at Oxford to Clara and Emily Macirone

My darling Clara and Minniekin,

Enclosed is a letter to 'Booth Brothers' – Address it to Messrs Booth Brothers, Coal Merchants, St Pancras Station. It is not enough to send it to Messrs Booth as there is another Messrs Booth at St Pancras Station who are coal merchants. Are you sure you had your coals from 'Booth Brothers'. Please let me know the result soon as I want to order my own coals.

On Monday 25 Sept I go to the Deanery, Hadleigh, Suffolk till Saturday the 30th September – After all it is not much good saying to Booth Brothers that the coals are 'very bad'. They ought to be told exactly what is the fault found with them. Will you open any reply which comes from them to me and reply to it yourself. After the words 'very bad' in my letter you might add a word or two

explaining what you mean – as ‘wet’ or ‘small’ or ‘burn badly’ or ‘smokey’ or ‘give little heat’ or whatever it is.

Give Minniekin a kiss for me . Best love to Fred and Rhoda.

Francis and Cathie had a day on the river with me yesterday. Of course they would send love if they were here at this moment.

Your loving brother G A Macirone

22 September 1882

George Augustus Macirone at Oxford to Clara and Emily Macirone

My darling Clara and Minniekin,

Thank you very much for the Italian letter. When you have settled about your coals let me know at once please, because I want to order my winter coals myself as soon as I can. Best love to Fred and Rhoda. I was glad to be present at Christ Church yesterday at the funeral. He was watched at his lodgings in Christ Church. Many went to see him there, and I among them. There was no sermon. Cathy’s love. I am going out to Cuddesdon this morning and shall probable see there Mr Furse whom you will remember at Christ Church Albany Street in 1861 and 62. I am most anxious to hear your prospects of something good for dear Minniekin. There certainly will not be anything half as good as she deserves.

‘Tis not in mortals to command success / But we’ll do more Sempronius, we’ll deserve it’ – and Minnie thoroughly deserves it. Give her a nice kiss for me. Francis is very well, and as happy as can be expected on first going back to school.

God bless you, my darlings,

Your very loving G A Macirone

Please God on Monday I go to the Deanery, Hadleigh, Suffolk

11 October 1882

Maria Lutugarda Macirone (Tootoo aged 5) to Clara Macirone

(first letter in pencil)

Wednesday

My dear sweet Auntie Clara.

I do like the dolly. Laura does keep the dolly in her drawer . Thank you for my nice letter.

I send my love. Tootoo

16 October 1882

George Augustus Macirone from North Lodge, Windsor Forest to Clara and Emily Macirone

My darling sisters,

Pray make with Miss Woodhouse any arrangements which are agreeable to you both as to Tuesday or Wednesday evening. I shall probable not be home till late on Tuesday myself. I wrote to both Miss Woodhouse and Miss Laura Woodhouse at the time telling them what I had suggested about your coming to us, but of course I do not know what you have arranged with them. I am agreeable to whatever you all agree to. On Thursday I shall be at business. I am so glad you have Mrs Taylor visiting you, and as I am away will you ask her in my name to give us the pleasure of seeing her when you come yourselves. If you arrange for me to come to you on Wednesday will you leave word for me with Miss Laura Woodhouse. The Jacksons ask to be kindly remembered. Have you read a book called 'The First Violin' ? Mr Swain recommended it to me and Ana Jackson tells me that Mary was reading it shortly before her death. If you get it could you lend it me ? It was very kind of Mrs Burgess – I should like to meet them very much. Ana Jackson has guessed your riddle – Six is three letters and so on. Good bye darlings.
Your very loving brother G A Macirone

10 April 1884

George Augustus Macirone to Catharine Macirone

My lovely Cat, my sweetest Cat, my green-eyed, red haired Cat – when shall we meet again – ah when – I have no idea.

On Saturday I am going away for a holiday till Thursday. Lucy went away yesterday and is now gazing on the sea from 6 Clifton Terrace, Brighton – or perhaps she is pulling Coco's hair. Francis comes home I believe next week, but I think he will go to Aunts' as he will come before I return probably, and Miss Woodhouse's return is uncertain.

Mrs Woodhouse's death may come at any moment and so Miss Woodhouse cannot settle anything for certain as to the day of her return, but if it is possible she may come here in a day or two and then go back to her mother where she is now at Oswestry.

What a pretty place Guildford is - and St Martha's Chapel looks so odd on top of a high hill miles away from any house. I should like to see it with you. I have not heard from Conny. She is dangerously ill at Malvern. I am sorry you did not get the blow on the head I sent you - never mind – here is another _____ I am so glad you learn your Xtian year and shall enjoy so much hearing you say them. I should so enjoy coming to you for a Sunday but it has been quite impossible . Please give my kindest regard to Mrs Lister and to Miss Lushington. I hope you are kind and thoughtful darling to them,, and try to be unselfish and to return to them some of their kindness to you.

God bless you – your loving father G A Macirone

30 November 1884

Emily Macirone to Catharine Macirone

Cathie (12) away with relatives

My darling Cathie,

As you are now staying away from home I thought you would like to have a letter to tell you how often we think of you and hope you are well and happy. I was very disappointed today when I asked your dear Father to allow you to come and spend Saturday evening and Sunday with us, and to learn that arrangements had been made that you were to stay there on Sundays and so we could not have you. I would like very much to see you oftener, but as there seems to be a difficulty in the matter we must wait with patience. All will come to those who know how to wait, and so we shall in time see more of you, darling than we do now.

And in the meantime we hope you will be able to come to the concert of the Music School at Baker Street on December 13th. I dare say your Aunt Mrs Selfe will take you or allow you to go with someone, or I could take you myself. There will be a toy symphony played on musical toys by 14 young girls that is very pretty. I would have come to fetch you and take you home again on Monday. I would have taken such care of you and enjoyed having my little Goddaughter with me on Sunday. Perhaps you may be allowed some other time.

I hope you enjoy your lesson. We both think it very kind indeed of Miss Selfe to take so much trouble in teaching you and we hope you will profit by her teaching, and I am sure you will give her and your Aunt Mrs Selfe as little trouble as possible, and we hope you have plenty of exercise. The weather has been here so fine lately that I hope you have been able to go out twice a day as you said you were going to do. It will be such a good thing for you my darling, to make you strong and hearty now you are so young and growing so tall.

Have you got all you want? and is your little desk any use to you? Have you any time for letter writing? I should like to hear from you, how you spend your time, and have some notion of your life as it is at present. I wonder whether you miss your dear little sisters. I dare say you do sometimes and yet that you like the change, and living with older people and the difference in your life. I hope you are able to practise your piano exercises and tunes, for I know your dear Father cares so much for your music, and I hope some day when we are dead and gone, that you will be able to play very nicely, read at sight, and give pleasure to your dearest Father and brother and sisters. It is such a blessed thing to be able to make home bright and happy, and you know my darling what a great loss your dearest Father has had, and so anything that serves to make his home bright and happy is a good and blessed thing to cultivate.

Do you ever write to Francis? He would so much enjoy a letter from you. He plays the part of Mrs Dangle in 'The Critic' this week – You know they are all boys that act, and no girls of course, so that as he is a little fellow he is to be Mrs Dangle. I hope it will go off well, and that the boys won't all forget their parts. They have been hard at work rehearsing it and I have no doubt it will be very well acted. I should like to have been there, but there were many reasons why it was impossible for us to go.

I shall not see you at Christmas time my dearest Cathie as you will all be together at the Deanery. It will be a very bright time for you all, and we shall think of your bright faces around the Christmas table.

And now Goodbye dearest Cathie and believe me

Ever your loving Aunt and Godmother Emily Macirone

My kind regards to Mrs and Miss Selfe

15 September 1885

George Augustus Macirone from Winkfield to Clara and Emily Macirone

My darling sisters,

Francis and I left by the 6.25 train from Paddington on Wednesday morning, and at Pangbourne left the train, and stayed to look at the river and the weir and the inn, - then we walked to Chieveley, loitering on the way and breaking fast at a little village half way - at an 'ospitable inn called the 'Royal Oak'. Eggs and bread and butter and beer was the bill of fare - tea or coffee was not to be had. We spent a very pleasant 2 days at Chieveley and many kind messages were given there and at Mrs Vaillant's where you both were affectionately asked after. We left Chieveley on Saturday morning and I left Francis at home and took Cathie to Weybridge. She did enjoy the garden there. In the centre of it is a 'giant strides' (*picture of an old fashioned playground roundabout*). Don't you remember there used to be two in the playground before the Foundling and Cathie enjoyed it immensely. My arms are almost out of their sockets and every bone in my body will ache for some days yet.

Frank Hornby came there on Sunday and a Major Frazer just home from being British Commissioner in the north of Cashmere, on the borders of Thibet - full of interesting descriptions of the country and the people. They all spoke affectionately of you both and were hoping to see you. Mr Walter Money was staying at Mrs Vaillant's as his wife and children are all at Sir Edmund Hornby's place in Sussex.

Will you please give my love to Mr and Mrs Drake. How you must enjoy the quiet rest of the beautiful old town, and church, in the society of dear old friends.

I came here, (Windsor Forest) with Francis yesterday and leave tomorrow. Francis goes to school Thursday and on the same day I go to Lewes. After a short week at Lewes I go to Wasperton and then to Leeds to see Dudley Matthews who is now Headmaster of the Grammar School there.

Thank you darling Minniekin for your sweet wishes for my holiday. Cathie and Lucy begin school today. Your very loving brother, G A Macirone

I don't think anybody ever did enjoy the rest of a holiday more than I do.

The Jacksons asked very kindly after you and are all very well.

7 January 1886

George Augustus Macirone at 17 The Crescent Plymouth to Clara and Emily Macirone

My darling sisters,

You are not frozen with the cold and I am glad of that. Thank you for your kind letter. Mr Swain was married this morning to Miss Lucy Hext. There were many of her brothers and sisters, mostly married, all very nice people, and such a beautiful service in Church with the Holy Communion. I sleep tonight at Mr. Bullen's house at Dawlish and tomorrow come home. I hope dear Minnie will take care of herself this severe weather.

Your loving brother, C A Macirone

Mr and Mrs Swain are staying at the Grand Hotel, Charing Cross. If you are near you might call and see them or leave your cards on them.

10 February 1886

George Augustus Macirone at 126 Adelaide Road Hampstead to Clara and Emily Macirone

My darling sisters,

This evening I returned home and found the children well, thank God. Miss Woodhouse is no better but her sister Janet has very kindly come up to town to nurse her. I took Minnie's beautiful comforter with me. I am so sorry I did not see Aunt Nellie again, and that she did not die here. I am so glad Minniekin says she is clothed in flannel from top to toe.

Goodbye my darlings, Your loving brother G A Macirone.

Thank you for your kind wishes for my birthday

Undated 1886

George Augustus at Leeds Grammar School to Catharine Macirone

(Head Rev Dudley Matthews is related through the Selfes)

My darling Catharine,

Last night I slept at Mr Evans' house , the father of Ernest. He was very poorly but I think I cheered him a little. There was other hunting there this morning but I could not stay to see it. Mrs Evans sent her love to Miss Woodhouse. You must read this letter to Miss Woodhouse.

I am so glad you had a little holiday at Clifton and saw the CLIFTON POET, though you do describe him as a poet with a small p he probably uses a capital P himself. I am so glad Connie is better and that Baby is there getting strong. Cousin Edith Matthews (*née Selfe*) and Cousin Dudley and all the children send their love to you and to all, and now I will tell you who they are. (*He here lists the 9 children aged from 14 to one year old twins*).

Please tell Lucy her St Matthew's Day letter to Miss Woodhouse is most beautiful. I am never tired of looking at it. I return it herein. Please give it to Miss Woodhouse. Please give Miss Woodhouse the enclosed letter from Jane Nurse. I do not wish it destroyed, but there is no need to answer it. I am so glad to hear a good account of Susan Mary Nurse, and that the Sister gives her a good character. We shall be very glad to see Gertrude next month shall we not. On Thursday (the day after tomorrow) I go to Wasperton and after a few days there to Lewes , then to the Jacksons and home.

Best love to all from your loving father G A Macirone

March 21 1886 Quinquagesima

George Augustus Macirone to Clara Macirone

My darling Clara,

Nearly six years ago, one evening at your house Barbara Leigh expressed a wish for one of the photographs of Mary which were taken after her death – at least I have a pencil memorandum that I said I would send her one if I should have any more, and I think it originated in that way. I have just got a few more of the photographs and enclose one – but I rather hesitate to ask you to send it. The photograph conveys no painful impression to my mind because I was constantly watching her through the gradual process of illness, and to me it only recalls her last looks. But to another the effect may be quite otherwise and may be disagreeable – and Miss Leigh may easily have expressed the wish in mere politeness or may not at all wish to have it gratified now, however sincere

it may have been at the time. Could you take an opportunity of finding out before giving her the photograph, whether it would really be a pleasure to her to have it.

Your loving brother G A Macirone

Undated 1886 First Sunday after Trinity

George Augustus Macirone to Clara Macirone

My darling Clara,

Thank you for the leaflets just received. What a provoking printer's mistake – to print fraction in two places instead of faction. I hope you will make Mr Pitman correct it.

It is a lovely day. I am just come in from early service, and so glad to hear you are better. Please kiss dear Minnie for me. Thank you for your kind message which Katie Jackson desires to reciprocate. There was such a pretty deer on the grass this morning. Today I see from yesterday's paper that the judges go to St Paul's. I think it is always the first Sunday after Trinity. I wish I had been able to tell you of it earlier. Your loving brother. G A Macirone

July 4 1886

Emily Clara Macirone at 126 Adelaide Road to Clara Macirone

(Emily age 7)

My dear Auntie,

Thank-you for the needlecase and the scent bag and please thank Auntie Minnie for the dominoes. I had a little folks and two pencils and a pencil box and two balls and a lot of other things. On monday morning we went out into the garden and we played with the balls. Last sataday(*sic*) we went to the zoological garden.

I send my love to Auntie Minnie and Sarah.

I remain your loving Emily Clara

July 24 1886(?) f

Lucy Angelica Macirone at 126 Adelaide Road to Clara and Emily Macirone

(Lucy age 12)

My dear Aunties,

Thank you very much for the lovely present you gave me. I like it so much, it is the best thing you could have thought of. Now I know what Coln is like just as well as if I went there.

Now I will tell you what presents I had. 2/6 from Father, 1/- from Mimi, 2/- from Auntie Gussie (Miss Leigh my godmother), which makes 5/6d in money, a ball from Teresa, Tootoo and Baby and some coloured sheets from Baby. I had a prayer book from the little Blacklocks and a card from Elsie Blacklock and a card from Miss Shillito.

Mimi put the hen to sit on about 9 eggs this morning, hoping to have some chickens but it is very doubtful that we shall. We all send our very best love to you and hope you are enjoying yourselves. Cathy sends her special love to Auntie Minnie as her godmother.

I remain, Your loving niece, Lucy Macirone

We had a very happy afternoon. This afternoon Cathy and I are going to the Miss Martins to tea. We put some eggs under one hen but she eat(*sic*) them and then we killed that one and put the eggs under another but with no more success. We are always unsuccessful with our chickens and we are going to do away with them in the winter I think.

Please excuse this untidy writing. I hope you will be able to read it. We are very very glad you are enjoying yourselves and we hope Auntie Minnie and you will come back quite rested and strong. Francis is quite well and strong and is finishing the pigeon cote which he has painted and has put a large wire cage in front of it and is now working at the door. We think we shall have fan-tails as they will make a home for the others if we have them. I have had a prayer book given to me. I am dressing a doll these holidays and am now making the petticoat. I am also filling in a map – not from memory – but I am copying it. We all send our best love to you and Auntie Minnie. Francis sends his special love to his godmother and Cathy sends her special love to hers.

I remain your loving little niece Lucy. Please excuse this scribble.

July 28 1886

George Augustus Macirone to Clara and Emily Macirone

My darling Clara and Minniekin,

Thank you for your postcard from Cologne which was read out loud by admiring crowds at breakfast.

Enclosed are letters which have come for you. I thought you would prefer me to take them out of the covers on account of the postage.

Sunday, St. James's day. Thank you for your second letter from Coblenz. I am so glad you are travelling with a friend and in such comfort. This afternoon I have been hearing a beautiful sermon from Dr Siddon on 'It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe' 1 Cor; 1.21 - As his sermons are printed in the paper I will send them to you presently. I saw Cologne Cathedral once, and feel quite with what Minnie says about it. The contrast between the beautiful mediaeval glass on the north side, which is as good perhaps as any in the world, and the poor modern glass on the south side is very great. I wish you could see Aix la Chapelle - the tower there is most interesting, both architecturally and in its historical associations, and in the treasures of its sacristy, where there are wonderful relics of mediaeval times as to the genuineness of which there can be no doubt whatever, though of course there may be doubt as to the older relics. If you can stop on the way back at Bruges you would enjoy it very much and Ghent also.

The children are all well thank God except that Lutugarda has part of her hair cut off on account of an infection in the skin of her head - and of course Teresa's eyes.

You will see by the papers that Mr Gladstone has resigned and Her Majesty has sent for the Marquis of Salisbury. Cathie sends her best love, and she hopes you are enjoying your change. Miss Woodhouse ditto, and she will write very soon. It is raining hard so we can not have tea in the garden as we have done the last two or three Sundays.

God bless you my darlings.

Your very loving brother George A Macirone

14 August 1886

George Augustus Macirone to Clara and Emily Macirone

My darling sisters,

Enclosed are letters which have come for you. – A printed paper asking for guarantors for the guarantee fund of the Philharmonic for next season I have kept here, not thinking it necessary to send it on. I have posted your letters to Mrs. Cheales, Canon Holland.

Enclosed is an account of the marriage at Lewes. Mrs Cross asked me to send it to you, and then to another friend of theirs, so will you kindly return it to me. I have posted your letters to Herbert Manning, Miss Hambleton. I will leave your note at Cooks and Biddulph's.

I have posted your letter to Mrs Chubb and put your other envelope for 15 August into it, also your letter to Miss Fanny Bailey and to Mary Baughan. The children are all well, thank God, and are enjoying their holidays very much. Your description of the mountains and woods and breezes are most captivating, and they will do a great deal of good I hope, but the rest will do you more, I think. So don't take to playing or sketching but take the goods the gods provide thee, and enjoy the rest and change while the summer lasts and it is to be had.

I can not tell dear Minnie anything about the colonists at Canterbury. I have been constantly on the look out, in every direction, but I have heard nothing on the subject since I heard a month or two ago, that some sort of reception of them there had been suggested. I should enjoy hearing the Angelus with you at ½ past 6. Dear Mary and I used to agree to pray together at the Angelus hours, and the Angelus itself is a most noble address.

I will take the list of papers you have sent me to Sarah in case it is wanted. Francis and all the children are perfectly well, except Lutugarda's head and Teresa's eyes.

I read the notice this Saturday of Mr Lowell's book on Corea. Thank you for marking it. What interested me was not that the book was about Corea, but that in the first chapter was discussed the question of the artificial agreement by which (as the sunlight goes round the earth every 24 hours) a spot is fixed on at which the day begins. It is a puzzling subject to see at first, but it is worthwhile trying to see. You will see the earth IN YOUR MIND'S EYE – out in the middle of space – and then see the sunshine shining on a part of it extending from a point where it is dawn to a point where it is sunset. You will see that that the point where it is dawn goes on advancing round the earth continuously without any break whatever, and that there is no NATURAL point at which the advancing dawn becomes any particular day – say Lady Day or Christmas Day. So astronomers and sailors, for whose purposes it is necessary to have that point settled, have agreed that the 1st of January or 2nd of January and every other day in the calendar, shall begin when the dawn touches the 180th degree of longitude, ie: the meridian which is the antipodes of Greenwich. That meridian traverses nothing but water. Those who pass it westward drop a day, ie: if you

are sailing from America to China, and on Christmas Day cross the 180th meridian, then directly the day alters to St. Stephen's Day . As you see in your mind's eye the dawn ADVANCING WESTWARD across the earth, from the 180th degree of longitude, (or the 180 meridian which is the same thing), as the DAWN ADVANCES westward, the same day – say Christmas Day – BEGINS everywhere – across Australia, New Guinea, Hindustan, Turkey, Austria, Europe, the Atlantic, America, the dawn goes on, still...*(end of letter missing)*

24 August 1886

Emily Macirone in Haute Savoie to Catharine Macirone

My dearest Godchild,

I was very glad to have such a nice long letter from you about all the home news and that you went to Hampstead Heath with your young friends. I read your letter to dearest Auntie Clara who was very pleased. She wishes me to tell you that she has been lately hearing some very pretty music that she has written down the names of as she thought they would make a very pretty change for the home concerts of 126 Adelaide Road- twigglez vous ? As they are foreign music there may be some difficulty in getting them in England, but one can try all the same.

You will have heard from your dear Father how very ill your dearest Aunie Clara has been. I was very anxious earlier but thank God she is getting now quite right again. We had fortunately Doctor Andrews' prescription which we had to send down to Genève to get made up, and of course that took some little time. Then we sent to Bells for some pills made by Dr Abele that had been very useful to dearest Auntie, and though I sent the note Friday morning early we had the pills all right Monday afternoon. It was wonderfully quick, as they had to find the prescription and then make it up. Dearest Auntie is still weak and has no appetite, but she is better every day. We had a good long drive this morning before the rain came on and then had dinner out of doors in part of this dear little Hotel. It was a great comfort to have that parcel from Bells, and now we shall stay here till Monday next 30 August. That is decided. We have written to dear Sophy to ask her to find out some nice rooms. Anyhow (as Rosebud says) we are sure to be somewhere. We will write again you may be quite sure as soon as our address in Brighton is decided on. We can travel there most comfortably – take the carriage from the hotel in Geneva, having previously got our railway tickets - then start in a first class Express train at

7.30 pm which will get to Paris about 7.0 am on Tuesday – go on to the Calais/Douvres and at Dover go straight on to Brighton, where we shall arrive in less than 24 hours of our leaving Geneva. So now you know about as much of our movements as we do. You see, darling, that we cannot get home as our house is all in a mess with the whitewashers now, and besides the air of Brighton will do dearest Clara so much good. It is so reviving and bracing, and we shall enjoy the dear English food which we cannot get here. We may well boast of our roast beef. The roast beef here is like battledores and shuttlecocks – so hard. The mutton is good and the poultry excellent, of which we have plenty, but then.....tears.....we have no puddings and no pies at all ! And the soups are all thin and watery, and then you see my darling I can only walk very little and as Auntie ought to have a great deal of exercise I fear it has not been good for her. However we had a nice long drive this morning among the hills. The country is lovely and there are large walnut trees full of nuts and wild flowers all the way. It is now very rainy and the mountains don't like rain so they veil themselves in their mists and go away. Sometime the country looks as flat as Holland. Dearest Auntie enjoyed the drive this morning and then her dinner – some delicate veal. We have good wines and cheap here and the servants are all very nice and obliging, and the garden is charming. I must tell you that in the train we travel by we can have some meals served in the train and that there will be no worry about getting in and out of the train. In short the carriages are made very comfortable in every respect. If you put some thick white paper under this you will be able to read it beautifully. So don't be uneasy about us but give this letter to your dearest Father and give our love to dear Miss Woodhouse and Francis and all your dear sisters. How does Francis like the Colonial Exhibition ?
Your loving Godmother Emily Macirone

26 August 1886

George Augustus Macirone to Clara and Emily Macirone

My darling Clara and Minniekin,

Thank God you are well and coming home. I have been waiting for 3 or 4 days expecting your new address every day. I am so glad you are coming home, and to Brighton. Let us know your address there as soon as you can. I have not got Sophie Lloyd's address I find. What a blessing you had the prescriptions and were able to send them to an English Chemists. I am so glad you travel 1st Class

and come straight through. It is much more expensive to be ill and a great deal more unpleasant. It seems to me we are all ill together – a poor lot – However, we may as well make the best of ourselves for the children's sakes.

Francis and any of the children can come to you whenever you like and very glad to come – but you had better be rested and quite well first – or at any rate rested well both of you before you ask any of them.

We all send our best love and are longing to see you. I have posted your letters to Miss Clara Littleton. E.W.Bird Esq, and enclose letters for you. I am closing this to catch the first post. Let me know your Brighton address as soon as you can. Shall I send you anything down there – from the stores – or elsewhere ?

Your loving brother, G A Macirone

3 September 1886

George Augustus Macirone to Clara and Emily Macirone

My darling Clara and Minniekin,

It is such a relief to get your dear letter this evening – for the last I had from you was Minnie's postcard from Paris. I am very grateful to you for asking Lucy. She has been so conscientious and diligent and working through these holidays that I should have been so sorry if she had gone back to school with no holiday. She can not bathe by herself and so if you have fine days perhaps you could now and then sit on some part of the beach where you could let her paddle about in the water near you.

Enclosed is a notice of Clara's song from the Morning Post – rather a good notice I think. It is such a comfort to know you are both in dear Sophy's kind and hospitable hands and safe out of the ...[?] of the railway.

Francis is very good and it is very good of you both to ask Lucy when I know you would rather have your godchildren. I am very grateful to you, and I think if you saw how Lucy has worked and how little colour she has in her cheeks you would be reconciled to my pushing her into your arms and drawing back the other two. God bless you my darlings for all your goodness to my children. Tell Sophy she is the best of women, and we are all devoted to her for her kindness to you both.

On the 9th Francis and I go to Hadleigh to Mr Edward Spooner's for a week, and on the 16th Francis goes from Hadleigh to school at Felstead and I go from Hadleigh to Leeds to visit Mr Matthews at the Grammar School.

Cathy and Lucy begin school on the 20 September. I see you may send Lucy on the afternoon of the 8th so I will do so - and if not on the 8th then on the morning of the 9th, but I will write again and let you know.

The heat has been dreadful here till today when it rained. There is an old saying that Noah, Daniel and Lot always bring rain, meaning the Chapter read in the lesson, and when I read it this morning I said to the children joking 'Noah, Daniel and Lot always bring rain' and they were anxious because Miss Cruikshank, Francis and Catherine were going to the exhibition and asked me if I really thought it would rain, and sure enough it has rained all day. Miss Woodhouse sends her love to you. Francis will go down to 5 Park Village West in the morning and will write in answer to your questions.

I am glad you saw Amiens - it is a noble church. The Normans certainly had a noble ideal. Still the English feeling of the Flemish churches does come home to me.

God bless you my darlings. I long to see you.

Your loving brother G A Macirone

28 September 1886

George Augustus Macirone at Wasperton Hill, near Warwick to Clara and Emily Macirone

My darling sisters,

I have the advantage over you in getting two letters to your one. There was the most lovely sunset here last night, and a rainbow at the same time. It was most curious to see. I never saw so beautiful and vivid a rainbow before. Behold a picture of it - *-(little drawing of the whole scene with notes on its different aspects)*—I have just read King Solomon's Mines. It is truly delightful. I expect to leave here almost directly for Lewes, and after a day or two there, to go to Windsor Forest for the remainder of my holiday.

I have never heard of Dr Gergen's woollen clothing. Perhaps Dr Gergen's is particularly good. If I am at Lewes while you are in Brighton I will try to get at you. About the post office or money we will talk when we meet. I fear I shall not see Stratford on Avon before leaving here. It is so pleasant that you are both somewhat better. I had an invitation from Mr Peters to meet you, but it was for a day before my return to town and so I had to give it up, but as I fancy you also are to be away it matters the less.

God bless you my darlings.

Your loving brother, G A Macirone

26 December 1886

George Augustus Macirone at the Deanery Windsor Castle to his sisters

My darlings,

It is a wet day today. I hope you are cosy and warm and will drink our health in a cup which cheers etc. We had beautiful carols at yesterday's services - and in the evening we sang carols in the drawing room . After dinner the choir boys came and we had a famous game at Post and then at Dumb Crambo. The children send their very best love. They are so happy. Thank you for the beautiful picture. We come home on Thursday.

Your loving brother G A Macirone

Miss Woodhouse desires me to give her best love. We hope you are going to give us a nice long evening on Saturday. You scorn our beds or I should try to make you stop the night, but I believe you would rather go home. However, the bed in my room really is not a bad one, and I could sleep most comfortably in the spare room. I hope you had a pleasant evening at Katie Thompson's. Give dearest Minniekin a nice kiss for me. GAM

28 December 1886

George Augustus Macirone at the Deanery, Windsor Castle to Clara Macirone

My darling Clara,

The choir boys of the Chapel are having some Christmas amusements – and among them a sort of scene from Alice in Wonderland which brings in something about Humpty Dumpty – so we thought they would enjoy doing your glee Humpty Dumpty – I would not trouble you, but I don't remember who published it. Would you kindly be so very good as to get half a dozen copies sent me here by an early post tomorrow – I mean so that I should get it tomorrow night. Then I owe you for these Humpty Dumpty's – and for the Echo du temps passé. Agnes Tait was very pleased with it which I am glad of.

Kiss dear Minniekin for me.
Your loving brother G A Macirone

25 January 1887

Clara Woodhouse and George Augustus's daughters to Clara Macirone

Our dear Auntie Clara.

We all wish you many happy returns of the day,
Catharine Macirone – Lucy Macirone – Teresa Macirone – Lutugarda Macirone
– Clara Macirone

My dear Miss Macirone,

Just one line to wish you many happy returns of tomorrow. As the years pass one feels as if the 'happy returns' were not SO much to be desired as they used to be excepting for the sake of others whom it may be in ones power to help. You will be pleased to hear of Francis' having done so well in his Holiday tasks – and I hope it will encourage him to work well this term. In haste with much love and all good wishes,
Yours affectionately, Clara E Woodhouse

12 March 1887

George Augustus Macirone to Clara Macirone
(a postcard)

Monday night – Just heard from Francis - He is moved up into the sixth –
Hoorah – CAM

Miss Woodhouse is writing to Minnie. (I did not go to Ecclestone Square only to meet you. I should have gone there anyway)

4 April 1887

George Augustus Macirone to Clara and Emily Macirone

My darlings,

We are very glad to have good accounts of you both and that you have sunshiny days and enjoy the fresh air. Do not venture on too much but go out in the warmth of noon to High noon (3 pm) and keep out of evening air. Morning air is keen, but evening air is worse.

I am so glad you have a nice church so near you. Francis comes home on Wednesday. On Easter Monday Cathie and Lucy go to their Uncle's at Bubbenhall near Leamington (*Vincent Fortescue*).

I hope Sophy Lloyd is very well, and her sister – Please give them my kindest regards when you see them. So mind you take care of yourselves, and mind you love your brother. Carrie Woodhouse left today for Clifton Your loving brother G A Macirone

Undated 1887

Emily Macirone to the Editor of the St Pancras Guardian

“I will be master of what is mine own” Shakespeare
Sir,

I shall be very glad if you can, by inserting these few lines in your paper give an opportunity for further consideration of a question that has excited a good deal of attention of late in connection with the gardens of Munster Square and Clarence Gardens. The question is how far the wishes of the the rate payers have been consulted in their total exclusion from the enjoyment of the gardens for which each house is rated about 10 shillings a year – an unprecedented case that people should be denied admission to gardens that are cultivated at their expense, and it is very possible they might like at least to have the option of entering them or not by the possession of the key, which they have not at present. I am Sir, Yours truly, A Ratepayer

9 June 1887

Emily Macirone to Edmund Maurice re Kyrle Society

Dear Sir,

Many thanks for the prospectus of the Kyrle Society you sent me the other day. I find among other good works deeply interesting to all who desire to raise the condition of the poor, that the Kyrle Society touches on a subject which has interested me for many years in securing open air spaces to be laid out as public gardens, and I shall be very glad if you can help me in a case in which a little aid from your Society will be of the utmost importance.

There are in my immediate neighbourhood two large squares – Munster Square and Clarence gardens intersected by Osnaburgh Street – a long street parallel with Albany Street in the east of Regent's Park. As I constantly passed through these squares I began to consider how it was that I never saw anyone, man, woman or child in them, except an occasional gardener. To be sure the gardens are so inconveniently laid out that no one would care to enter them. For instance, there are no seats whatever in any of them. These gardens are surrounded by small houses let to two or three families, therefore I felt there must be many children who would be safer in its enclosure than in the gutter or under the horses hooves, and many a woman would like to take her rest or her work, or a man his paper and enjoy a little fresh air in quiet, but never did I see anyone there but this wonderful gardener. I enquired how it was and by degrees I have learnt that each house pays 4/9d every half year towards the cultivation of the garden to which they are not allowed access as they have no key. I think this is a quite unprecedented case – that people should not be allowed to enter a public garden that is cultivated at their expense. I have also learnt that they would very much like to enter the garden and I am quite sure it only needs a little pressure from without such as your Society could give to be the “open Sesame” which would admit the surrounding poor to their own garden. It would not cost much to buy some comfortable seats and effect other improvements such as a drinking fountain, and I am sure that if a fund were raised there would be many glad to assist, and among them some of the inhabitants of the square themselves. I see the name of Mr H Bendick, 52 Clarence Gardens as the Secretary in charge of the squares. It seems to me so very hard that these poor people should pay each about 10/- a year towards their gardens they are never allowed to enter.

It has seemed to me that Paddington Green might be taken as an example of what can be done with taste to make a public garden pretty. A few years ago it was the most dreary wilderness you can imagine. There were two public paths through it, and a few trees. Now they have planted avenues of trees and laid out

shrubberies and flower beds and a drinking fountain and placed several comfortable recumbent seats, at the same time preserving the public footways. The gardens are enclosed with railings but the gates are open all day. I constantly pass by and see men, women and children enjoying and resting in them and the most perfect order prevails. The innocent pleasure these gardens might afford to the poor people whose houses surround them is always present to my mind as I pass and see how drearily empty and ugly they are, and how grateful they would be for the change. The surrounding public houses may possibly object to the gardens being opened, but it is certain that if the Kyrle Society could succeed in throwing open their recreation gardens to all the poor in their neighbourhood it would be the best of missionaries. I shall be glad to produce any further information you may require and trusting that you may take my plea for the poor into your favourable consideration
I remain, dear Sir, Truly Yours, Emily Macirone

22 July 1887

Emily Macirone to the Editor (*Telegraph ?*)

Sir,

I have been very much 'exercised' as they say in my mind of late, on the subject of opening our art galleries to the working classes by means of cheaper prices and evening exhibitions – carrying out the idea that has been so well begun by the 'Kyrle Society' under the distinguished patronage of HRH the Duke of Albany. As many of the exhibitions close very soon it may be too late for this season, except tentatively by the few that remain open until the end of August. A visit to the L....rith[?] exhibition in Conduit Street made me wish very much that the study of those most marvellous and interesting terra-cottas might be made possible to the thousands who would so greatly enjoy and profit by them. But a shilling, the universal price to be paid for the right of an art exhibition whether it be one picture of a thousand, is a terrible bar or absolute exclusion to thousands of very respectable people to say nothing of the actual poor who are quite unable to afford that all-requisite coin, without which no picture in London can be seen. Therefore in these days of art education and cheap pleasures, would it not be possible to have evening exhibitions at a reduced rate, sixpence or better still threepence to be the open

sesame to the occasion. Experience has taught us that whenever an amusement of a noble kind is offered to the public in terms within its reach it is eagerly sought and appreciated. The orderly crowds at the South Kensington and Bethnal Green Museums, and the cheap concerts of first class music in the South East of London and the threepenny concerts at St George's Hall, Liverpool are sufficient in themselves to warrant any further efforts in that direction – especially at a time when attempts of all kinds are being made to offer counter-attractions to the too fatal fascinations of the Public House. It is said “You cannot drive out one passion but by another” and surely the works of George Lenwistle[?] would inspire nobler pleasures than the glare of the Gin Palace or the dreary comic song. I remain etc
Yours faithfully An Artist

14 July 1887

George Augustus Macirone at Faversham Vicarage to Catharine Macirone

My darling Catharine,

We ought to try to illuminate the house on Tuesday by burning as many candles in every window as we can. Will you ask Mlle Jumeau to talk to Margaret about it and see what they can do. Just light candles and put them on a table as close to the window as you can. I shall be home Monday evening. Agnes Tait was here on Sunday. Mr John Allison was here on Monday and left this morning. Before leaving he sang us the 3 little piggies.
God bless you my darling. Embrace all your sisters for me.
Your loving father G A Macirone

Undated 7 August

Emily Macirone to Catharine Macirone

Dearest Cathie,

I am very anxious to know if you have received a book by Wood on Natural History which I ordered Westell to send you. I want you to have it now that you are in the real wild country because you may be able to verify the book by the natural objects that surround you. I know Wood to be such a charming writer as I have read several of his works and I was so pleased by your wish to study wild flowers in the country. I know some people that collect wild flowers on their country rambles and bring them home and classify them according to the book. I hope that this book will tell you something about wild flowers. I think whatever Wood writes you will find interesting.

We are thinking of you today all together we trust, dear Father and Francis and all of your sisters. We hope your dearest Father is in good health and that dear Francis is well, and that you have fine weather. It was so very hot yesterday that we could not have out tea in the garden. I trust that you will come to us before we leave here and then you shall have tea in the arbour under the shade of trees, just as we used to do with Francis.

I've had a drive yesterday afternoon and saw all sorts of game running about on the road - young and old pheasants quite family parties would start across. Then a rabbit would run across and run into a hole and disappear, or else squirrels would chase each other up the trees. They wander out in the afternoon and evening. I am so sorry that Francis never saw them. We are living in such a nice old cottage. I dare say 150 years old, very comfortable and we have a garden - not so pretty as Mr Peters' by a long way but very full of vegetables, french beans, vegetable marrows etc, all of which we have the benefit of in our dinners. We wish you much pleasure in your holiday. The place is so pretty that I am sure you will enjoy the beauty and wildness of it. I hope you won't break your necks running up the Helmut.

I am reading a book on Natural History. White's Natural History of Selbourne - a book your Father is very fond of. So our studies will be the same. Goodbye for the present,

Your affectionate Aunt and Godmother Auntie Minnie
Remember we hope to see you here.

12 August 1887

George Augustus Macirone to Clara Macirone

My darling Clara,

Mrs Jackson, Mary's Aunt (the Provost's sister) writing to me, says she hears from Miss Woodhouse that Cathie is going to visit you at Bracknell – and she asks me for your address, wishing to be polite to you, so I hope you will not be angry with me for giving her your address. Mrs Jackson's letter contained something I wished Miss Woodhouse to see, so I have sent it to her and asked her to send it on to you.

The address is: Mrs Jackson, North Lodge, Windsor Forest. The house is at the entrance of a village or row of houses called North Street in Winkfield parish, but I dare say you remember it as Francis said he had driven past it once when with you. They are VERY QUIET people indeed. Their garden is a delight, and I should like you to go there if you like to do so.

Thank you very much for the Italian letter just received. I am so glad Leischen is with you. I should like to come myself very much but cannot manage it. Give dearest Minniekin a kiss for me. Tell her the seltz...[?] is such a pleasure to me. Your loving brother, G A Macirone

If dearest Leischen is still with you and you think it would not displease her, will you give her the enclosed after you and Minnie have seen it. Of course Leischen would not suppose I meant to ask her to come all that distance, but she might be kind enough to say a prayer with us at the time – if she remembers it.

I fear I shall have to trouble you again about the Italian letter. You would like the Jacksons, the eldest daughter especially – Georgiana. She is called Ana. Love to dear Aunt Jane if you write.

15 August 1887

George Augustus Macirone to Clara and Emily Macirone

My darlings,

Thank you for your dear sweet letters. I have so much to do I was obliged to stop at home Sunday to write reports for C. I should enjoy being with you so much but it is quite out of the question. I used to think it would be so nice if we could all three end our days together, but now I suppose we shall all be in separate workhouses, and have to meet in the road when we get out for an afternoon, and console each other by hoping to be together in paradise. I should enjoy being with you now for a day or two extremely, but so many men are on leave it is out of the question. It would be very jolly to get out to early

morning prayers with Clara. That is just what I like, early morning prayers in an empty church. It is so fresh and wholesome and sweet and clean.

It is a pity you should take the trouble to come home before going to the Jackson's but I dare say you know best. They are very quiet and stay at home people. Mrs Jackson does put on a sort of evening dress I think for dinner, but it is excessively simple, and now that she is a widow I dare say she does not change her dress at all in the evening.

I am glad dear Minnie enjoys the scent of the pine woods. It is beautiful I think. I should like to see the rood loft at Warfield Church very much. There are so few left in England. I never, out of Westminster Abbey or the Cathedrals, saw an old one myself, except at Minehead. The stairs up to the rood loft are very common in Kent and some other parts, but the lofts themselves were always destroyed. They were easy to knock down, and the rage for destruction was strong.

I am so glad to think you have some good news and cannot in the least imagine what it is, so will not try, only hope it is something you are really pleased with.

Mind you both love me –

Your loving brother G A Macirone

17 August 1887

George Augustus Macirone to Clara Macirone

My darling Clara,

How the rain has come down this evening and the thunder and lightning have been terrific. Do not put up any more prayers for rain please at Bracknell or you will flood the country. You really must stop these early prayers – they will be the ruin of the climate. I am so pleased at dearest Minniekin's present from dear Mrs Bailey. I have torn up your note.

Why not try Margate or if you think that too popular try Folkestone or Dover ? From Folkestone or Dover you might go across on a fine day to France for an excursion – or go to Dieppe for a holiday. Dispose of the C.S. ticket as you think best.

I should like very much to come to you for a day or two but I am so busy at the Admiralty there seems no chance of my getting away before my colleague returns and I get free for the 8th.

Give dear Minnie a good kiss for me and tell her I delight in her seltz...[?]

Your loving brother, G A Macirone

I came across a day or two ago some beautiful lines by Trench in verse on giving love. They are on the miracle of Elijah the prophet. They were in your handwriting among Mary's papers.

26 August 1887

George Augustus Macirone to Clara Macirone

My darling Clara,

Yesterday I had a letter from Mr Edward Spooner, the Vicar of Hadleigh, asking Francis and me there. This morning your note came, and as you say you can get on without me, I shall be selfish and accept Mr Spooner's invitation for Francis and myself and go there immediately after dear Mary's obit. (*anniversary of his wife Mary's death September 8*) In regard to knowing lodgings at the sea I really cannot help for I do not know any at all. I could write to Sister Augusta Leigh at Exmouth – or to Miss O'Brien at Eastbourne or to Mr Edward Spooner about Felixstowe. But it would be no use my writing to them unless I gave them some details as to rooms, appropriate rent and the like.

So many men are away it is I think quite impracticable for me to try to leave town early on Saturday.

Three men now away are to be back before I go on leave. I am glad you saw Ascot Priory. It was Miss Sellon's work – she was a good woman. I think the nuns there are nice women. There are curious little conceits about their habits etc, and curious peculiarities about their discipline, which are pleasant as being the expression of individual feelings among the sisters and Jackson likes them very much I think.

The chapel is Butterfield's and is very reverent and nice I think. I was there last year when the Bishop opened it. Mr Butterfield was there and was rather pleased himself I think with a mortuary chapel he had made in a crypt at the east end.

I will make a point of going to see Sarah. I fear I cannot help as a place for your little girl, but I will try to remember.

Your loving brother, G A Macirone

31 August 1887

George Augustus Macirone to Clara and Emily Macirone

My darling sisters,

I went to see Sarah yesterday. She seemed very well. Your papers look beautiful. If I hear of any place for your young girl I will let you know, and I have spoken to Miss Woodhouse also about her.

If you are going to stay on at Bracknell after the 8th it seems a pity you should come up to town just for us and go back again. I hope you will not do that.

Thank you for the paper about the heights of Macerone. I have also an extract from the Times of about 1863 describing the same circumstances.

I am going to see Cathie off by the train to you today. I fear there is not the least chance of my having time to come with her. You see we all have to arrange our leave, and because I have arranged my leave for the 8 Sept I shall be very busy indeed beforehand and after my leave, as of course others are on leave when I am at the office and I have to clear up all questions relating to my duties before I go. Your loving brother, G A Macirone

27 September 1887

George Augustus Macirone at Wasperton Hill near Warwick to Clara and Emily Macirone

My darling sisters,

What a pity that you found the Norfolk coast ugly. I was reading in the paper the other day that at Sheringham near Cromer, there is an old rood loft in the Church in preservation and I thought of you directly and that it would interest you.

It is a pity you found the inhabitants so grasping, but perhaps they are badly off and have to try to make hay during a very short space of sunshine. It certainly however detracts from the pleasure of seeing their interesting county. I am truly sorry that some demoniacal expression or other should have taken possession of my countenance and so disturbed you about that little envelope at Ely. Really one envelope is as good as another, and as you say the right thing is to pay your way and be generous afterwards, and certainly you have always done that. We have had plenty of recent examples, or warnings, of people who were not economical and who in consequence have brought years of pain to those they should have shielded from it.

I leave here on Friday or Saturday and am going on Saturday to Mrs Vaillant – on Monday, home – on Tuesday 4 Oct to the Jacksons at Windsor- on Saturday 9 Oct probably to Lewes.

Kiss dearest Minnie for me.

Your loving brother, C A Macirone

29 September 1887

George Augustus Macirone to Emily Macirone

My darling Minniekin,

This is to wish you many happy returns of your dear birthday – and I hope I have been allowed to share with Clara in making you a present to add to your toilet on the occasion. This will probably reach you on the day before your birthday, but Saturday I leave here and I prefer to post this too early rather than be in a hurry and perhaps miss it at the last. I hope you will enjoy St Alban's on Saturday. You must be sure to see Old Verulam. I can't remember the site exactly but it is something like what is on the other side (*drawing*). There are a lot of low thick walls in the form of a rough square surrounded by very pretty walks. Each side of the square is perhaps half a mile long. This is the remains of the Roman town of Old Verulam. Near the end of this is a little rivulet. St Alban was led across the rivulet and up to a hill outside town where he was martyred and where the church was shortly afterwards built. St Michael's church is on the other side of the ruins of Old Verulam, and in the chancel is an image of Lord Bacon sitting down, and with his hat on. Goodbye. I hope you will not attempt to walk all round Old Verulam, but make up your mind that that would be too much for you and do what you can only.

God bless you darling.

Your loving brother G A Macirone

11 October 1887

George Augustus Macirone in Lewes to Clara Macirone

My darling Clara,

During my holydays I have been with a friend whose wife suffered long from ill health arising from a cause similar to Minnie's. (*Emily died the following year*). She had been for years to a good Dr without relief but recently was told by a lady who had a similar complaint that she had asked Sir Spencer Wells if she might try the treatment of Apostoli, an electrician, in Paris. He said he could do no more for her, and he sent her to Mr Apostoli who did her a great deal of good. His charges are extremely high – hundreds of pounds. She told my friend's wife of a Mrs. Laurence in London who practises the same treatment as Apostoli, but charges very much less – a Mrs Laurence in Nottingham Terrace, Regent's Park. So my friend sent his wife to her, and she has been very much benefited. She is going to see Mrs Laurence again, and I have asked her to talk to her about one or two points I have mentioned, and to let me know what Mrs Laurence says. When I hear from her I will let you know and we can then consider whether it would be useful to Minnie.

Mrs Laurence receives I hear £2000 a year for practising the same treatment at St Saviour's Hospital, Marlborough Street, and I believe ladies are taken in at that hospital to undergo that treatment for 3 guineas a week, but I am not sure of this, and we might or might not like it for Minnie. Of course I would help. Your very loving brother G A Macirone

13 December 1887

George Augustus Macirone to Clara Macirone

Please excuse this scrap of paper

My darling Clara,

Please read the enclosed and return them at your leisure. Kiss dear Minnie for me.

The children are very pleased at receiving an invitation this morning for us all to go to Windsor on Thursday 22 December for a week, to return on Thursday 29 December. We are going to send Francis a hamper for Christmas.

Your very loving brother, G A Macirone

Undated -1887

George Augustus Macirone to the Editor of the Daily Telegraph

Sir,

1588 – 1888.

This is an age of commemorations. The world is getting old and like Flastaff we are for ever 'babbling of green fields' and the days of our youth. We have been having centenaries – bi-centenaries – ter-centenaries and quin-centenaries : all these to celebrate events and men that have left their indelible mark on their times and called forth expressions of the love and reverence of succeeding ages. The feeling is a right and noble one. It has the highest sanction – that of Holy Writ, for were not the services of the Temple full of commemorations of their national deliverances and blessings ?

The year 1888 is not so far off when we shall come to the ter-centenary of the great national deliverance of England in the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588 – a defeat not alone due to our Navy, though, thank God, the courage of the men was as great then as it has ever been, but to the signal mercies of God and to the fearful hurricane that swept the invincible Armada to its destruction. As our Elizabeth said "It was that fact in which I place my greatest glory".

When we study the history of those times and see what fearful powers were armed against us – how our country was to be divided among Spanish Lords – how vessels were loaded with the tortures of the Inquisition which were to trample on the altars and liberties of our Land : when we think of the Spanish hordes under Alva in the Netherlands and try for one moment to realize what their success would have been to us – what dire destruction, what unutterable misery and woe, and then remember our great deliverance, there can be but one thought in our hearts – to offer up a solemn national thanksgiving of our grateful praises to our gracious Father in Heaven for His great mercies towards us.

For three hundred years has this land been blessed beyond her utmost hopes and deserts. She has become the greatest naval and commercial power in the world. For three hundred years has the sacred soil of this "dear, dear land" been untrodden by the foot of an invader. England, so small a power in those days, has become the mother of great nations to whom she has bequeathed the precious treasures of her literature and her laws, her freedom and her religion. Are all these blessings to be received with no thanks ?

Next year we hold for the first time an exhibition of the produce of India and our Colonies. The subject would be as near to them as to us. Let not the year 1888 pass without a remembrance of the great national deliverance of 1588.

I am Sir, Yours etc, A Londoner

2 January 1888

George Augustus Macirone to Emily Macirone

My darling Minniekin,

It was very kind of Clara and yourself to think of having Francis, but I have settled that it would not be right, and am going to do the best I can otherwise. Do you think you or Clara could try whether Mrs Chubb (*former wife of Colonel Francis Maceroni*) has left one of those book plates with Colonel Maceroni's name and arms. I am anxious to replace the one I have lost.

Your loving brother, G A Macirone

23 February 1888

A Few Wishes from Emily to all (*Emily's Will*)

I owe about £4 to P...[?] for wine and about 6 to Mrs Dee for pin and small brooch –one ½ cake of gold paint to Newmans and no more. I should wish my darling Clara to keep all of my wardrobe that could be of any service to her - laces, linen, black silk, trinkets, handsome black silk mantle, fur cloak, all I have that can be of any use to her. My older gowns, the general either to Sarah's relations or to Mrs Abbott. My dearest Francis to have eventually my Turner, Secretaire and other books, Ruskin, Fairy Queen. My dearest Cathie to have eventually the choice of my trinkets especially the amythist brooch, my garnet cup, Uncle George's bracelet. (There is a silver clasp belonging to it in my jewel box to enlarge it). I should wish all the other children to have some trinket or pretty gift.

I should wish my dearest brother to have my Leonardo da Vinci, my old churches in the City and anything else of mine he cares for not before named. My shawls and laces to be given to the girls, always reserving the best for Cathie. A good shawl for Sarah and £5 if I have any money left. My boots for the children that can wear them. A drawing for cousin Giulia, Clara, Fred and Rhoda, Edith Day, dear Leischen, Fanny, Molly B, Milly G, Mrs Slack, Annie and Connie Fripp and Clara Woodhouse. I should like my darling to have the future disposal of all my things, for her to keep for her own use my pretty little work box with steel (Cathy to have my work table), for my darling to give as occasions offer any of my things to those I love as she judges best. George to have Longfellow's Dante which is most interesting and then if he will kindly give it to Francis eventually.

I leave my blessing and grateful thanks and love to my dearest Clara and brother and to my dearest Francis and Cathie – to all my dear friends.

Emily Macirone

5 December 1888

George Augustus Macirone to Clara Macirone

My darling Clara,

I have written to Dr Anderson saying to him just what you say to me about the belt, so no doubt he will send a reply either to you or to me. All right about Friday – I am getting on very well – I have written to ask Mr and Mrs Garner if they are not engaged to come to us on Sunday for supper at half past seven. We might have a little sacred music, and I know Mrs Garner enjoys very much hearing you play, and they have given me so much kindness. I hope you will not think it tiring to meet them. But I dare say they are engaged and cannot come. If they can come, the Handel and the music altogether would be good for the children. I dare say the Macdonalds will write very soon. Perhaps they have asked too many people and are in a quandary. I hope they are not either of them ill.

If Francis is going to Italy I will write myself to arrange for his coming up to go to the play with you on Thursday. He already knows he may have to come up on the Saturday and I would rather not have this

arrangement disturbed unless it is finally settled. When I say that in that case I will write – it is that I will do so if you particularly wish it dear, but in truth I would much rather not. His dear mother and I used not to go to the play in Advent and Lent, and I do very little indeed else to pay respect to those sacred seasons, and I should feel his going - or at least I should much prefer his not being led to wish to go then – and of course still more should I wish that he should not think the observance of those seasons by his father a hardship. I dare say he could go after his return.

Your loving brother C A Macirone

P.S. I think dear that I ought to consider your pleasure more than his mother's habits and mine, and the rest - and of course it is not a question of right and wrong - so I am quite ready to write for him to come up on Thursday as soon as you let me know it is finally settled. In that case I should like him to stay with me till the Sunday night when he could come to you CAM

If he comes up on the Saturday I should like him to spend the Sunday night here with his sisters unless that is inconvenient to you.

13 May 1889

George Augustus Macirone to Catharine Macirone

After leaving you I went to get some food at an eating house in Cheapside and then to the meeting of the Benevolent Blues at Xt's Hospital. There were only four applications to consider, but the first was from a gentleman who was chairman of our meetings when I first became director, many years ago. He has failed in business and is now in distress, and we agreed we would not ask him to attend in person, and we gave him £50 which was a great deal less than he had himself given to the society when he was in prosperity.

There I met Mr Harris. He was very kind – said he was very pleased with your work, both with the work itself and with the neatness of it. He said that the doing your work neatly was not only good in itself but it will react upon yourself, and do you good in its effect upon yourself in other ways. That is why I wished Francis to learn that from you – it would do him good in himself. He said he should in about a fortnight be very busy again, as the holydays will be over, and I thought he meant that he should not be able to help you so much then. He said you had

better not wait till you have done all he sent you but a) send him what you have done and b) ask for help in regard to any parts you can not understand, and he will give you further explanations on those points. He said Surds are a difficulty and you will find them so, and it will help you very much if you master them well now. He said he was glad you are writing out all the cases he had corrected for you and all those he had to do for you, and were keeping them in separate exercise books – and that you are writing out the instructions he gave you.

He is very clever at analyzing such questions, and I think that if you can grind his explanations thoroughly into yourself you will have mastered the difficulties of Surds. I told him you had gone yesterday to Aveley and asked him whether you might send direct to him any papers you had done. He said yes. His address is c/o Rev Joseph Harris M.A. & Randolph Gdns. Carlton Rd. Kilburn London NW. But if you like better you can send your papers to me and I will send them on to him.

Do you love your father ? God bless you my darling,
Your loving father G A Macirone

Undated October 1889

George Augustus Macirone to Catharine Macirone

My darling Cathie,

We hope you are enjoying this lovely October – indeed I feel quite satisfied and happy on that point from the very long and interesting letter I have had from you every week since you left us describing your movements. But you must not employ your whole time writing to me dear, you will have no time for anything else – but it is very kind of you and I am most grateful for your charming long letters all the same. Sunday 20 October Lucy and I were to go to breakfast with her godmother in Paradise, but it rained cats and dogs so we could not go. Saturday 26 October I was to go to spend Sunday at Oxford with my Welsh nephew Wilfred Vaillant, but Connie Woodhouse's death took Miss Woodhouse to Herefordshire so I stopped at home with your sisters. We had a jolly day (part of which was occupied in reading your long and most interesting letters) - at St Mary's. I went to early Mass but there was no priest because on the 23 Oct the Trustees after electing a new Vicar wrote to ask him to provide for the services on Sunday 27

October, but he is away in the West of England and no one has heard from him in reply apparently. The Church warden provided nobody so between two stools we fell to the ground. At 11 o'clock no clergyman came, so I stopped in Church and said my prayers all to myself, and thought it rather nicer than a service on the whole. By 7 o'clock in the evening Mr Chervil the clergyman who has a school in the Adelaide Road heard of our deserted state and came and read prayers and preached to us. I enjoyed the prayers and the preaching but there was a fiend in human form ! – a thing !! - a wretch !!! – a cat !!!! – a mite !!!!! a villain !!!!! – a vixen !!!!!!! who produced the most vile noises from the organ it is possible to produce – worse than some songs of Wagner's which an Italian brute with a strident voice was declaiming at Mr Peter's lodgings on Thursday night. The organist ought to be married to the Italian and both sent off into the Great Thibet desert of Gobi to play and sing to the Calmuck Tartars to frighten them away. There, all that tirade is the result of Mr Peters making me listen to mawkish discordant rot when we might have been singing beautiful tunes. I asked Aunt Clara on Friday when I dined with her whether, as we were to be left rather alone on Sunday she would not go to Adelaide Road for the day, and she said she was in too much want of rest, but on Sunday she repented and went like the good son in the Holy Gospel, so we had her all the afternoon and evening. In the afternoon Daniel Tyrwhitt came in and stayed to tea and we sang hymns. At the annual dinner of Old Blues on King Edward's birthday last week I met Mr Harris and he asked how you were getting on for your examination. I said I was sure you were making great use of his papers, though somehow in the multiplicity of subjects referred to in your recent most voluminous and most numerous letters you had not said anything about them. He said it was very necessary you should be well up in the higher mathematical points you were taking up, and I said, Heaven forgive me, that I was satisfied you were getting on in that point. If you had any answers to send to him, you might as well send them to me at once. I think he puts points very lucidly and I am very grateful to him. SO now goodbye. Remember me kindly to Mr and Mrs Lenard. I expect Miss Woodhouse home today. God bless and keep you. Your loving father George A Macirone When you have read this I wish you would send it on to Francis for I owe him a letter and don't want to write all this over again.

All Hallows Eve 1889

George Augustus Macirone to Catharine Macirone

To my very dear daughter, Health and Peace

This time of year brings back so much. Yesterday was the obit of your dear mother's mother in 1868, when your mother reached Perth by the train at midnight and walked up the long street to her home to arrive half an hour after her mother had uttered her last sigh. Today was Catharine Mary Livesy's obit in 1872, the day before Catharine Mary Macirone was born. Tomorrow in 1872 your sweet mother and I were at mass in the Dominican Church when the pains of childbirth began and I had to get her home with the greatest difficulty and could get no cab – and very soon after we got home you were born. Twelve days hence in 1878 Cousin Randall and Cousin Edith were married, and I can see Aunt Catharine now standing still for a minute in a lonely part of the great lane to the garden where Mary and I found her looking up with eyes distraught saying a hymn. Then a few days more and she died at Edinburgh and was buried at Addington within a year of Cranford. Then in a few months your mother went too. Oh dear, it's rather bad and this is what I am writing to cheer you on your birthday.

Enclosed is a postal note for a crown which I hope you will enjoy. You might give me a kiss if you were here, but as you aren't I must do without.

God bless you.

Your loving father G A Macirone

Did I tell you we have a new Vicar at St Mary's – Mr Albert Spencer. He has not appeared yet. Do you love me CM

24 November 1889

George Augustus Macirone to Catharine Macirone

To my very dear daughter H and P

On the 24 November 1872 being Stir-up Sunday, your dear Mother left the house for the first time after her confinement to be churched at St.

Saviour's Haverstock Hill. She was churched before evensong and after the second lesson you were baptized by Mr Hose. Nurse held you till the blessing of the water then my sister Emily took you. Emily gave you to the Priest and named you. Miss Grant of Kilpaston received you from the Priest and gave you to nurse. Afterwards we had tea at home with Aunt G, Mrs Garner, my sister Clara, Lawrence George and Vincent Fortescue and your 3 godparents. Lucy went with Aunt Clara to see The Dead Heart last night and says she expects to write and tell you all about it. Aunt Clara expects to take you and Francis to the play just before Xmas.

I have sent your papers to Mr Harris. On Friday I met him and he said he hoped to do them and return them during this week. Thank you dear for your post card. I am glad my explanation of 'a squared' etc was sufficient. Has Mrs Lenard been kind enough to arrange everything that is necessary in regard to your passing the examination, and do you know all about what you have to do and where you have to go etc. ? If you do not know all about it you had better speak to Mrs Lenard now. In regard to what you said in your letter as to coming home for good, I do not know any reason for altering from what I had first proposed, viz: that you should have a year of this. It is all I can afford you of the kind, and I hope it will be good for you, and I think you like it and would be sorry to lose it. I hope you will do all you can to take advantage of the opportunities of improvement it gives you.

God bless you my darling.

Your loving father G A Macirone

Herbert Warne is staying here. My cousin Frederick Warne's brother. He was here last in 1878 and helped us to move into this house.

22 February 1890

George Augustus Macirone to Catharine Macirone

To my very dear daughter Health and Peace

You must forgive me darling for not writing before as I have been very much occupied and not in good health. Yesterday and today I have kept my room with rheumatism and a blister on my neck ! I hope you are all well at Aveley. Please remember me very kindly to Mr and Mrs Lenard. About Lent dear, and books to read. I meant to read some book which you should choose for yourself and which you would consider serious reading such as history or science - a serious book about music or

painting. Have you ever read Ruskin's Modern Painters – or his book on the seven lamps of architecture. I think you had better wait a few years before attempting them. About your Lent rule I would advise you to take rather less. Say, give up two things and do two things and keep account of when you neglect them. On the opposite page I have ruled a place for you. Put a X when you neglect one of your rules. Fill up your paper every night. Extract what you want from the enclosed printed paper and then return it to me.

God bless you my darling, Your loving father G A Macirone

Ps I would advise you to make some difference between Passiontide (the last fortnight) and the first 4 ½ weeks of Lent. For instance if you set yourself to say one of the Penitential Psalms (the 51) during the first part of Lent, you might change to one of the Passion Psalms (22 or 40 or 54 or 69 or 88) and in Passiontide instead of a collect you might say 'O Saviour of the world who by thy cross and precious blood hast redeemed us, save us and help us we humbly beseech Thee O Lord' (*Catharine's Lent rule in her handwriting is folded inside this letter*)

Lent Rule 1890

Say Psalm 51 3 times a day except in Passion week, then say Psalm 54. Say Collect for Ash Wednesday 3 times a day except in Passion week and then say 'O saviour of the world who by thy cross and precious blood hast redeemed us, save us and help us we humbly beseech Thee O Lord'

Give up sugar and jam, and lighreading between 12 and 1. CMM

10 September 1890

George Augustus Macirone to Catharine Macirone

(This letter was torn up but then kept)

To my very dear Cathie Health and Peace.

The cab was just in time for me to get into the bank before it closed at four o'clock and get some money for my railway travelling. Give my love to all around and give each other a good kiss for me. Go to the cupboard in the dresser in the dining room where the keys are. Take the bunch of travelling keys – on it there are two keys like this (*drawing*) – one is a trifle larger than the other. Try which of them is the key of your sweet mother's black travelling bag which stands on the dumb waiter in the

corner of the dining room. THE OTHER is the key of the Gladstone bag I brought with me. Please send it to me. Tie it to a label open and put a stamp on the label and address it to me here. You will find a suitable label in my wardrobe, in the narrow drawer in the middle of it - at the left hand of the drawer at the back.

Now all of you my children, Francis and Catharine and all - try and do me a kindness while I am away in regard to snapping - Try to abstain from it - Consider it always Friday as regards being a day of abstinence from snapping. And if anyone snaps Francis is to call attention to it - and is to call upon Catharine as the tea maker to say what the offender is to do. And if Francis snaps Lucy is respectfully to call his attention to the fact and desire him respectfully to ask Catharine's judgement.

Your loving father GAM

Don't forget the key by next post.

Aunt Clara, Cousin Fred, Cousin Mabel, Cousin Rhoda send their love.

24 January 1891

George Augustus Macirone

(a note in his personal papers)

This evening, having ascertained from my dear sister Clara Mrs Chubb's address, I went to see her at 39 South Brook St, Goldhawk Rd., Hammersmith. It was close to the Shepherd's Bush Station on the Metropolitan Railway.

She was sitting in a room on the basement floor. I kissed her and talked for some time about Lucy Johnson and about Laura Borell and her children and about Cecilia Kelly and her children. She said Laura Borell's child Mrs Montague goes to see her sometimes. She said she had had a letter 3 weeks ago from Cecilia Kelly in Australia. She said Cecilia Kelly's son Frank Whiteside (her son by her first husband) is now a Roman Catholic priest. She said - Do tell me who you are, I cannot recall you at all. I am now 93 (I think she made a mistake for 83) and cannot recall things. I teased her a little and then said - George Macirone. She said Oh dear, kiss me then, and was very pleased. She said that she should often luncheon without food if it had not been for the money Clara had sent her. She said the Countess Taske when she died left her a legacy of £6.00 a year. She talked of my Uncle Colonel. She said she went with him to Spain when he went there in the expedition with General Pepe. She said she was married

to him in Spain. She was very frail but very little altered from what I remember when I last saw her, which was at the time of Laura's death, when my dear wife and I called upon her and found her at Laura's flat in the mall near Notting Hill sitting on one side of the fire with Mrs Newt who was sitting at the other side of the fire.

27 May 1891

George Augustus Macirone in Devonport to Catharine Macirone

To my very dear daughter Health and Peace

There was not a moment to spare at Waterloo. I only got into the train as it was moving off so I could not get an insurance ticket, but luckily I was not smashed and am all alive alive oh like the cockles and mussels.

I think I was wrong in telling you not to answer Alice's note - She was ill and you ought to write affectionately and ask if she is better now. I am sorry I was hasty and misled you - so write now. I have found my lost spectacles after having paid for another pair. The lost ones turned up between the linings of the black leather bag I sling over my shoulder.

On about the 24th of May I put down in the house book that I had sent £5.00 to Francis. Please line it out with a pen. I believe I forgot to line it out when he sent me back the money. I arrived at Devonport station about half past 11 last night and drove at once to a hotel and went to bed. This morning I went to mass at St Stephen's Church, - the east window of which is opposite the window I am writing at - at 8 o'clock - then walked up about a hundred yards to Mount Wise (a hill where the houses are of the Naval Commander in Chief ie: the Duke of Edinburgh, and of the Military Commander in Chief) and had a look at Plymouth Sound and Hamoaze and the ships. I could just hear the band playing the reveillee on board the Commander in Chief's flagship half a mile off on the water. Then I went to see about a place to batten tomorrow morning. Then I went to look for lodgings and found these. Then I went back to the hotel and had breakfast. Then I went to the dockyard and saw the authorities and arranged about my work. Then I went back to the hotel, paid my bill and took my luggage to these lodgings. Then I went back to work at the

dockyard. Then at 5 o'clock I left the dockyard and came here to meat tea. Now give me a kiss, and kiss Lucy and Maria.
God bless you. Goodbye.
Your loving father G A Macirone

1892 St Paul's Day

George Augustus Macirone to Clara Macirone

My darling,

Are you going to dine here with us tomorrow – or would you like me to come and dine with you? Your loving brother George A Macirone
P.S. Yesterday I went with Lucy to Papa's mother's grave (*Mary Ann Wildsmith*) in old St. Pancras Churchyard. I have written a letter to the Vestry Clerk on the subject and as your house is in the parish of St. Pancras I have written to him as from your house, thinking he will perhaps be more favourably inclined to me so – and therefore probably a letter to me from him will come to your house.
CAM

Undated 1892 Feast of the Purification of BVM

Mary Woodhouse (Mimi) to Catharine Macirone

My dearest Cathie,
You will be expecting a letter ere this I fear, but you know how the days slip by – Nothing particular has happened since you left and it really seems as if that was WEEKS ago. Aunty was very pleased you remembered her birthday. Lucy wrote for the family and Father gave her a lovely large silk handkerchief or rather 'neckerchief'. Father has been dreadfully late home most of the days last week but he always dined in Town which was very good of him. Lucy and Teresa went to Communion with me at St Mary's this morning and then we all went there for Matins. I suppose now we shall begin to go there regularly as the Services are somewhat different to when Mr Fuller was Vicar.

Of course I need not say that MY heart is at St Michael's but it is right for you children to go with Father. He told me today that he quite thought it had been well for you to go to St Michael's up till now, as St Mary's had been much less interesting. Poor Mr Fuller is dreadfully bad I fear.

Miss Hall came to tea on Wednesday, she is such an extremely pleasant girl. I hope you will get to know her at Easter when you come home. Dear child, I hope you will try and learn all you can this term and try to make yourself more methodical and less dawdling over everything. Above all remember what I said about your Prayers. Look out of YOURSELF, don't analyse your own feelings or inclination to pray, but when you kneel down say your holy prayer."O my God, TEACH me to pray. O my God, TEACH me to love thee". I could never, my darling, have done anything that I have done for all of you unless God had helped me and you will find that too. Unless you go to meet the work God is giving you to do, in HIS STRENGTH It will be an utter failure. You will be so disheartend when you find things do not go right and that is why I do want you during these few months to try and get into a HABIT of regular earnest prayer. And I want you every morning to ask God to help ME in what is a very trying time to me. I think perhaps the worst I have had to pass through. My darling child may God bless you and make you truly His.
Your very loving Mimi

Undated1893

Rev H B Bromley to Catharine Macirone

My dear child,

I am so glad that you have written again. It is more than I deserve that you should still allow me to help you in any way. It has been a very broken and a very long year with me and I have got into terrible arrears with my correspondence. But all the same I have often felt so sad and so much ashamed when I have thought of your letters and your spiritual needs and difficulties. Perhaps when I come to Town, as I hope to do in May to give the Sisters of All Saints their Retreat, you may be able to come to see me in Margaret St. I shall be so glad to see you again and try to cheer you on in the good way if you will let

me. But from all I have heard of Mr Spencer I feel sure that he would be very helpful and I think it will be your best way to go to him for Confession. Don't lose heart. Make a brave generous effort this Lent for the love of God, to recover lost ground and to be steadfast.

I am so much grieved to hear about Miss Woodhouse. But I am sure that by God's grace she will be ready for His call. Let her illness be a real call to you from Him."Arise ! He calleth thee" Please be sure in spite of my long silence that I shall always be more than glad to be of any use to you and that I shall pray for you. God be with you dear child.

Believe me always very truly yours HB Bromley

Please give my love to your dear Father and my kindest wishes to your sisters.

23 April 1893

George Augustus Macirone to Catharine Macirone

To my very dear daughter Catharine Health and Peace

Your beautiful and most acceptable present was on the breakfast table this morning with my dear sister's most comfortable wrap and a white rose which Lucy got for me. It is a most memorable St George's Day for me in consequence. Your kindness gave me so much pleasure and I went to church in your new coat feeling most resplendent. You have spent too much of your poor little money upon it my darling. I am most grateful to you for it and for the love of which it is an expression. It is a most beautiful coat, and so comfortable. I shall take my every day coat to the Admiralty to wear there and shall give away my admiralty coat.

We so enjoy thinking of you and my dear sister enjoying your travels and it will be ten times more pleasure to be told by you of all you see than it would be to see it myself. We are interested in your having seen Donatello's San Giorgio. He looks so young and innocent and yet so strong and manly. I shall enjoy the photograph now opposite me as I write much more now that you have seen it.

Yesterday I was at an immense meeting at the Albert Hall against Home Rule. The Duke of Abercorn was in the chair and the Bishop of Derry (Dr Alexander) made the principal speech and a very good one.

Francis went back to Oxford on Friday. Baby was at her entrance examination at Queen's College yesterday, and begins at the College her regular studies tomorrow.

God bless you. Your loving father, George A Macirone

Undated 1896

George Augustus Macirone to Catharine Macirone

To my very dear daughter Catharine health and peace

We have all read your letter of yesterday and enjoyed hearing from you my darling. Teresa shows me the paper you enclosed for her in which you speak of sending some money to be divided between Emily Clara and herself, and I suppose that relates to your saying in your letter of 13 July that you would help to pay E.C's expenses to Dumfries. I cannot recollect whether I answered that or not, but I did not intend and do not intend to let you pay it at all. I have paid the Dumfries expenses. Also Lutugarda told me a day or two ago that she had a sovereign from you for travelling. I am sorry she had it as I meant you to have that £3 I gave you for your own expenses. Francis has not yet taken any new situation. He has just applied for a private tutorship to travel with a young son of Viscountess Helmsley but we have had nothing further. Teresa tells me the silk and bead ornament was sent to you on Tuesday last. Miss Schenk is enjoying herself very much I think. Today Francis and Emily Clara and Miss Schenk went to Charing X and from there by river to Greenwich, thence by tram to Woolwich, then by train to the Felstead Mission then by train home. On the way home Francis left them at Dalston to go to see Gaylord. When George Fortescue was here the other day I asked him if he would like me to put Ida's name on my letters on your dear mother's obit and he says Yes, so I am doing so and enclose the second page to show you – You can tear it up.

I am glad the navy league pin is a favourite. It will be a change in the house when the cook and housemaid are both different. I hope the newcomers will be all that you all wish. Enclosed is from Tootoo the address you ask for of the woman who made your blue gown. Our cook, Mary Williams goes on 15 August and the new cook, Rose Burden comes then. She is the sister of the housemaid. E.C. seems to

have enjoyed very much her visit to North Lodge and my sister to be very happy in her lodgings near Hurst Pierpoint. She writes that she has a fellow lodger there, a Mrs Torlesse, wife of a Commander Torlesse in the Royal Navy, so I told her all about the old Mr Torlesse, the Vicar of Stoke by Nayland near Hadleigh who succeeded old Mr Knottesford as curate there, and whom I met when I first went to Stoke and who was uncle to the first Mrs Edward Livesey and grandfather to the two Torlesses in the Royal Navy.

I have not sent you any of the French 'Revue Anglo-Romaine' because I think it likely you might leave it about and that might be disagreeable to others, and moreover it is very controversial and I don't think that controversy is a good thing if one can rightly avoid it. We all love you very much !!!!! Do you love your father ? Our love to all at Villa Swinemunde. God bless you - Your loving father George A Macirone
Ps It is now arranged that Francis will go with my sister to Oxford from 1-7 September and will then come home for the 8th and then go with us to the cottage.

3 February 1897

George Augustus Macirone to Catharine Macirone

To my very dear Catharine health and peace.

You have all had an anxious time I fear. It must have been very disagreeable I fear for Madeleine to be ill in a hotel away from home and it must have been trying to you all. We are hoping to hear of Madeleine being well and that you are all at the seaside. Teresa will write to Miss Moore and we shall be very pleased to offer her hospitality . You say she was to leave for Ireland today, but Teresa will write to her at Mme. de Seillac's as we do not know her Irish address.

We are very pleased you saw Mabel Carmichael and to hear your account of your visit.

Horace Warne has been here on a visit. It is 11 years since he went to Canada and he goes back there from Liverpool tomorrow week. He came here last Monday week and left us this morning. He has now gone on a visit to Mrs Topham, his mother's mother. He is very little changed and is very silent but not sullenly so. I do so strongly

sympathize with all you say about the Paris Sunday. The English Sunday is "The LORD'S Day". It is His day and it should be spent with a special view of publicly offering HIM public honour and public worship and abstaining from labour and money-making. Of course people say it is easy for a man with a happy home and some leisure to enjoy himself on weekdays and so not to go to the playhouse on Sunday, just as it is easy for a man who has three or four square meals every day, with wine or spirits, not to be drunken, and that we must not judge the man who can hardly have a good meal regularly and who when he has the chance takes too much, and we must not judge the man who can hardly get relaxation on a week day for going to the play on Sunday. But my experience has been that the people who most desecrate Sunday are not the hard-toiling labouring men – who indeed are very glad to rest on Sunday – but the comparatively well-to-do people who can easily enjoy themselves on a week day. – There- you are tired of that I am sure. I never saw Paris and I don't wish ever to do so. It is the centre of the worst influences in the world, though I greatly respect and love good Catholics who are trying to fight the Evil one there in his own home.

Teresa and Lutu and Baby are as good as gold, and we all are quite as homesick for you as you are for us. My dear sister saw Dr Barrett on Saturday and has been kept in her room since – and is going all all right. I have had a very bad time with rheumatic pains, which really were almost unbearable, and are still bad – but they might easily be worse.

I am so glad you approved my birthday present to Teresa. We have not yet settled on a teacher but are trying to do so. I hope your toothache is better my darling. We all want to see your new bonnet – I do in particular. We all send our love to all your party and hope you are a merry party. 'It's good to be merry and wise'. I think both Francis and Mr Hall enjoyed their evening at the Cheshire Cheese and at the Admiralty Concert. The concert was very pleasant – more so than the Philharmonic. There was some beautiful part singing by 4 men unaccompanied, which I enjoy extremely. Now I have written this I don't know your address.

God bless you – Your loving father George A Macirone

I bought two packets of gilt hairpins the other day for the auburn haired members of my flock and have given one packet to Teresa. I enclose a few out of the other packet for you and propose to enclose a few in any letter going to you from here in which there is room. I have told everyone here to give me any opportunity they have of enclosing them. (Friday night) Your postcard to Teresa has just come.

We are so glad to have it, being rather in the dumps. Baby has a cold and I am very rheumatically. Teresa is the cheerful one – Best love
GAM

Undated 1897 ?

George Augustus Macirone to Catharine Macirone

To my very dear Catharine health and peace.

Your letter is not now answered by return for I am enclosing to you the notice of your dear mother's obit which was written for me by my dear daughter who saved me a great deal of labour.

Yesterday I spent taking George Downing Fripp about London. He met me at Putney Bridge Railway station and then we came down the river in a steam boat to Chelsea where we changed into another steam boat which took us to London Bridge. Then I took him by Billingsgate and the Custom House to the Tower which we went over, seeing the regalia and the armouries and the Beauchamp Tower where Sir Walter Raleigh and other great people were kept, and the Tower Green where Anne Bullen was beheaded. Then we went on to the parade and saw the Tower Bridge and 10 Tower Hill where Archbishop Laud was martyred and to the Royal Exchange and the Bank, and then I took him in to St Paul's and into Xt's Hospital and into Christ Church Newgate Street and so home by tramway from Gray's Inn Road – rather a tiring day.

Connie was here when we got home and we had dinner. SO glad you are able to give so good an account of yourself my darling. Take care of yourself for my sake. I am sorry about your hands – Try wearing gloves. Madame de Senlis had hardly a chance. She was governess to the children of that duke of Orleans (Egalité) who assisted to murder his King and the Head of his house in order to curry favour with the Liberals and had his reward in being murdered by them. And he was not only wicked and debauched but mean and sneaking. It must have been wretched to be in such a family.

I am sorry you had such an uninviting welcome at the English Ambassador's chapel and wish I were there with you to take you to a jolly 'Sunday out'. We are looking forward very much to J Sparkes A...[?] Moonhall, Ewhurst, nr. Guildford, Surrey.

Love to all, Your loving father George A Macirone

Whit Monday 1897

George Augustus Macirone at Mr Peter's Cottage, Horse Block Hollow, Nr Cranleigh, Surrey to Catharine Macirone

To my very dear Catharine health and peace

It is a heavenly morning – the sun is warm and bright and there is a gentle breeze. The wicker table at which I write is under the apple tree near the garden summer house and the pine trees to my right hand on the hill over the warren are tall and noble-looking. You can hardly imagine anything more delightful than the whole scene. The Miss Saltman's hens are cackling over their eggs and the cocks are crowing in sympathy.

On Friday Mr Peters and I came down here in the afternoon and in the evening we were joined by young Mr Dunstan Brewer from London. On Sunday evening we were joined by Mr John Brewer after he had finished at Farm Street chapel. Tomorrow Mr Peters entertains a dozen or more people from town and Mr Gregson (Orlando) and his wife and a friend or two and also the Miss Saltmans are to come in to a garden lunch. Yesterday the attorney general, Sir Richard Webster, came to call and I thanked him for his share in the Government Voluntary Schools Bill and especially for the association clauses in it which I hope and expect will, if we churchmen use the opportunity well, make an era of a great change for the better in the elementary schools of the nation by bringing them into a more religious system and strengthening the church teaching in them. It will enable them to assist each other and strengthen them by mutual help, by concentrating resources, by brotherly love and by systematizing methods. I hope it will bring them into relation in a more intimate way with the Bishops and will stimulate the Bishops themselves by giving them better opportunities of influencing the schools and I hope it will bring more clergy to be schoolmasters, and I dare say if Francis continues in his profession as a cleric and schoolmaster it may tend to help him on in his profession by making it of greater importance.

Miss Klaatz came to us last week and was intending to leave us and go to the Girdlestons and then to her sister this week, but I have urged her to stay with us over jubilee week though I do not think she will do so from what Teresa told me before I left town. My dear Sister is well though she has much trouble with her health, but this beautiful genial weather will be good for her.

On Wednesday I was at the Philharmonic with Teresa and our left hand neighbour was the same gentleman who used to come there last year with his little boy or little girl sometimes. Miss Adele Baugham was on our right hand where Mrs Brock and her sister sometimes sit. We had Beethoven's overture to Egmont and Mendelssohn's concerto for which Senor Sarasate played the violin part. I thought his playing exquisitely delicate and finished, though without much feeling. Mme Sigrid Arnoldson sang two songs. It was exquisite singing, beautifully finished and delicate, like Sarasate's playing, but also I thought without much feeling. John Newton is playing beautiful music just now on the piano, which I hear as I write.

Yesterday the bucket fell down the well and I borrowed ropes and a hook and succeeded in fishing it up.

Lately I have been very much interested in doing some APUC work. We usually tried to do something every year to keep the subject before people's minds though for a few years we have not done anything of the kind. So this year I proposed we should have a sermon periodically and it was agreed I should try to carry it out. I have got Mr Benham of St Edmund's Lombard Street to let me have that church once a month and now I have got preachers for several months to come. On the first Thursday in May we had Prebendary Denison – in June Mr Weston of St Matthew's Westminster, July is to be Archdeacon of Middlesex Mr Thornton, August – Mr Rhodes Bristow, Sept- I have got no one yet, October – archdeacon Thornton, November – Mr Sale Reavey of Greenwich, Dec..? 1898 Jan – Mr Williams of St Augustine's College Canterbury, February – Canon Scott Holland of St Paul's.

Of course everyone is full of the Queen's thanksgiving – or rather the nation's thanksgiving. The House of Lords goes to Westminster Abbey in state on Sunday the 20th June and the House of Commons to St Margaret's Westminster, and the Prince of Wales and the Princess to St Paul's. From Tuesday 22nd when the Queen attends at the foot of the West steps at St Paul's there is to be an altar at the top of the steps and the clergy before it. Watts and Co are making fine white and gold copes for the Dean and Canons. We are to have a little show of them as soon as they are finished. The Russians are sending

Antonius the Archbishop in Finland to represent the Russian Orthodox Church at the Lambeth Conference of Anglican Bishops and I suppose also at St Paul's on the 22nd June and the Russians are sending as a present to the English Church 3 suits of Russian cloth of gold for the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and the Bishop of London on the 22nd June. I believe each suit is to consist of a cope and a stole and a mitre, and I suppose our Bishops will wear them then, but I don't think the present Archbishop of Canterbury has ever worn a mitre, so perhaps he will not like to be bothered with it.

Lucy and Lutugarda and Baby are all bothered with the preparations for their forthcoming examinations. I do hope they will all be successful. Lately I have been taking my old plated things one after the other to Mr Wildsmith, my cousin, to be mended where necessary and replated – the cruet stand, the wax taper stand – the coffee pot stand – the ink stand – and now the cross spirit lamp is the last and I think there are no more to go. The tea urn and the coffee pot and the chocolate pot were replated a year or so ago.

The roses are out in full bloom here and are looking lovely and smell deliciously, and the clematis in the summer house has beautiful flowers. I hope you are quite well and happy my darling and that you will keep in mind to endeavour to make the best of this opportunity to become familiar with foreign languages and will speak English as little as you can. You will find it such a great advantage to have acquired facility in using foreign tongues, and familiarity with the idioms and turns of phrase which differ completely from the English. Goodbye my sweetheart. God bless and keep you –
Your loving father George A Macirone

10 August 1897

George Augustus Macirone to Catharine Macirone

To my very dear daughter health and peace.

Aunt Anna said that Rose Selfe had told her of a school in Switzerland where Baby would have to pay £30 a year which Aunt Anna offered to pay for her. She was to teach English and help in the housekeeping and in return she was to have lessons in Music, French and German.

I bought the 'Tre Giorni' set for a man because I wanted to sing it. I am glad you like it. Gilbert Scott had been out of his mind for some years, but he was well and sane for periods of the time.

The socks are beautiful. We expect to go to the cottage on the day after your dear mother's obit. Disappoint is spelled with two ps - do not say I told you. I quite agree that Francis' M.A. was a fitting occasion for a spree and therefore I sent T that she might have the spree. I could not afford to send two so don't make a hullabaloo. It is terrible that a man should rush into the presence of God to be judged in the act of sin "uncounselled, disappointed, unanealed, with all his imperfections on his head" Gambling is a dreadful misery - worse perhaps than drunkenness.

Please tell Miss Braty with my kindest regards that my only knowledge of Mr B G's marriage is from you. I wish him every happiness. He lost his wife very shortly after marriage and there is every excuse for him. Did you ever learn Montrose's poem - here is a sense of it. "The golden laws of love shall be - Upon those pillars hung; (the pillars of the monument to his lady) - A single heart; a simple eye - A true and constant tongue; - Let no man for more love pretend - Than he has hearts in store; - True love begun will never end; - Love on and love no more."

Our efforts in regard to the school board election are difficult to guide aright, but I have hopes that many of us will have a single heart and a simple eye and a true and constant aim to promote the teaching of the Catholic faith and that if we have no other aim in view we shall be able to produce some effect upon the election.

Lucy has gone to Hadleigh, her foot seeming well. Baby has gone today to stay with Uncle George. I have posted your letter to Oxford to my sister. We go to Horse Rock hollow on the 9th September and there will be in this house only one servant on bound wages.

I shall be very pleased my darling to see your friend if it is convenient to you all. It would not be possible to show her hospitality here while we are at the cottage. Could she come when we are all back? We shall be so glad to have you back my darling. God bless you.

Your loving father George A Macirone

16 August 1898

Emily Clara Macirone to Catharine Macirone

My dear Cathy,

We were glad to get your postcard, most especially to hear that the life suited you. I hope that means that you don't have any headaches which would be too lovely for words. There's a bother about your blue blouse that you wanted – you know we didn't get your postcard about it until we arrived here on Wednesday. Then there wasn't time to write to you about it. Is it any good sending it now ? Terry says it would cost 1/-.

Before I forget please would you excuse this paper – it is thinner than the Tilurian and I can get more onto it and also we have written to Lucy to congratulate her on her marriage. It's in September isn't it ? Are you going to give her a present ? I do hope you'll be able to. I know you'd be awfully disappointed if you couldn't.

There was such a thunderstorm last night - at least there was hardly any thunder but sheets of rain and the most splendid lightning. From one part of the garden there is a beautiful view but the rest of the country is very hilly and more shut in. There is such an enormous amount of pastureland and the most beautiful trees. The fields are enormous and more like park land the trees are so very fine.

Have you heard of the Mallesons. They are very exciting I assure you and I will tell you about them and I hope it's not all stale news. Mr Malleson is the Vicar of Tew Church and he lives with his father and mother. We all accidentally at different periods made friends with them on Sunday – Tootoo in the morning spoke to Mr M the father whom she met on the way to church and Terry and father spoke to the vicar after the service. I went to matins and one of the dogs would follow me so I had a little adventure with the mother as she shut it up in the stable for me. Then in the evening we went again. You perceive we are becoming most pious and we went in to the vicarage to see the entry in the register of Lord Falkland's death. They offered to show us Great Tew Park the next day, so father handed them his card and what do you think – we discovered that the Vicar's brother was married to Colonel Macirone's grand-daughter, Laura Borrell's daughter, Laura being the daughter of Colonel M's second wife. Wasn't it funny. Afterwards we found out that Mrs Malleson's brother was Peter Taylor, the man who wrote the Taylor book we have at home and that they knew Aunt Catherine very well and Canon Benham and all sorts of people, so that Mr Malleson thought it very funny we hadn't met before. I hope all this doesn't bore you but I wanted to tell you about them. They are very nice and been so

awfully kind; there is a Miss Alice Malleson staying with them now – a sister of the Father who was very kind, Father says to Laura Borrell. They are very fond of pictures and have the most lovely Botichellis(*sic*). They seem to know no end of interesting people among whom is Whistler !! Your friend !! They have a picture of his in the drawing room which Terry likes very much. I didn't look at it much but I am very anxious to see it now I know who it is by. Mrs Cole has come back and sent me my watch money this morning for which I was truly grateful. How awfully kind of M de Polligny to ask Lucy to come to stay there for a night. I do hope you will have an awfully jolly time. Mr Cole liked Flieben but didn't think it half up to Apeldoorn. She seemed to like Leiden very much and doesn't mention the Hagare to us. We are living in a sort of ...[?]eating off the fat of the land and I am sure Father enjoys it. Francis is coming tomorrow for the night. It is such a pity he can only come at about 4 tomorrow afternoon and has to leave at 11 the next morning. It will make an awful rush and I doubt it being really worth while. Mr Hulton is perhaps coming for a night. He is very anxious to see Great Tew Church which by the bye was what I wanted to tell you about. It is very old and so prettily situated right in the park. You come upon it quite unexpectedly surrounded by trees in a very trim little churchyard. Inside the chancel there are very old brasses. One put there by a knight when his wife died some time in the 15th Century and with a picture of himself and his wife on it, and a tombstone put up to Mrs Bolton the squire's first wife. On the top of the tomb is a model of his 1st wife 'designed and executed' by Sir A Chantry. (Please excuse the pencil. Mrs Malleson has turned up and they are all talking hard so I have retired to the garden.) She's very curious and rather pretty I think. The girl is sitting up on the tomb with her hands in her lap. Father admires it very much. The squire had his seal opposite to it and so was always able to look at it but they now want to do away with the tomb – I mean for the chancel, as they think it spoils the look of it. The Bolton's have Great Tew Park but not the original house belonging to Lord Falkland.
Good dear old Cat, we all send heaps of love.
Your loving sister Clara.

6 September 1898

George Augustus Macirone to Catharine Macirone

To my very dear Catharine Mary, health and peace –

Your letter written in the train reached me last night and it was a pleasure to have news of you. A letter reached me at the same time from Lucy, written from Southwold. She says she passed through London on Saturday morning all right and is coming here tomorrow Wednesday.

It is a great relief to know that the Queen's soldiers have taken the stronghold of the Dervishes and hopefully will now go up the Nile to meet the Queen's Indian troops from Uganda, and so free the Nile from its source to its mouth.

You will have enjoyed reading the accounts of the young Queen of Holland assuming her crown.

I dare say you have been able to be a comfort to Gordon and Mabel Carmichael and to give them some kind sympathy in their trouble – sympathy seems so little from one point of view, but it is in reality so much. Your mother like Aunt Catharine had such a great power of it, and of throwing herself into another person's position, and of succeeding in looking at things from the point of view of another in trouble, which is a kind of unselfishness. Gordon and Mabel are going to Lucca where their uncle who wrote 'Stories Grave and Gay' is. He is rather a militant Romanist. I should be sorry if he were to weaken their allegiance to the English Church, not only for their own sake but because I think it would tend to weaken the bonds between Fred and them. Without making much show of it, he is an attached member of the Church of England. I have written to Mabel and Gordon about the loss of their child, but please give them my love if you see them.

I went to see Miss Bishop not long ago in order to say to her how grateful I felt to her for resigning Holloway rather than be a party to sacrificing the position of the Church of England in the College. I learned that she is now working in a brave attempt to start a pupil teachers' centre for helping pupil teachers in the public elementary schools and for attaching them to the Church of England, and I have offered to try to work there myself, and when Mr Brooke of Kennington comes home from his autumn holiday I am to hear from him about it, tho' my age and the distance of Kennington from Hampstead make me doubt my usefulness. I only think of working there on accounts and correspondence, not on teaching.

I hope your friend the monk was not made unhappy by *La Libre Parole*. It is a newspaper I suppose. It is jolly that you should be able

to follow the new Vicaire's sermon. You must be famous at French now. I am very grateful to Monsieur de Puligny and Madame for their kindness to Lucy and to you. Will you please present my compliments to them and say so for me.

On Saturday I went to Frolbury and spent Sunday with Fred. Only Hilda was there besides us two as Ernest and his wife were away at Maidenhead till Monday. Fred has been enlarging his house and buying more land adjoining what he already has. He was very well. We went to early mass and communicated, and stayed in the rest of the day which was broiling hot. The garden was beautiful and the new buildings too new to look nice yet, tho' I dare say they will do in time.

We had a delightful fortnight at Great Tew, and found that the Vicar's family were connections of my Uncle Colonel Macerone to my surprise. When I gave my card to Mr Malleson he looked at it and at once asked me whether I was related to Colonel Francis Macerone. They were very pleasant people and the country most beautiful and the church interesting. We had lovely weather there.

Lucy comes here on Wednesday I believe. Teresa has been at Wantage for two or three days but comes home tonight. Lutugarda has been at Clapham with the Whites for a day or two but comes home tomorrow. Emily Clara is here. Aunt Clara came home from Hurst Pierpoint yesterday looking very well indeed.

My darling, I miss you very much and your love and the expression of it and shall be very glad when you come home, though I have no wish that you should shorten your stay with M and Mme de Pulligny. Your own and Teresa's account of them has given me a high respect and regard for them, and I am very glad for you to be with them, and have no doubt it is very good for you. Tell me when you want money – and don't make me out more stingy than I really am. At any rate I am the best father you have here for the present.

It was touching to see the quiet, sober, elderly people who went up to Gordon's statue yesterday after the news of Victory at Khartoum had arrived, and who just stood for a minute and took off their hats and went away without saying anything. But he is now in a better land we may humbly hope here our praise and respect are outweighed by the judgement of a loftier judge.

God bless you sweetheart. Love your father George A Macirone

Undated 1899

George Augustus Macirone in Ewhurs to Catharine Macirone

To my very dear Catharine health and peace

You may like to see the enclosed which George Fortescue has just sent me. I have asked him if he would come down here for a day or two. Francis is to come here next Monday and I shall get him a bed at the Windmill Inn most likely, as I don't think they will be able to take him in here.

We had a jolly picnic on Monday at the top of the Helmet, where Mr Peters entertained us. He has four young Brewers staying with him. Orlando and Rosalind and at their house and Mrs Gregson called here on Monday 21st and I suppose therefore we must return her call soon. We are having a nice time and are quite regular – breakfast at 8.0, dinner at 1.0, tea at 5.0 and supper at 8.0 and afterwards we read aloud till prayers at 10.0. We are reading a novel by the Baroness Tautkoens(?) and we find it very amusing.

You would like this house very much. It is a little larger than a cottage, but quite small and very unpretending, about 200 years old with low ceiling and doors and very agreeable furniture of about the same age as the house, and not a showy or vulgar thing in the place, and most of it really beautiful. I made Mr Sparke's acquaintance about 1860 and met him again here after many years. He has in the meantime been head of the South Kensington School of Art. We have been to lunch with Agnes Atkinson but have not called on Fred Warne yet. George Fripp was a nice boy, shorter than his father, very pleasant, tho' not I thought talkative, though perhaps I am not a good judge of that being perhaps too uncommunicative myself, but I tried to interest him. It was a tiring day I think for him.

I am glad you could follow the service and the sermon on the gospel last Sunday. If you have a chance do try and rout out this Jansenist service at the Hague and tell me about it when you come home, and make enquiries of the clergy or people there how they get on. I am curious to know about them and should like to show them politeness and sympathy if I had a chance. They interest me historically. If you talk to any of them you might say I was a friend of Bishop Jenner whom they would know about and that your mother's father was a friend of Dr John Mason Neale whom they would know better still, and I would pay for any service book or guide book about them.

Miss Barnard is in Scotland and Lucy does not think she is coming here. Mind you love your father. Affectionate regards to Miss Blatny and Madeleine. God bless you.

Your loving father George A Macirone

1890s

Visits to the theatre – programmes kept by Catherine Macirone – 4 in '89, 5 in '90 etc. Family members attending are noted.

Donated to the V & A Dept of Performance Art

1889 – “Macbeth” Lyceum - 100th performance Henry Irving as Macbeth – George Augustus, Clara and Cathie (2 copies)

1889 – “The Dead Heart” - Lyceum – Inserted into programme a review of the play from The Morning Post 30:11:89 – Clara, Francis Peter and Cathie

1889 – “Still Waters Run Deep” – Criterion Theatre – Charles Wyndham. – Clara, Francis Peter and Cathie

1889 – “Wild Oats” – Criterion Theatre - Farwell appearance of Charles Wyndham, Mary Moore and Company before departure for America. (Review – from Times(?) pasted into programme) – Clara, Francis Peter and Cathie

1890 “As You Like It” – Lyceum – Augustin Daly’s New York Company - Clara and Cathie

1890 “Ravenswood”- Lyceum – Henry Irving as Edgar, Ellen Terry as Lucy Ashton –Clara, Francis Peter and Cathie

1890 – A Midsummer Night’s Dream – The Globe Theatre. F R Benson, Manager

1890 - 1891 “David Garrick” – Criterion Theatre - Clara and Cathie Garrick played by Charles Wyndham

1890 as above – Clara, George Augustus, Francis Peter, Cathie and Lucy

1891 "Much Ado about Nothing" – Royal Lyceum -Henry Irving as Benedick, Ellen Terry as Beatrice – George Augustus, Clara, Francis Peter, Cathie and Lucy

1892 "King Lear" – Royal Lyceum. Henry Irving as Lear

1892 "Henry the Eighth " Lyceum. Henry Irving as Cardinal Wolsey (twice) George Augustus and Cathie then Clara and Cathie

1st March 'Mr Irving regrets that in consequence of a domestic affliction Miss Ellen Terry will be unable to play this evening'

1893 "The Country Girl" by David Garrick – Daly's Theatre Leicester Square

1893 "Diplomacy"- Garrick Theatre with Forbes Robertson – Clara and Cathie

1893 "The Merchant of Venice" Royal Lyceum – Henry Irving as Shylock, Ellen Terry as Portia – Cathie and 'Miss Mackay'

1893 "The School for Scandal" Daly's Theatre – Cathie, Teresa, Lutugarda, Emily Clara

1894 "Twelfth Night" Daly's Theatre

1895 – "Trilby" Theatre Royal Haymarket - Herbert Beerbohm Tree as Svengali - Uncle George and Cathie

1897 "Hamlet" – Royal Lyceum – Forbes Robertson as Hamlet – Cathie with Fortescue cousin

1897 – Diamond Jubilee Concert with Adelina Patti and Clara Butt

1897 "Madame Sans-Gêne" (2 Copies) – Royal Lyceum – Henry Irving as Napoleon and Ellen Terry as Mme Sans-Gêne – 'Auntie' Clara with Francis Peter, Lucy, Teresa, Tootoo and Emily Clara.

1898 – as above - Cathie Tootoo and 'Maggie Harding'

1898 – "Macbeth" – Royal Lyceum – Forbes Robertson as Macbeth, Mrs Patrick Campbell as Lady Macbeth – Cathie and Emily Clara

1898 – The Merchant of Venice – Royal Lyceum – Henry Irving as Shylock, Ellen Terry as Portia – 'Auntie' Clara, Cathie and Francis Peter

1898 "Cyrano de Bergerac" Royal Lyceum (Company of Théâtre de la Porte St, Martin, Paris) – Cathie, Tootoo, Emily Clara and 'Miss Roffe'

1898 "Julius Caesar" – Her Majesty's Theatre - Herbert Beerbohm Tree as Mark Antony 'Aunt Clara took father (George Augustus), Francis, Tootoo and me (Cathie)'

1899 "A Message from Mars" Avenue Theatre with Sir Charles Hawtrey

1899 "Robespierre" at St Ermin's Hotel – Henry Irving as Robespierre, Ellen Terry as Clarisse – Cathie, Lutugarda and 'Margot R'

1902 - "Ulysses" – Her Majesty's Theatre. Herbert Beerbohm Tree as Ulysses

8 January 1900

Agnes and Ethel Montague to George Augustus Macirone

With best wishes for your birthday.

(Small envelope containing coin of St Charles the Martyr (ie Charles 1st)- no longer there-wax impression? GAM has written his own analysis of the coin on the paper).

Death of Queen Victoria

23 January 1901

Frank Gordon, husband of Catharine Macirone, to ?

'La Royne est morte ; vive le Roy ! The Queen's death really has made a profound impression – atmospheric. Streets very subdued, everyone in some

of mourning. Newspapers of course eloquent, but with a surprising reticence. Descriptions of Q (evidently sincere) wh. wd. apply to a saint. Is this the first step towards a final canonization ? We have what we have not had for years, a genuine act of national faith. The people ready to believe anything of her. "G wh. didst manifest thyself in thy servant V by singular...etc" We may see something of the kind eventually. General chorus from foreign press: no dissentients, or none reported.

Went down to St. James to catch a glimpse of the King on his way to his first Privy Council. Crowd dense but only to a degree. K arrived from Windsor 11-12 and drove to Marlborough House. I stood outside for half an hour up to nearly 2, when the Council was to meet Lord Mayor and Corporation with insignia, in close carriages arrived about 1.45. A few minutes later the K drove out, in a close carriage, footmen in scarlet cloaks, troop of Horse Guards. Bowed several times to people who stood bare-headed, but made no demonstration, suppressing an incipient cheer. B who saw the King leave the Council, says the difference between his appearance when he arrived and when he left was remarkable. He came as HRH from his mother's death-bed, looking jaded and done up, in a solitary brougham with a battered portmanteau on the top. He left as Overlord of the Empire, having received the oath of allegiance, and his spirits seem like himself to have risen to the occasion.

The event has certainly put a new reality into national life. The Q has always been looked on as one of the forces of nature, and the discovery that she was mortal has come with a shock which may lead to a general pulling together. There is no doubt about the attachment of the people to the crown, wh has largely increased. Is democracy so much on the increase after all ? Or after a general welter of opinions are we beginning to look for a strong hand ? The proclamation is to-morrow.

All Hallows Church consecrates at last. Was unfortunately prevented from going. Function at 8 to suit the habits of the congregation. Officiant Bp. of Islington, worthy man and a picturesque – sed ubi Mandellius noster ? By the way between the K and our good Lord and Chancellor Robert Marquess of Salisbury the Evangelicals are likely to have a poor prospect for Bishopricks.

2 Feb Candlemas Day

Went down to the funeral of the late Queen. Seat in St James's St. Splendid view of the route. St. J's St. draped in purple, effectively, but not altogether happily, too much upholsterer's effect. The funeral was timed to start from Victoria at 11, and traffic was stopped at 9. Succeeded in getting down at

8.30 and reached my seat easily enough. Half an hour later the street was practically impassible, the crowds being enormously denser than at the jubilee owing to the shortness of the routes. The streets were kept by 30,000 troops, Volunteers and Regulars, and were thoroughly clear by 10.30. The behavior of the crowd very good, subdued, with next to no horse-play, or organized attempts to break the line. It was broken for a moment in one or two places, but I believe unintentionally. Ge. Trotter came galloping up and down, objurgating freely. Weather cold but still with a glorious.....(*rest missing*)

1901

Lutugarda Macirone goes to South Africa

(from her journal filed with journals and diaries)

.....In 1901 I left home for Cape Town. I was dreadfully sorry to go but I knew that I had to leave England. I was in such a state of rebellion against everything that was thought most sacred at home. As the day drew near my heart became more and more brokensitting at the kitchen table and bursting into tears. My father heard me and came in and put his arms round me saying 'But you needn't go my darling. No-one wants you to go. It is your own wish'And then his face as I stood at the boat rail. He, leaning against the palisade, his arm around Teresa – He was always fondest of Teresa as he grew older especially, and I noticing the lines in his fine face and noticing how good-looking and aristocratic he was. (*Diary Sat 12. 'All up very early and breakfasted at 7.0 or 7.30, omnibus at 8.0. Goodby to Cathy in her bed and Aunty in her room and thence to Waterloo'. Sailed the next day from Southampton.*)

5 July 1901

George Augustus Macirone to Clara Macirone

My darling Clara,

What lovely weather you have been having for your holyday, and we also. It has pelted hard with rain for two or three days and nights but generally it

has been fine and warm, and I have spent the whole day in the garden. Agnes Atkinson came here one day and one day we went to her for tea. Yesterday we had tea in the woods at the top of the hill opposite this cottage. We have all enjoyed it very much and I hope you have enjoyed your stay at Brighton and will also have a nice time at Ashurst if you are going there. Lucy seems to be going to spend the first fortnight of August in Cornwall with some of her Cornish friends as a parting holiday, so I suppose she will not be home until the middle of that month. She will have much harder work I dare say at Bedford as the classes there are much larger I think than at truro. Moreover at Bedford there are such large and varied schools that it seems likely the emulation among them would tend to produce that effect. I have been reading novels here – *By Proxy*, by James Payn, *The Seamy Side* by Besant Rice, *When a Man's Single* by J M Barrie, and now I am beginning *The Master of Ballantrae* by Robert Louis Stevenson, and find them exciting rather than amusing, not like the pleasure which it gives me to hear you play an old melodious tune. Agnes Atkinson told me that she has just returned from Spain and happened to be in Seville at the time when the religious dance is performed there and she saw it. I should greatly enjoy seeing it. It is I believe the only occasion on which the fine art of dancing is offered to God in a Christian Church. We used to be taught that the seven fine arts were – Eloquence – Poetry – Sculpture – Architecture – Painting – Music and Dancing. The others are often used in Christian worship but I believe this is the solitary occasion in which dancing is so used. I have heard it is said that when the Mahometans attacked Seville a dance was performed to mislead them and that this commemorates it, but I think there are other tales of its origin. Agnes said it was performed by boys in picturesque 15th or 16th century dress, who moved in a solemn measure to music in the church before the clergy. I am longing to see you again.

Our best love to you – also to Sophie Lloyd, Goodbye sweetheart,

Your loving brother George A Macirone

We go home from here on Tuesday next.

18 August 1902

George Augustus Macirone to Catharine Macirone

To my very dear Catharine health and peace.

We are so glad you had a nice day on Saturday and hope you did not get very wet at night in the thunder storm which stopped the illuminations. Love from us all to all of you. Last night a messenger boy came round with a note from Dr Anderson so I went there to supper and took Emily with me, and she sat at supper between Dr Anderson and Dr Evans and I dare say both may be of use to her. Dr Evans promised me to give her an introduction to Mr Brodie who is one of the head Professors at the College for women to which she is to go. Dr Evans was on the 'Clyde' but I don't know that you have ever met him or would recognise him. (There is a letter enclosed from Vincent. I did not know your address till your letter came or I would have forwarded it earlier). Today is my dear father - in - law's obit. He died on 18 August 1877 and he was remembered at the service this morning and I communicated for him.
God bless you my darling from your loving father George A Macirone

18 August 1902

Emily Clara Macirone to Catharine Macirone

Dearest old girl I am glad we heard from you this morning. I was so afraid you would forget that you had not sent your address. I enclose a p.c. from Miss Bennett. If I can I will go down myself but it is Anne's evening out and she seems rather disappointed at putting it off so I dare say I shan't be able to. Terry and Lou came up together on Saturday morning and I left her at Paddington on her way to Liverpool Street. You must have been glad to have Saturday fine. It poured all yesterday and is pouring now. You were a perfect brick to give me the 6d for going to see Westminster Abbey. I shall try to go if I possibly can. It was so very sweet of you to think of it. I enclose 6d stamp as you gave father 1/- and you know it is only 6d. Terry and Lou come back on the 25th or 26th. Ought I to make out a stores list for the cottage? I can't remember whether we do or not.

Isabella came up yesterday and asked if you had got her solder's watch[?] but I didn't know. Anne says you have, so I will go round and tell her. How many complaints does Anne manage to get together in one day - It seems to me she ought to have been in her grave long ago if everything she says is true.

Good bye dear girl. I got such a sweet letter from Eva. Will you give them all my love.

I will write again in a few days. E.C.M

23 August 1902

George Augustus Macirone to Catharine Macirone

To my very dear Catharine health and peace.

It IS a blessing that the weather has changed – You must be having good sunshine days there now. Emily asks me where her watch is and I do not know. I fancy I gave it to you to keep. I am sure I hope so, for certainly I haven't it and she wants me to buy her the watch she is to have . Perhaps you have it in your dressing case ? Can you recollect about when Mr Grant put up the wooden conservatory outside his drawing room at the back? And do you remember his speaking to me to let him do it ? And his saying he would obscure the window so as not to look into my garden ? And his putting coloured papers on the glass for that purpose? And will you draw in your letter the side of the conservatory as you recollect it which looks onto my garden, and distinguish on your drawing which is wool and which is glass? ..and send it me - ? I believe Dr Gale has altered it in the last few days and I cannot recollect it. Emily says he has enlarged the window overlooking my garden just now, and I want your memory of it before you get confused by looking at it again.

My dear sister is quite well and has had an invitation from Agnes Atkinson and thinks she will be there the first week we are at Horse Clock[?]hollow. My love to Frank and to Mr and Mrs Straube and the family generally. The King says he does not want Osborne House. Frank is in the King's service and you are on the spot – why not ask for it – you never get anything without asking - !!! Emily and I went over to the Abbey on Tuesday and I saw Watts hanging all over the Abbey and their Pall over the shrine of St Edward the Confessor. God bless you.

Your loving father George A Macirone

25 August 1902

George Augustus Macirone to Catharine Macirone

To my very dear Catharine health and peace

Thank you for your letter and answer to my enquiries about the window of Mr Grant's conservatory. You will enjoy the stay at Fern Bank and I am glad you should have that pleasure. We shall perhaps see you before your sisters go back to their schools. We will look for Emily's watch in the places you speak of and I will try to remember about your keys. I don't remember where the Darley's cottage is but I think it is on the south of the island, so I suppose it is possible it is at Shanklin. I dare say you would remember Mr and Mrs Darley if you should happen to meet them. I hope you are havng pleasant weather. There has been a good deal of rain here, but for all that it has been warm and there has been intermittent sunshine to make the town look bright especially in the mornings. Emily and I enjoyed going over the Abbey and on Wednesday I happened to be passing the West entrance when an old acquaintance of mine in the Works Dept. was superintending the removal of the paraphernalia and he took me in and showed me what I most cared to see - the Chapel of St Edward the King and the Pall hung from the roof over his shrine and over his Body which Watts made. God bless you.
Your loving father George A Macirone

2 September 1902

George Augustus Macirone to Catharine Macirone

To my very dear Catharine health and peace.

When packing up on Monday morning I left out by tooth brush and nail brush. Also I left out my writing materials and my memorandum book. I remember putting on one side the writing materials - half a dozen postcards and a few sheets of foreign note paper and envelopes and of ordinary note paper and(*torn*)dear mother used. Also the memorandum book, ie: the one with a lock on it (never locked) and an indian rubber ring round it. It is usually in your mother's black handbag on the dumb waiter but I remember taking it out. It contains on numbers of loose leaves all my memoranda of your honoured mother, and all private memoranda of spiritual life. I do NOT want the writing case or materials forwarded to me, nor the memorandum book, but I may have left them lying about in my bedroom or in the dining room, or I may have left my bureau open or closed but unlocked with them inside, and I should not like them to be open to careless curiosity. Would you

kindly see if they are left by my carelessness about anywhere in the house. I may have been moving from one room to another and have laid them down and forgotten them. I only wanted the memorandum book in order to see whether I wrote to anyone to tell them of the mass on your mother's obit when it was HERE two years ago, and if you find it you might be kind enough to look into it and see what memoranda I made of that nature then and let me know.

If you could send me my tooth brush and nail brush I should be grateful. It is rather wet here, not to say pouring cats and dogs. Best love my darling to you and all dear to you. God bless you.

Your loving father George A Macirone

10 November 1903

George Augustus Macirone in Bath to Catharine Macirone

To my beloved Cathy health and peace.

Mr Peter's letter is enclosed with my thanks. Have you heard whether the Straubes are coming. I hope they are well and happy and coming to us. I am glad Ingram has done the post and Francis' window. Did he do the broken window in the shed (I told him to mend it). Spend whatever you think best on Florrie's teeth. Try cleaning her teeth with tincture of myrrh – but no doubt it is best to have the tooth out. I am glad you saw her sister. Tell Frank with my love he is not to go catching cold. Gilbert send his love to you all. My best love to Francis. If you go to Lambeth for the 12th I hope you will have a nice time. Give my love to any who care for me or mine. I am enjoying this place. We both come down to breakfast at 9. I read or write till I go out at 10.45. Gilbert goes out before that. I go to prayers at 11 at St John's hospital chapel. There are usually one or two there besides the priest. It is a hospital founded many hundred years ago by pious people for poor people (not sick) and has a chapel for the sick poor who come for the healing baths. Somehow it has escaped destruction. After prayers I go to the hot sulphur baths, then to the pump room to drink the waters, then home when we lunch together. Then to the pump room for a concert at 3 (unless I stay in to write letters. This is the eighth this afternoon, but I have not written any on previous days). God bless you my darling. Love to my boy and to Emily.

PS You will be quite vexed I'm afraid, for this morning I passed such nice large washing aprons with pockets that I actually bought TWO thinking they

would be useful to some of you at home – it really was extravagant, however it's past praying for. On Saturday Gilbert took me to see the Gondoliers !!!
Lovely – G A M

10 November 1902

Rev. Francis Peter Macirone at Zonnebloem College*, Capetown to Miss Browning

My dear Miss Browning,

As I am a little afraid that I may have been asking too much, may I ask you to leave the question of translating the songs I spoke about quite alone, unless you find it can be done quite easily? They are all 4 part songs and this will I fear involve so much trouble to the translator. As I am particularly anxious not to be bothersome will you kindly let the matter drop if you find it will take too much time.

With kind regards to Mrs Browning and yourself. Believe me to be, my dear Miss Browning, yours very sincerely
Francis P Macirone

**Zonnenbloem College – established in 1858 by Bishop Gray and Sir George Grey for the education of the children of chiefs: later a college for all races until whites were barred by legislation in 1913, fewer blacks attended and it became largely an institution for the training of coloured teachers. Now the old college houses a high school, two primary schools and a children's art centre.*

Undated 1905

George Augustus Macirone to Bernard Gordon (*son of Catharine Macirone*)

To my very dear Cyril Bernard Health and peace.

Your dear Mother who is kind enough to write your invitations for you has made you ask me to come to your birthday party on Saturday this week – about from 3 o'clock.

Saturday this week is the 21st October and at 2.30 a great many of the subjects of King Edward the seventh, myself among them will be at a public gathering in Trafalgar Square by Charing X to thank God for the victory of Lord Nelson over the tyrant Napoleon's fleet on that day a hundred years before.

I was meditating on the impracticability (what a very long word) of getting from Charing X to Hendon in time for your birthday party when I saw that your beloved Mother has asked her sister Emily (*Clara*) for Saturday week Oct 28 at 4.30 to your party. Now this leads me to think that I also am intended to come to you on October 28th and not on the 21st, and unless I hear from you to the contrary I shall suppose that this is so.

Please give my love to your Father and Mother. God bless you.

Your loving Grandfather George A Macirone

28 August 1907

George Augustus Macirone to son in law Frank Gordon

(written on paper of the Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom of which GAM was Secretary)

Dear Frank,

Thank you for the picture card. No I do not remember the consecration crosses or frescoes. I should like to have liked to have seen it again with Catharine and with you, and to have said a prayer together. Francis was with me last night and this morning, and I looked up my large portfolio and found the enclosed plan of Arundel Church (*in archive under non-transcribed items*) which I made when I was there with my sister in 1851. Dr Hart, a low churchman was then the vicar and his two sisters in black used to sit in the old stone pulpit against the south west pier of the tower. The parish altar was then at the east end of the south aisle, and I have the impression that that was its situation in the time before the changes in the sixteenth century. I saw the Duke of Norfolk, who was till then a Roman, come into Church and sit with his wife in the Norfolk Gallery and when, as was then usual, most people left the church after the sermon and few remained for the 'second service' I saw the Duke and Duchess, when the time came to communicate,

come down from the gallery and kneel down and communicate at the parish altar with us. I have heard that on his death he was reconciled to Rome, but I don't know whether that is true or not.

When Mr Arbuthnot, the foolish vicar, afterwards tried to take the chancel I read the trial before Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, and it was decided to the best of my recollection, that the constructional chancel never had been part of the parish church but had been the chapel of the college (of I think St Nicholas) and had, on the disestablishing of that college, become the property of the Duke. It was such a pity the vicar tried to fight the question. It made things worse. I was so much interested in the church and the several altars (five I think) at the time. The Chancel was then used as the family burial place of the Norfolk family, and the present standing new Roman church was not thought of. Mr Tierney the Roman Chaplain used to live in the rooms looking over the wall at the top of the street. He was a student, and an unobtrusive man. I have just bought Mr Joseph Berington's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Catholic Religion in England, including the Memoirs of Gregorio Panzani in 1643, 1644 and 1645" Mr Berington wrote it at Oscott in 1793 and it represents the old-fashioned Romans of that date.

Love to Cathie and Bernard and ain self.

Yours affectionately, George A Macirone

11 March 1908

Cecilia Kelley at 31 Gore Street, Fitzroy, Melbourne to George Augustus Macirone

Dear George,

In your writing a letter to me telling me about Clara and all your children and their names and what they are doing is indeed a great charity and shows the benevolence and kindness which underlies the fact of your informing me of that which I might not have ever known from any other source. Mr Francis Kelley according to all accounts died in South America some years ago long before I came to Australia, and I will now tell you the truth and nothing but the truth concerning him. We were married and for a fortnight afterwards I did not see him once. This may seem strange. I wanted to see what were his plans for the future; whether he meant to get a situation in the city which his uncle had obtained for him (in a Portuguese office) but I am sorry to say that he seemed to simply go about amusing himself with young men companions of whom I knew nothing and then in the evening he

used to send the cab-men or some of his associates to ask for money to pay the cab-men's fares. This I did for about a fortnight in the dark as to his movements, and quite alone. This went on – of course it was most miserable, of that I will say nothing. As I saw very little of him for some weeks and my money was diminishing so at last I went back to live with my mother who was always a friend to me in this trouble. But I left to him all the household furniture so that he would not want for food if he sold it, which he did, having a sale of it as I was told by a person who used to do needlework for his sisters and uncle and who used to frequent their house in Westbourne Park where they lived. Mr Kelley was NOT told by me where I was going when I left the house we had lived in for some weeks and went to my mother and Sister Lucy. I only took with me some boxes which contained some things of my own and left him the furniture. Mrs Coutts, the person who went to work for his sisters, used to report to me sometimes what was happening in Westbourne Grove - that Mr Kelley had at last gone to South America (Valparaiso) where they said he had contracted yellow fever and has died there. I had no reason to disbelieve this as it was not of any interest to his family to say an untruth and his two sisters married well at this time – to a Major in the British Army. His good uncle died and the other sister went to a convent in France. For this explanation I am indebted to the before named Mrs Coutts, who told me that before the final break-up of the home, letters (to her knowledge) used to arrive bordered with black from South America concerning Mr Kelley's death. She, Mrs Coutts, told me she had taken them from the postman herself and delivered them to his sisters who went into black for him. I know of course that all this is circumstantial and value it accordingly, so I tell it to you just as I know it or as the circumstances developed themselves to me. And after this, about five years (I correct my memory) I came to Australia to do what I could for myself as I was in good health and my mother was dependent on others for her means of living, and I did not think it right to encumber her with my own keep when there was a possibility of earning by work my own living. It was hard for my mother and I to part at her advanced age but there was nothing else for me to do but to try this new scheme with which I informed some of the ladies for whom I had done what painting I could. They were kind and helpful to me, among whom I shall never forget the goodness of Emily your sister and how she encouraged me in this enterprise. There was also a Mrs Admiral Deacon, Lady Holland, Viscountess Strangford Countess Tasker, the widow of the Recorder of London (Mrs Russell Gurney) Lord Shaftesbury and some others whose names and address have slipped my memory. They some of them bought pictures to defray my expenses of the voyage which I made in a sailing ship named the Ellona which went to India sometimes (between here and India) for horses. I was three months and a fortnight in

coming as we were detained by a fog in the Channel for a week and stopped by being becalmed in the Indian Ocean for two weeks, during which time I occupied myself by doing portraits of some of the passengers' children. Lady Strangford had most kindly given me a supply of painting materials for use, for which to this day I feel very grateful to her. Lady Holland also bought an 'Adoration of the Magi' from me. I could tell you more if you had time at disposal, but as I think you must be weary of reading this I will close the account at least for the present. My son's names are Vincent Bernard Paul, and dear Emily sent me a letter since I arrived here telling me how she had been to see him, how fond the family of the Howells were of him at Hanwell where Mrs Howell sent him to the Anglican school and church, and I have Emily's letter by me now saying how carefully he was being brought up in the Anglican church at Hanwell. I can send you a copy or extract if you please. I will answer the rest of your letter when my hand is a little rested. I have rheumatism in the fingers. Will you thank Clara from me for her kind note to me which I much appreciate and believe me
Yours affectionately and gratefully,
Cecilia Ada Kelley

15 March 1908

Cecilia Kelley in Melbourne to George Augustus Macirone

My dear George and Clara,

I am as you see writing a few words to you and dear Clara. The names I gave to my son are Vincent Bernard Paul and he was baptised by a Father Glenny at Hanwell at the church of the Sacred Heart in that town. My own mother was his Godmother and took him to the church with Mrs Howell with whom I left him when I came to Australia. I must tell you that both Mrs Howell and her husband were, and I presume are, very fond of him as Mrs Howell told me distinctly when of course there was a question of my leaving him with her and her family at Hanwell. She assured me he should be well looked after and be educated there in the Anglican Church. There is a church and there was an incumbent clergyman in residence when I left London for the Antipodes. Mrs Howell used to say (of course I cannot answer for the present) that her husband Mr Howell was exceedingly wrapped up in the child, and when coming home once a week from his work on the Thames (I think he had a craft of his own and was master of it) that he looked forward

to seeing Vincent with the affection of a father, that Mr Howell wished that I should leave him to live with them and to be brought up in the Anglican Church. I was thinking of looking for some school RC for him if he did not come with me on this long journey. I had great difficulty in getting here myself, without money or other necessaries for a long voyage to this side of the Earth, and I thought it nearly impossible to bring a child with me as I had to fight my way here as best I could, and I assure you, as perhaps you know, it is no easy task to get any people to take an interest in one, the colonials are self-created socially speaking and given to care only for themselves; I do not blame them as most of them have had, as pioneers, a hard struggle to keep above water, and that fact in the course of years has made them characteristically self-sustained. As they had no one to help them they seem quite indifferent to the needs of other people. I wrote to my eldest daughter Agnes (Mrs Carey) about four years since saying I wished to go back to England while I was comparatively able to work for my own living. (I thought I was doing right to make her the offer to withhold the help she gave me and to return to England to try again what I might be able to do for myself. She did not seem to approve of the idea, telling me she was able and willing to do what she already did for me in the pecuniary way. As I could not help myself after the catastrophe of the Land boom here which meant ruin to so many people, many people fled away to Europe and other parts of the world, I was just wondering what I should do when a letter arrived from Hilda my youngest daughter who was then in Paris and wrote from thence, which letter was followed in course of time by one from Agnes (Mrs Carey) with her portrait and some money for my relief. Dear George and Clara I do not know whether you have the addresses. If not I herewith enclose them to you and your Sister. Cambridge Massachusetts where the climate is severe in winter – 50 Fayerweather Street, Cambridge, Boston USA. The other is Mrs Carey, The Creek Farm, New Hampshire, Portsmouth, USA. I cannot make out the name of your daughter who has gone to South America (*Lutugarda*)- I have been trying to do so. I remember well when dear Emily died. You were kind enough to send me a letter telling me of it which I have by me now. Emily was a good friend to me and mine. She wrote letting me know how (since I got here) Vincent was, as she took the trouble to go to Hanwell where she saw him at the Hanwell railway station (by accident met him) and wrote to Melbourne to let me know that he looked very well and seemed very happy, and she said the ‘he looks very nice and tidy’ – these are Emily’s words – ‘she, Mrs Howell, seems to be very fond of him’ ‘and he is very carefully brought up’ - Emily’s words. Emily went more than once to see after him. I feel very grateful to her for it. Agnes told me in answer to my letter that at that time (during the War with Africa) things looked very black at home in London – that when she was last there hundreds were in black

for relatives killed in the Transvaal war, that she did not see an opening for work there and so I am here still. I think I did right in coming as my poor mother was reproached for keeping me. My mother did what she could for me but as I knew that she had to submit to great trouble on my account it seemed and it was expedient that I should go to support myself, which I did for thirteen years while my children were at school in different parts of Europe.

Goodbye dear Clara and George, my hand is getting very cramped so I must give up writing or it will be unreadable. I hope you have not had it very cold in England - the heat has been (this New Year) phenomenal - 105

Fahrenheit, sometimes 112 in the shade - at Milchurch on the Murray River 113 Fahrenheit in the shade. Yours affectionately always

Cecilia Ada Kelley

Ps I should be very glad of a few words from yourself or Clara. As you may suppose it is very lonely herewithout a relation or real friend in the whole country but I must make the best of it for I don't know what else at my time of life that I can do. I will say at once that I do not like the Colonials and I think they don't like Britishers. I am here a mere cat's paw in the hands of a lawyer and some nuns and the Irish colonials knowing they are of course very insolent. They are Queenslanders and are almost like the aboriginals in habits

Goodbye for the present. CK

19 April 1908

George Augustus to Cecilia Kelley in Malbourne (draft)

My dear Cissy,

Your letter of the 15th March arrived yesterday and we are glad it left you well. My dear Sister is glad to hear a good account of your health and spirits and sends a kind message, but is confined to her room and is still under the influence of the slight stroke of paralysis which she had a fortnight ago but is certainly improving. It is good of you to recall so warmly my dear sister Emily going to see Vincent Kelley at Hanwell. You do not mention having heard from him in recent years but probably his brother and sister Francis and Hilda Whiteside have kept you acquainted with his movements and his health. He must be 30 and perhaps married and caring for his old foster parents Mr and Mrs Howell. Perhaps you are a grandmother of children to

him. I have two grandchildren myself. Mrs Carey and Hilda came out to see you in Australia or New Zealand I was told so they may have given you an account of Vincent Kelley. Thank you for sending Mrs Carey's address. She wrote to me however after my accidentally making the acquaintance of Francis Whiteside of which I told you. It is pleasant that you recollect dear Emily's words about your boy at Hanwell. How unselfish she was – she was always thinking of others. When I was beginning and had very little, she gave me once five pounds out of her hard-earned purse. I often think of it with pain and pleasure mixed. The name you couldn't make out was Lutugarda. My fifth child was named after my grandfather Pietro Augusto Macirone's youngest sister born in 1764. A long while ago to look for a name was it not? It is bitterly cold here today. There was a snow storm an hour ago and the east wind is keen and bitter, but notwithstanding that the flowers are struggling out of the ground as the sun is warm for part of the day. Goodbye dear Cissy.

Yours affectionately George A Macirone

12 June 1908

George Augustus Macirone to the editor of the Church Times (Printed)

Sir,

SEMPER EADEM

You remark today (Page 711) –

'This being the case, is there any difference at all between the post-Reformation Communion or Lord's Supper and the pre-Reformation Mass? Upon any other hypothesis than that of identity, our boast of continuity is a pure myth'.

More than half a century ago, I asked a schoolfellow, whose character and a slight seniority gave a claim to respect, "What is the difference between the Church of England and the Church of Rome as to the Holy Communion?" He replied without hesitation "None at all", and his answer was a blessing to me for which I am grateful. It was Mr Gutch.

A Church of England poet of Queen Anne's time tells us –

Taught how to take the Mystic Bread and Wine

T'adore the Substance, nor neglect the sign:

Nor those despise to whom Commission's given

Thro' all the world, to deal the Dole of Heav'n.

Note the unhesitating use of the word 'Substance'

May 29 G.A.M.

17 June 1908(?)

F W Farrar, Dean's Yard, Westminster, to Clara Macirone

Dear Madam,

I thank you in the name of the children for the beautiful watercolours. They will probably hang for many a year on the walls of St Margaret's School and delight the weary eyes of little London children. They could not be put to a better use. With renewed thanks, I am

Yours very truly, F W Farrar

29 June 1908

**Cecilia Ada Kelley at 22 Toorak Road, South Yarra, Melbourne to
George Augustus Macirone**

Dear George,

I feel it very kind of you to let me know how poor Mrs Montague (*Cecilia*) is. I had a letter from her about a year ago saying that then she was very ill – a breakdown of the nervous system through anxiety, troubles and want of ease of mind, (this it appears is the malady of the present time). Her great anxiety seemed to be (so she expressed herself in her letter) the leaving her child Violet without care from others or protection in London, - but I am sure that yourself and Myrrha (*Mrs Malleson*) are kind to them. Agnes (*Mrs Carey*) told me in her last letter to me here that Violet kept her well posted as to Cecilia Montague's health. Pray when you may, give her my love and kind wishes to Cecilia and Violet. You see by my new address that I have left the house of the Queensland people and I am now living with Mrs. White an English lady from Bedford. Please give my best love to dear Clara and I hope that, as the cold has gone I presume in Europe, she is better on the departure of the north-east winds. I hope this may be so. It is the depth of winter here with great winds and rain from the South Pole. The wind is icy cold, with cold rain, but hail and no snow in this part of Vic. I never had the pleasure of

seeing your late wife, but Laura did. She told me she saw her at your house. If you are in or near Rugby I wish you would go to see Ida Whiteside (Sister Benedict) at her convent there – I enclose the address.
Yours sincerely and affectionately, Cecilia Ada Kelley

2 September 1908

George Augustus Macirone to daughter Catharine Gordon

A letter from Francis dated this morning says that my dear sister (*Clara*) had a quiet night and is wonderfully herself. “She said last night as with herculean efforts we were trying to raise her – ‘It is not the weight of my mind’. She has said amusing things when she could speak at all. Once she said as we tried to move her ‘Ah. Qu’une femme légère est lourde !’. Love to Frank and Bernard and Mary and most of all to yourself. I am so glad you did not come this morning. It was a most unhospitable weather. Love from Emily (*Emily Clara?*)
George A Macirone

Letters addressed to George Augustus from his children in the year 1908-1909 Kept together and filed in December 1908

Covering page reads:

Letters from my own family(*added in pencil*) including sons (or daughters)in law and grandchildren of my own name

From Christmas day 1908 to Christmas Eve 1909

My home at 126 Adelaide Road, Hampstead NW.

December 4 1908

Lutugarda O’Brien at Quinta Villa Borga Buenos Aires

Received at Windmill Inn (v.below) forwarded from Adelaide Rd

31.12.1908

My dearest Father,

A very happy Christmas to you and everyone at 126.

We had been planning to send you some photographs to amuse you all but Pat has had a slight sprain to his foot and we have been unable to go up to B.A. to see to the final printing etc. so they will be dreadfully late.

College is over for the summer and I hope to get some early morning pupils from the Argentine families who come out for the summer to Olivos – but I have not had any applications yet and it does not promise well which is disappointing.

Our peaches are getting larger and larger and lately we have had flower sellers from town coming out to buy flowers from us. I hope very much they will come during the violet months – from May to September. If they do I ought to grow quite rich.

We have had some glorious rains lately. They do more good in ten minutes than our hose in an hour, and a good shower does save so much labour.

I have just finished reading 'The Virginians'. It has been such a treat. What does the word 'ordinary' mean when applied to a coffee house – such as 'Willis' Ordinary' or I went to Willis' for my Ordinary ?

I want to read 'The Four Georges' now and wonder whether it is history or fiction I shall be reading.

I have been writing to Cousin Nellie. I hope to send her a little present of some Brazilian coffee. She was so kind as to send me out an introduction to a lady staying in B.A.

I have taken to cooking my own biscuits now and am astonished to find how easy they are – and how much appreciated.

I wish I could iron. I would save a lot of money if I could but it is so terribly tiring – to stand for so many hours that I am not going to try – but most people do it here and do it very well.

Goodbye dear Father. Please give the enclosed to Aunty.

Your most loving daughter, Lutugarda Macirone de O'Brien

5 December 1908

Patrick O'Brien, Buenos Aires

Received at Windmill Inn (v.below) forwarded from Adelaide Rd. 31.12.08

My dear father,

It is scarcely possible to realise Christmas is so near and yet this letter may not reach you before Christmas Day. The year has gone very quickly. We have been very happy at Villa Barga. For us here life is uneventful enough, - we are generally spectators. We are overjoyed at the possibility of Lucy coming to pay us a visit. I suppose it is too good to be true.

Your sister's recovery was wonderful. I am very glad she is so well again and takes such an active interest in everything.

There has been a big international riding tournament here in B.A. The English officers who came out did very well and were very hospitably entertained. Today we have just had a letter from one of Lutugarda's old colleagues at the G.H.S, now married saying she and her husband are living for the summer in the house we all had at Glencairn three years ago ! How we envy her the blue sea and the mountains.

Surely we shall not feel the time passing till we are home again. Perhaps Tootoo may go home six months before me so as to have a longer time with you all. It is horrible being always away and never being able to have one's own friends and relations to one's house. Goodbye. Please excuse the 1/2 sheet - the letter is almost overweight already. My very best wishes to you and Miss Macirone and my sisters for a very happy Xmas.

Yours very affectionately Patrick O'Brien

23 December 1908

Francis Macirone at All Hallows College Dublin

(George Augustus and Francis often corresponded in latin)

answered 30.12.1908

Patri Carissimo et maxime venerando

S.D.P. filius pius

Per hascedies post terminum finitum libro, per terminum iam lecto, relegebam, etsum ad iter longum et fatigans me parabam. Iam paratus et in statione sessus ad te scribebam dum currum expecto quae per primam noctis partem ad Galway me portabit. Occupabit plus quam quattuor horas in C L millia passuum transeundum, occasio optima legendi, non turbatus. Quando aliquid scribendo dignum habebam, statim scribam. Iam nil habeo et occupatus constanti studio expecto. Latinam rapidius et facilius perlego, saltem multo facilius quam Oxoniae legebam quarari tum Junior eram et multum plus in libris classicis versebar. Tibi sum similis quippe qui etiam puer minus in libris classicis versatus tu me – senex facile latinam et legis et scribes. Iam advenit festa CHRISTI nati. Vellem plus gaudii tum spiritualis tum familiaris afferret. Sed si nunc dolorum, certe in futuro multo plus gaudi aeterni nobis dabit. Quod tum videbis quod me in praesenti tempore recte egisse et videns gaudebis. Dominus noster te tuusque benedicat. Vale. In insula quo adeo vix aliquis Anglicanam linguam adhibet sed omnes Hiberniam. Primitivi sed pleni fide ergo ad EUM esse dicuntur. Ad Herbertum Warne Horatium scribebero nuper.

Copied into Francis's own file in archive

23 December 1908

Lucy Macirone at Hotel Silvretta, Klosters to George Augustus Macirone
(postcard)

I have just this moment arrived after a long long journey. Thank you very much indeed for coming to see me off. I think this place will be lovely. There is not enough snow yet, but there is ice. We had a good crossing, and then a long journey to Bale (*sic*) wh. we reached this morn. There was no snow there but as we have crept up and up there has been more and more. We went and looked at the Rhine from Bale, all feeling very sleepy. I don't feel strange here as people are all quite friendly. Very much love to Auntie, Terry, Clara and you. Ever so many wishes for a very happy Xmas. Your loving and d.d. L.M.

27 December 1908

Lucy – Klosters
(postcard as above)

My dear family,

I am having a lovely time here. Weather is quite ideal. I'll try to describe my time. I just heard B.Foster (?) doesn't arrive till Tuesday or Weds. We arrived – at tea time - I at once went out and reconnoitred round the village – very pretty valley with lovely peaks all round. Next morn went and tobogganed down some steep slopes. There are very good roads for that. Afternoon I skated and found my roller-skating has come in very handy. The pond is very small, better really for figure skating. Christmas Day I went for a glorious walk with a girl here, 3 miles up the road to Davos, dragging our toboggans. You can't think how lovely the road was. Then out on toboggans and a fine rush down. The road zig-zags down the mountain (*wiggly line*) like that ! Don't you just love to be sharp turning corners !! Afternoon I cheated the sun and strolled right up a mountain side with a nice family staying here. The sun was quite off the Klosters valley, but was shining hard on the mountain side where I was. Then out on toboggans with a good old rush down. I found it very useful to have been to Chateau d'Oix (?) to know how to toboggan. Now I am all agog to ski. I've hired a pair for four francs a week and shall begin tomorrow or Tuesday. It must be fearfully lovely to come down the snowy slopes on skis ! I'm very keen to go to Davos. It's a lovely place I should think – a lovely walk from here. It's all German here so I get someone to tell me what to ask for. One of the men goes about from shop to shop with a little bit of paper with 'Do you sell tobacco ?' on it in German. Please Terry would you be so kind sometime as to go through my post which arrives at home and send me a pc with a list of the people who've sent me cards. It would be very kind if you'd put stamp on this and redirect. To Clara and Auntie my very dear love and hearty wishes for the New Year. I am loving all this. Your loving d.d. and sister. L.M.
Tutu sends ? when with us ? for presents for all the family which I will distribute.

28 December 1908

**Clara Macirone at 126 Adelaide Road to George Augustus Macirone at
Windmill Inn, Ewhurst, Guildford**
(*v.difficult to read*)

Carissimo,

We are here in such a scene of Arctic desolation that I must send one word of sympathy and wonder how you get on in your forests of ice and snow. The matter has grown to such importance that it seems quite difficult to live and move. My fire has gone wrong and it becomes a matter of trembling anxiety as to when the gas men may come and set things right in the four rooms capable of being warmed to a proper extent...[?]and you got out in the snow and the woods...[?]should have gone so far to meet the ...[?] and cold while ...[?] to you without your taking the trouble of a journey. I am so sorry I let dear Terry go without the Music book, and hope you have books enough. Then Mrs Drake has sent me some Tabloids which (with a little of Brews Essence of beef) make a capital basin of broth. My thermometer is ...[?] and all outside is blue and mist with cold and ice. This is not a letter but only a little bit of sympathy from your loving and only sister Clara

Nurse tells me that Woolwich streets are crowded with unemployed. God keep them and the women and children – the Church Army is doing wonders in making refuges, fires etc. but one can't rest for thinking of those who have got no shelter and perhaps no food.

31 December 1908

**Catherine Gordon (Macirone) and family at Fern Bank to
George Augustus Macirone at The Windmill Inn, Ewhurst, Surrey
(still exists)**

A very happy New Year to you all and very much love from
Frank – Catherine – Bernard and Mary

31 December 1908

**Francis Macirone staying with Mrs O'Brien, Arran, Co.Galway to George
Augustus Macirone**

My very dear and honoured Father,

It would be difficult to give you in less than 8 or 10 quarto pages all the interesting things here. Dr and Mrs O'Brien, the most interesting things to you, are most kind and hospitable. They have a long, low house, no stairs, which was once a Church and is turned into the Doctor's house. Willie, a medical student at Galway College, Frank a boy at school, Vincent and Kathleen, two younger children, a grandchild from London and Susan who is at school in Dublin, are all at home for the holidays and you can imagine that they make a pleasant and lively party.

Yesterday 5 of us went to Dun-Aenghus and took some 2 hours to reach it. An hour before you reach it, it is visible as a dark mass evidently artificial, on the skyline of a high hill. As a military position it might be nearly impregnable. It is entirely pre-historic and is put by antiquarians as early as the beginning of the Christian era. I must have seldom been in a place of such interest. Low down the hill is a breast high wall, beaten from this the defenders could retire by a path some 8 feet wide and under a tunnel through a wall 8 or 9 feet high. Except the path, the rest of the ground is rendered quite impossible for men to cross by a mass of stones, many set up on end, forming a perfect cheval de fries extending all along the front of the wall for 12 or 15 yards in front of it. No infantry could get through it except at a slow and careful rate climbing over each boulder and presenting a helpless target from the wall. Inside the wall was plenty of room for a large herd of cattle. But supposing they were driven from the second wall they could retire to the narrow tunnels into the innermost part of all. The outside face of these walls might be 16-20 feet high and inside it has three levels on the top each nearly 3 feet broad, all of quite regular unmortared rough stones.

(little drawing of the fort) Atlantic Ocean 300 feet below and very wet. Nothing like it of that date exists in England. Even Hadrian's Wall has perished far more. Here in this lonely island, 30 miles from Galway and 9 miles from the Connemara coast, there is still the wonderful work of a pre-historic prince. He is thought to have been a 'Tribolg' a branch of the Belgae who were driven onto the outer islands.

I hope to return to Dublin on Saturday if the boat sails as advertised . Goodbye dearest Father. Your most loving son Francis P Macirone
As soon as anything further is settled about me you shall know.

(copied into Francis's own file in archive)

5 January 1909

Catharine Gordon at Fern Bank, East Heath Rd. Hampstead to George Augustus Macirone

Postcard

Dear Father,

Thank you very much for your postcard. It IS a pretty one – I have been thinking that if there are one or two more of the country round I should so much like to have them and would refund the money if you would be so kind as to get them for me. The two you have given me – (The Hollow and the Inn) are so very good. I am so glad you have been having a good time. The children have both had bad colds unfortunately, but are getting better now. I am reading 'East Lynne' ! Most exciting ! I saw Auntie this morning and hope to get down again soon. Very much love from us all C.M.G.

7 January 1909

As above

Dearest Father,

Frank and I want you so much to come and have a jollification for your birthday either this Saturday or next, Would you like to see Henry V this Saturday (Jan 9) or Maskelyne, Devant the Saturday after (16th). We are all going to M and D on the 16th and it would be great fun if you would come too, but we thought you might enjoy Henry V more. They say Lewis Waller makes a very good ranting speech ! Or is there any other play or pantomime you would like better? Please name your dish and let us know by tomorrow morning the date and play so that I may get the tickets in time. Your very loving C.M.G.

8 January 1909

As above

Dearest Father,

We all send you our best love and congratulations on your birthday – and wish you very many happy returns of the day. I do hope you are writing tonight to say

you will come and see something amusing, interesting or edifying with Frank and me. It will be such fun to go to something all together. The children's colds are better, I am glad to say and we have been able to get out again.

With my best love, I remain your loving, dutiful daughter
Catherine Mary Gordon

6 January 1909

Lucy Macirone at Klosters to George Augustus Macirone

Very many happy returns of your Birthday – May your shadow never be less. May your lovely daughters continue to be the despair of all and the envy of the Jeunesse Dorée as heretofore. Sun is so strong here that we are all simply baked. Very much love from your loving and dutiful daughter L.A.M

7 January 1909

Francis Macirone at Cork to George Augustus Macirone

My very dear and honoured Father,

Thank you for your kind present which Teresa sent me – and your card from the Windmill Inn. It arrived at Arran as I was leaving and I was able to give Dr. O'Brien your kind message. Both Mrs.O'Brien and he and all his family were most hospitable during the ten days that I was there. The Island is full of interest and they kindly took me out daily for a walk to one point or another of interest. May God grant you many happy returns of tomorrow. Some day I hope I shall be more together in feelings. No doubt I might have explained my position at different times more kindly to you, but I found it very difficult to do so. In my last letter to the Bishop of Melanesia written from Hurstpierpoint I had to explain my position in a part which I wrote subsequently to the part which you read, and though he gave my letter careful attention he refused to have me. This opened the way to me to careful consideration in solitude of the whole position and for the result of which I cannot be too thankful.

Your dutiful and loving son, Francis P Macirone

10 January 1909

Lucy Macirone at Klosters, Hotel Silvetta to George Augustus Macirone

Dears,

Much love to all. I am enjoying it all enormously. Just now we are having steady snow all day which makes it rather difficult to do anything, but will, when it leaves off, make our skiing much better. I shall leave here on Wednesday, arrive at Char on Thursday afternoon and hope to have the honour of spending Thurs. and Frid. night at 126 (if kindly permitted). Friday afternoon I am invited to a 'Klosters tea' at which I am to meet some of the party here – We are getting on gradually with our skiing and find it exactly like flying, very exciting and absorbing. Miss Foster's baggage has at last arrived after a week's delay! I hope mine won't take that time to get home on Sat. I'm going to the flat to prepare work for the Term, unpack etc, and have promised to spend that weekend with H.W. there. I have had a most delightful holiday here and am very well and flourishing in consequence. My very best love to A.C. and Clara. I wonder where T has gone. Your loving and d d , L.M.

Hope you had a nice birthday.

15 January 1909

Teresa Macirone at Hillmead - King's Langley to George Augustus Macirone
Postcard

Thank you very much for your card. It made me smile. This is a bad view of the hill on which this house stands, but Patty's is the other side of the road. I am very well and going long tramps and hope to go to St.Albans. Patty sends you her kindest regards. Your loving Terry.

15 January 1909

Catharine Gordon to George Augustus Macirone

Dearest Father,

Here is the ticket for tomorrow with our love. We thought it would be better if you had it yourself, so that you would not have to wait about for all of us if you got there first. We also shall go straight in and look forward very much to meeting you and seeing all the fun.

Your very loving, dutiful daughter, Catharine

17 January 1909

George Augustus Macirone to Francis Macirone

To my very dear son, health and peace.

Thank you for your kind letter of 7th.instant. I am glad that you feel the necessity of writing so and thank you for your kind wishes for my birthday. You say now that after showing to me the draft of your letter to the bishop of Melanesia, you added in order to explain your position, a part which you wrote subsequently to the part which I read, and that in his reply the Bishop refused to have you, which I did not know. You say this opened to you the way to careful consideration in solitude of the whole position, and that for the results of that you cannot be too thankful.

On the 15 September I asked you whether you had an answer from the Bishop to your offer to serve as a missionary under him. You told me No, nothing more, you added no explanation.

On the 18th September you came home here and said nothing of any answer from the Bishop of Melanesia.

On Sunday 20thSeptember you assisted as a priest at the eight o'clock mass at the parish church.

On Monday, St.Matthew's day you left your father's house after breakfast without saying goodbye or leaving any message for your father.

On the next day, 22nd September you wrote to me from the Jesuit house at Roehampton 'I have today asked the Grace of God to become a Roman Catholic and have tonight entered on retreat with that purpose'

On Sunday 27th September you seem to have renounced your allegiance to the Catholic Church where God had placed you and joined the Romish recusants.

You now speak of your careful consideration in solitude of the whole position after the bishop of Melanesia's reply. Its being in solitude without your father's help was your own choice. The consideration did not take long for it was apparently after 18th September and before 21st when you fly from your father's house to the jesuits to obtain the advice you prefer, and write on the 22nd. That you have 'asked the Grace of God to become a Roman Catholic and have tonight entered on retreat with that purpose'. The father God gave you for a guide urged you for years to commence in the theological faculty of your own University, and offered to support you while doing so, and you refused several times, and said that you had not sufficient knowledge on the subject to begin to study for your B.D. Yet you have allowed yourself to be persuaded - or you have acted in mere self will - that you are competent to rebel against the Church of England in which you were born and bred, and to submit yourself to a proselytiser of the Church of Rome in this country. You are deceiving yourself, dear. The jesuits are anxious or willing to proselytise and are often successful= but it is a temper which did not commend itself to Our Blessed Lord – he speaks very severely to those who practised it – 'ye compass (?) sea and land to make one proselyte and when he is made ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves' – I advise you now, dear, to ask for the grace of God again to become again an obedient English Catholic, and repent of your self will and rebellion, and seek absolution for it.

You say – 'no doubt I might have explained my position at different times more kindly to you, but I found it very difficult to do so'. It is commonly found difficult to do right. I contributed to the difficulty by habitual silence and unsociability after your dear and honoured mother was called away (and I have been for 30 years before) – God rest her sweet soul – and I have my own sins to repent of. Try to repent of yours. I pray to God to deliver you from the further sin of sacrilege in allowing yourself to be ordained again as if you were not a priest already – although you write from Roehampton 'but I have had the grace to see that on this point too I am mistaken'!!

You speak more than once of your great joy and happiness with your new friends, but little of the misery of the old friends who have cared for you from your birth till now, which you have given by your desertion of them. May God bless you and open your eyes. Your loving father

G A Macirone

Will you kindly give my love to Dr. and Mrs. Michael O'Brien and all near and dear to them

20 January 1909

Francis Macirone at All Hallows College, Dublin to Clara Macirone

(note added by George Augustus 25.1.09 To Clara from Francis . Clara told me I might keep this)

My dearest Godmother,

Thank you for 2 kind letters. In one you naturally blame me for joy which I never deserved and so can freely mention and which, please God, you will one day share and will then find quite natural. In the other you generously pardon me. I wish I could minister to you the consolations your trials well deserve, but I know how little I have the spiritual power to do so. Today I was kneeling at the altar after Service praying for you and felt for a short time before a picture of the Blessed Virgin what exquisite peace and consolation there is to be gained there in prayer. Such great consolation and love! Perhaps some day I shall be able to love others in some measure like that too. What a blessing it must be no longer to love oneself and to have one's whole powers concentrated on the will of God and love of one's fellow men. Today slush and cold, and the whole College returned in apparently the best of spirits, a new student from New Zealand . We all met at tea tonight and spend tomorrow entirely in religious preparation for the coming session. If it seems best (and in not coming home now I have tried to act for the best) that we should not meet at present, or even in this short life not meet again, it may well be that we shall be able to love one another all the more hereafter. I know how little I have ever really loved you or anyone, but I know that God can turn the dross of self-love into the real article and I trust in that. In God alone can be our real trust. How much I wish I could give you that great consolation which the Catholic Faith can give through those who most sincerely and as humble Christians like yourself hold it. My little student life here has little to speak of, - it pursues its course, useful I hope, very quietly and knows nothing of the world outside until the time comes all too soon to leave it. God will not leave your long labours and self-denial unrewarded. He is a generous Master who loves us and rewards all who have denied themselves and given up the desires of this life to please Him as you did so many years ago, and follow the call He gave – an act of self-denial which I always felt I had not the strength to follow. God bless you and keep you dearest Godmother.

Your most loving F.P.Macirone

11 February 1909

Maria Lutugarda O'Brien at Quinta Villa Barga (Argentina) to George Augustus Maciron

My most dear and honoured Father,

Before I write upon such news as I have, I have one or two remarks to make. I perceive with these my elderly mental eyes that unless daughters are beautiful, highly gifted and rich their fathers do not write to them. Now I had been led to suppose that parental affection was not controlled by such qualifications but since you never write to me I perceive that MY father at any rate only cares for those of his daughters who are either beautiful or clever.

I have had 1 letter and 2 postcards from you since the beginning of November. I received in NOVEMBER my birthday letter from you, since then I received at the END OF JANUARY a hurried Christmas greeting ON A POST CARD and last week a picture postcard from Surrey.

I don't count a picture P.C. as a letter – an ordinary P.C. for foreign countries does count. You sent Round Robins to everybody else but not to us. When Christmas week came I had not a single greeting of any sort whatever from any of my family. Terry did write – but her letter and your P.C. (picture) came at the end of January. CHRISTMAS DAY FALLS ON DECEMBER 25TH. You did write to tell me about Aunty's illness 2 or 3 times as well – but I think I received them all before November. Now you can't say I don't write to you because I am always writing and you might remember that I have 7 family people to write to in England besides the Whites and all my friends and my mails to South Africa. Now at the very most you have only 3 people to write to regularly and considering how often you see Cathy I don't really count her. Now I do seriously think you might write to me once a fortnight. I have no more idea of what is happening at home than my hens have – You must remember that except during the holidays when they WON'T write, Terry and Lucy CAN'T write to me – and Clara is too hard-worked with hospital and exams and house – She must pass her exams so I excuse her. It was during my last two years at the Cape that you all left off writing, then I came home and you all pretended to be pleased to see me – I stayed at home a year and then

came out here and you all pretended to be sorry when I left home – Well now I know it was all humbug – If anyone really cared they would write. Some day you will be sorry. Now I positively will not write again until I get a letter from someone at 126.

I have tried speaking politely. I now try speaking forcibly – Next I am going to boycott you all. If you don't write I won't write. I shall write to Scotland Yard and get news of you that way.

Now I have finished being nasty for the present.

We have been threatened with a terrible storm between today and the 13th, and it looks this morning as if we should have it. The clouds are so low and angry looking. We are having the most perfect Summer. Our house is always cool and delicious. We have invested in two to-be-fattened-up ducks and shall kill them for Pat's birthday I think. Nearly all this year's chickens prove to be cocks – rather a disappointment – However they feed the pot and so indirectly (?) us . I am sorry to have to close down this letter now – but Pat is off to town and must take it.

Goodbye dear Father. Do please write to me – and more regularly.

Your most loving of daughters M.L.Macirone O'Brien

28 February 1909

Teresa Macirone at 8 Aynhoe Mansions to George Augustus Macirone

I am stopping with Lou till Sunday morning and shall be home middle day Sunday. Would you tell Clara and Mary please? Your loving Terry

7 March 1909

Lucy Macirone at 8 Aynhoe Mansions, Brook Green to George Augustus Macirone

To my very dear and honoured Father,

Health and Peace

Very many thanks for the Phil. Ticket for which I was very grateful. It was good of you to think of sending it. Unfortunately I had a rather bad headache that evening, and though I meant to go up to the last minute, I had to go early to bed instead.

Terry will bring this back for me. I shall see you on Saturday. Your loving and dutiful daughter, Lucy.

15 March 1909

Maria Lututgarda at Quinta Villa Barga, Olivos Argentina to George Augustus Macirone

My dearest and most honoured Father,

Thank you very much for your Christmas present which I received today. I was so glad to have it. I put it with all the other presents I have received from you since my marriage, and when I come home I am going to buy myself something with the amassed amount.

I wish I had a letter from you as well. You see no sooner have I one thing than

I want another and that is a letter. I have only had one letter from you in three months. That's not much. Think of Mrs. Stutfield and all the dozens of children she has in foreign parts. I am sure she writes to each of them every week – and you have only one and she only receives one letter in 3 months. Just now I have a very enjoyable job on. I am teaching 3 very bright and intelligent children just now every afternoon – all the usual English subjects History, Literature, Arithmetic, Euclid, Algebra and besides French and German. You can imagine how I am enjoying it. In History I am taking the Hanoverian period – in Literature too – Pope, Swift etc. It is so utterly enjoyable. I think to be able to live with people you care for, to run your house as you like it run, to be able to live out of doors and to keep on your profession after you're married – no woman could ask for more except of course the vote.

I miss my family – all of you – always very much – it never ceases – with

either of us – the desire to see and have about us one's own family.

Last week we have had the most perfect weather – the first touch of cold weather – a beautiful South wind blowing in sunshiny weather. I had a long ride one afternoon. My old nag gallops all the time, won't trot and that is

rather tiring, but anyway he is a horse and I am grateful to the man who lends him to me. Aunty has written me a p.c. this week which I find really difficult to read, but I think she tells me you are lending a hand with the Church Pageant. Is this so ? I am sure if it is you will become very interested. Would you, could you possibly do you think lend me for a few weeks your copy of French Study of words ? If it would break your heart to send it so far away by post, then don't do it. I will wait to read it again when I come home, but I should find it very useful just now, with my lessons. I have so little knowledge of the history and original meanings of words. I should be very grateful to you for it, but if you would rather not then I won't mind if you yourself write me a letter to say no. Don't send me a message through Terry or anyone else. I hope you have not been having rheumatism this dreadful winter. I am sure you will be glad to see the signs of Spring again.

Good-night my dear Father.

Your most loving daughter, Lutugarda Macirone O'Brien

23 March 1909

Lucy Macirone at Aynhoe Mansions, Brook Green to George Augustus Macirone

To my very dear and honoured Father,

I am very grateful to you indeed for so kindly sending the cheque for the brass in Aunt Anna's memory. It was very good of you. It was a most liberal subscription that you sent. I am sending the letters on to Aunt Alice and will write to her what you suggest. I have been printing exam papers all day and my hand is almost off ! I hope to get home on Sat. for dinner. Best love from you very loving and d.d. Lucy

10 April 1909

Francis Macirone at All Hallows College Dublin to George Augustus Macirone

Maundy Thursday

Patri carissimo et max. venerando S.D.P. filius pius.

Si vales, vales. Plurimus benedictiones divinas tibi, delectissime Pater, tuisque omnibus det Pascha festorum nitidissima festa. Hic – quod rarum est – sol nitet, umbrae et nubes in praesente aufugerunt. Quam saepe dat nobis suas primas calores in hebdomade Sancto Ver. In Anglia Feria VI huius hebdomadis mihi prima calida dies saepe visa est, quod pauperibus bonum est. In Dominica Palmarum visitavit me juvenis affinium nostrorum – Mr. Kennan Macdonald. Vir bonus et gratis, qui per aliquod temporis mecum sermonem habebat. In die Feria IV cum etiam nec non conjugem visitabam. Nepos est Charlottae Living. Credo forsitan Teresam, delectissimam soremin urbe Cantabrigiensi Dr. Living visitare et cum de me quod hic essem certiore facere. Mr. Kennan macdonald pergratum in memoria habuit quod te, sororemque tuam in domo tua anno 1901 (circa) visitasset – Vale

Dear love to Auntie, Terry, Clara and Lucy

14 April 1909

Lucy Macirone at Little Croft, Steventon, Berks to George Augustus Macirone

Easter Monday

To my very dear and honoured Father,

Health and Peace

I have arrived here safely after a short and very comfortable journey. I have just heard from Clara that some china is coming from Florence for Tutu, and the man at F. said it would come quicker if it wasn't paid for till delivery in London. So would you be so very good as to do two kind things about this

for me, as Terry is just going away, and otherwise of course she could easily do it.

1. To pay for china and carriage when it arrives. Clara says it will be about 18/-. If you'd let me know here exactly what you pay, I will send you a Postal Order.

2. To find out from Terry what is the address of Mrs. Anderson's sister at Highgate. It is Southwood Road I think but am not certain – and to put a label on the parcel and send it off there at once by Carter Paterson to catch Mrs. Anderson before she starts. I am very sorry to give you this trouble. I would have seen about it if I'd been at home, but I hadn't any idea about it. Clara has just told me it is coming and I know Mrs. A goes to S.America quite soon.....*ends*

17 April 1909

Teresa Macirone at Little Lever Vicarage, Bolton, Lancs. to George Augustus Macirone

To my dear and honoured Father, Health and Peace.

I am enclosing Mrs.Tett's reply in case you would like to have it at once. I am writing a line to her as well.

I am having a very lazy time here, sitting by the fire reading and gossiping. It is very nice to be with these people again. I hope you are all well. Mrs. Hutton is going to let me know how Aunty goes on. I was so thankful for the telegram of Marguerite's arrival. She has had an excellent crossing.

Your loving, Terry

(note by GAM - 17.4.09 answered Teresa – sciatica keeps me at home)

Woolfit Farm, Ewhurst, Guildford, Surrey 14 April 1909

(Enclosed letter)

Dear Miss Macirone,

I can take your father in to stay for a week or so providing you give me two days notice. I could also let him have another Bedroom if he cared to bring

anyone with him. Would he board himself or would he wish me to ? If the latter, perhaps you would kindly write me what you think he likes in case I got anything he did not like.

Yours respectfully, E.Tett

19 April 1909 (received 18 May)

Lutugarda Macirone in Olivos, FCCA, Argentina to George Augustus Macirone

My dearest and most honoured Father,

Health and Peace.

You have been a brick in writing to me so often lately – but really your letter today is really rather a scarer. You tell me so calmly of being blown sky-high and knocked over and rolled about by a motor. It is really most dreadfully frightening, and the only thing you mention is a muddy coat! It makes us feel very queer and scared to be reading it over here and think it might have been an operation. We want you to take the greatest care of yourself because it would never do for you to be laid up when Pat and I come home and I hope that will be only two years more and then after that perhaps you will come out and see us.

We want so very much to buy our own land and build our own house . We have saved enough money now to be able to consider this quite seriously. We go prowling round Olivos looking at the ‘lots’ of land as they are put up for sale. We are waiting for a square which is quite near to us to be put up. It stands high and has a very pleasant view –pleasant is the only word because I have seen no beautiful views in this country. We always long to go back to the Cape, but that seems just as hopeless as ever. If we build we should have to build something very small and unpretentious to which we could add rooms later on as we needed or could afford them. You are just the sort of person to help us in this because you have such a lot of ideas about house-building. I want it to be lifted well off the ground and to have a verandah in front – A large central square hall which will be our living room as well. It is quite usual in this country to have the kitchen, pantry and the servants rooms built outside and in every way I find this...[?]

Since your writing to me you will have seen New Zealand’s offer of one ‘Dreadnought’ or more and now I am sure Canada will offer. I do not see

why some of the exceedingly wealthy men in England should not give one to England out of their united subscriptions.

A propos of nothing in particular could you tell me why houses in England are so often let on leases of 99 years? You have often explained it to us but I have forgotten. I am enclosing a letter for Aunty.

We are having cold bright winter days – most delightful.

I was at a delightful musical afternoon given in a near suburb by a rather nice lady from Exeter whom I know here, a Mrs. Bluett. It was a great treat for we never have any music now-a-days, not even in Church,

Your loving daughter, M.L.Macirone O'Brien

19 April 1909

Teresa Macirone at Little Lever Vicarage, Bolton, Manchester to George Augustus Macirone

To my very dear and honoured Father, Health and Peace,
I am sorry the sciatica is going on so long. You would do it a lot of good if you would let Mrs. Hutton rub it for you. You know she had a gentleman patient before she came to Aunty, and used to rub him constantly, so she is thoroughly used to it. Thank you very much indeed for the cards. These people so thoroughly enjoyed looking at them, and I am going to show them to someone else tonight. They are quite safe. How excited Tootoo will be at getting all these parcels. It was splendid getting them packed off so punctually. I have written to Mrs. Tett to say you have bad sciatica and will not be going just yet. I am enclosing you Tootoo's letter back. Thank you. Yr very loving, Terry

23 April 1909

Catharine Macirone at Fairstead, Rowsley Avenue, Hendon to George Augustus Macirone

Dearest Father,

We all send you our best love for St. George's Day, and wish we had remembered it sooner and had got a rose to send you. I do so hope you are getting rid of that dreadful sciatica. I am so sorry you have been having it – it must be such a horrible pain. Frank says you thought you would perhaps not be able to go to the Bluecoat Dinner tomorrow, but I do hope you will be feeling better and able to go.

I am taking the children over to Fern Bank on Saturday for the day and it would be such a good opportunity to see you and Aunty. Shall you be in if we can come between 11 and 11.30 am.? I want to see you. I haven't seen you for such a long time. Don't send an answer if you and Aunty or one of you would like us to come, but you might let me have a card if it would not be convenient to either of you, then I must try and manage another day. The girls all seem to be enjoying their holidays, don't they. I hope they will all get well set up in health before term starts again. Lucy sent us a picture card of Abinger Church. Do you know it? Frank is taking these two days off and working in the garden. It is beginning to look quite ship-shape. Yours will soon be looking lovely with all the bluebells out. I should like to see it when they are all in full bloom. Ours are budding nicely, but only 4 plants! Goodnight now, dear Father. Very much love from us all.

Your loving, dutiful daughter,
Catherine Mary Gordon
Much love to Aunty Clara please

4 May 1909

Francis Macirone 'on the Banks of the Boyne' to George Augustus Macirone

My very dear and honoured Father,

I am sorry to hear you have had an attack of sciatica. It is a painful complaint and beyond its immediate pain has confined you to bed, which for one of your active habits is an additional trial. I have sorrow too that we should no longer feel really together in religion and that we should be separated in your old age, but some day by God's mercy this world with its constant disappointments will be over and we shall see all things clearly when an entire obedience will be fruit of a burning love which will be better than anything in this world either of love or enthusiasm.

I am having three days holiday and at present am cycling from Trim to Drogheda and at the present moment sitting on a seat in a grove of beeches just breaking with leaf. At my feet is flowing in a broad stream the River Boyne – fish rise here and there. Behind me is the Boyne and Blackwater Canal and my cycle rests temporarily against the wall. The river brings sad memories to us both. The repulsion of the last native Dynasty of our land and the last King who with consummate patience and firmness (surely the two always go together) of his enemy and son-in-law alone (?) might have enabled the English Church at least very largely to have regained unity with the rest of Catholic Christendom.

Poor James! With his great sincerity, would he had been more patient of human nature which seldom moves fast enough for enthusiasts. Yesterday I left Dublin about 2.0 and...[?] huge estates, truly a modern example in our own case (and in a country where we raised and might again raise our best soldiery) of the “latifundia quae perdiderunt Italiam”. I rode 30 miles, and so far as I remember passed only one village. Fancy that – 30 miles, with proximity of the Capital – no villages. – no agriculture - nothing but Bullocks, Bullocks everywhere, large houses, absentee landlords spending money in the riviera and a few poor herdsmen left in the lands. No houses of over one storey – here and there a few shanties of the poorest description, perhaps a dozen with some in ruins, and in 30 miles one solitary village, so I could rely on no food between Dunshaughlin and Navan. 12 miles. I reached the Hill of Tara at Sunset and had a beautiful view over woods and hills and saw (if not the Harp) at least Tara’s modern Hall. I slept in Trim – a poor miserable town - one small hotel, or rather a combination of grocery store and hotel – with a perfectly magnificent Church ? years old – marble pillars and a most beautiful Altar and Stations. My dear Father, Irish Catholics do love and serve God in a way that puts me to shame. How well I remember you taking me to Felsted on May 3rd 26 years ago. Dearest Father, how much you spent so generously on my education and I know we serve a generous Master who will surely allow none of it to be lost and will help me to show you in the next life if not in this fruits proportional to it. God bless you and keep you dearest Father. Your dutiful and loving son. Francis P Macirone

21 May 1909

**George Augustus Macirone to Francis Macirone at All Hallows College
Dublin**

Thursday in Expectation Tide

To my very dear son health and peace, and thank you for words of love which I am grateful for, and give you mine with all my heart. Your letter from the Boyne has just reached me from Hendon. It is pleasant to hear of your happiness, but I am too sore to write of scenery and flowers – On the serious subject of religion you know what I would say, and the danger of mistaking your own will for the will of God. God bless you and guide you. Your loving father G.A.Macirone

5 May 1909

Emily Clara Macirone at 9 Aynhoe Mansions, Brook Green. (Postcard)

Thank you very much indeed for your very kind letter. The papers today were much worse than I expected – in fact they couldn't have been nastier. The afternoon one was the worst. Some people went out an hour before the end. I think everyone feels pretty low. I know I do. Please thank Tes and Mary for their postcards and letters. I will write to Tes tomorrow after my paper. My last practical is on the 22nd. – two next week and two the following week. One consolation is that if I had worked all day and all night it would never have occurred to me to look up some of the things they asked. They were so outlandish! Please dear Father, don't bother to answer this. I shall be seeing you on Friday.

Very much love to you all, E.C.M

7 May 1909

Patrick O'Brien at Quinta Villa Barga, Olivos, B.Aires to George Augustus Macirone

Easter Sunday

My dear father, *(in law)*

We have had a very happy Easter Day. Mass at 7.30 – that is to say it was announced for that time but the curate poor man had so many confessions to hear that he could not begin till 8.15. A great many children received their first communion, the little girls so pretty in their white dresses and veils. Olivos, thank God, still preserves the characteristics of a village and the people show reverence and devotedness in the house of God. Did Tootoo tell you about the old Italian we see at Mass absurdly like you ? It is impossible you cannot be related. We have just returned from a long walk. The evening is quite cold – everything is pointing to an early winter. Last week it was still quite warm but on Holy Thursday the long wanted rain came and since then the sky has been full of black, heavy clouds. We went to Tigre yesterday and had a nice day on the river, rowing for about 5 hours. The poplar leaves were almost golden. The tall poplars line the banks of many streams in the Delta.

Lutugarda tells me you want to invest a few hundred pounds.

A very safe investment in Argentina is Argentine government stock. There are different issues paying different rates of interest. They are known as Cedulas A,B,C,D etc. As a rule the dividend is about 6% or say 5% on the price of the stock. Cedulas H pay 7% and are very much sought after. The coupon will be paid in June so after that one could get in at par or 10 1 and so have 6%. They cost 100 dollars each or £8.16/- (about) and for a few hundred pounds you could not find a more convenient investment. They are always realisable. They would have to be bought here, so if you care to send the money out I would have them bought and deposited in the Bank which would collect the coupons on due date. I would remit the money to you. (This would cost me nothing.) We have many larger holdings of these stocks for European clients and I regard them as a very safe investment.

On the other hand if you don't care about that, any Argentine RG Stock is a safe and good investment. Central Argentine RG stand about the lowest and have a very good future. Central Argentine, Buenos Aires Southern or Pacific are the three best, either of them are a very good investment. Their earning powers (?) are unlimited and their receipts are increasing daily. Any further information you want I shall be only too happy to give you, or if I can be of any service you have but to command me – 'a sus ordenes' as they say here with the left hand over the heart and the sombrero in the right.

Naturally the interest one receives here is higher than in England for money is more valuable and dearer. People who have had a lot of money in Consols must have lost heavily during the past few years, the depreciation has been so great.

You will be glad to know that we are both in splendid health thank God. I have never seen Lutugarda looking better. She is very deep in 'The Four Georges and William 1V' by Justin McCarthy and is always saying what a great historian her father is.

How is your sister? Very well, I hope. I am sure she will be glad summer is coming. Your garden must be looking nice now. It is almost three years since I had the pleasure of seeing you all – surely the time will pass quickly till we are home again. Much love to you all,
From your affectionate son,

Patrick O'Brien

GAM note added Extract as to funds sent to Frank Hornby

15 May 1909

Clara Macirone to George Augustus Macirone at Bath

My darling,

I have just received the enclosed which will show you your kind trouble has not been fruitless. I am so glad also of the opportunity of telling you how sorry I was to find you gone off to this distant but very pleasant city, as I should have said goodbye to the lines of this little poem I set to music, of Life by Mrs Bertrand.

Say not good night but in a brighter[?]

'I bid me Good Morning' and so I wish you sunny days and delightful Baths and fresh health and strength, and God's dear blessing and presence and comfort always.

Pray offer my kindest remembrances to Mrs. Mostyn and tell her I have often thought of her since that bright sunny wedding morning of hers and rejoiced in her happiness.

Sempre la tua, C.A. Macirone

Kindest regards too of course to the 'Lord of the Manor' and say how much happiness it gives me to know you where I know you will be so happy and taken care of. 'Vale' 'Pax Vobiscum'. We are nothing if not classical. I am expecting Mary B and Gwen and Mr Warr for the Holy Sacrament today and

we shall miss you cheerfully. We have made my room look so nice and quiet. Teresa enjoyed the Philharmonia last night very much and sends her best love. I hope the letter isn't overweight with all hers and mine.

(Enclosed letter)

May 13 1909

Robert Hilton to Clara Macirone

Miss Macirone

Dear Madam,

Thanks for you letter and Part Song which you sent to the Abbey Glee Club. (you had already sent me a folio copy of "Echoes" some time back). When my turn comes round for directing the music at the Abbey Glee Club I will do my best to include it in the Programme, although I may just mention that the Committee do not like any music the words of which are not in the books of the Club, but I dare say we can get over that difficulty for once in a way.

I have not seen you at the Abbey lately, but the weather has been too severe for you no doubt.

Hoping you are keeping well and thanking you for your kind expressions, Believe me Yours faithfully, Robert Hilton

15 May 1909

Emily Clara Macirone (with notes added by Teresa) to George Augustus Macirone c/o Gilbert Martin M.D. Bath

Thank you so much for your card. I have two vivas next week so its not quite over yet. I met Dr.Wanklyn yesterday. He told me he and his wife are living in one of those pretty houses off the Constitutional Club. Evidently next door to the Mudies' old house. He thinks I ought to take resident posts for 2 or 3 years before I start inspection. We're all well. Nurse Collins has arrived and Nurse Buckworth went yesterday. I thoroughly enjoyed Macbeth – had a seat in the front row of the first circle ! Bouchier and his wife weren't big

enough for the main parts but it was lovely to hear the play even though it was acted poorly. I went to see U.G. yesterday. Uncle Laurie appeared – just back from Canada. He says they stay in England till the end of July. I am so glad you're having a good time. Love from us all.

E.C.Macirone

Added by Teresa – Best love Terry. Do try and make up your mind not to go to Handel rehearsal

19 May 1909

Catharine Gordon to George Macirone

Dearest Father,

I am so dreadfully sorry not to have returned these letters. Frank has reminded me of them more than once, then I have forgotten them again. I am so sorry. I will be sure to remember about Miss Peeke's house in case I should hear of anyone wanting such a thing. I hope you had a nice time down at Bath. Was it the first time you had been there since Gilbert's marriage? Tia and Peg came to see me a week ago and were so jolly – it was a pleasure to see them. I wish I could go with you to Highgate. Sister Constance sent me an invitation the other day, but it's just the day we are going to the Church Pageant. We go to Sun Bank on June 7 for a week. Very much love from us all.

Your loving and dutiful daughter,
Catherine Mary Gordon

1 June 1909

Emily Clara Macirone at Hotel du Lion d'Or Rheims to George Augustus Macirone at Somersby Farm, Ewhurst.
(*postcard*)

I have just heard that I have failed. I practically knew that I should after the surgery papers, but all the same it is very disappointing and I am sorry I have given you all the expense of coaching etc with such poor result – though I don't feel that it is wasted. We spent a weekend at Laon. The church is beautiful. Mary says Uncle Tom spent some time there drawing. Now we are at Rheims – The cathedral seems to me so much more beautiful than Amiens – very much more stately and there is the most lovely tapestry hanging round the aisles. ECM
Love to (Aunt)Clara

Clara did qualify as a doctor and was a pioneer of family planning. She never married. This extract from Family Planning Pioneers is interesting

Mrs Audrey Court, now 91 years of age, was one of the principal players in the development of the family planning movement in Birmingham. 77 ago years a Committee was formed to set up the Birmingham Women's Welfare Centre offering family planning advice. The moving spirits included Edward Mason a local industrialist and his wife, whose father had been a Lord Mayor of Birmingham; Mrs Geo Cadbury; Sir John Sumner of Typhoo Tea who provided the funds to open the first clinic premises in 1927 in Castle Street; Miss Hilda Shufflebotham later to become Dame Hilda Lloyd, Professor of Obstetrics and Gynaecology at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital and Professor Humphreys later the Vice Chancellor of Birmingham University. **Dr Clara Macirone was appointed the first family planning doctor at the Centre**, soon to be joined by Dr Dorothy Sandilands who qualified in Birmingham 1922. The doctors had to be both mentally and physically brave as eggs and tomatoes and even bricks and stones were thrown at them! Mrs Ethel Emanuel, the wife of Dr J G Emanuel Consultant to the Queen's Hospital, became the Chairman in 1932 until her death in 1951.

2 June 1909

Clara Macirone to George Augustus Macirone c/o Mrs Hull, Somersbury Farm, Ewhurst, Surrey

126 Adelaide Rd. NW June 1, glorious 1st.June 1909

Carissimo, I have written Forbes Carpenter.....as you may wish to write to him as he is in the greatest sorrow and trouble. Mary, his wife has been terribly ill for a long while, only receives at rare times having no one but her husband, and him only at times. Cousin Tripp was here and told me how miserable he has been, and no hope, as she felt, of cure, and Mary is such a wife it will be terrible for him and he is so alone. Your love and sympathy will be some comfort. Is your coming home delayed till Monday ? The longer you allow yourself this rest , dear, the better, for indeed a little prevention and care is so wise, and sometimes saves a breakdown. Will you ask Susan to find out if there be about your present abode any young girl who, for a moderate sum would be able to help me dress and undress, - nothing in the day. I may be hindered from going to the ...[?]by this illness. They have had influenza and are not strong.

Love to Lucy and Teresa and EC,
Sempre la tua, CAM

19 August 1909

Teresa Macirone in Brittany to George Augustus Macirone
(postcard)

I feel such a brute for not having written you a line yet. We are so lazy that we do absolutely nothing all day long and you can imagine how we have been revelling in this heat. We have a nice couple of rooms leading into each other at the Villa Saint Anne, opposite the Inn, you remember ? And it is certainly much more comfortable having a separate sitting-room.....and we have the same glorious view, if not even better. The Michauds are at the Inn, but not M Priads or the Goellois, a whole family of Germans in this place. There is quite a big sea on today, for the first time...we had the races on the beach, that you remember. The pardon of Sainte Anne is on Sunday week.

Your loving Terry

**HERE ENDS THE 1908-9 COLLECTION OF G A'S FAMILY LETTERS – NOW
CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER RESUMES –**

17 July 1909

**Rev W H Hutton at St. John's College Oxford to George Augustus
Macirone**

My dear Mr Macirone ,

'Regis' is certainly wrong; and I have no doubt that it would be proper to put 'cuius regio eius religio', though 'illius' is sometimes used. I was able to go recently (for the College) for a few hours to Wasperton and I told the Garners how recently I had heard from you. They all spoke of you with affection and Mrs Garner was much moved when she told how you came to her husband's funeral. She sent you her love when I should write. They also told me of your "talking-stick" !
Yours sincerely, W H Hutton

6 September 1809

Dr A W Upcott of Christ's Hospital to George Augustus Macirone

(attached is a circular suggesting members of the C H Guild might have a specially engraved bible. On the reverse is George Augustus's draft reply)

Dear Mr Macirone,

The Bibles are still given – only I now give them in a more formal and religious way than was perhaps possible in the old days – ie: in Chapel at the last service of term with a final 'charge' to the boys to remember the debt that they owe to their old School. But the Prayer Book is no longer bound up with the Bibles.

Yrs very sincerely A W Upcott

14 September 1909

Admiral Lord Charles Beresford in Toronto to George Augustus Macirone
(typed)

Dear Sir,

Please excuse dictation. I have only just received your interesting letter of the 30th August, for which I am obliged. We really should know each other if only for the sake of many mutual friends in the Navy with whom I see you are acquainted.

With regard to the question which you bring to my notice as to the Dominions flying the White Ensign, I am not quite sure that the time has come for advising this, as my own view is that for the moment the national spirit as engendered for the particular Dominion, is a spirit to be fostered. The feeling is therefore very strongly held in the Dominions, and great care must be taken not to press the Imperial Question too much, otherwise the Dominions might think that the old Country is decadent and wants help from them. The line I have adopted here is similar to that on other occasions – ie: that if the Dominions work for the defence and progress of trade – say, the Canadians, Australians etc etc, the Imperial issue is certain to be forced automatically. For the moment I am therefore of opinion that, although all Navies of the Empire should fly the Union Jack, they should have their own distinctive Flag. This would be very necessary in the event of a large Imperial Fleet during war being made up of vessels from the Dominions, each squadron now has a distinguishing flag, and a distinguishing flag of the Nation to which the squadron or ships belong, should fly the flag of that Dominion, I am sure you will agree with this. I hope and think that my visit to Canada has been a success and that good may come of it. Yours faithfully, Charles Beresford Admiral

The letter shows also George Augustus's handwritten comments

11 October 1909

A W Lockhart of Christ's Hospital Horsham to George Augustus Macirone
(*typed*)

Dear Bro. Macirone

I felt very guilty when I received your kind letter at noon today, for I remembered that I had not yet acknowledged your postcard of September 17 nor the copy of 'The Nation in Arms' which you were so kind as to send me. I have been away a good deal of late...

I found this pamphlet of very considerable interest, and I do not think that I had ever seen before any reproduction of the engravings which it contained, nor copies of the engravings themselves. Let us hope that the German will never find us napping, as his cousin the Dutchman did in the 18th century. I am told – I don't know how true it is – that German battleships, being 'made in Germany' are not like ours: that if the former came into action the bolts of the armour plating would fall out.

The postcard referred to was also interesting reading, telling me of what seemed like an old-world incident, say of the time of Dr Johnson, or of that later celebrity, Mr Pickwick. You do not say what it was that the gentleman in the chocolate-coloured coat handed you in a chocolate-coloured parcel: not chocolate, I fancy, but a badge or medal I suppose. The reference to the old gentleman's impoverishing you is very cryptic. He did not rob you, I hope, after plying you with Port wine at the Cheshire Cheese?

As to the Rev. Mr Buncher, I doubt whether you have met him. I rather think that his and his wife's invitation to an 'At Home' has been sent out pretty generally to Benevolent Blues. Anyhow, as the Amicables do not have official guests on Barne's Day (only on St. George's Day), I think the question of asking him to dinner must stand over until Audit Night, next February.

I spent my holidays again this year at Cromer, and think that I was rather better for the change; but my right eye is not quite well yet, and I still have the feelings of vertigo or whatever it is: after-effects, I fancy, of several attacks of influenza. I trust you are in the best of health, and that you have now no anxiety on your Sister's account – the lady who, I think you told me is no longer young.

I shall try to get to the Blues' Meeting on Wednesday 27th as there is a function to follow at Aldersgate Street somewhat later in the evening, and so hope to meet you at least once before the 17th proximo. As to that

function, I must, I think, call a meeting of the Sub-Committee in due course, as soon as the Founder's Day business is all over.

With best regards, Yours affectionately ,

A W Lockhart

12th October 1909

A W Lockhart of Christ's Hospital to George Augustus

Dear Bro. Macirone,

What Dr Chilton has told you is quite true. Tubby did, as a memento of his year of office, present to the Amicables a Chaplain's Badge and Dr Chilton has worn it as Acting Chaplain. I rather suspect that you are the "gentleman in the chocolate-coloured suit" that you speak of, and that your narrative of having met someone who gave you the package is all a fiction evolved from your own imagination.

How would it do to pass on the Badge, or whatever it is, for the use of the gentleman who takes notes of the proceedings, for use when discharging the duties of that important though honorary office ?Or, if that idea does not commend itself to you, let it be worn by the immediate Past Chairman, and so let him down gently....and not altogether without some visible sign of his importance ... from his late high estate.

With kindest regards,

Yours as ever A W Lockhart

18 March 1910

George Augustus Macirone at Plymouth to Catherine Gordon

I am here and going on well. The rest is so pleasant. Swain keeps me in bed for the present. Best love to Frank and Bernard and Mary – and especially to you. It was so kind to come to Paddington. I shall never forget it.

George A Macirone

28 March 1910

Randall Davidson (Archbishop of Canterbury) to George Augustus Macirone

My dear Macirone,

I have this moment heard of your illness and have only a moment before post goes – just to wish you in truest and deepest sense the blessings of this holiest week in our year.

May Our Father's love encompass you, and the message of Easter bring joy and staying power and hope of the gladdest kind. Be sure that we are remembering you hour by hour and shall be eager to know how all goes with you. Take an old friend's benediction, sent to you with truest love. I am ever your affectionate, Randall Cantuar

31 March 1910

Death announcement of George Augustus Macirone sent by Emily Clara in Birmingham to Patirck O'Brien in Buenos Aires

We are deeply sorry to have to tell you of the death of our dear and honoured father George Augustus Macirone, Son of the late George Frnacis Macirone and Mary Ann Perriman his wife, who entered into rest at Plymouth on Easter Tuesday at 10 pm, after a serious illness of only ten days. We beg earnestly for your prayers.

He had been ailing for six months, and had gone to Plymouth to be under the care of his old friend, Mr. Paul Swain.

During his illness he received Holy Unction and made his communion on Easter Day . All his children were able to be with him except Lutugarda who is in South America.

We feel sure that you will like to know that he was very happy and peaceful throughout, and that his mind was perfectly at rest.

On April 2nd the body will be carried to St Mary's Church, Primrose Hill Road, and there will be a celebration of the Holy Communion at 10 o'clock in the morning, with the first part of the burial service, and at 11 the body will be carried to the church yard attached to the Old Parish Church at Hampstead.

If you can be present to assist at any part of the religious services in paying the last respects to one they hold so dear, it will be very much appreciated by his children – but if not, they hope to be accompanied by your prayers.

(There follow the names of his 6 children)

Extract from Lutugarda's journal – in the file box of diaries and journals etc .

It was there (Buenos Aires 1910) that I got the news, first of my dear Father's sudden illness and journey to Plymouth to consult my Godfather and his great friend the famous surgeon Paul Swain – and a week later, the news of his death. The whole world had fallen about my ears.....I used to think I saw father standing looking at me over his glasses- standing in the door of my bedroom in his grey striped trousers and swallow-tail coat.

Undated 1910

Mary Carmichael at Villa Simonieni, Massa Pisana to Francis Peter Macirone

My dear Francis,

I send these few lines to you and to your sisters to tell you how deeply I sympathize with you in your great loss of a beloved Father. It gave me a great shock to hear of my dear Cousin's death not even having heard of his illness. Dear Cousins I am very very grieved for you all and so will Gordon be, I know, when he hears the sad news – but it is a great comfort that he was quite peaceful and happy. When you feel able I should be so glad to hear more about him because I was fond of Cousin George and am the more grieved in heart to think I hadn't seen him for so long a time – so you will write to me I hope, dear Francis, and your sisters also, for you are all my dear cousins. With love and deepest sympathy for you all,

Ever your loving cousin, Mary Carmichael

May 1910 St Mary the Virgin, Primrose Hill Parish Paper including reports from the Times of March 31 and April 4 (*cuttings in miscellaneous documents file*)

St Mary's lost last month one of the oldest members of the congregation in Mr Macirone. His eulogy has already been spoken at our Easter Vestry, and his funeral, with the beautiful Requiem High Mass, was an object lesson to all, as well as a tribute to his memory. We already have one permanent memorial of him in the magnificent old Spanish cupboard which he gave to our sacristy some fifteen years ago; and with money which he left as the 'Mass-penny' for his funeral the furniture of the sacristy will be completed by the addition of a new safe. Mr Macirone was well known outside as well as inside St Mary's: many of our readers will have seen his biography in the Church Times and in the daily and the local press. We here reprint two accounts from the Times.

THE TIMES March 31st

Mr. George Augustus Macirone, who died at 4 Woodside, Plymouth, on Easter Tuesday, aged 76, was the son of the late Mr. George Macirone, who married Miss Mary Ann Perriman.

He was educated at Christ's Hospital, and was for many years in the Civil Service. His honourable life was marked by his enthusiastic devotion to two causes. He placed first his religious duties as an ardent member of the Church of England which he preferred to consider in its most 'Catholic' aspects. When its members strove together on such a subject as the 'confessional', Mr Macirone's quiet answer would be that he had considered confession to be part of his Christian duty, and had constantly found the spiritual benefit of it. So far from being contentious, he had for years been associated with the management of the Association for Promoting the Unity of Christendom.

But next after these higher interests he placed his affection for his old school in Newgate Street. He was one of the oldest of the directors of the Benevolent Society of Blues, which helps the needy members of the community, and his vote was generally given for the maximum of help in the most distressing cases. He was also a member of the Amicable Society of Blues, (*the list of brethren shows GA as the oldest old boy in the society so he was probably a founder member*) whose meetings are for social purposes, and here he constantly expressed his loyalty to the school's past, and showed his readiness to interchange school

experiences. He often visited its City site and came to worship in the church which he had attended as a schoolboy. He was there, as if for a last look round, only a few weeks ago, showing signs of the serious illness which he was cheerfully facing, and which terminated fatally on a day associated in his mind with 'Spital sermons'*

**(v.google) Spital Square occupies the plot of ground on which there once stood, at the north-east corner, a pulpit cross, first found mentioned in 1398, from whence were preached for many years the celebrated Spital sermons during the Easter holidays. At these, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Sheriffs always attended, robed in violet gowns on Good Friday and Easter Wednesday, and on the other days in scarlet. Near the south side of the pulpit was a two-storeyed house, built in 1488 at the expense of an Alderman, the first floor being for the accommodation of the Lord Mayor and the second for the bishops who might attend.*

On such occasions persons of distinction became the guests of the Lord Mayor for the rest of the day, and were "lovingly and honourably both welcomed and entertained with a most liberal and bountiful dinner."

It is recorded by Hughson, the topographer of London, that in 1559 Queen Elizabeth I came into the City from St. Mary Spital "in state attended by 1000 men in harness with sheets of mail, corslets, and morrice pikes, and ten great pieces (cannon) drawn through the city, to her palace; the cavalcade was attended with drums, flutes and trumpets, two morrice dancers, and two white bears in cart." This was in the mayoralty of Sir William Hewett, and as probably was usual on such occasions, the Queen in the first year of her reign, honoured the Spital sermon with her presence.

The Spital sermons were here preached until the Pulpit Cross was destroyed in the troublous days of Charles I. From

the Restoration to the year 1797 they were preached at St. Bride's Church, and since that time at Christ Church, Newgate Street.

Obituary

THE TIMES April 4th

The funeral took place at Hampstead on Saturday of Mr. George Augustus Macirone, who died at Plymouth on Tuesday last. The coffin was taken to the church of St Mary the Virgin, Primrose Hill, where the Holy Communion was celebrated in the morning. The mourners were the Rev. F.P. Macirone (son) and four daughters and the Rev. W.B Vaillant (cousin). There were also present Sir John Riddell. Sir Frederick Holiday, the Rev. C.O. Baker, Mr. Ernest Baughan, representing the Association for Promoting the Unity of Christendom, Dr. Spooner, Warden of New College, Oxford, the Rev. E.H. Pearce, Mr. P.L. Franks of Christ's Hospital, Mr. F.W. Black CB, and Colonel John Forsey of the Admiralty, Mr. H.P. Arnholtz, Mr. H.G Holtzappel and Mr. C. Atkinson representing the Hampstead Conservative Association, Dr. King Martyn, and Mr. H.W. Hill. The interment was made in the Hampstead Parish Churchyard, where the committal portion of the service was conducted by the Rev. Brook Deedes, vicar of Hampstead and rural dean.

1 April 1910 t

Sister Mary Cordelia at The Porch, Wilmcote, Stratford on Avon to Francis Macirone

My dear Francis,

Ana had sent me on your letters to her so that the announcement which has just reached me was not a surprise. We may well thank God for him, But for all of you and for his sister it is a fearful blow. I heartily wish that I could be with you in body as I shall be in spirit tomorrow but the distance makes it impossible. We shall pray for him in the Church here which he loved so well from its connection with your grandfathers. Please give my warmest love and sympathy to your sisters and with thanks for the paper.

Believe me your affectionate cousin + Mary Cordelia

PS I missed his Easter greeting greatly, but now know that his prayers in Paradise will bring me a truer and better blessing.

1 April 1910

Randall Thomas Davidson, Archbishop of Canterbury at Old Palace, Canterbury to Catharine Gordon

My dear Cathy,

You will not need an assurance of our thoughts and prayers being wholly attuned tomorrow with your own. One can indeed thank God for a brave, straight, simple, robust Christian life spent from first to last in loyal service to his Divine Master, his country, and his old school. I have never know a truer-hearted man, or one more worthy of the love which all who were about him felt for him.

God have you all in His keeping,
Ever yours in Christ, Randall Cantuar

3 April 1910

George Devine at 121 Hampstead Way , Garden Suburb, Hendon NW. to Catharine Gordon

Dear Mrs Gordon

I hope you will not think I am intruding by writing a few lines of sympathy in the loss you and yours have just sustained.

I had the pleasure of knowing your dear father some 20 years and know so well what a kind good man he was. I will not add more but just quote a few verses which I turned to when I heard he had gone home.

'Here are they that keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus Christ and I heard a voice from heaven saying "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord that they may rest from their labours and their works follow them"

My dear wife joins me in this sympathy.

Yours faithfully, George Devine

8 April 1910

S H Walpole, The Rectory, Lambeth to Catharine Gordon

Dear Madam,

As Chairman of our Relief Committee I have been asked to try and impart to you our sympathy in the loss of our brother Mr Macirone. It is impossible to say what he has been to our committee for the past fourteen years, not only most patiently undertaking a vast amount of work with the regular punctuality that distinguished him ; but throwing himself most kindly into its varied interests and pathetic stories and so often enlightening us with his humour and admirable sense. We shall never forget his charm, and quite hope in our new Mission Hall to have a Tablet, simple and plain, to his memory, that others may remember something of our great debt to him. With much sympathy, Believe me
Yours sincerely S H (?) Walpole

10 April 1910

H.F. Palmer of The Church Times to Francis Macirone

My dear Sir,

I need not say that it was a pleasure to us to be in a position to insert Fr. Russell's sympathetic memorial notice of your father, for whom I had always a deep respect. He was, as you know, better known to my father than to me, nevertheless I occasionally saw him when he called at this office, and it was always a satisfaction to be able to fall in with his plans for the promotion of his whole-hearted service in the cause of re-union. A life like his, and a work like his, must have influence and bear fruit, and those who live to see it will have cause to bless the name of George Macirone. Believe me, dear Sir, Yours most faithfully,
H.F. Palmer

Undated 1910

Lutugarda Macirone to executors (?)

Dear Sirs,

I enclose for your inspection the draft of a letter dated 13.3.10 written by Mr G A Macirone to his son-in-law Mr Patrick O'Brien of Buenos Aires. You will see from this that it was Mr Macirone's intention to advance to Mr O'Brien and his wife a sum of £400, but that he proposed to defer the advance till after the 25th March. So far as I know the advance was never made, unless instructions were given to the Bank at the same time to make the transfer after the date in question. This you would no doubt know. If no such transfer has been made I should be obliged if you would be good enough to inform me whether, in view of the terms of Mr. Macirone's will, which refers to advances made in his lifetime, it will be possible to pay over the amount and deduct it from the share of the estate falling to Mrs O'Brien. It is important to her to know this, as she and her husband are relying on the receipt of this capital sum.

Mr Macirone left instructions for the inscription on his grave-stone. I presume we shall be in order in having this done and forwarding the account to you to be included with the other funeral expenses.

I also enclose the gas bill for [?] quarter 1910 as I understand that all such expenses are chargeable to the estate.

June 1910

An obituary of George Augustus Macirone in a German Church Publication 'Heliand' (*filed in miscellaneous documents*)

23 July 1910

Sister Mary Cordelia to Francis Peter Macirone

My dear Francis,

I am writing rather blindly, but yet feel sure that the beautiful Albert Durer in its closed frame which arrived safely yesterday, must have come from you or one of your sisters, for unless I am greatly mistaken it is the very one which long ago your mother had from the Vicarage here and which your dear father had promised me I should have, only he hesitated to send it alone. No message was inside and I waited till today

to see if any explanation would follow but it has not. So I will send my grateful thanks to you as the present head of the family. I was really wishing to learn more as to the plans and doings of yourself and your sisters, so am doubly glad of an excuse for writing and you must please excuse it if I have made any mistake. I hear from Nicholas that his mother and sisters are in Wales now. It will be hard for Ellie to go back to the home where she last parted from Faithful . Perhaps having Nicholas near at hand will comfort her a little. I hope that the dear old Manor house will soon be let. It makes so much difference to Nicholas. With love to yourself and your sisters – those of them if any who are with you at least, Believe me Your affectionate cousin + Mary Cordelia. I am sending this to Adelaide Rd as the only address I know

16 November 1910

Herbert Warne in Mexico to Clara Macirone

My dear cousin Clara,

I have written to you several times this past summer but have never received any answer. And then last September I received a letter from Francis telling me of the great loss you and his children and I have sustained in the death of our dear Cousin and Brother George, and this news came as a great shock to me, and when I wrote to Francis I enclosed a letter for you, because I understood Francis to say that you would be leaving Hurstpierpoint, and I did not know where to address you. Last June or July I wrote to George and enclosed a letter for you also, and I suppose that you have never received either of them. I am so glad to have received a postal from you and will try to keep you better informed as to my whereabouts and doings. I have nothing to tell you as to my doings this summer or year. I have just been laying fallow and not doing a thing to better my condition, but I hope that now my fortunes may take somewhat of a change, and before long I may be able to give you good news of myself. I am glad to hear what you say about my brother Fred, although I have written to him several times and have never had a line in answer from him or any of his family, so that I have no idea how things are progressing with him. And now I will really write to you regularly, twice a month to give you all my news, and hope that they will be interesting reading to you. Please to give my love to my

cousins when you write to them or you see them. I understood that the Adelaide Road home has been broken up. I suppose it had to be. I had expected to have left Mexico this last summer but the arrangement could not be made satisfactorily.

With love believe me always your affectionate cousin and Godson.
Herbert Warne

September 1914

Teresa Macirone in Bordeaux to Emily Clara Macirone

My dearest Clara,

It must be nearly a week since I wrote to you last and I have been waiting and waiting for a letter from you – I have only had one card since the letter you wrote from Newcastle on the Sunday after Aunty died, that card you wrote from London the day after Lucy's wedding and Bernard added a letter on the front of it. I was very glad, most relieved to get that. And then yesterday came a bit of Lu's cake in that sweet little box addressed to Johnny. But the time seems so long and I am longing for details about Aunty and Lu. It may be that no one has had time to write or that a letter has got lost. Your card from London took a week to get to me. It went through Sécurité of course. I do so wonder if and when you got my telegram telling you of our arrival here. We have settled down very quietly here in Marthe's flat. We were not a bit sure when we were in the train whether we should stay here or not, but they are standing it very well and it is so much the cheapest arrangement that we shall probably stay. It is a bit too tiring for Mme Klein and we shall probably have mme Carrère here every day. Marguerite is having her pay sent herefor September and October which we imagine means that the Lycée will not open on the 1st of October at any rate. But of course no one can possibly know anything. We can only wait to see how events turn out. Bordeaux is very full. There are 30,00 people more than usual so prices are going up already. But even so this arrangement is a cheap one for us. This is how we live. At 5.50 am the first newspaper passes. M jumps out of bed and buys it. We get up at 6.0 breakfast at a quarter to 7.0 get to Lycée at 7.30 , wash our soldiers till about 10.0,. Then when I get in and do our room and read the paper and lay the table etc till lunch time. After lunch at noon I read or write till 3.0 then I take a cup of tea and take J to the park till 6.30, bring him home, give him his bath, supper, evening paper and bed early. You see it's a simple quiet life. The weather has been simple glorious with a violent storm last night. We think of nothing but the

war. It really isn't possible to think of anything else. I had got pretty used to it and then the night before last I woke up in the middle of the night and the whole horror of it came over me, as if it were the first day and I was realising it for the first time. There are very few deaths at the Lycée – one man with a phlegmon the other day and another man who had been trepanned yesterday and another phlegmon is dying today. Some of them are dreadfully shattered by the balls. There are few amputations. We are hoping that there will not be many deaths among the wounded. There were very few in the Balkan war. The young men of 20 have gone to the barracks to be trained and those of 19 are to be called out as soon as those of 20 have been trained. I took some of the soldiers toothbrushes and pocket combs the other day. They were perfectly delighted. There is one that I wash every day - his head of black silky curls. They are so very clean the Arabs – it's perfect delight to them to feel the water. I did my best to get a phlegmon put in a corner by a window – it smelt so awfully strong. But I didn't succeed. I asked a very sympathetic young doctor whom I thought I could count on. But heaven only knows what red tape he encountered. At any rate it didn't get done. But it didn't smell so bad today. Marthe has got leave to go to the building now and do the sweeping and making of beds. It's very absurd. I'm going to send this as it is and I will not wait any longer as we are going out. The new big battle has begun. If only it could be a victory. Your very loving Terry. Please write.

Undated 1914

Teresa Macirone in Bordeaux to her nephew Bernard Gordon

My dear Bernard,

I was VERY pleased you wrote to me on Aunty's Clara's card and again on the back of a letter you re-addressed today. You really write a bit better than I do! and you must try and write a great deal better! You know I go every morning to help nurse the wounded soldiers, so I hear a great deal about the war. I expect it would interest you very much. One of the men told Mademoiselle Clément this morning that the officer in charge of the heavy long-firing artillery has a ladder that can be drawn out to more than 50 feet high. He has a screen to protect him at the top, and through his eye hole and his glasses he can see for about 10 or 12 miles the effect of the firing. He will begin by guessing the distance from the Germans' trenches, say 5 miles 200

yards and the men fire at that range. Then if the officer sees that it is too far, he says 'shorten the distance by 100 yards' – and so on, until he sees a horse or a man thrown into the air by the shot and then he shouts 'Fire away' The big guns can only shoot 20 shrapnel: after that they are too hot. One soldier told me he had not slept for ten days when he arrived. Every night they dug trenches to fight in the next day and nearly always the next morning they had to leave their trenches and move forward or backward so all their trouble was in vain. Sometimes they would cook a lovely dinner and just be sitting down to it, when the order would come to move on, so they had to leave their dinner without eating it. Another time they were dying with hunger and had a lot of meat there, but they were forbidden to light a fire so as not to show where they were. They are nearly all very brave. One man who has lost the sight of one eye is quite ready to go back if necessary. The boy scouts do the fetching and carrying to the chemist's etc. Would you please thank Mother very much for her post cards. Tell her we appreciate very much her invitation to Lee Park, but we hope not to have to leave France. Tell her too that we were delighted with the cake. Is she any better? Could you write me a card to tell me if the sea is doing her good.
Your very loving Aunt Terry

3 June 1931

Edith Davidson (recent widow of Archbishop of Canterbury, Randall Davidson) to Lutugarda O'Brien (Macirone) at Lambeth Palace

My dearest Lutu,

Your lovely long letter only reached me just lately - and today I get your next! I am so grateful for both - I don't know why the other was delayed but I know I do enjoy both so much.

We have had a strangely difficult time – first settling where to live, secondly the home getting ready, thirdly having bad influenza just at the time before the Vans came to move us! Fourthly – getting in. But all that is done now and the finishing touches are all that remain. It is a very nice home – with a beautiful view of the Cathedral and we have been in – sorting – a fortnight! and I hope now to begin to live.

Only Lutu, Lucy is so bad, and it does so break one's heart. Her bodily health is good, but her memory so bad, and at present they think it does her harm for me to go there and that she only frets and they want her to settle. I think they make mistakes in keeping her so much away and giving her the feeling

of needing her 'caretakers' being with her – But oh Lutu you know how it breaks one's heart – and you have to do what the doctor says till it is proved a mistake. Of course I know people always say the person you love best is the worst person for you so there is evidently something in it – and I know it should only be little short visits. Dearest Lutu I do so love your loving thoughts. I have a hope that I may see Clara possibly tomorrow here !! We are staying here, and it is so nice to go over all our young life – up to 10 I lived here. The Bishop has most kindly let us have the orphanage council meeting here ! the first since we left here when I was 10 ! and it's so nice to have it in the actual birthplace of the Home ! for it was to a little home here Father and Mother brought the little cholera orphans. K is coming down for it as he used to go with the carriage to take Mother to see the poor stricken people in Bethnal Green.

Dearest Lutu, I loved that last visit of yours at Cheyne Walk. I never knew what troubled you about it ! I wonder if I ever sent you the little picture of our own chapel there – If not I shall send you one. I am glad about Fiona, and I do hope Cathy is better. I saw her not long ago – I was so glad – and Lucy too sent her letters on. We go back to the above address (14d The Precincts, Canterbury) on Friday.

Your loving –with true love, Edith Davidson

Mary is such a comfort and help as you know. I do so hope your poor man is quite recovered. My dear Lutu I so think and think of all the Indian hills.

8 October 1944

Rev Francis Macirone to Lutugarda from Catholic Church Ware

Our dear Tootoo,

Very many happy returns of your birthday.

Don't you remember singing that on the night nursery landing and the boy (when at home but usually at school on October 9) shouting over the bannisters on the top landing.

My dearest girl – all good wishes for tomorrow to your Patrick. These last two years Rome has added a new saint to October 9 – a great 16th century founder of schools, Saint Leonard 1543-1609 – no doubt a man much like William of Wykeham or Dean Colet, founder of St Paul's where Lucy taught for 25 years, or our Nathaniel Woodard whose schools I gladly served for 7 years. I had 2 scholars in my class at Hurstpierpoint. Each had a free place in the school – I think one on a scholarship founded by Gladstone and the other one by Lord Salisbury. It has often amused me to think that these two statesmen violently

opposed in Parliament, met amicably in my classroom under the South down as patrons of Nathaniel Woodard's noble endeavour to replace the ancient Church Grammar School. The Chapel at Lancing is so fine that merely hearing the windows had been glazed induced me to pay it a visit. I knew those vast spaces unglazed with the sea mists rolling up in thick waves from the Channel. Very kind regards to Dr and Mrs Young and love to you both, Your loving F Macirone

Enclosure:

NB This copy of the Stemma or Genealogy of the Macirone family as far as it concerns my dear father is dated on the feast of Saint Juliana Falconieri. I remember him compiling it and signing it on that date purposely from the Falconieri and Macirone families said to be connected by Colonel Maceroni in his memoirs. I was most kindly allowed to see the body of Saint Juliana at Florence by one of the Reverend Clergy of the Servite Church of the Annunziata 1928 on an introduction from the Very Rev Dr Moore who was at that time General of the whole Servite Order and whom I knew as Rector of the Church in Fulham Rd while I was curate in the next parish.

1946 December

Francis Peter Macirone from Twyford Abbey to Catharine Macirone

It is very kind to send me one of your interesting p.c's. You are both very kind. If at any time Frank and you will let me call I should enjoy coming immensely and in these long if cold days I shall enjoy the journey both ways. Of course if you actually let me stay a night it doubles the pleasure, but today food and shopping is more trouble than it used to be. If rhubarb is obtainable please let me bring some with me. God bless you both, Mary and B(ernard) and J(ohn). For another Elizabeth I was begging all Saturday and got £15.0.2. A garage let me sit there all day, a restaurant keeper lent me two tables and four chairs, a German lady came and helped and brought me milk, jam tarts, bisc, and cigarettes and collected 15/- on the pavement. Her son died fighting for us and the body was never recovered, but two of his aeroplane crew were found and buried near Abbeville. I am saying Mass for him and his crew tomorrow. Two girls came (old pupils of Ware convent). I attended their great-grandfather and his wife when ill for their last illness in Kensington about 1915. 1 of my fellow patients had an experience on Wednesday. His tumbler suddenly exploded with a bang ; small

pieces of glass everywhere, even dust in farthest parts of the room! Do tumblers do that in Chichester? C. Agnes. Just the same, talks just a little. I had a kind card lately from Mrs Martyn, 26.....Villas, Cheltenham.

If you do most kindly let me come to you for a night (it is really very kind of you. I do enjoy it so much) I have a wild plan of coming to Gomshall, walking to Coltney(?), getting a glass of beer at the Gomshall Inn where father put his beer on the ground while drinking and smoking while one of his pupils past, getting another at the Windmill, walking on to Cranleigh and so to Chichester! I Tell it not in Gath, Publish it not in the streets of Ashkelon lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph, and say I am quite cracked. ECM(sister Clara) is going as locum to her old Practice with Miss Whytfoot. How nice for them both and she is going on to Dumfries with Carry Bruce (olim Bordeur). I have a companion at meals – a nice fellow from the Foreign Office. He reminds me of Fritz. Holiday !

(small family tree) The above shows you Aunt Eleanor Perriman (sister-in-law of their grandmother Mary Ann). Father always called her Aunt. Aunt Minnie once took me to call on her in lodgings near Camberwell before 1884. Edward(?*No- it was George*) Perriman went out to Australia and of him Grandmama had a dream that he was in a house, and after going to bed by a ladder, drew up the ladder into his bedroom. When he arrived home in England she asked him of it. He said it was true as his Australian servants were convicts and he had to take that precaution against them as bad characters. He or another brother had a business in London as a 'coal measurer' but Father did not explain what that is. As you say Mary Ann (Perriman) was a really very great Christian woman. We owe to her and Aunty and Father everything under Almighty God and much more than I appreciate. Now who kept Tom's Coffee House? I think it was Mary Ann Perriman's mother who married three times and Perriman was the last. Is that true?*(Perriman was number 2 . She did keep the coffee house)*

Mrs Graham Carey has sent me a large box of food – a such a big piece of chocolate ! You have never had such a big piece in your life! I want a post teaching French for French girl age 20 for Margaret C. – Mlle M. Foucon, 5 Ave. du M.Lyautey, Hyeres – had good secondary education – please mention this paper as the advertisements say. Does Frank absolutely keep all spare copies of his work under lock and key, or is he cross because I ask for them? If nobody else appreciates them, I really do. I dare say you mean me to keep father's letters, but of course I can release them.

Your loving FPM

13 Jan 1954

Extract from letter to Catharine Gordon (nee Macirone) from her aunt Clara Squire describing George Augustus

'Your father was really Victorian – far more English than foreign in outlook – very stern but completely upright. There seem few in this generation to follow him in character'

23 May 1954

An invitation to Mrs F Gordon (nee Catharine Macirone – Francis's sister) to the dedication of a stained glass window in memory of the late Father Francis Macirone at the Church of the Sacred heart and St. Joseph, King Edward Road, Ware.