

NAM 11/4/3/17

October 11th 1806.
The Hill Top - near Twobly
Herefordshire.

My dear Cousin,

It is so very long since I wrote to you, that I am almost ashamed to address you. Were you with me, I could account in various ways, for my silence, by explaining plans and prospects, that I meant to communicate, and that fell to the ground instead of affording matter for a letter, &c. — While I ^{deferred} ~~deferred~~ from day to day (which by the by) is the worst way in the world) writing to you, my return to England took place, at a very short notice; for that was the effect of a change of plan. I had intended, as Mr. Holman's engagement in Dublin is renewed for this winter, remaining there, while he transacted what was to be done in England; but on reflection, I found I must come over, on account of basing relative to this place, for which we wished to find a tenant — Mr. Holman's having accepted theatrical engagements, made it uncertain what time he would have to arrange any thing. Now,

to a part of my chapter of grievances, since I came home. In the first place, I was very ill the former period of my coming, owing to a faux conche. I had no suspicion of my situation, or I should not have ventured upon the journey and voyage. In the next place, we have not succeeded in finding a tenant, the consequence of which, is, that I shall have to remain here, great part of the winter, instead of returning to Dublin with Mr. Holman, according to my firm expectation. I have other uneasinesses, that I would tell you if we were together; but that I don't like to write - the worst of all, however, is being obliged to be so much separated from Mr. Holman. Pour comble de malheur, I am going to lose Mann, who is very shortly to be married. She will be most eligibly established; therefore I ought to rejoice; but parting from a friend of eleven years' tried attachment, very much damps the satisfaction I should otherwise feel. — I fear you will say that I might as well have kept silence a little longer, as write such a letter of lamentation and egotism. To speak

truth, I am far from entertaining, at present, for my spirits are quite lowered by one cross circumstance or another. Mr. Holman is now at Bristol: I expect him home about the 22^d, on his way to Ireland. We only came over in August; so his vacation is but a short one.

It is high time, now, I think, to ask after you, Mr. Dickenson, and my Cousin, Louisa. I hope you are all well. I have not heard of your being at Cheltenham (where Mr. Holman was, the other day); — I therefore flatter myself your health has not needed it.

My Father and Mother got tired of Cheltenham, and have taken a house at Bath. Do you ever hear any thing of them? I suppose not; for I recollect they shewed no very extraordinary kindness when you were at Cheltenham.

However, these are subjects better discussed verbally, than by letter - if worth discussing, any how, which, perhaps, you will agree, admits of doubt.

I hope you will soon let me hear from you, notwithstanding my seeming negligence. I believe I shall be here some months: at the same time,

my movements have been, for some years, so extremely uncertain, that I should not be surprised at any other arrangement. One consolation is, that none can be so disagreeable as the present, which you will easily understand, as I believe, living in one place, while Mr.^r Dickenson was in another, would not at all please you. Pray remember me affectionately, to him and my Cousin - I hope she practises her singing. -

I should almost hesitate sending you this dull scrawl, but that any thing is better than the continued appearance of inattention.

Hoping very soon to have a letter containing good accounts of you all, I remain,

my dear Cousin,
most sincerely yours.
Jane Holman.

P. S. How is Mr.^r Dickenson sen.^r? I hope, well.