

# **Badische Landesbibliothek Karlsruhe**

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**Up the Rhine**

**Hood, Thomas**

**London, 1840**

To Rebecca page

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## TO REBECCA PAGE.

DEAR BECKY,—At long and at last here we be at Coblinse. It's a bewtiful Citty and well sekured all round with fortifide stone walls with eyelet holes to shoot thro, besides being under the purtection of a grate Castel on the other side of the river, as can batter the town all to bits in a minit. I thought as well to rite and let you no we have took loggings here for a munth, but by wats to do it will be ni a fortnite afore we are domestically setteld. Missus has hired a Gurmin Maid to assist—her name is Catshins witch stands for Kitty and she can talk bad inglish perfickly. As a feller servent she is companionble and good humerd enuff, but dredful slow and dull headed. Wat do you think she did this blessid morning? Why kivered a panful of skalding hot milk with the plate as held the fresh lump, witch in coarse soon run into meltid butter! But in sich dilemmys she ony hunches up her sholders to her ears and says, "hish vise nit," and theres an end. Howsumever she's very obleeging and yuseful to me in my new religun, such as teachin me to cross meself the rite way and wat I'm to do when I'm in a high Mess. I have practist fasting a littel by leaving off lunchis but Lord nose wat I'm to do on the Fish Days for theres nothink but stockfish and cabble yaw. But

won comfort is if it don't come too hi for my pockit the Bishup will sell me a dispensary.

Between you and me I am going this evening to Virgen Mary's Chapel for if so be you present a wax candle at her, and pray with all yure hart and sole, they do say yure as shure of a Bo, as if you had him in yure hone pantry. Any hows its wurth the trial; Besides the hole town is chuck full of officers and milentary agin the Grate Sham Fites and Skrimmages, and as Mirakels don't stiek at trifles who nose but I may be Missis Capting? But I hear Missus Bell.

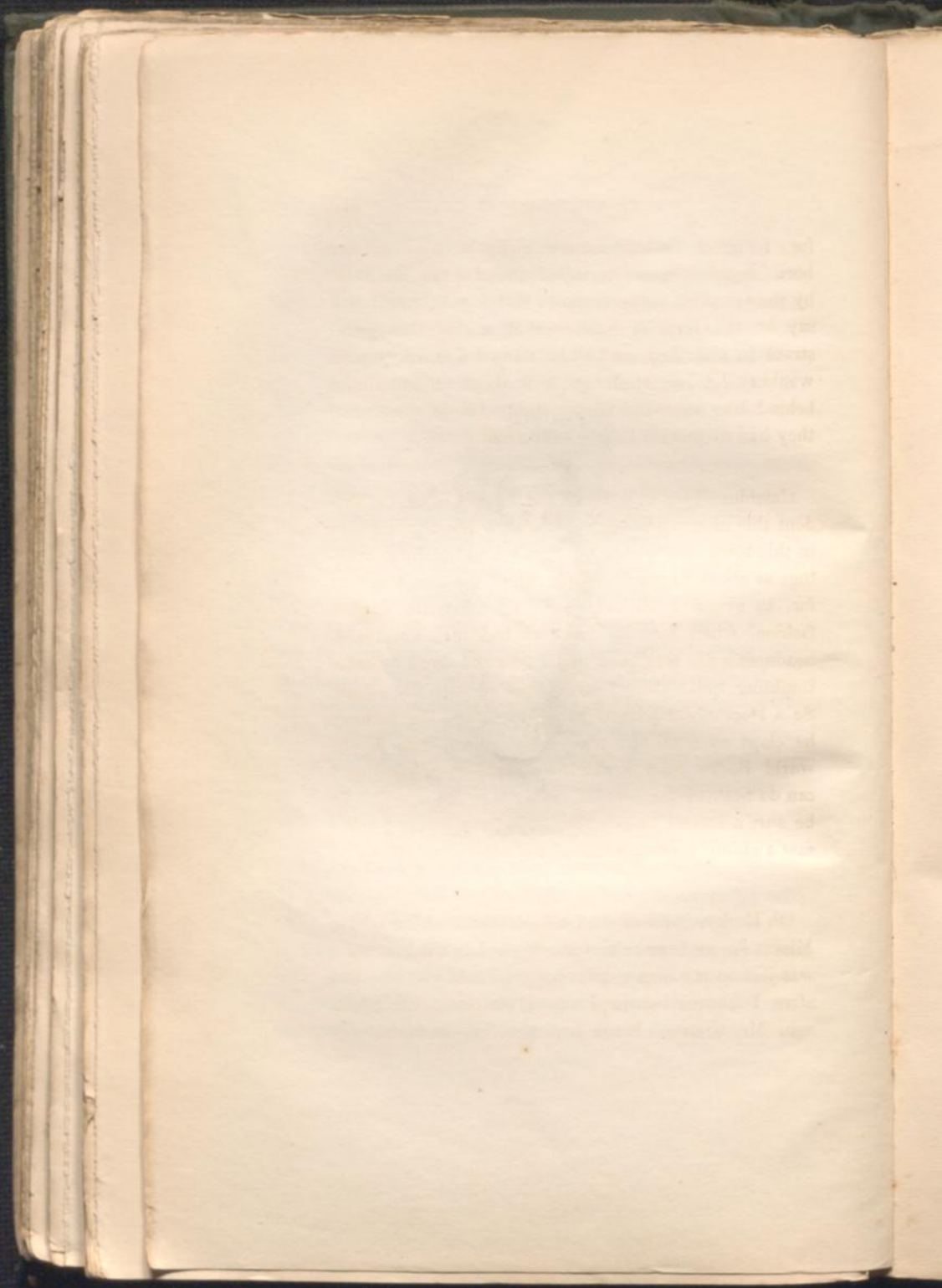
Last nite the Germins being very parshal to dancing I went along with Catshins Cosen to a Grand Ball. There was moor than abuv a hunderd of us in won Assembly room, but am sorry to say smoaking was aloud, witch quite spiled the genteel. Catshins Cosen asked me to dance and seeing several stedly lookin elderly women, jest such sober boddies as our Cook or Housekeeper standing up I made bold to accept, when all at once the music struck up and my Partner ketching me by the waste, willy nilly, away we went on one leg spinning like pegtops and wirligiggin at such a rate I'm shure if my pore brains had been made of cream they would have turned into butter! All I could do was to skreek at the tiptop of my voice, but noboddy minded so I broke loose out of the ring and set meself down on the flore jest like frog in the middle, wile the rest waltzed round and round me stedly elderly

boddies and all—but it was sich a constant wirlin and twirlin the very room seemed running round and my head begun to swim so I was obleeged to lay down flat on my back and shut both my eyes. To add to my sufferings, afore going to the Ball I had my hair dressed by a reglar dresser, who drew it up alla Chinese, and tied it so tite atop that after gettin more and more painful every minit I felt at last like being scollupt by a Tommy Hawkin wild Ingian! Howsumever, when the dance was over, my Partner cum and pickt me up and refreshed me with a glass of sunthing verry nasty, called snaps, but what with the frite and the giddiness and my headake and the snaps and the fumes of the filthy tobacher I was took with a faintness, and afore I could be asisted out of the asembly room, I was as sick saving yure presence as a dog. That spiled me a good gownd allmost new besides loosing my best hankicher in the bussle; but I mustn't grudge the xpense, considring us sarvents don't often get a nite's pleasure. Now I must brake off agin—but it isn't Missus this time—but Catshins wanting to teach me my beads.

Catshins sister has jest cum in with her babby. I do wish you could see it—such a littel figger rollin and twistid up like a gipsian mummy! The wust is of sich tite swadling if so be you don't put their pore little lins into the bandages quite strate, it follers to reason they will come out crookid—witch I supose is the way theres so many bandy boys about the streets—



A CHRYSALIS.



for I never see so menny rickitty objex in my born days. Why its called the English Krankite by the Gurmins is best none to theirselves; but I will say for the Kentish babbies they are well nust and strate in their legs, and whats more a Kentish woman wouldn't let her littel boys run about all unbuttond behind like so many Giddy Giddy Gouts, just as if they had no mother to *look after them*.

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Catshins sister says there has been a shockin axident this morning in our naberhood. The climbing boys in this town are grown up men instead of littel urchings as about Lonnon. Well, one of the men was sent for, to sweep a chimibly built up after the English fashion, when by sum piece of bad luck or stupid-headness a fire was lited under him and down he came tumbling quite stifled and sufocated with the smoak. So a Doctor was fetched in a hurry, and the moment he clapt eyes on the pore suttly object, wat in the world Becky do you think he said! "O, says he, I can do nothing for him—he's black in the face!" To be sure a Doctor knows best—but for my part I never saw a chimibly sweep's face of any other culler!

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Oh Becky, I've had such a flustration! After asking Missus for an hour or so for going out in the evening I was jest on my road to the chappel I told you of, when afore I knowed where I was I almost ran full butt agin Mr. Frank. What becum of my bewtiful wax

candle, wether I chuckt it away or yung Master took it out of my hand, I know no moor then the man in the moon I was in such a quandary. I verily beleave I run all the way home without feeling the ground! As yet Missus hasn't said a word; but I think by way of preventive I shall give her warning. My nerves is too quivering to rite further, xcept luv to all kind frends at Woodlands; I remane, dear Becky, yure luving frend for ever and ever,

MARTHA PENNY.



WU:STORINE.





“ OUT OF SIGHT OUT OF MIND. ”

