HIGH STRT WINCHESTER.

Crawley Rectory, Winchester. 3 Decr 1856

My dearest Augustus. Where are you?

You sailed from Spithead 26 Octr — & it is now 3rd Decr — and as yet we have not heard — not only from you, but of you. You seem to have fallen in with no vessel, so far as the Papers inform us; so that we are left to speculation entirely. In the mean while letters have been sent to you duly on the 3rd, 9th, 19th, & 25th of each month. How thankful we shall be to see your handwriting! Are you off Corsica? Or are you gone to Constantinople? A marine's letter to his wife in the parish onboard the Duke of Wellington at Malta reports the ship as likely to go to Constantinople.

So I cannot help doubting; you are on your way there. You thought us what are we doing nationally, & domestically? all is secret in regard to Russia. There is a hitch somewhere. The point is — of the 2 Belgrads, which is the one for drawing the line thro' for the new boundary? Russia naturally wishes new Belgrad, — as it is quite quite near commenced the Danube, while the old Belgrad would not do. Louis Napoleon would yield, — or split the difference so to speak. But neither Austria, nor Sardinia nor England will allow this. It is a Russian trick all over. But you will see the summary of news, very ably put in the Illustrated Times which we send with our letters to you. Read those short articles, & you will know very nearly all that is to be learnt in the way of News. If I can get it, I shall send you with this an Evening Mail which contains a good deal about Sir Charles Napier. There has been a "row" between him & Sir Robert Peel, now one of the Lords of Admiralty, about old Baltic matters. You'll see who has the best of it. Not "Charley" I think.

Your mother is about her self — not "old" — & old it has never been. Now in the ground not thick but hard & frosty. It was changing to day the ground is a sheet of ice. Two days ago there was a grand hunt for a rat in the farm yard, with Barton's ferret & dog. After hunting the creature for some while in vain, they put the ferret into the wood
feed. He