



S^t. Helier's /
Jersey
April 27/60

The "unsingable stuff" as you
justly call it, that one has so often
to object to, it is the utter want
of reverence for the solemnity of
the subject that, but too often,
revolts us in the vulgar sense. The
free and easy verbosity of commonplaces
cant is, to me, very disgusting.

Yours very sincerely
Samuel Poore

P.S. Please present this
Enclosed note with my best
regards

Dear Miss Hauser, all

Of course I
wrote "Dear Madam" for the very
purpose of running my pen through
it:— was not it an injudicious way
of getting over one of those dif-
fidentless that ceremony so often
throws in our way?— do not
suppose I undervalue ceremony;
we could not get on in society
without it; but, like many
other things we could not get ~~it~~^{on}
without, I don't like it ~~it~~ⁱⁿ

process. — Neither do you, I wish,
as you have "followed sister," and do
not "sit" me any more. —

It was very kind of you to post me
that sweet music tome, but I must
thank Mr. Havensill also — (however
anti-ceremonious I may be).

When your note reached me I was
too ill to reply — a sharp attack of
bronchitis was upon me, and the
sense of suffocation that malady
produces is one of the most painful
things I ~~have~~ ever experienced — I
never had it, before. — I will not say
I hope I never shall again, for I fear
now that ^{once} that ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~chink~~ ^{chink} in my armour has
been ^{found out} ~~another~~ ^{another} shaft may find its

way there again, and I think the utterance
of vain hopes a profitable practice.

I do hope however, that the warm
weather (when it comes) and the absence
of East wind (when it goes) will
allow me to rally, and enable me
to go to Scotland. — At present I
dare not attempt a long journey,
even by short stages. — I am very
wrote just now.

Your account of your conversation
with Mr. Havensill (your father) about
bygone gives me much satisfaction,
for it is precisely what
I have always thought on the
subject. — And it is not merely

Copy.

St. Heliers,
Jersey,

April 2/68.

Dear Miss Havergall,

Of course, I wrote "Dear Madam" for the very purpose of running my pen through it, an ingenious way of getting over one of the difficulties that ceremony often throws in our way. Do not suppose that I undervalue ceremony, we could not get on in society without it, but, like many other things we could not get on without, I don't like it in excess, neither do you, I infer, as you have "followed suit" and do not "Sir" me any more. It was very kind of you to post all that ~~that~~ sweet music to me but I must thank Mrs Havergall also -(however anti-ceremonious I may be).

When your note reached me I was too ill to reply, a sharp attack of bronchitis was upon me, and the sense of suffocation that malady produces is one of the most painful things I ever experienced. I never had it before. I will not say I hope I never will again, for I fear now that once that chink has been found another shaft may find its way there again, and I think the utterance of ~~vain hopes~~ a foolish practice

I do hope, however, that the warm weather (when it

comes) and the absence of east wind(when it goes) will allow me to rally and enable me to go to Scotland. At present I dare not attempt a long journey even by easy stages. I am very weak just now.

Your account of your conversation with Mr Havergall (your father) about hymnals, gives me much satisfaction, for it is precisely what I have thought on this subject, and it is not merely the "unsingable stuff" as you ^{justly} call it that one has so often to object to, it is the utter want of reverence for the solemnity of the subject that, but too often, revolts us in the vulgar verse. The free and easy verbosity of commonplace cant is to me, very disgusting.

Yours very sincerely,

(sd) Saml. Lover.

PS. Please present ^{the} enclosed note with my best regards.