

when the tale was nearly finished, I took  
an unfortunate journey to my Father's birth  
place, before I was enough restored to  
bear the fatigue of travelling. On my re-  
turn I was so exhausted that after the  
most violent agitation of spirits during half  
a day, on the way from Ilminster especially, and  
during the night at Ilchester, I fell into a  
sort of convulsion fit. I was obliged to  
remain six weeks in the I. ins, and then  
returned home in an invalid carriage. This  
threw me back in health for six months.  
At the end of that time we came to my pre-  
sent abode, and Phantasmion was printed,  
I think, before CHARLES WHITTINGHAM  
LONDON our change of  
residence.

But it saddens me to  
retrace my past life. Events are seldom  
otherwise than sad. Change itself & the pro-  
gress of Time is sad. Our spiritual and  
intellectual life seems more exempt from  
time and chance. Here alone there is