

May 27, 2021

Hi there!

I told you there had to be more! We had to call around a little to the relatives, but cousin Kate came through with this one. No wonder word drops off, though; an ocean will certainly slow one's correspondence.

We'll keep digging, but this was all Kate had. I hope the drop off in Georgiana's correspondence is because she was busy and happy being busy. We did learn a few things: She lived to be very old, and never had kids. She traveled.

Something nice: there are a bunch of references in other family correspondence to "Georgiana and her gardener," which we've pieced together to mean she lived a long and happy life with her school's groundskeeper. I love it — she picks up, moves to New York, and finally finds lasting love with someone who would give Lady Catherine de Bourgh an absolute aneurysm.

I do think she'd be glad to know that most of what we know is about her school, though! She was headmistress for a number of years, then left to open her own free school for girls — girls who became doctors, poets, scientists, happy. I hope she saw every sight she wanted to see. I hope she wore yellow and danced with strangers and with people she liked without worrying about what anyone thought. I hope she had more wildflowers than she had vases to hold them.

I \*think\* I found a reference to Henry Stanhope here in the States in some of the research I did, but the odds of them finding each other again are so long. I'm mad at him! I am! But also his dad sounds like the worst, and I hope Henry wore out his shoes seeing the world. I hope he found love again too.





## Gemma's Desk

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I'm glad Aunt G made the choices that made her happy. The idea of having good, useful work that lets you also set off for the horizon with someone you love by your side? It's the dream. I want someone to show me desert flowers, snowy peaks, the sea - I want to breathe new air with someone who wants that too. So, uh . . . if you know anyone who likes travel and creativity and is available, hit me up via email. Snail mail's too slow - the sooner the better. Because I drove past the old bowling alley the other day and saw it's closing, and I found myself thinking of looking up Sneezy the Bowler, just to see what he's up to. But like . . . what would I even say if I did?

Thanks for being here and humoring me through this. I hope you enjoy the cross stitch kit - our Georgiana was, it must be said, very accomplished, so I'm doing what I can to live up. Next step: run away, found a charity school, live a long life of pissing off my snooty aunt!

Love you lots,

Gemma

P.S. I'm working on a new painting: updating Georgiana's outfits! Watch out for them next time, if we find any more letters - a new life deserves new threads, am I right??

