

Whitshall,

Clondalkin.

October 18<sup>th</sup> 1886.

Dear Mrs Rossetti;

I am very glad you liked the cup and saucer of Belleek ware; it is Irish china as you supposed, and it seems to me to be much less known than it deserves to be. That is the fate of many Irish things. I should be glad to think that sometimes you might drink your tea from that special cup and saucer.

I sent you a tiny box of flowers last night; I hope they may come fresh. I meant to keep you supplied with flowers this summer, but the sisters who helped me to pack and gather flowers in other summers