

Agusti

Via Ciro Menotti, 36, Rome, 13. II  
1950

Dear old Friends:

For such you will allow me to call you, I was so delighted to get your letter of 10th inst. and hope this will reach you before you start on your long voyage to wish you God-speed and all best hopes and wishes for Mrs. Scott's health. I am very grateful to Peter Rudge for putting me in touch with you again.

We have lived into an evil world and to those who like myself grew up and lived in the hopes of seeing patriotism superseded by world union based on economic justice it is a sad awakening from dreams to stark realities. Huxley's *Apes and Essence*, hideous as it is, is really strikingly like what we see and apparently must look forward to. However, sometimes things take a sudden change and help comes from unexpected and unsuspected quarters.

The Post-war inflation has eaten up my very small savings as it has those of most people, but at 75 I am still going strong and earn enough to keep afloat by giving lessons and doing translations, and I have never allowed money to dictate my attitude towards life. I live happily with a little adopted family of son, daughter-in-law (an angel in the house) and 3 fine grandchildren. Only we had the misfortune of the eldest girl (particularly beautiful and brilliantly) suddenly developing a very violent form of consumption, doubtless the result of war de-nutrition. However, God be praised, a great authority on such diseases, Prof. *Morrelli*, helped by streptomycine most generously supplied by that most generous of people, the Americans (a dear friend, Prof. Rex Robinson came to the rescue), she has been saved, and is now back home, and though still under treatment after 20 months, is now on the way to full recovery.

My sisters had their old London home blown up in one of the air-raids, and one of them, who was a cripple from rheumatoid arthritis and suffered very severely from the loss, died two years ago. The other sister, Helen Rossetti Angeli who came with me to see you years ago at Idbury, is now a great invalid in London, living in a hired room and as poor as the proverbial church-mouse, but full of courage and energy. She published last year a volume on our Uncle which you may perhaps have heard of "D.G. Rossetti, his friends and enemies" which puts many matters in a right light that had been distorted by sensation-mongers and slanderers. I hope she may be able to get out to Rome before long, though fear the journey might be dangerous for her.

Well, when you are on the ship and have recovered from the fatigue of getting off, if you write me a letter giving your news and that of Mrs. Robertson Scott, it will give me much pleasure.

Peter Rudge says he is sending me a copy of the *Countryman* which I shall read with much interest. In your hands it was always an excellent Review.

With all cordial best wishes to you and your wife, Believe me

Yours very sincerely,

Olivia Rossetti Agusti.