

Jan 8. 1910

Sawrey
Ambleside

Dear Louisa Ferguson

You will think I am *very naughty*—I have never written to thank you for that lovely pen holder. It came just when I was starting on a journey. I think it is beautiful, and such a length—we have greenish agates that are made into brooches but they are only little pebbles.

Now I am sending you a a[sic] new book to make up amends—It was not ready in time for Christmas in New Zealand, so I don't think you have got it.

It was all drawn in the village near my farm house, and the village shop is there.

Only poor old "John Dormouse" is dead—just before the book was finished—I was so sorry I could not give him a copy before he died. He was such a funny old man; I thought he might be offended if I made fun of him, so I said I would only draw his shop & not him.

And then he said I had drawn his son John in another book, with a sow and wagging his tail! and old John felt jealous of young John. So I said how could I draw him if he would not get up? and he considered for several days, and then sent "his respects, and thinks he might pass as a dormouse!" It is considered very like him. Also it is very like our "Timothy Baker" but he is not quite so well liked, so everybody is laughing. I think I shall put *myself* in the next book, it will be about pigs; I shall put in me walking about with my old "Goosey" sow, she is such a pet.

I am so busy over the Election my fingers are quite stiff with drawing "posters".

Yr aff friend
Beatrix Potter.

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Hill Top Farm
Sawrey
Ambleside

Oct 12 . 10

Dear Mrs Ferguson,

I scarcely know how to write to you in your terrible trouble. One can only hope that you are given strength and patience. Dear child—she has been taken away from a world of troubles—troubles which it is useless to question or try to understand. I heard you are not very strong, it makes the loss greater. I made acquaintance with Mrs Hadfield from Wellington and I asked her about Louisa—