

Mr. Corns  
1828



To Mr. Julius Mott  
Loughborough.



My dear Sir

It is very distressing to me to have the task of informing you that Fennice is very ill — she is keeping her bed and has been doing so for five weeks, — up to last Tuesday I had no apprehension that her case was one of any danger but now it has assumed a very formidable appearance and I am distressed with the most gloomy forebodings as to what may be the issue — the illness was at first a pain in the back, in a few days it appeared to be decidedly inflammation of the spine, moderate bleeding and medicine removed this and we then supposed that recovery would soon follow and tonic medicines were resorted to for bringing back the strength, these did not entirely fail in their effect but the recovery was exceedingly slow and at the end of a month the progress was but little. — On Sunday night, last, she was seized with a violent fit of flatulent cholera which although it lasted but few hours threw her back into a state of great debility. On Tuesday morning Mr. Martin, our medical friend informed me that there was a tumour upon the abdomen

which he had some time been watching with suspicion and which it appears is of some considerable standing, 6 or 8 months at least, perhaps much more, although no inconvenience had heretofore been felt from it, but which now he considered was operating with a very malign influence upon the constitution and was the source of all the present extreme intractability. — I should have stated that from the first she has been subject to very frequent attacks of spasm in the stomach and recently to constant pain in the bowels upon taking the smallest quantity of food. — Under these unfortunate circumstances Mr. Martin has advised that the counsel and assistance of some Surgeon of known skill and experience should be resorted to and we have accordingly applied to one of the most eminent of the profession, Mr. Wandrop, who is to come down tomorrow when we must summon our courage and do whatever must be done. — The unfortunate soul knows as yet nothing of this arrangement nor has she I think any suspicion of danger, when not in pain she is in good spirits but extremely debilitated. I am sure I need not tell you what is the misery of my feelings, you who have a happy fireside can estimate the dreadful deprivation with which I am threatened.

I have written an account of this distressing affair to night to Mr. Robert Mott, but for want of knowing his present residence have been obliged to put under cover

to Mr Geo. Mott to be forwarded, I shall be much obliged  
to you instruct me in this matter as I must write again  
soon. To you also I shall speedily write what is  
the situation of our dear friend. I do not suffer hope  
to abandon me but I know full well the dreadfully  
uncertain tenure upon which I now hold my happiness

To your excellent wife present my affectionate remem-  
brance—it is some consolation to know that I shall  
have her and your commiseration and sympathy.

May Heaven bless you both

I am, my dear friend

Sincerely yours

William Comable

Dover Green, 18 Jan<sup>y</sup>. 1828  
Friday night



My dear sir,

It is very distressing to me to have the task of informing you that Jemima is very ill. She is keeping her bed and has been doing so for five weeks. Up to last Tuesday I had no apprehension that her case was one of any danger but now it has assumed a very formidable appearance and I am distressing with the most gloomy foreboding as to what may be the issue. The illness was at first a pain in the back, in a few days it appeared to be decidedly inflammation of the spine, moderate bleeding and medicine removed this and we then supposed that recovery would soon follow and tonic medicines were resorted to for bringing back the strength, these did not entirely fail in their effect but the recovery was exceedingly slow and at the end of a month the progress was but little.

On Sunday night last, she was seized with a violent fit of flatulent cholick which although it lasted but a few hours threw her back into a state of great debility. On Sunday morning Mr Martin, our medical friend informed me that there was a tumour upon her abdomen.

Page 2

Which he had sometime been watching with suspicion and which it appears is of some considerable standing, 6 – 8 months at least, perhaps much more, although no inconvenience had heretofore been felt from it, but which now he considered was operating with a very malign influence upon her constitution and was the source of all present extreme intractability (sic).

I should have stated that from the first she has been subject to very frequent attacks of spasm in the stomach and recently in constant pain in the bowels upon taking the smallest quantity of food.

Under these unfortunate circumstances Mr Martin has advised that the counsel assistance of some surgeon of known skill and experience should be resorted to and we have accordingly applied to one of the most eminent of the profession, Mr Wardrop \* who is to come down tomorrow when we must summon our courage and do whatever must be done.

The unfortunate soul knows as yet nothing of this arrangement nor has she I think any suspicion of danger, when not in pain she is in good spirits but extremely debilitated. I am sure I (sic – you don't) need me tell you what is the misery of my feelings, you who have a happy friend and can estimate the dreadful deprivation with which I am threatened.

I have written an amount of this distressing (sic) affair to night to Mr Robert Mott, but for want of knowing his present residence have been obliged to put under cover

Page 3

to Mr and Mrs G Mott to be forwarded. I shall be much obliged to you instruct me in this matter as I must write again soon. To you also I shall speedily write what is the situation of our dear friend. I do not suffer hope to abandon me but I know full well the dreadful uncertain terms upon which I now hold my happiness.

To your excellent wife present my affectionate remembrance – it is some consolation to know that I shall have hers and your commiseration and sympathy.

May Heaven help you both.

I am, my dear friend

Sincerely yours

William Constable  
Dovers Green, 18 Jan 1828  
Friday night

\* NB. Presumably Dr James Wardrop, Surgeon in Ordinary to King George IV, a prominent Scottish surgeon with a practice in London