A. 19 Aug 16. 1870 X

35 South Street,
Park Lane,
W.

My dearest Madame Mohl

You can't think what a relief it was to me to see this letter - or how good it was of you to send it. Do send any other. As for seeing pleasure in any thing, that is impossible.

You know I have a story of connection with the Intendance at Paris - I hear what tallies exactly with M. Mohl's account: pillage & dishonesty of it

beyond all description -
Cause of the terrible failure
of everything in the
organization at the Army
- stores, ammunition,
clothing, guns, everything
falling short.
false muster rolls of
Battalions - men returned
at 900 strong - who
never were more than 500.
Kan
But Paris absolutely quiet.

I have not a minute. For
the last month I have been
writing war business as long

as I could hold pen or pencil.
Never, never, if I live an eternity, would I undertake this kind of thing again - not because it kills but because it kills, body & soul, for nothing.

[illegible] this, my dear, is what would happen at our War Office if we were to go to War - which God forbid - except that ours is incapacity, not pillage -

Tell M. Mohl if he comes to

London in Sept. to go to
my house (address above) -
35 S. St.

I have not a minute to answer
your last dear letter - but
will by & bye - only this,
I never had the letter
from you "offering to come".
But, my dear, I could
not see my dearest friend,
& chiefly not my dearest
friend for a month. Don't
you understand? -
I will write again. Please
write to me -
I never saw my mother
better in all her life -
Ever yours F.

Lea Hurst
Mattock. Aug 16/70