

21st April 1870. I went into the garden at
"half past six this morning, to think over the
final and order of these copies for you.
The air was perfectly calm. The sunlight ^{was} pure
and falling ^{on the grass} through thickets of the standard
peach, (which has bloomed this year perfectly
owing to the wholesome restraint of protracted
winter;) - and of white plum and pear ^{tree} blossom
in their first showers of ^{fresh} silver. Looking more
like such broken ^{& far looted spaces of} fountain than bees; and just
at the end of my hawthorn walk, one happy
nightingale - was singing as fast ~~as he could~~;
~~and it was very fast~~ - much as he could in every moment.
Meanwhile in the still air - the roar of the railroads
from Clapham junction & New Cross - and the
Crystal Palace - (I am between the three) - sounded
continually and heavily, like the surf of a ^{strong} sea three or
four miles distant. and the whistles of the sea
train's passing nearer mixed with the nightingales notes
that I could hear her at all - or see the opening
blossoms - or the grass - in this best time of spring -
dependent on my ^{having been long} being able to spend some thousand
pounds a year in self-indulgence - and keeping my
fellow creatures out of my way. - Of those who
was coming all that numerous ~~around~~ like the sea
round me - and of the myriads imprisoned (or
even by the English ill-treatment of mind kept for
wealth, condemned to live - if it is to be called life
in the labyrinth of black walls, ^{and labyrinthous passages between them} which were fills the
valley of the Thames, and is called London, not one
could hear this day - any happy bird sing - or
look upon any quiet space of ^{the pure} green ^{grass} that feeds them