

Quebec March 10 . 1873

My Dear Mamma

I have not received a home letter for some time now, but have been consoling myself that "no news means good news".

I spent yesterday at the Douglass' who were kind enough to give me another invitation. This evening has been my 18th Lecture. Tomorrow I have promised to dine at the Cassells' & on Wednesday at Andrew Thompsons. I find my feet-

Calculations about returning home
has been a little out. My last lecture
will be on Monday next & thus I
shall not be able to get fairly off till
Tuesday Evening March 18.

I heard a capital story concerning the
Cadi's lectures the other day but fear I
cannot do it justice in writing.

Dr Hiles who seems to consider all the subjects
under the sun as belonging to Physical Geography,
of late he has every chance to diverge from
his strict line, was giving the other day the
Geology & Chemistry of the course in one
lecture. He was engaged in demonstrating
the composition of water, for that purpose
wished to obtain a piece of Potassium.

The potassium Louisa lay in by a
awkward shaped piece absolutely refused to
leave the somewhat-narrow rickety bottle, into
which he fished often in vain, in the
fussy way so peculiarly his own.

The Ladies of course sympathized deeply in
his trouble & embarrassment, after watching his
movements earnestly for some time at least
found a spokeswoman in Mrs Cassells who
ventured the suggestion of a hair-pin &
at the same time proffered a small one.

The learned Dr, no doubt blessing female
sagacity, accepted the implement, but soon
found it of no avail.

The anxiety of the class now rose to such a
pitch that Miss Wottonspon felt moved
to withdraw an ^{immense} hair-pin ~~from her hair~~
(described to me as at least six inches long)
from her hair, offer it as a sacrifice to

Science. At this moment one eye
of each member of the class was fixed on
Mr. W.'s "back hair" & the other on Dr. Miles,
how great - the disappointment - when even this
was found to be your case.

At last - Mrs. Miles, feeling that now at
last - the time for action had arrived, extended
her hand for the battle; & regardless of a holy
horror which she entertains for all demicals
whatsoever, & he with a Spartan resolution
& a steady hand drew forth a fragment of
the desired metal.

As the names are given please don't
repeat the story

Your Loving Son
George -

