



London April 3rd
1870.

My Dear Anna,

I have just finished reading a "religious novel" & now rather late in the evening begin to write you my weekly letter. And first I will tell you what the Book was. It was a new book by the author of Squeaky, the Pump Lighter &c. Called "Faisy in the Field" It is rather a good book. The heroine is of course perfect. It is based on the American war, Is of course Northern in tendency, All Southerners are blockheads & worse. The heroine does not seem to think at all of her brother who was in the Southern army. But very much of her lover who was in

the Northern. She finally becomes a
hospital nurse, has the pleasure of
nursing her lover, who dies, & leaves
her to exercise virtuous patience during
the remainder of her life. It is
however well written & very interesting.

When this arrives you will no doubt
have had a fair trial of getting along
alone, & I hope it will have passed
off & will continue to do so easily &

pleasantly. Eva I am sorry to say
has a habit (very bad) of always
getting sick at inconvenient times.

Witness her proceedings last summer
at Murray Bay. Please request
her as a special favour not to
do so this time.

This afternoon I took a short
walk across the river to Battusca

Park. As it was a very fine day
clouds of people were thronging in all
directions out on their Sunday holiday.
At the end of the bridge by which I crossed
were numerous stalls & tables for the
sale of Oranges, Apples, cocoa nuts, &c &c
& halfpenny ice creams. These last
were a special source of attraction to
numerous small boys who were
slowly, & with an air of great enjoyment
sucking them from the very small but
massive glasses in which they were
contained. The vicinity of this
bridge also nearly every Sunday occupied
by street preachers. I stopped a few
minutes to listen to several of them.
Their discourses seemed to be characterized
by more zeal than discretion, & did not
at all favourably impress me. As
soon as 400 or 600 people had collected a
personal argument, characterized by the

most provoking stupidity, would begin
between the preacher & one of the hearers.
& the end generally was that both were
laughed at by the crowd. The speaker
I found was preaching against Christianity
altogether. — Invention of the jews &c &c —
all in all it was rather disgusting.

Every cloth shop in London, now has
its window filled with light & dark
blue in anticipation of the Coventry, Oxford
& Cambridge boat race which is to come
of next Wednesday. Blue coats, dresses,
baskets & shoes, gloves, ties, ribbons &c &c &c.
I wish if I can go to see the race.
All hope that Cambridge may win,
as if she is again beaten it will
be for the tenth time & will be to
say the least rather discouraging.

With Very best love believe me
April 5th Your affectionate George.

I Enclose a tract which I found, & which
evidently belongs to the same concern, as the man
whom I heard on Sunday. If tomorrow is a fine
day, I think I shall take a holiday & go to see the
boat race George.