

London Decr 3. 1871

My Dear Anna

I received the Card
with Miss Barber's address &
thought it time last Saturday L-ty &
find her out. Commercial St Spitalfields
was however rather wide, seeing that
the Street is about a mile long. I first
by dint of enquiry found my way to
Spitalfields which is quite in the East end
& not far from the docks. After walking
up the street some way & keeping a look
out for likely places, I saw in large
letters on a building well & a church,
"Home for Boys". Thinking myself lucky

1771
to find the place so easily. I pulled
the bell. The door was very heavy &
heavy & had a great slit with contributions
written up over it. After a time it was
slowly opened by a very small boy, & is asked
if this was the home of industry.

"No Sir its further up the street" so on I went.

At one place in a sort of vacant-cod
a whole fair of old women were assembled
each with a great pile of dilapidated boots
for sale. Generally gazing with holes, but all
brushed up to look their best. At least
I saw a policeman. I asked for the home
of Industry. He was an Irishman.

"Industry — Industry —" he said, & then a
sudden light breaking on him. "Oh! you'll
mean the home of En-dus-try". The next
door past these old women with the boots"
I felt sure I had found the right-place this time
for the windows were covered half way up

welt paper bearing texts in blue, ~~about~~
the letters about a foot long. Inside
it seemed all confusion, fackingsakes, & dirt.
But a door was opened & I was shown into a
parlour. This also seemed in rather a confused
state. The table was covered with articles of
fancy work, (which, (excuse the pun) I don't
think anyone would fancy. Impossible &
giddy baskets etc. etc. In one ^{of the floors} corner about
three cart loads of bibles & hymn books
stacked away. An austere female
with a promising moustache & a complicated oration
in black crepe on her head appeared.

I asked for Miss B. & all I could gather
from her rather incoherent account was
that Miss B had not yet arrived there,
but that some parcels were sent away the
same morning & perhaps mine was among
the number. Another austere female came
in & corroborated the statement about the
parcels; so in mortal fear lest I should
be persuaded to buy some of the aforesaid

fancy articles. Forgetting even to leave my card.
I halted.

No parcel has come as yet & so I suppose mine
could not have been of the number sent. No
doubt I will hear from Miss B when she
arrives in person.

I also went yesterday to the Davises of Ryeport
fork. Dr D was not at home & I was
exceedingly surprised to hear of Mrs D's death.

Which took place at Frome on the 21st ult.
She was down at her daughters, who is very
ill, & was herself suddenly taken unwell &
died in 24 hours & before Dr Davis could
get down.

You will have heard of Mrs Bishops death.
I only knew of it the other day. It took
place about a fortnight ago.

I was at Col Lyells for dinner last Friday
evening. Pleasant enough, but giving me
the pleasure of writing out my notes last
night instead of getting some time for

reading.

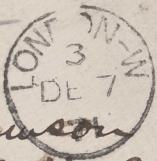
With best love

Yours affectionately

Levy

Dec 7/1
visit to East end to
find Mrs B -

Thanks Miss Dawson
for bed
socks
McGill College
Montreal
Canada



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