

1028/63/6

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S.C.

(E. H. Morgan to William Osler)

Oakville Jan<sup>y</sup> 21/67

Master W. Osler  
Trin. Coll. Gr. Sch  
Weston C W

My darling, darling Willie

Here I am again (this is directly copied from you, I acknowledge it & so you can't grumble) writing to you with a very few days interval between the two epistles. Our letters must have crossed in Toronto for I got yours very soon after I had written and I suppose the same thing was the case with you. I was on Friday going to the train and on calling at the Post-Office I got your letter & the Advance. I also while in there saw to my horror & amaze that my 'clock' was half-an-hour slow, & found out that the bus had gone. I then of course had barely time to snatch my valise up & bolt for the station. ~~\*\*\*~~ I was nearly winded, when by the luckiest of all accidents a sleigh came by & carried me the rest of the way to the station, wh however was not very far. Well at any rate I was just in time to jump on the train & be off to Dundas. When I got there I met a very corpulent old gentleman who said that he would drive me from the Station as your governor had been unable to meet me himself. This turned out to be Mr. Hatt. He drove me up to the Rectory & I looked in to see how they all were. I met M<sup>r</sup> Young there and he made me play his accompaniments. The only thing that I did not like about the whole concern was that I drove up to & from the Concert with the Hatts. They also asked me to stay there with them that night and as they had been so very kind I could not very well refuse, more especially as your mother said she had a room ready for me but as they had asked me it would be better to go as otherwise they might be offended. At any rate I went. The concert was very successful indeed. I infinitely preferred it to the Dundas one for there were no small boys to make a dreadful row and to encore every song as soon as it was sung. The room was rather small but not very bad to sing in. I enclose you a Programme, and by that you'll see how it went off. Your cousins were not nearly as nervous as they were in Dundas & the Song was an easier one so that with these combined reasons they sang it very well indeed. I had to play the accompaniment at a moment's notice so that I fancy that was the only reason why it was not encored. Coming home from the Concert -- but I'll finish about itself first. The encores were as follows "The Merry Minstrels" "Song of the Captive Grk Girl" "Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee" M<sup>r</sup> Young M<sup>rs</sup> E.O. & myself. Now Ill go on with what I was going to tell you. Coming home I was very tired. M<sup>rs</sup> Hatt was sitting behind me in the sleigh & Knowing this, she took me by my shoulders & drew me back so that my head & shoulders were in her lap, held me there & covered me up & in that position I drove home. I saw young Egglestone in the room; he is a great young scamp. I also saw Parus Roberts, my old friend which I was at school. Poor old boy it did recall a good many recollections to see & chat with him but another, you know who I mean has stepped into his place. I think I need'nt mention names. I think he'd quite forgive it were he to know the said person as well as I do. However I won't at all flatter you my own dear boy. We quite understand one another and this is amply sufficient for me.

(This follows a long account of a concert  
in Dundas participated in by Jimmy  
and W.O.s cousins.)

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(C. H. Morgan to W. O. - 2)

I do not wonder at all that you were tired that Saturday night after walking about so much on Saturday. I know it was very selfish of me to make you do all that walking but you know you were going away to school & I wasn't going to see you for some time and so I wanted to keep you by me as long as possible. Poor fellow so you were very dull were you that evening, poor boy I'm sorry that none of the larger boys were back to be companions to you. I quite remember the time that I would have been glad that you were dull as showing me to a certain extent that you missed me, now that I know that without being told, I am very sorry that you were lonely & unhappy & all the more because you could not talk as much & as pleasantly to Mrs Johnson as you used to do. How pleasant it must have been to you going to church after having been kept away so very long! That was an awful Sunday here. It blew a gale and snowed very heavily; the congregation here was miserable, in fact the two worst days have been Sundays. Poor old boy, at work on your Algebra; of course you have to work when the class is working but you must commence at the beginning and work up the book work well by yourself. I'll write & tell you the sections that you must learn more particularly well & those you must attend to. A very good thought my boy, that of sitting down & writing to "your old Jemmy"; he needs your letters sometimes to cheer him up a little when he gets a very virulent attack of the blues. Algebra for two whole hours & then 8 pages to me Bravissimo! You are improving in the matter of letter writing. ~~xxx~~ Only one year old boy it is since I carried you out to the Weston School. Great changes have gone on since then. We are better, dearer friends than ever, for we have an additional bond of union, poor Edward Miles is lying cold & still in his grave, so is poor Fisher. Nelly's happiness is suddenly dashed from her. But there is a bright side to every picture. We both have reason to be thankful for what has been done. Don't you be imprudent on the subject of falling in love. My own Will it is too serious with me to jest much on it. It is the happiness of my future life thrown on the turn of a single chance. Is not that enough to prevent me from joking much on it. I'm not at all disheartened now but still it is a dreadful chance. I like that idea about your half holidays very well indeed; it will give you more time to study out of school & that is of more importance to you than the work you do absolutely in school, during the real school hours. Poor old leg, nurse it well, & get it quite strong again. Charlie complains to me of your not having written to him. What a dreadful boy that Jones must be; ask him if it is anything in the atmosphere of Weston that prevents his writing to me, or whether it was only when you were away & so he got lonely. I am very sorry that Wilson has left. He was really a clever boy & as you say, if smoothed the right way, a very nice one. I won't work too hard, but do you look after your leg & yourself generally. I'll take lunch to school regularly & try & behave myself as you say I ought. Do work hard this term old fellow so that I may be always at Trinity as proud as I have hitherto been of my friend. Goodbye my own dear boy

xxx  
Em.

God bless you

Jemmy.