

10-28/68/16

CVS417/68.16

(To Miss Jennette Osler)

[London]
December 16th 1872

My dear Jennette

I hope you have not thought yourself neglected of late; but for the past few weeks I have been doubtful about writing, lest you should not have received the sad news of your Brother's death before my letters arrived. Now, I hardly know what sort of a letter to write, but I suppose it must be in the old style, - a sort of running account of my doings of the week; more especially as my letters are, though addressed to individuals - family ones. On Thursday evening last week I followed the multitude and went to the Cattle Show. The people and the dust were abominable, everything else perfection. I was delighted with the Cattle, such monsters and so sleek, as though each one had been well curried & brushed from its calfhood. The prize one was an immense black beast, weighing 27 cwt. The Prince of Wales & the Queen were among the exhibitors, but I did not observe any of their animals with prize tickets. There were some beautiful Highland Cattle, but as some mistake was made about the Class they were entered in; no prize was allowed them. The sheep were very nice. The pigs I heard only, they were not visible on account of the intense interest taken in them by their descendants. The agricultural implements &c were well worth looking at, but I was so dusty and tired I was glad to get away. On Saturday evening we went down to the "Princesses" to see "Hamlet" acted. Mr Creswick took the part of Hamlet splendidly but I did not care very much about the rest.

I went to St Mary Magdalenes Munster Square on Sunday morning. It is very High Church, but not so elaborate as some; they are poorer I think, as the district is not very good. The Rector, Mr Stuart, must be a person I have often heard Dr Bovell speak about, and I saw his sisters there as well, so that it must be the same. He is a comical preacher giving a grunt before each sentence.

I dined with the Pellats, who have been very kind and always seem glad to see me. The old man is very jolly and delights in teasing his wife until she is on the verge of anger. In the evening went down to Lambeth to take tea with some old McGill men. They were so late with tea that I did not get to Church. Spurgeon's was near at hand, but you must go at six if you want a seat there. This week my time is horribly taken up. Tomorrow evening I dine at Dr Ringers, one of the Medical Professors at the College, Wednesday I am going to some Bazaar or Fancy fair in connection with St Pancras National Schools, to which the Sheppards have asked me. On Friday evening the Canadian Medical students propose to dine together, but that is not quite settled.

Wednesday

Canadian papers and letters arrived this morning & enclosed with Chattie's your little note I am so glad that you have gone down to Montreal: it is better you should be together. The dear old Marian's long letter came this week, which I will answer soon. I am afflicted in a wretched manner, with a cold in my head I have been expecting it for some time; in fact no one can escape it in this weather, for which "beastly" is the only appropriate name. A delightful fog on Monday was refreshing after so much rain. I leave on Monday next for the Proctors, where I shall probably stay the week. Last night I dined at Dr Ringers. Every thing was in grand style and the people very nice. Mrs Ringer is like most Englishwomen very fresh looking, notwithstanding a number of bairns. Dr Bird - a Red Republican - and myself had a long discussion on Canada & the States. Several others of the same "Kidney" were there, which

rather surprised me as the Hostess was very strong in expressing her Conservative opinions. Our American Cousins invited Browne & myself to escort them to the Covent Garden Theatre this evening, but a previous engagement with some old McGill men stops my going

Thursday

I am acting the wise man today in that I am staying at home, and nursing my cold. Oh! my poor nose! how I suffer for you! I think I have interpreted aright the ambiguous sentence about Chattie in your last weeks letter. I am glad of it

Remember me to Father Wood when you see him next and also to the Taylors. I called on Atwell Francis one day last week, but did not find him in. I shall call on them at Putney when I return from the Proctors. My medical work progresses and I am kept pretty busy between the Laboratory & Hospital. I have some German medical works and am puzzling out the long words with the aid of an English-German Scientific Dictionary. Much love to all the Durocher people

Believe me

Yours &c -

Willie