

~~1028/63/13~~ W5417/63.13

Jan 21 '67
Jennie Myers

Marta N. Dyer

Univ. Coll. S. Sch

Weston

CLW

W. M. S. (1863)
JAN 21
OAKVILLE

~~1028/63/13~~

Orville Jan 21/64
CUSH 17/63.13

My darling, darling Mollie

Here I am again

(This is directly copied from you, I actually

at 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 Address. 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 wounded, when

by the luckiest of all accidents a

slight cause by & carried me the

rest of the way to the station, which however

was then 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 ~~to~~
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 Mr
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} upon
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 that 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
Quindias 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 declaimed
you a Prologue, and by that you'll
see how it went off. Your consorts
were not nearly so nervous as they
were in Quindias & 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 Captain Sir Sill"
"Bonnet & Bonnie Dundee" Mr Young M^s E. O. myself

Now I'll go on with what I was going
to tell you. Coming home I was very
tired. Mrs 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 & carried me
up & in that position I drove home.
I saw young Sibley here in the room; he is
a great young scamp. I also saw Parnie
Roberts, my old friend, ^{while 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 now stepped into his
place. I think I need not 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 &
this is amply sufficient for me.

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 where 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 & that
you must attend to. A very good thought
my boy, that of sitting down & writing
to your old Demmy; he needs your
letters sometimes to cheer him up
a little when he gets a very violent
attack of the blues. Alpha for two
whole hours & then I pay to me
Bravissimo! You are improving in

the matter of letter writing. 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
to poor Fisher, Nellie'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 impudent
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 will, rest 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
Gibson has left. He was really a clever
boy & as you say, if I mothered the
right way, a very nice one. I won't
work too hard, but do you look after
your leg & yourself generally. I'll talk
lunch to school & repeat regularly & try
to behave myself as you say I ought.
I'll work hard this term old fellow so
that I may be always at Dinit's as
proud as I ~~was~~ have hitherto been of
my friend. Goodbye my own dear boy
God bless you
Denny.

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 only very sorry
that you were lonely & unhappy &
all the more because you could not
talk as much & as pleasantly to
Mr. Johnson as you used to do.