

(scribble)

1028/68/27

From W.O. to Mrs Gwyn.

CUS417/68-27

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From W.O. (his sister Charlotte (now Mrs. Gwyn)

Sept. 24th. [1872]

7-8

[no address.]

Charlotte

My dear Elisabeth,

I dated this letter last night, and had I gone on with it would have given you all a good wiggling, most unjustly, for I thought the Canadian mail had been delivered and there were no letters. However, in the morning on going to the Hospital I received yours of the - I don't know. Why can't you date your letters? - and Jennette's of the 8th Sept. which amply made up for the brevity of yours. The man at the letter box always has such a knowing smirk on his face when he hands me my letters on a Wednesday morning, the looney must think they come from my girl, whoever she may be. I am sure that any one reading yours and Jennette's letters of this morning might suppose that they came from Utah and I was a young Mormon in embryo, so feelingly do each of you allude to two separate girls as mine. There being luck in odd numbers I shall endeavour to get a third over here. The Doctor's girl has not arrived in London yet. I would give a good deal to be behind the scenes when he asks for her. I can imagine the old Boy's surprise. I reckon he will be gone by the time I have to do it, anyway he will have got accustomed to the business.

We have had it wretchedly cold for the last week and several typical London days have been interspersed. I went to the Harrison's one day last week and after dinner accompanied them to Mr West's church which is rapidly being repaired after the fire. On Sunday I took a trip out to Putney to dine at Atwell Francis's. I got there early and went to St John's Church, moderately high and very well filled. The Francis's do not trouble Church much, I do not think it runs in the family. Mrs Francis is very pleasant and they have a brace of fine boys. I went with Atwell in the afternoon to Kew and pulled down the river in the evening over the course of the international boat-race. Next Sunday I shall probably go to the Boyds and take with me your wedding cake as an introduction to the sisters. I shall go and see the brothers to-morrow to prepare them. I got the Banner of this week, but no Mail. I shall look in the next for that Avenue affair. If I could get up another attack of Measles (with delirium) I might become prophetic. Do you remember the circumstance? How is Carrie? I must take a trot out to Hammersmith soon and see her Father again. He does not look a bit changed and is apparently very happy in his solitude. Poor Amy will not like her move to New Brunswick, it is such an out of the way place at present. I am afraid Jennette must have made some of the Lloydtown Orangemen uneasy, as with the goings on at the Festival. They had a grand commemoration service at All Saints Lambeth on the Anniversary of the S.P.U.C. (I am afraid those initials are incorrect, it is the Christian Unity Society) I did not go, but regretted it after reading the description. The Williamsons I suppose are just now in the agony of moving as I saw in the Banner that the sale was to take place on the 20th. Edmund by this time has been with you or ought to have been.

[family friends in England who used to send missionary boxes to Bond Street]

Love to Mother and all the Rectory folk.

Yours affectionately,

Willie.

Pencil note. Jennette was a cousin, sister of Mr Francis. Eliz. for joke, Mrs Gwyn.