

~~1028/69/3~~ CV5417/69.3

January 16<sup>th</sup> 1873

My dear Emmette

I was so glad to  
get your nice long letter yesterday  
morning and to hear that you and  
the dear old Marian were well, at least  
as I supposed until I read the little  
Mother's letter in which she says that  
you are a used up party, afflicted with  
nre-bleedings &c That is not good, you  
must take better care of yourself I am  
sorry Percy is not well, but he is in good  
hands medically and I am sure with  
two such nurses no one ought to be ill long  
I hope they have sent down my last two

on these letters as they tell of my Xmas  
visit in Norfolk. I spent a very happy  
ten days in spite of a rather severe cold  
which kept me in doors for nearly a week.  
I did not get to church on Xmas day even, I  
was going to say for the first time in my life,  
but probably my first two Xmas days were  
spent in a very similar manner, eating  
& sleeping forming the chief part. Books  
Music and cats are the chief features  
in Wotton vicarage. The former I read, the  
second I listened to, and tried to under-  
stand, while the third I stared num-  
berfully. The girls are accomplished, good  
musicians, but are lacking in looks, which  
in spite of all are very requisite.  
At Norwich I visited the Cathedral and saw  
what I could of the relics of my favourite  
St. Dunstan. His skull and a good pain-  
ting were in the Infirmary; his tomb  
in the church of St. Peter Mancroft.  
I could not resist the temptation seeing  
Ely & so stopped there on my way up. It  
is a wonderful building, the restoration  
making it look almost perfect. I was  
there for the morning service, joining in fact  
with a couple of Meds, the congregation.



I am very sure that after a months residence in this most ~~old~~ you would pine for the land of your adoption. It only needs the "fountains of the great deep" to bubble up and then in many parts - the deluge would be complete. For a few days the rain has ceased, but the clouds only permit an occasional gleam of sunlight.

One husband I know which to pity most: Mr Paine or Miss Haskell. What are they going to live on? Is he still in connection with Dr Solms? He is very good, but I should not be heartbroken, if I found him gone on my return. How is that Seed Mr Voe? I am glad he is making another effort; though they will never save him; still I should think in a case like that - when the hereditary taint is so smothered, every struggle will beseech his condemnation. I have not yet been to see your old friend but must make an effort to do so soon. I went to Drury Lane the other evening & saw the Opera. Pantomime it was very grand since but Dr. Solms. I left long before it was over. Napoleon's death has caused such a sensation: he was buried yesterday. I will try and get a paper with

full particulars in it though of course  
the news will be state enough by this  
time you get this letter.

You may smite your soul about my  
India schemes. I shall not go there  
Canada is my destination.

They seem to have had a pleasant Xmas  
in the West, but you have had our share  
of cold, even in Sweden they have had  
10° below zero. I must hurry as the mail  
closes in half an hour. We go out to a small  
shrub, at the Pellats the evening. They  
are all very kind, the old woman seem  
to have taken a fancy in this quarter  
I have not seen or been out to see the train  
for an age I am thinking of my then in

Sunday  
Lunch time to Manan. Never tell the  
kids

Yours

Willie