

Mr. Williamson 1

Acc. 1377

Fallowfield

Friday evening

September 18/85

My dear Lady Dawson

Your sweet kind
letter reached us a few days
before we started on our holiday
trip, so after enjoying it & having
a pleasant time with you because
of it, I put it aside to answer
quietly when we should all be
home again.

Now we are ready for work. Poor man
J. Williamson spending his first
term evening with Dr Greenwood
meeting his colleagues; Edith writing
letters & making winter plans;
Herbert just gone to bed full of foot-
ball schemes & lessons.

Surah you last at Christmas
on the New Year I remember; when
as now we were all full of

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pleasant anticipations of the
coming year - Within a week of
my writing, Dr. Williamson took a
severe cold, or perhaps had a
slight cold very severe, by travelling
working without his necessary food:

In several weeks he was unwell
though not seriously; then nasty
symptoms developed: symptoms that
no one quite understood: but in
February, they became so marked
as to indicate Diabetes.

His Doctors were very kind, & encouraging,
spoke of years of good work, & so forth,
but you can understand with what
terrible fears I heard the nasty
word. Still they told me, as
disease known, was so dependent
upon care & diet as this Diabetes,
indeed it had been frequently
quite cured by proper food; & they
told me what to do.

Our patient was pathetically good & obedient. Three weeks passed with out any marked improvement. At length he fancied an increase of strength, interest, & speed, hopeful; but just at the time, his Mother in Law - an oldest dear friend, a gentleman with whom he had lived on the most intimate terms since he was seventeen years old, died; of course the grief, & the disagreeable surrounding of such an event affected him badly, & for some time he was more ill than he had been before. At length however Sir James Paget, whom he consulted, told him every symptom he suffered from, suggested God's suppression not Diabetes, from that day he began to recover.

In fact I believe he rather preferred to have God's than not, certainly he preferred it to the other kind thing. To make a long story short, when he was sufficiently well to take his class, which this year was half as large again as it had ever been before - he worked the class at first with much difficulty, through the whole term with terrible fatigue, but when all was over his actual powers were better than when he began. Before Dr Williamson was fully recovered Herbert suffered with Scarlet Fever, but he was not ill at all, or at least as slightly so as is possible with this fever, still he was imprisoned for

in six weeks. It was during
 this time your son in hand
 & Harrington called. I came down
 stairs a few moments, as there
 was no possible chance of his
 seeing his own little ones & long
 afterwards, but we were much
 disappointed his visit was so short
 we could not offer him longer
 hospitality because of this fever.
 When vacation came for the
 family at large, now Mr Robert
 took charge of all the brother's sisters
 help & other duties; of the entire
 family in fact, except our two selves.
 These young people spent their time
 at Barnmouth, & enjoyed the boating
 swimming & mountaineering this sport
 of balls & cards. In the fall, the
 little fever patient growing however
 stronger every day. We too

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old people meanwhile went
away to Surbyerland where we
spent our time comparatively
quietly. - Confining ourselves to
the Orland, above there preferring
to stay a while at Granddald
& Mürren, rather than having
each day to some fresh scene.
Surbyerland always is good
for Dr. Williamson & I had not
seen its beauties before, so he
enjoyed showing it all to me
intensely. He confesses to having
liked the entire journey more than
anything in his life before, & is
of course correspondingly better in
health. In fact his nasty
symptoms are entirely gone, not
a trace is left behind, & I believe
he is healthily well. He is older,
not so strong, & somewhat
increased; in that a smaller

thing pleases or grieves him than formerly. In the
 rest we are exactly as we were eight months ago
 when I last wrote you. He is beginning the work he was
 then anticipating but so far has not been able to do
 else we are all "settling ourselves" in a pleasant
 kind of quietude & not, I think, saddened - but
 in me with a half frustrated feeling I cannot yet
 quite overcome -

Now we dear Lady Dawson writing so much for us,
 it is pleasant to tell you, because I believe you to be
 interested. We heard of you & your home
 Dr. Harrington, as well as from your letter, - how all
 your sons were wandering, even the lately married
 one, the Engineer. - I hope all are still well,

I see, Mrs. Harrington, & all her children whom
 I feel almost to know, though we have not actually met.

The delights you so kindly offer us of visiting you
 in your Country Home next Summer, are in very
 truth delights, I know nothing, I personally should
 enjoy more - than spending a few weeks quiet & quietly
 with you, only I am perfectly certain you would weary
 yourself, with fears your guests would not be happy -
 However in next year we must once more say so
 though with many thanks, - because you see
 you are coming over here in the Autumn, &
 the two visits in one year, would be a waste
 of good material. Rather, you spend as long

as you can possibly spare, ^{with} us
here, either before or after the
meeting - then we will come
to Birmingham where we shall
catch glimpses of you at any
rate, & then I should like
to come out ^{to Canada} the year following -

I am not however very
sanguine of Dr. Williamson's power
to overcome ocean fears, he
wants to come as much as I do
socially, & scientifically ten times
more, but he is so much afraid -
I dare well have been less ^{word} than
before his illness, but I hope
much from your influence over him
when you come to us -
Possibly you may be with us
a year from now - the thought
is too delicious - Will you

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Give my love to Eva & say how very heartily we
shall all welcome her; how she shall arrange
all the flowers & design any numbers of
embroidery schemes for me - The pen you sent
me at Christmas fastens my cap on every day,
so when ever I put the pen in, or take it out, a hundred
times between when the nice little pendant dangles
I think of you all -

How once more, good bye dear Lady Dawson
We all unite in pleasant remembrances
Give much love to you & your circle -

Believe me very sincerely yours
Anne Catherine Dawson