

London May 25-
1870

My Dear Anna.

I have been reading up a little & it is now somewhat late, but as I was prevented from writing last Sunday (By going out to Church twice & a visit from your Primrose) & as you scolded me so much for not writing once before, I must try & write you a few lines before tomorrow's post.

Mamma & Papa have just this evening returned from Cambridge, where they have been since yesterday morning. They just came in, had dinner

dressed & went out again,
Mamma to a Mr Gladstones,
& Papa to the Geological &
afterwards to go to Gladstones
for Mamma. Pops lecture
comes off day after tomorrow.
He is almost as busy here as
at home, & Mamma is quite
tired out with rushing too
& so. I will be quite glad
when they get down to
Scotland, where I think they
~~must~~ get a little rest.

I have not yet got a
photograph taken, & as I
will be so busy from now
till the end of next
month I hardly think I
will be able to get one done

till after the Exam's perhaps
when I go down to Scotland.
Please don't be dissatisfied,
I will be sure to remember.
If I did not thank you for
the book you sent me I,
at any rate meant to do
so, & must have forgotten
while writing. Please accept my
very best thanks. I have
only read two of the stories &
consider them very clever stories,
I think, rather worked up to
too agonising a climax.

I hope that by the time
this reaches all trouble from
Rankine's & Eva's sickness will
have ended, & their various
relatives surrendered to your
maternal care.

Please thank Rankine very
much for his letter, & tell him

In Reply May 1870

I have not time to answer by this mail. He keeps writing about a cricket bat.

I wonder if he wants it sent by post. I don't know what steps mamma will take in reference to it, but I fancy it would be quite as cheap in Canada where all wooden wares are cheap.

A really good one here costs about half a guinea.

I see by telegrams that the Fenians are coming again. I hope you will be able to survive them,

I have done before. I have had a horrible pen which persists in putting its nose through the paper, & tripping me up. Hoping that this will be some excuse. With love

to all. Believe me your
loving brother George.