

McGill College.

Montreal.

November 24th - 1871.

My dear George—

I have just finished writing an answer to Lady Lyell's very kind letter, chiefly about you. I of course most cordially thank her for the interest she shows. She speaks of the persons less the death of Sir R. Murchison is to them, I know doubt at Sir C. Lyell's age it must bring before him that his own ^{of Carmel} be much prolonged. He is however busy with yet another edition of his Principles. It is therefore likely that the Survey & the School of Mines be divided & a head appointed to each rather than

one in his R^d place for hats.
but I fear there is no hope of papa's
being thoughts of for either. It is
killing work here, & he greatly wishes
to have more time for Science. The
misconduct of the Students at the
recent Anniversary lecture has given
him no end of worry. The employers
cannot be discovered & altho the Corporation
has decided to expel the worst, I fear
they will have to be content with
a written apology sent in by the Medicos
Pov. Sch. nephew of Roberts or the
Governor — who confessed to putting
down the gas is "rusticating" until
the 17th of Dec: when warm begins.
Miss Hayward left us last night
having at last found a situation in
the, Helmut's Ladies College, London

I never met with so unexpected
a guest nor one who so coolly made
herself at home until it suited her
to leave. During May & June we had
the Misses W. Limont. July & August
we had Miss & Miss Wilson at Cucum
after our return Miss W. till Sept. 20th.
Then Julia Parke. Next Miss Hayward
& Prof. Armstrong. Once more we are
alone. who next? Another Chang,
but one that has cutt me a great
deal of pain, is I have just given
Eliza, so long with us, notice to
leave. She has in a number of small
things given me a great deal of
provocation & at last with a great
throe I have come to this decision. She
has many good points & it is quite

likely I shall have great trouble
before I get another with so few
faults. get both paper & Anna both
advise us me it was best to try. One
of the principal faults is keeping up an
invitation with the other sermons & in
little mean ways chaining me.

Shrewsbury this month we have
had a full share of English drizzle,
mist & dirt. Soberly it has all the
appearance of earnest winters, blowing,
snowing & frosty. The front & side walls
of the new medical building are now
finished & the Carpenters are preparing the
beams for the roof. Should they manage to
roof it in it will be cold work for
the poor men. Poor little George Cornish
is not strong this winter. Mr. Carpenter is not
so well. I found he again confined to bed
yesterday. My six ears of wheat succeeded admirably
I cannot get more than I at have some grown for & Mrs
Believe me my dear George yours affly. Mother.