

Antiquark - New Westminster B.C. AL/3706
Dec. 18. 82.

My dearully
It seems ages since I had your
last letter amid the green fields and pastures
of Burnhamton. But I darsay time has passed
very rapidly for you busy person and you
would hardly have found leisure to read
a letter of mine before these Xmas vacation,
which I hope will find you in the bosom
of your family and have you no very good
excuse for not answering the good wishes
of a friend.

I do not even know where you actually
spent your summer holidays and how
you enjoyed them - but of course that
is my fault, as I never wrote to inquire.
However I did think of you often at
Burnhamton and wish I could have had
you over there to rusticate with me.
It is such a pity our last that little
house of ours were over there, where
I would have asked you whenever nothing

letter was on the tapis for you, and I know you would have enjoyed it too! That happy chance seems lost and gone for ever, but I do not despair of some other way of meeting tomorrow in time, if you will only continue to care for me and it in a sufficient measure.

Nothing very notable has happened to me since this summer, when I was very glad to hear your increased work and responsibilities agreed with you so well. I do earnestly hope to get an equally good account of you this winter, and am sure you I am looking forward to it.

My own summer passed very happily and peacefully in the country, only it was rather a wet and cool season, which prevented a good many plans for joint excursions and picnics. Still we enjoyed the ordinary pleasures of country-life and charming scenery and in daily

intercourse with my sister's family, nice young people most of them. My own little nephew is of course by far the dearest member of the circle, and a splendid little fellow even to impartial eyes. He speaks English quite fluently and indeed prefers it to German in conversation with us, winning words by analogy, whenever he is at a loss, in the most amusing manner. His pastime is altogether delightful and of comparing flowers, when he happens to have a mind for it. It was not such good times coming back here, where we still feel very much like strangers in a foreign land, in spite of a few truly good friends we have made. Besides I had caught cold in the hills and soon - weather and was slow to recover of it, which as usual caused my mother much unnecessary anxiety and affected her own health. I am happy to

say we are both recovered now and the weather is just ideal: clear, bright and mild, with just frost enough to keep the ground dry and a sprinkling of snow all over the hills, as if they had been squired for the season. We have been seeing our friends a good deal besides having some good concerts and have on the whole enjoyed our life of late.

Of course I still suffer from my old complaint: want of work, for the correspondence class has not increased, indeed 6 or 7 seems to be its statistical average, and that neither fills my time nor my purse. Mrs. Petrus and Miss Pridmore have been most kind in hunting up books for me and suggesting translations. I have just asked Mr. Froude for the copy-right of his Life of Carlyle for a German translation and am very anxious for an answer. If he grants it and I get

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a German publisher to undertake the
business. I shall have plenty to do after
Xmas, but you see the thing hangs on
many hinges.

In the meanwhile I have amused
myself exchanging literary notes with
Miss Birdam and reading a good many
of James's and Howell's novels, both very
interesting and not to be confused with
Howell & James in Oxford. Much on the lines.
She is getting on in a very satisfactory
manner, I consider, and really is exceedingly
industrious. She joins a club for the
life - paid for the week every morning
at 8 o'clock, which necessitates her getting
up at 6, for she has a long way into town.
In her scanty leisure - hours she has painted
a very pretty ^{folwing} picture (from a picture) for
my mother, a beautiful renaissance pattern
in gold ground. We hear she is held in
much esteem at the school of art, by the
professors ^{teachers} as well as by her colleagues, and
strange as that seems, for my mother

and I cannot distrust ourselves of the habit
of still considering her a child. It is a
great pleasure to both of us.

When you are so good as to write to me,
please tell me also about the various
members of your interesting family.

How is your dear mother, and your
father? Paul, I suppose is turning
out a most successful and slightly con-
siderable young man. What are
Dolly and Willy doing - of course lots
of things - and are Ruth and
Lydia as pretty as ever?

What new ingenuity has your favorite
Daisy produced of late? And what
dimensions is the school taking?

But before petitioning for a detailed
and nice letter, I want to appeal to
you in a matter of business, which I
hope will find speedy delivery at your hands.
A short time ago your uncle, Mr.
Russell Martineau, sent me a pamphlet

of his on the Boomanch language with
a kind dedication. I was much pleased
by his remembering me and should have
written at once to thank him, only
I recollect you had told me of their
going into a new house and I had
not got their address. So please to send
it me ^{in a post-card} at once, and also, if you happen
to see your aunt and uncle within
these next weeks, tell them of my pleasure
at receiving the pamphlet and of the
cause which prevented my acknowledging
it sooner. I hope they are both well
and flourishing - indeed Mr. Marti-
neau's literary effluence makes me
imagine he is uncommonly so.
If you find any very glaring blunders
in this letter I give you leave to
correct it and shall be doubly than
grateful for the lesson. I cannot
say I shall be pleased, for it is too
sad a fact that I am forgetting my

English. The other day I had used the
word "wiskete" in a letter to Major my
old friend, Major Knill, and he supposed
I had done it for some particular
purpose, as he could not believe in
such a sudden decay of my admirable
English! Please to believe at least
that my German is all the more admirable
as it is absorbing all the energies formerly
vested in English. I never have
occasion to speak a word of English
here or in Brumhausen. Of course I do
not like to keep it up by exchanging it
for verse in conversation with German
neophytes. Really, you must come to
see some time and visit me up! I dare say
you make a lot of money, while I have
at present only just enough to keep me
decent - travelling, except to my sister's
being out of the question. How good-bye
Dear Betty, my mother and I send you
their love, as I send mine to your people,
and remain always Yours affly this ever
Cotton