

Eдинбургъ Wednesday Nov. 1st - 43

My dear friend

For the presents you have from
time to time sent me I know not how to thank you, be-
cause I feel I am undeserving of your kindness: - you call
them remembrances, as such they are scarcely needed as
I shall not soon forget one whose society & instruction
afforded me so much pleasure. For the books, which in-
safety were awaiting my arrival, I thank you in the sim-
ple but sincere words - I feel grateful. You must excuse
me at present giving any opinion of them, having only
returned from the country the end of the last past week
& not having had an opportunity of reading more than
a few chapters of each. The children are much pleased
with their 'American book', as they call it, & I am desirous
me to thank you, in their name, for your attention.
She is endeavouring to make them practice the useful
rule it contains. - Your last excellent letter, dated -

August 30th

is in 'my opinion' amongst the best I have received from you, being at once instructive, entertaining, & complimentary. I am perhaps hasty in applying the last term, as "certain friends" is rather an indefinite expression. But I must not write affectedly to you - know who you meant, & you must certainly have formed a false estimate. Otherwise I shall consider your American acquaintances very silly.

I perceive your leisure hours are still devoted to study - adding knowledge to your already abundant store. For my part I am ashamed to give an account of myself it strikes me so to think of the different use we have made of our time. Mine, especially for the last four months, having been spent in travelling, daily equestrian exercise, illness, & the most frivolous amusements. In these I have but obeyed my physician's orders who aim seemed to be that I shd never employ our moment in reflection but constantly be surrounded by cheerful company. I am certainly restored almost to my former health & strength yet the retrospect does not afford me much satisfaction, & even now, when home & settled in my old quiet habits, there is a lurking vanity & unsettledness of mind consequent on the display & attentions I receive. These I trust are but temporary feelings & if spared to write you again I hope to send you more pleasing intelligence. Many, however, of my innocent enjoyments are denied.

me this winter - for instance I am not allowed to sing
lest it irritate my lungs & provoke a return of the disease.
This is a severe disappointment, I am so fond of it & spent
so much of my time last winter in cultivating my voice.
Neither am I allowed to go out in the evening, so that
prevents me hearing music & singing in public. I must
just endeavor to employ the leisure not have required
in other & more profitable pursuits. I have great reason
to thank God for sparing me life & restoring me health
as I had been very ill, more dangerously than I was at the
time aware of, & I guess it has not left more serious
impressions on my mind.

The only books I have read this summer are 'Duke's Am-
erican Notes', Mrs 'Ellis' - 'Women of England' - 'Daughters of England'
& 'Wives of England'. The first at your suggestion. The
others in consequence of the subject being accidentally
introduced into our correspondence, gave me a desire to
learn a little about the duties & privileges of our sex but I profited
little by either, having read them carelessly & thought little about
them; one thing I recollect - I enjoyed several hearty laughs at
Duke's descriptions of American scenes & manners. By the way, his
you talk of me crossing the Atlantic, his description ^{of a voyage out} is not
very inviting, nevertheless had you been a warm climber
in winter there's no saying but I might have accepted your invi-
tation & paid a visit to your country which by description
is so familiar to me. I have got so well that they think it
unnecessary for me to leave home again.

Before concluding I shall give you a little of the minutiae of my present position. Suppose then - bear in remembrance the diningroom is changed to the back - the sideboard to be towards right as you enter; the piano on the same side as the back; the old round table, & on it, my work-basket, desk (at which I am seated,) & two Boston Papers just arrived from our friend Mr. Dawson. Mr. M. is intently engaged in reading them, & kindly interrupting me some half dozen times during the last half hour to

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to read something very interesting which I tell her I had rather be excused from listening to at present. "Well well," she says, "I'll not read any more, only don't forget to send my kind remembrances to Mr & Mrs. Dawson, & Mr. Dawson, I mean you Mr. Dawson." - Father has just come in & writes in the above. As it is getting late & I have been out shopping today & feel fatigued, I shall conclude without apologizing for this signet.

Ever very sincerely yours

Tell me when you write if the paper is good

Margaret S. G. Moore