

Pictou July 30, 1841

Dear Margaret

I have not, as you see, sufficient  
Patience to wait for an answer to one  
letter, before writing another. Indeed  
I had commenced one to go by last packet,  
but being called away while writing,  
I could not finish it in time for post.  
Yet I have nothing of importance to  
tell you, even about my constant subject  
- myself, except that I have been so  
busily employed in my old occupation,  
that I have scarcely any time even for  
a walk. I have not been more than  
half a mile from our own door since  
my return. I have however a little time  
for reading, and have commenced studying  
History, a subject of which, as you know, I  
am profoundly ignorant. Father and  
Mother pay me the rather equivocal com-  
pliment of saying, that I have become a

little more civilized than I was before  
my expedition to Britain. I am however  
nearly as solitary as ever. After my return  
I had to call on and be called on by a host  
of people, but I can scarcely find time to  
keep up an acquaintance with any person.

Perhaps if you were here I should make  
a greater effort. — But this is what you used  
to call flirtation, ~~and you excused~~. Mother told  
me, the other day, that she should very  
much like a visit from Marion or you.

As should I. It would be a nice little  
summer jaunt. If you were here now  
you might have loads of flowers and  
fruit, and bright blue skies such as  
I am sure you seldom see. Yet I can  
scarcely say that Pictou is as beautiful  
as Edinburgh, though a very pretty little place.

I have got an American rocking chair,  
which I intend to send over, by the first  
opportunity. It will be at least a curi-  
osity. A young lady who was here a few

days ago, after working in it for an hour,  
declared it to be one of the most comfortable  
beds ever seen.

I have been filling my letter with little  
else than trifling, though truth nevertheless,  
It will at least let you know that I do not  
and cannot forget my friends in Edinburgh,  
and wish to be remembered by them. To  
your father & mother, and other relations, both  
in Edin & Dalrieth, give my best & kindest wishes,  
and those of my parents. This letter must  
serve for both you & Maria from whom  
as well as from you I hope soon to have a  
letter. When you write tell me any thing  
or all things that you have been doing,  
and do not fear that I shall <sup>not</sup> be interested  
even the name of any of the places about  
Edin which I knew, when I happen to see  
it in a newspaper, raises old recollections  
which ~~are~~ "good for being glad" as the  
poor Indian says of his slap of rum. When  
you write, be sure and do not let the

July 30<sup>th</sup> /41.

Distance which separates us, cause  
you to be more distant in your written  
than in your spoken conversation. It has  
at least no such effect upon me, for to  
me I think that absent friends are even  
more dear than when present.

Miss Mott  
W. M. Miller  
Edwin

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Mr. Jordan will probably leave soon after  
you receive this. If you see him, it will be  
a good opportunity for sending a letter.  
I enclose this to your mother because I do not  
wish the young gentlemen about our post office  
to have your name to talk about. O those talking  
little places. And now for a little while 'Good Bye'  
in the best sense of the words — God be with you  
Yours affectionately  
J. W. Dawson