

Wilson

117, Bloor St.

Toronto

30th May 1881

My Dear Dr Dawson

I learn from a welcome letter of yours today, that you have been for some time purposing writing to me. You have now anticipated me in like intutions. I have various matters that I wished to say a word to you about.

In the first place, I was very sorry that Dr George was unable to resume the duties of University Examiner this year. I hoped to so identify him with the work of the College in his own Department as to possibly help his claims to more permanent relations with us at some

time. I would have written
to him then; but he named
Dr Harrington as a suitable
substitute for himself; and I
delayed writing, in full expect-
ation of being able to
announce the completion of
that arrangement. Professor
Chapman was entirely in
favour of it; but our new
Vice Chancellor belongs to the
Young Canada party which
goes all for our own
men; and just as Sybell
had settled a charming scheme
in which Anna was to
accompany Dr Harrington, and
we were to have the pleasure
of having both as our guests,

with the little gentleman and
lady also, — the V.C. interposed,
and one of our own Home
Graduates was named.

You refer to the Newspaper
rumours about the proposed
donor to you. The cool way
in which these gentlemen
of the Press interview us,
write about us; and
settle all our affairs, is
half-amusing, half-amazing.
You enquire about our
Summer plans. You might
have read in the Toronto
papers a fortnight ago
that "D. Wilson and family
are to spend their summer
in the White Mountains;"

We read the paragraph with
astonishment. Some vague
thought of such a thing
had indeed arisen, based
on Lybels desire for
some Mountain sketching.
But we could not remem-
-ber having named the
subject to any one!
Even now our plans are
quite uncertain. After
tarrying for twenty seven
years in our present
house, we are about to
move next month to one
alongside of the College.
The prospect of this domestic
revolution precludes, at
present, all definite plans

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as to anything beyond.

But to return from this digression. I read with pleasure the statement that you were to be knighted. It seemed to me a sort of legitimate succession to the Knighthood of Sir Wm Logan; and certainly no man in our Dominion would be more universally recognised as the fit recipient of any Royal recognition of Scientific merit. But when I subsequently saw your name coupled with that of Langroun, I confess it robbed it of all its grace.

Royal favours to political leaders are, I suppose, necessary

and reasonable. But to class
Logan & Dawson indiscrimin-
-ately with Juffe, Tilley,
Albert Smith, Langerwin, &c.,
can only tend to make a
D.C.L., or an F.R.S., an
hundredfold more covetable
than a K.C.B.

Nevertheless it was graceful
and becoming that you should
have been thought of, the
moment that the promoters
of Royal Honours looked
outside of the political
arena; and I am very
sure, the Marquis of Lorne
felt a very different sense
of pleasure or of fitness
in naming you for the
C.M.G., than he could

possibly do in being the
channel thro' which Knight's
honour came to Dr. Sargison.

Accept of my hearty congratu-
-lations for any fitting recognition
of your life-long services to
Canadian Science.

I see the rumours of my
recent diggings have reached
you. They are not yet
completed. Just about
thirty miles east of this, I
have been exploring an
Osseuary with some
interesting results. I am
collecting skulls, etc.
and hope by & bye to have
something to report.

It is the first relaxation
I have had since I parted
from you in Sept. last.

A self-willed Minister of
Education, who thinks himself
wiser than all the world,
can give a world of trouble;
and I have had a fair
share of this. But the
work is over now I hope.
When I can get away
some where or other, it
will be an enormous
relief to dismiss for a
little all thoughts of
College & its cares. My
troubles & yours differ; but
it involves a good deal
of care to get things to
work smoothly -

All kindest remembrances
to Mr Dawson and the
circle at home. Faithfully Yours
D. M. Terry