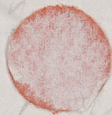


1879  
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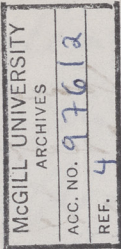
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Mrs J. W. Dawson  
Picton



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Antigonish Aug 16, 1848

Dear Margaret

I received your letter on  
Wednesday morning, with much pleasure  
and thankfulness, as you may be sure.  
I arrived here to day about 12. The day  
is showery but I was not much wet and  
so changed my clothes on arriving. I  
have not finished the work at Portmouthe  
but have marked the remainder out and  
bargained for it. I expect to go on to the  
port of Louis in the morning with the  
mail courier who arrives to night. The rain  
of yesterday and to day has quenched the  
fires, which however did not reach my  
habitation in the hills, though they were  
very destructive near Antigonish. One man  
lost 13 cattle which were burned in the woods  
and another his house and barn. The vil-

~~Indians~~  
Case of Antygnush itself was at one time  
thought to be in danger - and the boy I sent  
for my letters on Tuesday was told that he  
could not get along. He managed it however  
without any accident.

One week of my absence is now gone,  
and I shall not take more than 4 or  
5 days, so time flies and it will not  
be long till we are re-united again. I have  
got no seeds except some of the Killium and  
of the climbing buckwheat, a rather pretty plant.  
The lakes where I have been contain great  
quantities of the pond lilies both white & yellow.

Perhaps I had better give you some  
sketches of Lake society. One of the char-  
acters of the place is William Polson an  
old bachelor aged 60. He came from Scot-  
land 30 years ago, worked about a little,  
and was the first settler at Polson's Lake.  
His mother then came out to live with  
him, but died many years since,

leaving him as poor a lonely creature as  
you can suppose. He lives alone in a  
poor little house, which does not seem to  
have been washed for 20 years, has a com-  
mon pig & sheep and 50 acres of land, and  
does everything for himself. Though everybody  
pities him, he is somewhat vain of himself  
and his farm, and hopes to get a wife yet. He  
says when he first came he had such a  
poor place he did not like to marry, afterwards  
his mother thought all the girls here too lazy  
and dreary for him, and latterly he has been  
at law and got poorer; now however he  
thinks he will have plenty of "kitchen" and  
hopes to do something. He is about the most  
pitiable creature I have seen for some time,  
but I hope he is a good man at bottom with  
all his weaknesses. I left him a lot of tracts  
& amused him in his loneliness.

Polson's two neighbours are perfect contrasts.  
To him on one side are two fishermen with  
their families occupying a fine farm and  
one of them reported to have £200 in the bank.

yet both living in most wretched dirty log houses  
imaginable. On the other side is Las Costello  
an Irishman who has turned protestant, he  
lives in an old log house with his wife six  
children a brother and an old bedridden  
father who curses his sons herey with all his  
heart. Farther on is Henderson's, the house  
at which I lodged, and the best in the set-  
tlement. The old man is a canty good  
old highlander, a free church elder; and his  
family (at home) consists of a wife two sons  
and two daughters, all grown up. One of the  
latter was taken ill rather suddenly on Tues-  
day, in consequence of overheating herself at hay-  
making, and the old lady becoming alarmed,  
I was obliged at her urgent request to inquire  
into the symptoms of the case, and prescribe  
a dose of Morrison's pills, the only medicine  
in my possession or theirs; but which fortu-  
nately had a good effect, the young lady  
being much better when I left. I gave Cos-  
tello some tracts and left a lot with Hen-  
derson for the Sabbath school children. So  
much for the folks at Pokons Lake,

I had written thus far when I received your  
letter, and my heart is again full of thanks.  
Praise to our heavenly Father for the good  
news it brings. I shall not add much  
more, as I shall probably start for Plaster  
come at 7 in the morning, and it is now  
10; so I must not depend myself of sleep.

You see how selfish and careless of my-  
self I am, thinking nothing of your sit-  
ting till 12 to write to me. I have told  
the good lady to get me breakfast before  
I go, and hope that after 5 days rain  
the weather will be fine. I am quite well  
only a little sunburnt, and have not been  
troubled by mosquitoes. I called on Mr. Tuttle's  
family, himself having some of Peter today,  
and got some seeds of Broom & Mesquite.  
May God bless you dear Margaret, and  
restore us each other in health & happiness.  
Your affectionate husband  
William

