

Sergeant
Miner
Oct 18/72
Port Hood C. B. Oct 18/72

MCGILL UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES	
ACC. NO. 2211	48
REF. 12	

My Dear Anna

Here I am at Port
Hood for a day or two but hope
soon to turn my face homeward.

I left Pictou yesterday at 12 o'clock
for Port Hawksbury in the ferry canoe
accompanied by a miner named Wilson
who is to make some holes here.

We got to Hawksbury about 6.30 & I
at once telegraphed to Papa & hope
he received the dispatch the same evening.
Having had tea & being anxious to
get on as fast as possible I
arranged with a man to drive us over

here, a little better than 30 miles.

The night was bright moonlight
& beautifully fine though perhaps a
little cold. We hoped to get to Port
Hood between 10 & 2 o'clock. There was a
beautiful aurora & altogether it
seemed very pleasant. We had a
native of R. Inhabitant for a driver
who entertained the way by singing
songs & other songs. He was a queer sort of

fellow as you may judge from the
following attempt to ask about a
lighthouse. I asked if it was a
revolving or fixed light. "Oh revolving"
he said. "Is it steady or brighter
some times than others?" "Oh always the
same" "Or is it a flashing light?"
"Yes, it flashes up about dark &
burns all night!" & all this with
a lucerna gravity & air of

after a while the driver seeing it was no
go stopped at a friends house by the
way, waked him up & asked a loan
of his horse. The horse was in the
pasture & the driver & his friend
were about half an hour finding him
while we waited patiently & watched
the clouds passing over the moon.
At last they arrived & about 4 o'clock
we got off again & managed to get
down here by 5.15. Some of the people
of the hotel had just got up to get
breakfast ready for an early traveller
& so we were able to have a good
warm at the stove. After which we
turned in & had a 2 hours sleep till
breakfast time. Today I have been
walking along the shore most of the
time but feel as fresh as if I had had
the usual large quantum of slumber.

Your loving Brother
George.

Superior information. For the first
ten miles or so the horse went very well
but soon after began to go slowly &
more reluctantly. At last we could hardly
get him to do more than walk. The
driver intended to give him a feed on
the way & at last about 1 o'clock we
came to the place. Having rounded up
the man of the house the horse was
allowed $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour to feed & recruit
during which time we warmed ourselves
at some chips burning in the stove.

Having got under way again we found
to our disappointment that the horse
went worse than ever, & the man then
informed us that he had been ever so
far in the morning before we got him
at all. At last we could hardly get
him on at all. So got out &
walked for some few miles.