

Montreal April 7th 1871.

My dear George—

Last Friday I
 left off writing to you somewhat
 abruptly having left myself only
 time to cross the ocean on American
 ground. We had some very enjoyable
 conversations with Palmer Smith
 yesterday. Day & he discussed the merits
 of the Government of America in an
 intelligible & interesting way. P. S. condemned
 much its policy as more corrupt than
 that of any other nation; he did so
 in my beautiful English, but very plain
 & forcible. Treating also the faults in both
 English & American character in the
 same fearless manner. There seemed

reason & fairness in his statements
 certainly nothing coarse or bitter. I
 thought his remarks both in private
 & public nothing more than that
 liberty of judgement that ought to be
 fully allowed to every man who has
 taken the trouble to inform himself
 about the matter before he commits himself
 to an opinion. Had he ever dismissed any
 favorite idea of mine I do not think
 I should have felt hurt, there was
 so much that was noble & Christianlike
 in the tone of his opinions yet here as
 elsewhere many call him cynical. I
 do believe many people set up their
 Country or party as a standard of good
 & call him an enemy who finds a
 fault in their admired whole. After
 lunch he went with us to the Convocation
 the most crowded meeting of the kind

we have ever had. At the close of
the proceedings Judge Hay invited him
to say a few words, which he did most
appropriately. He strongly urged the benefits
of gathering all the learning & talent around
a Central, liberal, growing University rather
than multiplying "those one horse Colleges
as was so commonly done in the U. States"

The apr is laid at the root
of the tree. Yesterday a band of laborers
brought down many of the large
hawthorns — the climbing & straggling
& the clinging vines amongst which
you spent many of your boyhoods
happiest days. I assure you happy as
I am that the much needed new
medical building is about to be erected
every blow I heard struck painfully
upon my heart. — Locky being good
Prickly ac is again silent but

a large pile of trees lie, an earnest
of coming change. — The River is
open — the weather fine altho changeable
& sometimes very cold — The snow well
gone & early garden operations begun.
The deer birds, every year more numerous
under the protection law, singing sweetly
We are a month in advance of
most years. The winter having also
been late in its approach has
appeared quite short. This date last year
we were starting with many misgivings
for England & this there is no reasonable
prospect of our seeing either it or you.
Prof. Ramsay's willing compliance about
admitting you on the Survey staff I suppose
likely to influence you to spend the vacation
under this guidance. I give no advice. Paper
& you are both so much wiser in a
matter of this kind. I only hope you

are mindful of hints, at various
times given by me, in regard to
matters of health & diet in which
I think myself capable of judging.

It was in Ramsay's younger Geological
days amongst the Mountains of Wales,
I believe, that he met & admired the
lady who is now his wife. I thought he
a somewhat vulgar noisy mannered
woman. My internal Comment was God
knows, as I have known many young
men do, without reference to what
your future might be. Your present
could have adjoining with a more
cultivated woman as a partner.

Georg Bill popped in upon us very
unexpectedly yesterday. He has been in
New York part of the winter & wrote
asking papa if he could find employment
for him here. Papa inquired of some

Machinist, & afterwards one of the
Molson's had inquired of the same
person, for a man to act as engineer
in his pleasure yachts & had given S. B.'s
address. A negotiation resulted in his
engagement & without applying to
me come here. I am much disappointed
as I had hoped for a very different position
before bringing him here. but it is settled
to what can one do but humbly make
the best of it. The whole notion of settling
on this side has arisen because of non-
sustainability of his wife with whom
he has at present no communication.

With much love

Believe me

Yours loving

Mother

Mrs Cornish sends love