

write to  
Marseilles - France

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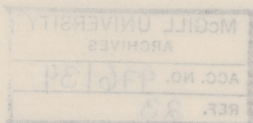
McGill College.  
Montreal.

June 5, 1855

Dear Rankine,

I write to-day to  
Marseilles, believing it to  
be too late to address  
you at St. Louis, or New  
Orleans places. Several  
letters & newspapers have  
been sent.

Our family affairs  
stand thus - Warrington is  
in England, arrived on  
Monday or Tuesday last  
in S.S. Samia, and will  
be heard of by you at  
the Canadian Agency.



McGill College  
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Serge left on Wednesday  
for Vancouver Island,  
where he is to spend  
the summer. William  
has been ordered to the  
North shore of Lake  
Superior for a month  
or so, to look after  
break spots on the C.P.  
Railway. He and I  
are the only male persons  
in charge here now,  
and Eva is in front  
on a boat to the Wilms.

Mamma, Anna and  
Lena are to leave  
for Metz on Monday,  
after which I shall  
be left alone.

With most matters have  
settled down a little —  
the my rebel in arms  
now being my Bear  
who still holds out  
invention with of  
Butterfat. and whether  
he can, he reached  
at all seems uncertain.

Other Indians are quiet  
or reduced to subjection.  
I hope therefore the trouble  
will soon come to an  
end.

You are kind enough  
to suggest that I should  
publish views in prospect.  
I can say to say however  
that I have been so kind  
of late and have the  
misfortune of being so done  
all summer that it  
seems hopeless to attempt  
anything beyond what I  
must do. I feel myself

In thought of a slave  
 that I fear nothing  
 but breaking loose  
 altogether from the  
 College will enable  
 me to follow up any  
 of my speculations; and  
 unfortunately I am too  
 poor as yet to venture  
 to cut loose from work.  
 I must however do so  
 soon, as I find my  
 strength and capacity  
 for business not what  
 they were, and

shall then see if I  
can do anything  
for the good of the  
world,

I propose this summer  
to figure up all my little  
affairs, and to see if  
I can manage to retire  
with enough to keep mamma  
& self in some very humble  
way, and leave a prospect  
of a little capital remaining  
I love if I can do this,  
I may hope to do something  
before I die with hearing  
left about the world's  
part and its future, but  
not otherwise.

With kind love  
to you from all I am affectionately  
Mrs Dawson