

Sheffield Scientific School of Yale
College
New Haven, Connecticut -

January 18th. 1872

To the
Director of the Geological Survey of Canada.

Sir:

Having learned that Dr B.J.Harrington is a candidate for the position of chemist and mineralogist of the Geological Survey under your charge, we take pleasure in placing before you our estimate of his qualifications for such a position.

Dr Harrington was for two years a member of this institution and at the last commencement was, on examination promoted to the degree of doctor of philosophy, the highest degree of our University. During his residence here he devoted himself with great success in our laboratory to the study of chemical analysis, mineralogy and metallurgy. He became an accurate and expert analyst, making also excellent progress in theoretical chemistry. In mineralogy he was awarded the first prize for his proficiency, and he gave admirable proof of his metallurgical knowledge by a very able investigation of the Siemens' Martins' steel process which he presented as his inaugural dissertation.

In view of these facts, we take great satisfaction in cordially recommending Dr Harrington as a gentleman whose scientific attainments and personal character eminently qualify him for the position to which he aspires.

Trusting that you may secure his services -
we are Sir

Very Respy Yours

George J. Bush Professor of Mineralogy.

Samuel W. Johnson - Professor of Analytical Chemistry

Oscār D.Allen - Professor of Metallurgy.

New Ac # 2048

Mr Winslow Spragg rec' 17 April 75

- Return blog. by end of next week.
 1. Xerox it. - Mrs D
 2. MF at MX - RM

- Saturday Mag. is a gift. [nothing to do on it]

- plate - gift. list it.

- Copy - negative + print of 3 drawings.

- newsclip are Bernard G. Harrington - brother of Mrs W-S
son of B. J. Harrington.

- 2 ~~poems~~ GMD

- Ella Kemp - GMD's cousin } her letter
hints GMD had a relig. of own. }

- Crystall Dawson - cousin of Mr W-S
↑ d. of Wm. Bell Dawson.

XEROX + Return TODAY

another letter - G. Crow.

letters + envelopes

another letter - from son of Victor Dawson, son of Wm Bell D.

another letter from same

[Mr. A will send a checklist of JWD items to above]

Extracted, for class 99-2

Dawson Family file

are xeroxes apparently made

by Archives (originals here?)

of family recollections.

Probably Mr. Anderson

kept originals on understanding

Mrs. Lois Winslow Sprague

got xeroxes.

— Jan 1980 RUS

This is a better copy
than the one Mrs Byers
gave you, written out
by her daughter -

RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR WILLIAM DAWSON'S GRAND-DAUGHTER OF
VISITS TO THER REDPATH MUSEUM.

As I look back over the years to about 1897, I can recall with some pleasure, a brisk day in Autumn when I was about 9 years old. It was a Saturday and my father said to me, " How would you like to come to the museum with me and look at all the special things you like, and after we can watch the football game from the upper window ? " So it was, with my hand in his I found myself climbing up the broad steep steps of the museum. My father opened the great heavy door and we went inside to the warm and spacious entrance hall. Here on the left wall was the portrait of Mr. Peter Redpath, the founder of the museum. I knew he was a very wonderful man and very rich because my father had told me he had given the money so that the museum could be built for Grandpapa. Across from the front door was a wide stairway with golden yellow banisters supporting a shiny hand-rail, so tempting to slide down on ! My desire was to go up these stairs as quickly as possible to see the many exhibits that always filled me with wonder and delight. Before however mounting the stairs I had to stop and peer into the aquarium on the right of the hall. This large tank was full of all sorts of wiggily things and little fish. At this point Mr. Edward Ardley, the caretaker often appeared and explained everything to me. I believe he knew almost as much as Grandpapa or my father. I remember him as a small, very energetic man with red hair and a bristly moustache and keen blue eyes. He practically ran the museum for Grandpapa, and did many things to help him. Grandpapa told me he was able to cut very very thin slices of stone which were used for making lantern slides to instruct the students with.

Climbing the brown shiny steps we soon arrived at ~~ah~~banding half way up, here we spent a short time looking at a large case of stuffed birds, and then examined huge cross sections of British Columbia trees. I tried so hard on many different visits to the museum to count the rings to discover the age of the trees, but this was very difficult to do and I doubt if I ever got the correct answer. Now I gave my father a tug, to hurry him along so that we could see the Egyptian mummy. It gave me a feeling of awe to think that these were the remains of a real human being who had died many centuries ago. I had strange thoughts about " her ". I don't really remember, but I think it was a " her " Turning slowly from the mummy, I looked through the large open doorway into the main exhibition hall. Here at once my eyes rested on the huge skeleton of the megatherium soaring heavenward and supported on its great hind legs. A sight wondrous and exciting enough for any child. Behind this amazing creature was the glyptodon, much smaller, but frightening enough with the wicked looking spikes on its tail. I felt glad that these animals do not roam about the world today.

Just beyond these creatures and in the centre of this large room was a tall case containing many interesting things - I remember best a model of the largest gold nugget ever found and also a model of the famous Kohinor diamond. Briefly we inspected all the beautifully coloured minerals, which were housed around the sides of the hall.

Leaving this hall we examined some enormous fossil footprints in sand, then we proceeded up to the second floor where a beautifully carved balcony ran all around the upper part of the hall. What fun it was to look below and see what was going on and what sort of people were there and what they were all looking at. I was anxious to find a square glass case which rested on top

of a cabinet where butterflies were kept in locked drawers - here in this glass house I found my old friend the stuffed beaver sitting as he always did beside his little pond with water lillies floating on its glass surface. Beside Mr Beaver was a partly chewed tree, still waiting to fall - to a child of my age this was an entrancing sight. My father seeing the time slipping away, said, " Now lets see the little black bear ". There he was standing in his usual place. He too was an old friend who I was happy to see again. I ~~almost~~ felt he was glad to see me too.

We now passed by the skeletons of a prehistoric horse and bison and continued our tour around the balcony, where we looked at some of the beautiful shells and corals and some fine specimens of huge crabs. One thing I always liked particularly was a small leafless tree covered with lovely little vari-coloured humming birds - it was so dainty and pretty. Then there was the stuffed mounted whale which hung high up on the wall and which my father had brought from Metis, near here were some intriguing frogs and lizards in bottles of pickle.

Finally we saw the huge Indian totem pole, so enormous and majestic and which extended upwards in height for two floors. What a wonderful thing it was and it was a very important part of the museum to me.

My father turned now and said it was time to go and watch the foot-ball game - so we looked about to find some chairs to sit on and placed them by the window which gave the best view. Soon we saw the players running out on to the campus which appeared far below us. As I watched the game my thoughts wandered back to all the wonderful things I had seen, and especially to the fantastic weather-worn totem pole, which I was now sitting beside.

These are some of my recollections of the various visits I made to the Redpath Museum with my father, who was a professor of the University and also a curator of the museum, which I felt partly belonged to me. These visits have stimulated me through the years and made a very lasting impression on my mind and life.

L.W*S.

March 23rd, 1971.

A few notes on George
M. Dawson Teasing his
father at prayer time!
+ Xmas

G.P. & George at Praxipine
His very blue eyes, piercing in effect, yet kind
without a twinkle which made for fun & merriment
wherever he went - He was adored ~~wherever~~
by all the nieces & nephews & especially remembered
as he appeared at Christmas bringing magical
gifts for every child - In a way he was our Santa
Claus & spread radiance & happiness in all
directions - He was a great tease (especially with)
also he loved to argue with his father - even at
times to all - ~~but~~ his father taking

+ engineering which held them much together ⁽²⁾
They had the same broad out look of
mind & heart.

"Dawson Post" 4 feet high - + ^{inches} 5" diameter

Initials H.W. - + A.L.H.

On west side of rocky point

Geo. loved to argue with his Father
^{to get} ~~in~~ at prayer time after breakfast -
his father taking him seriously, but George
twinkling with fun & rather getting a
rise out of him - After my Grandfather
read the Scriptures, he always gave a
short dissertation, & it was then that
George stepped in! - But what good
friends they were Father & Son - with a
bond of Scientific Knowledge & enquiry
which held them much together, they
had the same broad out look of mind &
heart, - written by Clara Haight

Re George at Prayer time

A few little memories
to do with Mr Gill -
put together very quickly.
perhaps they are of some
interest? —

MY FATHER

(B.J. Harrington)

With what excitement we awaited the arrival of our father.

After his long day of work, the door opened and he came into the hall preceded by a gust of cold crisp winter air, which met us as we came clattering down the stairs to meet him.

He was always in an affable frame of mind, and smiled and talked to each one, as he took off his hat and coat, and greeted our mother. Then he would say, " what is it going to be tonight ? " as he walked across his library, and opened a small cupboard below his book-shelves, where he kept his many treasures. Perhaps he would choose the large mechanical fly which he wound up carefully and set on the floor, the rug having been turned up - it flashed ruby and green as it whizzed and buzzed around in eccentric circles on the hall floor, dashing first at one, and then another, amid screams of delight. Another day it was the yellow water canary which sat on a perch, and when my father blew through a tube it whistled and warbled the most estatic notes of beauty. On other days the German moving picture books were brought forth, these were worked secretly by my father. One picture showed a dog that stuck its head out of its kennel ~~to bark~~ to bark at a donkey with a sack of corn on its back, the donkey on seeing the dog tried to kick him, who in turn retired to it's kennel. Another book had an artist who climbed over a fence leaving the picture he was painting unguarded, and before he was able to climb back, a nanny-goat took advantage and licked off the scenery. And there were many more such as the stork that bent its long neck to take fish from the water - the hens pecking grain from a trough and the mother-bird swallow feeding her baby birds with flies. All were enchanting to us.

When our father thought we had tired of the toys and books, and no doubt by that time he was tired himself, he would resort to playing his auto harp or the piano. He played everything by ear, and almost every night we went to sleep listening to his music..... Those were happy days, which can only be lived through the door of memory.

A REAL DOCTOR

(Dr. J.Francis Shepherd, Dean of Medicine)

Dr. Shepherd
I was very ill with whooping-cough, I had all but whooped myself out... I lay in a darkened room, holding with tired little hands a doll dressed in crimson corded silk and black lace. I had been put in my father's dressing-room so that I would be near my mother. As I lay thinking of nothing in particular, I heard a heavy footstep on the stair, and a gruff voice asking my mother how I was? then he came quietly into my room and he looked at me gravely - I looked up at him and said weakly " It is my birthday, I am five today " Slowly I saw his hand go in to his pocket, and he pulled out 25 cents, saying " Do you think you could get better , if I give you this to buy something for yourself with ? " then he smiled at me so kindly, his gruffness all gone - The delight of his generous gift, and the radiance of his smile, made me feel better all at once, and I was soon up.

B.J.H. and Student party.

Every so often my father would have a student's party, at which time he always tried to have some little original entertainment. I remember on one occasion, he had placed in our upstairs sitting-room, known as "The Palace of Delight" a large tub filled with water and electrically charged with a low power current. When the guests were assembled, and all was ready, my father threw into the bottom of the tub a number of Canadian coins of different values, then he invited the students to put their hands into the water and help themselves. Students came forward two or three at a time, and pushing up their coat sleeves dipped their hands deep into the water to gain a coin - but no sooner did their hands touch the water, than their fingers crumpled up and became powerless, and just as some student thought he could gain a prize of perhaps 50 cents or even a gold piece he could grasp nothing, much to every one's entertainment - but there were always a few brave souls that could control the muscles of their hand in spite of the current, and so the coins went to them and disappeared gradually one by one. As far as I can remember this entertainment created much fun and was a very great success.

On another occasion, I remember my father had several students from England at our house, and he surprised and delighted them by showing them how to light a gas jet with an electric spark, created by scuffing their feet up and down the carpet - of course on a very cold day. These lads thought this the most amazing trick they had ever seen, and wanted to light the burner over and over again to the detriment of my mother's carpet.

Students were always welcome to call on Sunday afternoons, when my mother presided at the tea table and usually offered them sally-lunns and a three cornered type of cake with maple icing. On cold days, a fire in the grate was lit which created a cosy and friendly atmosphere, and must have appealed to the men, for we always had some with us. On the centre of the mantel above the marble fireplace stood a rather ornate but lovely clock under a glass dome, at either side of which were a pair of deep blue vases in the shape of semi-reclining horns of plenty, there were also two other tall elegant vases with glass flower receptacles held up by charming little gold cupids which we as children thought were most lovely. In front of the clock was a little carved yellow marble shoe, which always contained matches for lighting the fire. Students who came for tea were frequently invited to stay for supper but if they accepted this invitation, they understood that it meant that they must go to the evening church service, probably with the Harrington girls. This was no hardship to them, as the service attended was usually at Christ Church Cathedral, at which time Dr Symonds was the Rector and was most popular with the students. He was a vigorous and fine preacher and the church was always full. Sometimes by way of a change, I would beguile my favourite student to go to the French protestant church at the foot of St Famille St. This because by going there we could listen to French that was easy to understand, and also we had a lovely long walk with time to enjoy ourselves.

Supper was ready for 9 o'clock when we returned, we all sat around the big family table, with places set for each one. We partook of cold meat, salad and always some nice desert - coffee or sometimes cocoa were served with the meal, never wine or strong drink, such things never entered our house - my father partook of beer at different periods, but this was said to be a tonic for his health.

Johnson,

SNOW-SHOE PARTIES. and SUGARING-OFF PICNICS.

Snow-shoe parties were quite the vogue about the 1905's and onward - usually the Pat Johnson's of Prince of Wales Terrace would have one or two of these during the winter season - One day, you might receive a small note by the 9 o'clock mail inviting you to come to a snow-shoe party and supper afterwards. The guests would meet at their house at 8 o'clock. When we were all assembled at the Professor's house, we were told to choose partners and that when Miss "Laight" blew a whistle we would start. Snow-shoeing was really a great sport and everyone looked forward to these tramps. Well the whistle blew and out of the house we filed and walked west on Sherbrooke street and then straight up Peel to the top - as soon as we had passed over Pine Avenue, we put on our snow-shoes and proceeded to climb along and up on to the mountain side. We were told to keep together and when the whistle blew again we would change partners - but this was a little difficult to regulate as often couples got lost, often I fear probably on purpose - eventually, however, everybody turned up for supper, all glowing with health and eager for food.

The Johnson family not only had snow-shoeing parties in the winter, but when spring arrived they usually had a Sugaring-off party - this took place at St Bruneau where there was a sugar camp. There were usually about 20 in these parties. We took the train from Montreal to St Bruneau and then walked on a rough road across fields and up a slope to the camp. Our first treat was sticky maple taffy cooled on pans of snow - when lunch time came we had all kinds of good things to eat and were always offered scrambled eggs covered with maple syrup, a really unpleasant mixture. After lunch at one of these picnics, a few of us went for a walk further up the mountain beyond the camp - after a little we came to a wide pool in a hollow, this caused by melting snow, one of the students dared me to cross over it on a long fallen tree, I took his dare, and started gingerly with short and carefully placed steps - towards the centre the tree began to wobble ever so slightly, and I put out my hand to balance myself on a slim little branch nearby, unfortunately this branch was dead and broke off - my balance was lost and alas I fell in ! The water was of course ice cold, and my companions were in a great stew over this sudden happening even though it was quite laughable. So back we had to go to camp with some sort of a trumped up tale. I was at once made to remove my soaking wet garments behind an improvised screen and sit quietly swathed in an assortment of odd things lent me till my own clothes got dry. One man stuffed my boots with newspaper to keep them from shrinking and another endeavoured to dry my skirt, which due to the fashion of the day was at least $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards around the bottom. Everybody was very kind and most solicitous for my welfare, when really I should have been much scolded.

McGILL RINK.

If you happened to be in the McGill grounds towards evening when afternoon lectures were over, one could have observed students both male and female making their way across the campus on a narrow snow path to the McGill Rink, this about the years 1906, 07 and 08. As they neared the small grandstand on the west side you might have observed them craning their necks to see if the ice was in good condition. The skaters were allowed to put on their boots in the dressing-rooms of the football players under the grandstand - the girls to the right and the boys to the left. There was a small stove in each place to keep the temperature reasonably warm. Boots were laced up as quickly as possible and in a short time the skaters were on the ice - the girls usually glided to a bench on the far side where they sat momentarily, but never for long for students were quick to steer towards them to invite them to skate. The youth would place his right arm under the girl's left holding her hand tightly, and off they would speed. The best day of the week was when the students brought in a hurdy-gurdy, this barrel-organ resembled a small upright piano on wheels, it was drawn to the centre of the rink, where the little man who owned it stood endlessly turning the handle no matter how cold it was watching the skaters in pairs gliding around him. Nothing could have been more delightful than skating to the strains of the Blue Danube and other old tunes that seemed to belong to those enchanting instruments so long disappeared. One pleasant crisp day a student thinking to be funny sprinkled sulphuric acid all about one end of the rink - the odour was awful and nobody could stand it, and the rink became empty very quickly - everyone was much annoyed, and the men students vowed vengeance on the culprit, who they said they knew. One of the best skaters of this period was Gordon Pitts, who I think was well known in College circles.

We girl students thought it was rather exciting to be allowed to use the same dressing-room as the famous football teams used. This little grand stand with its rooms below and which McGill was quite proud of at that time, stood right at the edge of the cinder track used for racing and which encircled the campus, and when we were fortunate enough to have a seat on the stand to watch a game, we were always nervous to see a man tackled near the track, for if he fell, as some did, they could get badly cut. One sometimes heard a loud cry from a girl in the stand when she saw her true love, perhaps playing outside wing, being brought to the ground. The best game of that time was when the McGill champions of 1908 played the Hamilton Tigers and almost beat them. George Stephens who became head of the Royal Victoria Hospital was the McGill captain that year - little Ged Zimmerman was a fast and spectacular runner who was able to dodge everybody and make many points for his team.

Little Metis

July /93.

Dear Dr Harrington,

My attention has been called in connection with my resignation of office to several oversights which I should endeavour to remedy. One is the lack of recognition of your services in working up under great difficulties and the pressure of other work the Department of Mining Engineering in the Faculty of Applied Science. This I hope is now in the way of being permanently provided for, and I feel that it owes its existence and prosperity almost entirely to your voluntary exertions. This should have been suitably acknowledged when you were relieved from the work. and I take blame to myself for failing to suggest this; but the time was one of great pressure and anxiety and my mind was wholly occupied with the necessity of relieving you from the work and at the same time providing for the chair.

This explanation I think is right to place in your hands in case at any time it should be of use.

Sincerely yours

J.W. Dawson.

Xerox copies of letters found in
"D. R. McCord, Correspondence
Relating to Collecting Activity, in
William Dawson and family."

Read from
Mrs Pamela
McCord
1 March 1977

Wm Dawson

McGILL UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES
ACC. NO. 2167
REF.

6

she has a
 2" thick
 illustrated
 typed life of
 the husband
 & family
 life
 told her of
 J.T. Rowland
 I printed
 typed
 1" vol.
 letters
 Alice
 from
 Netherwood
 NB. typed

7

lus
 26th of April
 3 of May

3 Lady
 Dawson
 items

1 plate

5

Tim boxes Cox
 54 Dawson 2
 9 M D 1
 Suter 1
 Crane 1
 Huntington 1
 upstair yet

I can borrow:

3 Drawings
 by Lady

Dawson
 for exhibit

1 vol Sunday
 Magazine
 1867

2 Envelope
with Crest

J M D
18 yrs
WMB
1865

Mrs. Ruth Huntington
WS Conrad
Librarian Bernard from H.
Sullivan Librarian

3 articles on
Bernard (Ready)
~~letter~~ Can, photo

David grandson
of Bernard

2

1 JWD
sketches
not returned
or found
to R M

2 photos
of JWD
water colours
copies by ~~photo~~
Mr. Bennett

2 ADH
page proof

1 Report
JCA ^{Pinne}
81-82

genealogy to
compare with
ours

3
2 JMD poems

letter to
Ellen G. M.D. 1899
~~conundrum~~
letter of Caroline
religion
Ellen's father was
a Scotch Bell

son w. father
No. 1 James had a
bro who came
out to Canada

Crystal Dawson
recent letters
"Legacy" story
Copy
to be returned

4 Irish nobility
in line

1 Blue letter
recent
re Crow family
Return after
Xeroxing

EW Dawson
philosopher
v of M.
long genealogy
Copy & return
his letter

Reply of
Edward
2 p
4 April

Edward is
son of Victor &
Bertha Dawson
only adult son of
William Bell Dawson

Envelopes with Crest

JMD &
1895
WMB
1865

Mrs. Ruth Huntington
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3 articles on
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~~with~~ son, photo

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EW Dawson
philosopher
v of M.
doing genealogy
Copy & return
his letter

Reply of
Edward
2 p
4 April

Edward is
son of Victor &
Barbara Dawson
with Albert & John
William Bell Dawson

She has a
2" thick
illustrated
typed life of
the husband
& family
life
told from
J.T. Bowyer's
view
typed
1" vol.
letters
Alice
from
Wetherwood
N.B. typed

7

lvs

26th of April

3 of May

3 Feb
Dawson
items

1 plate

5
Tin boxes 602

54 Dawson 2

9 M D 1

Butter 1

Chino 1

Hawington 1

upstairs yet

3 can boxes:

3 Drawings
by Lady

Dawson
for exhibit

1 vol Sunday
Magazine
1867

Jane Mercer seems to have
had fourteen in my
count, perhaps she had
a set of twins! or perhaps
one of them belonged to
another sister, which would
make 13,

Mr and Mrs George Mercer.

Jane Mercer
married Peter Bell

George (London)
Gordon (Country doctor)
Jane Margaret
Ella (Keup)
Louisa
Maria
Aurelia
Henrietta
Peter
Henry
Christine
Jessie
Mathewson (?).

Walter Mercer
married Helen (?)

1 or 2 Sons

Marion Mercer
married Geo. Primrose

Marion Jane
George
Alfred
Christine
became Reid
Mathewson
Peter
Henry
Baby Ellen

Jessie Mercer
married David
Cleghorn

Gabella
Jane Maria
Jessie
John
Laurence (?)
John

Margaret Mercer
married William
Dawson

James Cosmo
George Mercer
Anna Lois
William Bell
Rankine
Eva - married
Hope Atkin - England.

Permalife.

-- By Standard

The Hollinger Corp. - Arlington, Va.

2 Envelopes
with crest

J M D
18 yrs
W M B
1865

Mrs. Ruth Huntington
US Consul
John Bernard
1918 H.
Chicago
Librarian

3 articles on
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