

~~Letter~~

Aug. 1. 1867.

July 1867

My dear Dr Dawson

I do not deserve a letter
from you, for I think there must
be one at least unanswered. But
in truth, my dear friend, (for I
think you so, having seen you &
seen into you at once at Birmingham
& I soon know a man I love) I
have been unable for 4 years
to keep any foreign Correspondence.

Pressed to the earth with sudden
misfortune (for my leaving the Survey
was not my own doing but Muelhisen's
order, request, demand -) I have
been obliged to descend to one third
of my former expenditure: and more
than one I shame to say, body &
soul alike gave way under the
stern pressure of misfortune and
poverty - for I was most unjustly dealt
~~with~~ with.

I do not blame Marchison. I
blame my own folly in not knowing
how to meet Huxley's encroachments
& Marchison's prop weakness. My
post was utterly untenable long before
I left it. and God so ordered it, that
it should be alike the punishment
for my follies (ye may call them worse
names, I do,) and my deliverance too: for
now I am a free & happy man.

I have gradually, & with long
toils & flours, come into plenty of
employment, naming museums, engraving,
drawing, describing, helping literary men,
occasional articles for reviews, - and
but for some deep domestic sorrows
(we do not speak of them) I should hardly
know now what any evil but poverty
means. And that, thank God,
never kills a man - It is sorrow
of heart, remorse for past sin, anxiety
about the future that destroys us -
but poverty - nonsense - it never hurt
a true man yet, & never can. It may
keep him back, & that is good for

him. See now, I have learned
from my Bible & experience, some
of the lessons of life. I need more
humility, quietness & patience,
& I shall be happy & easy enough.

But now the scale is turning, &
I don't care who you tell so (Luzan
will be glad to hear it, so will Hall)
and I am making the acquaintance
of all our best Coal men by degrees
(my life please God shall be spent
in developing British Coal by true
scientific methods) arranging the
best of the Museums, & so instilling
my own classification (^{sedimentary & igneous} Cambrian, Silurian
& Devonian &c) wherever I can. And
lastly this year they have made me
sole Superintendent of the Geological
Department of the Welsh Association.
Of which I send you a leaf - though you
will wonder at the name. Eisteddfod
is an annual gathering of the bards, and
it has been gradually metamorphosed into
a literary gathering - an archaeological
one, & now Art & Science are to be

added. I need not say, that set
in the thin end of the wedge, &
thy shall like Aaron's rod, walk
up all the other serpents. We'll
teach the birds that the sheep
on whose back the vellum grows &
the Coccus & Cynips that make their
inks & dyes are at least worth
as much as what Welchmen do
with them. First, we will teach
them their an two sides to nature,
and they must learn both of them.

My letter is all about myself. Because
your enclosed words show me that you
care for myself - thank you heartily
for this sympathy. I am really well &
strong now. May I remain so!

Now about Nova Scotia. The lists
in Honeyman's paper are all I know
anything about. I gave him no report.
There is a very distinct May Hill Sandstone
group (there is no such thing as Upper Blomidon
see that May Hill was named first) a very
decent Wauloch, & the most decided
British Ludlow type I ever saw. The
fauna at the Ludlow end might have come
from the Radnor^{mountain} ^{shires}. Good bye,
Dear D. may put me down a sub. to your book J. W.