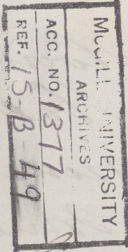


Pictou June 29, 1848

Dear Margaret,

When I last wrote I had two letters of yours to answer, and am therefore still in your debt. I wish all debts could be, as pleasantly discharged, they would be much more honestly paid than at present.

I have been since April going on quite in my usual way, with the exception of an excursion 40 miles from home, which occupied about a week. I ascended one of our rivers nearly to its source, and travelled over a ridge of hills, not bare rugged ones like most of those in Scotland, but wooded to their very summits; and many of them commanding extensive views of forest and blue water; while others look down on level cultivated districts, with white cottages - and green fields and orchards, and clear rivers with graceful elms along their banks, meandering through every valley. I saw two beautiful waterfalls, and a variety of wild flowers which I did not before know. It is one of the greatest pleasures that I know to go away for a week, rambling along rivers and through woods, in



Search of Scenery or birds or geological
information. I shall not probably
have many such rambles this sum-
mer, but hope to be able to settle some
geological questions connected with our
Province, which are still uncertain. They
will of course merely by way of amusement. ^{But}
they must be attended to beside; but I gener-
ally continue to mingle a little of it with
my geological excursions.

How I wish that you could have
some interest in my country, such as
I have in Scotland. I wish that I could
bring before you its appearance, its people
and their manners, employments and am-
usements, so that you could read
of them as of old and well known ac-
quaintances; but this would be a hope-
less task, nothing but seeing it could make
you feel the same interest in it that
I do in your beautiful city, recalling
before me some pleasant thoughts & images
when I hear any of its familiar names, and
yet North Scotland is a beautiful country, as
highly favoured by nature as Scotland, though
much less improved or civilized (as it may be)
by art. I shall give you a sketch of my last
journ for a specimen of it. You may imagine
me first riding in a "fly" thirty miles in
a showery day, as far as ^{the village of} Tatumouchetif

You can't pronounce the name it is no
matter, then spending an evening then
calling upon some friends. Next morning
walking in a constant shower, about ten
miles, along a river running through the woods,
scrambling along steep banks, wading shallow
places or plunging through thickets with
basket and hammer; and an unfortunate
doctor who accompanied me, with an un-
brella — dining at a farmhouse in the
hills on tea, pork, and pancakes, — and
returning in the evening to Tatmagouche,
tired, wet and dirty, after having peeped
through and admired, as far as rain would
permit, much beautiful scenery. Spending
next day travelling along the shore, visiting
friends, and in evening riding up to
an inn among the hills. Next morning
early, travelling a mile or two through the
woods to visit a waterfall, then riding
in an old tumble-down fly, with a
beam tied under it, over the road of
~~the~~ rocks and puddles, alternately,
stopping occasionally to examine something
curious, or to glance at the extensive views
from the hill tops — and in the evening
descending into the lowland of Furo,
a wide expanse of beautiful farms & vil-
lages. Next day travelling along the

shore ten or twelve miles, returning to
Burr, attending a temperance meeting,
calling on a number of friends, and
next day returning in a mail coach, on
a beautiful road, at the rate of ten or
12 miles an hour to Pictou. This may
serve for a specimen of a geological
excursion, and of the ups and downs of
travelling in our country.

I have been thinking while writing
now, of the tenor of my life since return-
ing from Britain, now almost exactly
two years ago. I think that since
that time I have changed much,
I hope for the better, though still I have
many lost opportunities to regret. You too
I suppose, and many of my other friends,
have learned, enjoyed, suffered & changed
much in that time; how much I can-
not know till I see you all again - and
when may that be?

We are at present all well,
My father and mother join me in
the best wishes for you all. I hope
that I may soon receive a letter
from you, full of good news; and
interesting, as all your letters are.

P.S. I will write by some of the first summer
ships, if I can get any little curiosity to make a parcel

Yours affectionately
J. Dawson