

You must excuse my crossing a nice bit of this letter to send you  
 the various compliments & reports of mother's father. Mr. & Mrs.  
 of my family are all in the  
 best of health & I trust when you will have  
 seen them they will be very pleased in intelligence  
 of your health & I beg to remind  
 you that I have not yet received your letter on a large  
 parcel which was duly received by me  
 to be sent to him. He called  
 on me at two or three times & I walked  
 to his house in Glasgow & saw him  
 at his house in Scotland. - You are right in  
 your opinion that he is a good specimen - but  
 Scotland has the  
 best of him; so I un-  
 derstand that his strong language  
 is not so much as you know, is fully developed  
 in my opinion. He has kindly offered  
 to send you a copy of his letter to you, I have also entered  
 into a communication  
 with him which I am not permitted to

Glasgow March 24<sup>th</sup> 1842

Your letter stated  
 I had received Mr. Green.  
 I was very glad to hear  
 of you & I hope you are  
 all well. I have not  
 time to write you more  
 at present. I must close  
 for this time. I am  
 ever your affectionate  
 friend  
 Wm. Green



write. — Give mother's kind regards to your  
 Mother, & tell her she was much gratified  
 by receiving a letter from her, but she must  
 excuse her, from answering it, as she almost  
 never writes, she was at Bathgate lately  
 & Mrs Dewar is in very good health. Mother  
 has read Bushes book you sent her, &  
 wondered after she had done so, how she  
 had patience to finish to finish it. I can-  
 not say so of the magazines you sent.  
 Marion & I. We return you our sincere thanks  
 for them. I read them after supper, the only  
 time I have for light reading, so they afford  
 me amusement for a long time. Did you read  
 "Self devotion"? I think it is one of the most  
 interesting stories I have ever read. —  
 you must not expect Marion to answer your  
 letter at present, she is too much engaged,  
 & as for me, I may safely say there has been  
 very little of my time, this winter, been spent  
 in idleness. I have now sole charge of the  
 Housekeeping department. — Mr. Kappier with his  
 one, two, & a, continues to be a regular visitor  
 at No. 6. — Besides all this I am studying geo-



graphy, history, & grammar, under the tuition  
 of Mr. Brown (Dominic) at whose house I am a  
 regular visitor, every evening at half past five  
 No tea drinking - No parties - No walks have  
 I time for; [The Exhibition of Paintings, is now  
 open, & having received a present of a season  
 ticket, I shall endeavor to get there two or three  
 times; I have been once, it was on a Saturday  
 & it was so crowded that I saw few of the pain-  
 tings. The principal one, is The Trial of Effie-  
 Deans - by Robert Landor. You will probably  
 have read the criticisms upon them, in a  
 Scotsman newspaper. - There has been a good  
 deal of droup, & very windy weather, here, this win-  
 ter, & very little snow. - When travelling about  
 last summer, I collected a number of lupin, &  
 broom pods, to send you the peas, in choosing  
 the ripest, I had gathered a number of empty  
 ones, & did not discover my mistake until now  
 when it is too late to get more. I shall, however,  
 send you what I have: I hope some of them  
 may germinate. - You will probably be surprised  
 to learn, that Mr. Grey, your favorite, is dead; he was  
 four or five months confined to bed. He died of dis-  
 ease in the wind pipe. Poor fellow! he was no favorite of



mine when in health, but after he was laid in the bed  
of sickness, I could not help taking a deep interest  
in him. He had not a relation in Edin. to attend him  
He was removed from his lodgings, to Minto House  
Hospital, beside our Meeting House, mother visited him  
several times, he told her he thought himself dying

Mr. J. M. Dawson

Edin

Mrs. Botia

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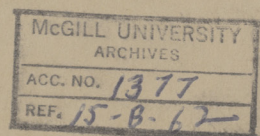
He had made his will, & appointed four of his friends  
to take charge of his funeral. — Mr. Mitchell has been  
ill, & has still a very bad cough: I fear he is in a con-  
sumption. I don't recollect of anything else, worth notic-  
ing, that has happened to any of your acquaintances here



Fragile

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66A  
Edinburgh April 29, 1841

Dear Margaret

I was exceedingly delighted by the receipt of your letter, both on account of its contents and because it is an evidence that you remember your promise of corresponding which I at least have not forgotten. You appear to have spent the greater part of the summer in travelling, and must now have a far higher opinion of Scotland than you ever had before. Lakes and woods and rocks are beautiful objects in all countries, and in few perhaps more so than in yours. I can follow you only in imagination, but that is after all the easiest mode of travelling. With Glasgow I am sure you would be pleased. It is a beautiful city but depending on its imposing appearance on a situation and arrangement altogether the opposite of those of Edinburgh. With the feelings to which you refer in the conclusion of your letter I can sympathize because I have felt the same. You know you but at this moment I may, and indeed I should but that I ~~know~~ am sure that you are well acquainted with my little vanities and weaknesses, and will place upon what I say a good construction. I cannot pity such feelings for properly exercised they are good and amiable. They preserve from evil, and are the opposite of that conceited self confidence which of all propensities



66A

is the most odious. Such feelings have been experienced by the greatest and best of men, and women too, in doing and writing things worthy of all praise and honour, and far more frequently than vanity, are the companions of real excellence. But for me you need not fear, for I am not fond of picking faults, especially in what pleases me, and if I were, perhaps you would be the more acute critic of the two, else why does that Organ of Inconstancy project so fully in the centre of your forehead. But if I were un-  
happily inclined, I might quarrel with the very thoughts in which you deprecate criticism, for it is when we write to the dull and unthinking that there is most need of care and precision, and thus I might construe them <sup>them</sup> into an opinion anything but complimentary to me. If I were at this moment writing to a stupid person, I dare not write as I do. I would be afraid of being misunderstood, and of all sort of quibbles being raised at me. But in writing to you I know that if there be much that is insipid you will treat it indulgently, and if there be anything well said it will receive new lustre from the thoughts with which your mind will surround it.

Winter is now approaching with its cold and <sup>snow</sup> snow, and we have every prospect of soon hearing those trill pleasant sounds of our winter the merry jingling of sleigh-bells, and warm firesides now remind me of your last winter and a little regret may mingle with the recollection, for this winter I cannot enjoy the society which is there,



66 B  
but other friends are here, and since both cannot be in  
one place I must be content. You might need to say  
that I would feel more lonely at home than before, perhaps she  
meant that I would have a greater liking to the Society of young  
ladies. As far as mere feelings are concerned perhaps she  
was right, but if she meant any change in conduct she  
was wrong, for as far as regards the Society of my equals in  
age, I am from choice as lonely as before. A few days  
ago in walking through the town I heard the tones of a  
piano from an open window, in a strain that seemed  
very familiar to me. Listening for a moment, I recol-  
lected that it was something which I had often heard  
last winter, nothing very grand either, but only one of  
those lessons which Mr. Wapier used to accompany into  
his 'One two and a'. As I walked on I thought that  
there was a pleasant thing, and then I thought of there  
a few houses where I might hear as much as I chose,  
and be a welcome visitor. But then it appeared ~~it~~  
to leave my own preside and associate with people about  
whom I cared little, and I concluded that it would  
be better, and less trouble, to stay at home, and read Madam  
de la Motte or anything else. That reminds me of telling  
you before my paper is spent, that I have commenced  
reading some lectures on Mechanics, to a kind of Mechanics  
Institute or Literary Society, as they call it here. At whose  
meeting I have often before read papers on these subjects -  
and I have read this winter, I do not know whether  
they cared much for the subject, but that is of little conse-  
quence, as the principal benefit is to me in preparing  
them. I had however a good audience among others, a very  
respectable apartment of young ladies.

I am happy that you have received the parcel I sent.



Nov. 29<sup>th</sup> /41.

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As contents were more worthy of your acceptance, and  
 my obligations to you all. I am also pleased that Mr Rose  
 found anything new to him among the specimens sent,  
 & I thank him for his kindness in preparing any form.  
 I could easily tell him how he could forward them  
 but that would be too like asking them, and he has  
 already given me more than he has received any  
 equivalent for - For you I must give my sincerest thanks

Nov. 29 / 41

Prof. M. J. Macleod

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for your letter - I wish I could write an answer more  
 worthy of it. With the wish, and you will believe it a  
 sincere one, that all good & happiness may be with  
 you and yours,  
 Yours affectionately  
 J. Macleod