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Mrs J. W. Dawson,
Pictou.

Mount Pleasant Monday
Bolsom's Lake, Evening

Dear Margaret,

I sit down this evening to write a letter which I expect to send tomorrow to Antigonish to go up by Wednesday's mail. We have now been digging for two days, but have found only large masses of ore, no solid vein. I have however good hopes for to morrow. The weather has been very fine; to day there is a nice cool breeze, and on Saturday there was a heavy thunder shower — I hope you had a share of it in Pictou, though I heard that there was none in Antigonish.

On Sabbath, I attended the funeral of one of my Sabbath school scholars, a lad named Hector Grant. He lived with Mrs

Blanchard, worked for her part of the time and attended the Academy part of the day. He was in my class for some time. The poor fellow left Boston about a fortnight ago to come home here to visit his parents. He told me that he was going, but I did not know that his home was in this neighborhood. He arrived here complaining of a headache which it appears changed into a brain fever of some kind (not I believe very well treated) and he died on Saturday. I did not hear of him till after his death. I went over to his father's (about three miles) to the funeral and walked with the procession to the grave yard. Joining a funeral is no sine cure here. The coffin is carried, and the bearers have often to be relieved in going a few miles; so an old man goes at the

head of the procession with a watch and cries "relief" about every five minutes, when the rest persons come forward and take the bier, the former leaves falling into the rear. In this way every one gets his turn, and not wishing to appear odd a proud, I took mine too. I was very much affected by this poor young man's death, feeling that I might have shewn him more attention when in Potsdam. Please ask Father, if he sees an opportunity, to inform Mrs Blanchard, as she will be expecting him back — a friend of the boy's desired me to send this message.

Mr Campbell (of the Free church) being from home, we had no preaching on Sabbath, and a meeting which the elders held was prevented by the funeral, which occupied a long time.

I am pretty comfortable here. The house is on the highest hill in the vicinity and overlooks the lake and little settlement, as well as a great extent of wooded

undulating country, finer woods than you have seen near Pictou. I shall perhaps sketch it if I can.

Things come to odd uses – I gave a piece of cake to the sickly little girl we took up at Fisher's Grant; gave some sweeties to a poor child left here in absence of her parents, and often crying for her "mammy"; and have just given half my piece of camphor to the good lady of the house, to dissolve in spirits for her swelled feet.

I hope to leave this for Antigonish on Thursday; and shall go on with the post to Canso on Friday morning. If I manage to do so I will leave a letter for you, if not I may not manage to send one on Saturday; my letter you may have sent on Sabbath will receive by return of the boy who carries this, I hope the news will be good. If you write on Thursday direct to "Lochaber" by way of Antigonish" and if I do not get to Antigonish my=

self on Thursday, ~~I~~ ~~write~~ it will be sent to a place two miles from this. Please let father & mother read this as I have no time to write more. I fear it is so badly scrawled that it will require you all to make it out. With best wishes and love to all upon I am your affectionate husband

J W Dawson

PS I think we have found the out-cropping of the ore but it is very deeply covered with rubbish