

In Amos Court
(from Quebec) the
wrote Harriet at
instead of Walsley &
please tell her so.
Yr. M. D.

Jan 20.
I have not the
credit of being the author of the
to acts you mention in your
letter received last night. Perhaps
it was Capt Boston, & whom by
the by I have as yet heard
nothing.

London Jan 16 / 1840

Acc. 976

Dear Mamma,

I have been trying
your plan of writing on Sundays
& adding a few lines on Wednesday
night or Thursday morning before
posting the letter. It seems like
sending you very old news, please tell
me if you like it better than
posting it on Mondays by the
Cunard.

Fruit, especially oranges, seems to
be very cheap here this winter, apples
however are scarce & dear. You can
buy very good oranges at "two a
penny", & I have even heard them
called at, three or four for the
same money; & this although the
season is not yet at its height.

Shaddocks are also not uncommon, selling
I believe at about 2^d each.

In speaking of the Times, I
forgot to ~~say~~ tell you the
great of the thing, namely
that I think I will soon
have to order another pair
from Edinburgh.
I suppose Pappas will be
better as no one says
anything about it
in my letter.

M.D.

During any little cold time, that has occurred, I have noticed a great deal of fur worn in the streets, almost as much as in Montreal. Seal skin seems to be especially in favour, many seal-skin jackets being worn, & even seal-skin waist-coats by gentlemen.

The weather since the New Year has been quite warm but horribly wet, & the streets in a fearfully muddy state. I saw some violets the other day, from the open ground, in the country; & today we had some rhubarb, - forced, of course.

Himmer wrote me from Liverpool a few days ago that the "Lake Erie" had arrived in London, from her voyage to New York. Mrs. Fison who is very obliging in that way

kindly found out,
City, where she was lying, & year
being Saturday, & Labour day work
early I went down to the City
by Bus, called for Mr Fison, (who
is very fond of strolling about in
all sorts of places) & went with
him to the London dock, where
the Lake Erie lay. We went on board
& saw Capt Belcher, & the first &
second mates, & also little ^{Spring} ~~Spring~~
who has come down ^{with the rest of the Capt's party} to
live with the Capt till the ship
sails in spring. She is not to
sail till sometime in March, & is then
going to Quebec & Montreal with the
Spring fleet. They met with a
tremendous gale, last Friday ^{week} night,
off Cape Clear, & hardly expected to
see the morning. The ship was not
materially damaged but the hem-locks
& buckets were washed overboard,
the companion ladders carried away

& all the side on which my
Cabin was, full of water. A lot of
the paneling from the top of the
bulwarks was also carried away.

I think there must surely be something
wrong in her build, she seems to take
so much water on her deck, but
then last Fridays gale was
exceptional, & many ships were
lost all along the coast.

Thinking that you might like to know
something of my fellow lodgers, I will
give you a few facts on that subject.

Mr Fison, is connected with some
Champagne house, near Reims &
comes over here to learn English, &
for that purpose works in the office
of their agency here. He is very diligent
in acquiring the language, & scrupulously
avoids using French. He is a very
quiet Frenchman, not very tall,
stoutish & I should say about 28.
He regularly attends service at the

Brompton Rectory (which is near here) every evening, & goes there thrice on Sundays.

Mr White is about 20, but old looking for his age, so to speak, & rather a roughish sort of fellow, (not having any sisters) but very good natured on the whole & probably the substratum of a thorough Englishman. His father is a Mining Engineer, near Wakefield in Yorkshire, & an F.G.S. Though that is small honour when such fellows as Hartley are promoted to the ranks.

He (White junr) is on the whole diligent, though rather troubled with conambulism, after dinner, & is I think getting on well at his work, though he knew next to nothing about it when he first came.

Those old black trousers which I brought from home have proved some trouble. The cloth was thoroughly rotten, & when putting them on in Edinburgh for the first time, a large

tear was developed; I got them mended at the tailor's who was making my clothes, & they stood very well for some time, except that a small hole opened in the back & some of the sewing ripped out. One evening however (now some time ago) Mrs Grant was given an order for a musical entertainment in Regent St, which she kindly passed on to Mrs White & me. We went there by bus, but being in a hurry just as I was going in I stumbled, & on getting up found a tear of about 5 inches in length across the knee of my trousers. & so had to go back again. I have now finally discarded them & am reduced to my purple & ones & my best black.

You see I have filled up this letter with all sorts of stuff, but hoping you will excuse.

I am your affectionate son

George W. Dawson.