

Edinburgh Oct 10th 1869.

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Dear Anna.

Many thanks for your two kind letters, which I found waiting here on my arrival. I hardly know how to begin my letter, or what to write about, as I cannot go into minute particulars of the voyage or in so short a time as I have at command. I was only very sea-sick for two days, after which I never passed a meal without taking something, the voyage was on the whole not very pleasant from the roughness and coldness of the weather, we had a stove lit in the cabin constantly from the time we left Newfoundland till the morning before we got to Glasgow, that is to say constantly except when it went out by mistake in the night, and nearly froze us all. Granddaddy was much more seasick than me, partly I think because he gave up to it so much, I never stayed in bed for it, always managing to get up somehow in the mornings, and if I wanted to lie down using the cabin seats.

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A great many of my apples I am sorry to say spoiled before I could get them eaten, they were so extremely ripe that when they once began they all went off together.

The preserved milk was very nice both in tea and coffee, and when dissolved in water, did not make a bad substitute for real milk, with fourish, which we had every morning but one all the way across.

We had plenty fresh beef for about two weeks, and then we fell back on corned beef and chickens, with now and then a tin of preserved meat. The routine was preserved meat, ham and eggs, or something that sort for breakfast. Corned beef, and chicken for dinner sometimes with tongue, and cold chicken with corned beef or tongue for tea. We had hot potatoes twice a day, and plenty vegetables.

The captain had intended to go through the Strait of Belle Isle, and we went to the north of Antecosti for that purpose, but when we got to the entrance the wind was dead ahead, and so we had to put about and run for Cape Ray.

We had a tremendous gale just in the

edge of the Newfoundland banks, the cargo began to shift, and we were quite in a dangerous position for some time. During the height of the gale the cabin stove broke adrift and the chimney fell down and we had some trouble to fix it. A great deal of water also got into the cabin, and Minnes, who was seasick in his berth, suddenly rushed out into the cabin to say that there was a foot of water running about his room. His trunk was fortunately tied so that his things did not get wet. Although the steward was bailing away all the time we could not keep the cabin dry, and when the ship went on the other tack it all ran across the floor in a horrible way.

I learned very little navigation indeed, and in fact quite wasted my time in every way. Sometimes feeling a little squeamish, and the constant violent motion of the ship made anything but very light reading unpalatable. When we had quite recovered from sea-sickness Minnes and I used to concoct famous suppers and we invented some quite novel dishes. We used to make a raid on the steward's pantry after he had gone to bed, and get biscuits, apples &c. We used sometimes to toast the biscuits at the stove, and one very jolly way was to put a lot of cheese on top of one and then toast it on the biscuit into a sort of

welsh rabbit. We used also to roast
apples on top of the stove very often, and one
capital dodge was to cut out the core
and fill the cavity with sugar before roasting.

We had a good supply of Toffee made twice for
us, once by the cook and once by the steward.

We used also to be able to get as many nuts
and raisins as we liked out of the Stewards
stores as we occasionally had a "bloat" on
them. 1890.

Margaret and Ellen, and
the two Mrs Kemps were here last night, also
Margaret's baby, it is enormously fat, and is
supposed to be very pretty. Margaret on the
contrary is looking quite thin. Ellen and Mrs
Daniel Kemp are I think almost as pretty a match
as you could see, but Margaret's husband looks
almost too young for her.

I went this
evening to the P.B. hall here which is in
George St just like the one in Montreal, and
heard their great light Dr. Wilson I think is his
name speak. He speaks very nicely a good deal
like Mr Baynes, though a much younger man.

Please excuse me for writing this on a Sunday but
I have as much planned for tomorrow as I can
accomplish, and have to start for London the
day after. I will try and write a little note to Papa
tomorrow morning. Please tell every body who you
think I should have said good bye to, that I wished
to be particularly remembered to them.

With much love,

Believe me, your ever affectionate
George.