

Pictou, Monday

June 3, 1872.

Reading of the  
David Copperfield  
Trade or weather

Dear Anna

I always address myself to you for a reason that I stated in a previous letter, but the rest must not feel jealous on this account, for I always try to make my letters of general interest, and seldom say anything particularly confidential.

You ascribe, and I think rightly, to D. Copperfield any improvement that there may be in my letters. There is a wonderful power of description in that book, and the characters are thoroughly consistent and natural. You asked me for my opinion



of it, and I have deferred saying anything about it until I had some occasion when I should have nothing else to write about. It seems to me that it is a very suitable book to read on board a train, for there is such a striking resemblance between the two kinds of landscape. In D. Copperfield every incident in his life is shown you from the point in the track of his life at which he was, at the time, and you therefore see it exactly as he did, - from the same point of view, and with the same feelings. The first part of the book is much the more interesting. I think that any way a boy loses his interest at about 15.

After Emily is betrothed to Ham events begin to take such



a decided turn that some can pretty well predict what will happen. In fact I must confess that I did not read much further than this.

When we were at Springville I was reading it one afternoon at Mr. Holmes's, sitting in the parlour with Miss Holmes a person about — oh — perhaps about my age. She was an ordinary mortal, but quite pleasant as being the first of her kind seen since our departure. When I finished reading it, having got into a dull part and seeing no likely improvement, I took up the "Lady of the Lake" for a change. She began reading the Copperfield, and got through about a dozen chapters. This occurred on Friday afternoon which was



so wet that we had to stay  
in. When we went away  
the next morning Papa  
gave the book to her! I  
hope you will not be too  
much affected by the fate  
of your book, but it really  
makes no difference to me,  
for I was not even  
intending to read any more  
of it, but I hope you  
don't mind.

After we left Springville  
we drove round by three  
other places where iron was  
reported to ~~not~~ exist, two  
of which proved to be sat-  
isfactory, and then went  
right on to New Glasgow  
where we arrived ~~at~~ in time  
for the evening train for  
here.

I cannot close this letter  
without a reference to the



state of the weather. It rains here almost constantly, in fact I don't think we have seen the sun at all since we left, except on the Sunday we spent at St. John, which was a remarkably fine day, and ~~on~~ for a few minutes before sunset on Saturday night, at New Glasgow. On Friday night we had a very violent thunderstorm at Springville. We expected that this would clear up the weather, but were disappointed the next day to find the old cloudiness & drizzle going on. That morning I put on two flannel shirts and two pair of stockings, and our constant companions, our waterproofs. I found no inconvenience



at all, to arise from my  
extra clothing, in fact  
it was just sufficient to  
keep out the cold. Of course  
everything was in a state  
of soak, and to keep ones  
feet dry was a physical  
impossibility; as we were doing  
a good deal of walking, however,  
we did not feel them cold,  
and if they did so feel so  
<sup>when driving,</sup>  
~~we~~ we would get  $\$$  out of  
the carriage and walk a piece.

We saw several patches of  
snow that day, lying in the  
hollows of brooks. You may  
suppose that everything is  
very backward here. People  
are quite envious at the  
tulips which you report.

The poor farmers take an  
opportunity to sow their seed  
on some day  $\$$  when the



rain ceases for a time, and then the seed often lies for days without being harrowed in, and has the double risk of rotting or being devoured by the hungry birds. Yesterday we had heavy hail in the afternoon, and each stone about the size of a pea, and then in the evening there was a flash or two of lightning. We saw one flash and heard the thunder. The temperature yesterday was below  $40^{\circ}$  a good part of the day, as seen on a thermometer we happened to pass. ~~There are hardly~~ This morning as I write, my fingers are almost numb. We do not complain however, but I am rather sorry



That there are so few flow-  
flowers to be had. Still  
I have got one or two that  
I could not have got at  
home. Papa says that the  
striped trillium is the  
commonest one here, but  
I have not been able to  
~~very~~ verify even that state-  
ment. I have seen a few  
in bud, but no further.

We stay ~~here~~ here all  
today, & I am intending to  
see if there is anything at  
all to be found in the woods,  
this afternoon. We leave  
tomorrow for Merigomish,  
a bay some miles east of  
this. You will see the iron  
we are going to visit marked on  
one of the maps Rankine  
coloured, if he has kept one.

Believe me your loving

brother,

William.