



Hôtel de la Terrasse
Route de Fréjus
Cannes
S. France
5 Decr 1876

Dear Dawson.

You will wonder who in the world is writing to you from Cannes, & what "endosmode" has located, as your Yankee neighbours say, in the South of France. My Aunt, Miss Rimmer, has lately arrived in England from Montreal & asked my brother when writing to me to tell me that you were in Paris. What a long time it is since we sailed the briny deep fishing for "endosmodes". You will remember that you left me at the Breve Works learning the noble art of becoming an English Mechanic, & somehow or other our correspondence waned in the spring of 1872.

In the summer of that year I had
the misfortune to loose my father
& as I had no longer any great
inducement to stay at Brewe, as
my father's was the only influence
I had to assist me, I accepted
a place in my brother's office in
Liverpool & became once more a
timber-merchant. Thomas 1872
I went up to London from Brewe
for a fortnight's holiday & thought
to give you a surprise. I have
it in my diary that on Thursday
26th December after a long walk
from bovent garden I arrived at
your diggings in Halkin St. &
learned to my chagrin that you
had again sought the far west.
Some time after this - after I had
left the Brewe Works - I received
by the hands of an old Brewe
Churn, a paper which he had
seen stuck up on the letter board

which turned out to be from you
& contained some valuable information about some discovery you had made in the far-West, I regret to say I have quite forgotten what it was, either an endosmode of gigantic proportions or an entombed mammoth, or something of that kind. Well it struck me that I might as well offer you some congratulations, & altho' I had not your address, I thought that any boss of a post-master would know the address of a fellow who had discovered a mammoth, & accordingly addressed you Geologist!!!! Late of London, Montreal. About 3 months after I received your reply which you graciously vouchsafed me through the Dead letter office, & I had the mortification of being

obliged to read my own composition. Of course I gave you up in despair, but "murder will out", & you see I am again on your track. I wonder if you will ever receive this or whether you will have made tracks westward again. In the spring of this year I picked up, caught, or contracted — all our English words are weak in expressing it — a bad cough, & as it did not disappear in England I was ordered to the South of France. Cannes is a delightful place, quite semitropical, & the trees and plants are such as one only sees in greenhouses in England.

Apologising for this very, but necessarily, egotistical letter
I remain

Yours sincerely
The Rimmer.

113. I thought your name was
Geo. W. Dawson but only
by memory is
unfortunate
copy was