

after a hot day. I have had several jolly rides on Mr Donaldson's horse. I rode forty miles the other day, and so saw a lot of the surrounding country. My dress here is a pair of linen trousers I bought, a white shirt, no waistcoat, and one of my white linen jackets on, the whole topped with a large straw hat or white wideawake. I think you would like me if you saw me, I look so clean. The bugs here are a beastly nuisance, I am half eaten up every night, but I don't mind them, only they tickle me so. Now if there is no letter from *yourself* this next week, I shall begin to get downhearted, and fancy something is wrong, so, my dear mother, do write me, for I have not received an answer to *one single letter yet*, although I might have had one four weeks ago, as the letters are only ten days on the road. Fondest love to dear Aunty and the Woolwich "folk." Trusting you are all keeping well.—I am, my dear mother, your loving son,

JOHN SWAIN.

I have just got Fred's letter, but none from you.

LETTER No. VI.

CARE OF J. STEWART, Esq.,
111 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, CANADA.

August 24th, 1867.

Mrs E. SWAIN, Edinburgh.

MY OWN DEAREST MOTHER,—I suppose you received the note I inclosed to Mr Brown ere this, and I most fervently trust you have duly noted and attended to its contents, as it is most urgent that you should do so