

Trent University Archives

Medd family fonds

Accession 81-001 Box 12 Folder 12

Letter: Thomas Medd, [England], to his brother Robert Medd, Cavan, Upper Canada, 27 March 1831, via Joseph Bletcher at Fawk and Websters, Smith Creek, Township of Hope. Also, a section at the end of the letter written by Thomas Westoby, nephew of Robert Medd.

Notes regarding the transcription:

In this transcription, most misspellings and grammatical anomalies which occur in the original text have been maintained. For example: 'neighbour' is neighbour, 'apperel' is apparel, 'wheter' is whether, 'adesire' is a desire, etc. Occasionally commas and periods have been added to assist in clarifying the sentence structure. Square brackets [] indicate indecipherable text.

TRANSCRIPTION

March 27 1831

Dear Brother, I write these few lines hoping they will find good health as our young family is at present. I am very weak in my constitution. My sister has been dangerous ill a long time. We live in hope she will get better. I received thy letter and was glad that you was doing well. Here is no good to be done here. Our neibours keep failing on all hands. Levit of Balkholm, Blyth of Belby, Cobat of Wressle, has all com'd to wreck. In the South of England they has been a set of Russians. They have burnt hay stacks, corn stacks and every thing they thought they would. When a farmer has gathered his produce together, he does not know whether he shall enjoy or have it burned. Our Government are ruling Arbitrary. Every young man are oblided to serve as regular soldiers. All these things are very unpleasant. Here is no good to be here. Thou is well of [off] that has gotten to a better place. Wee feel adesire thou would send us word. What thou really thinks about your country. Wheter it bee worth while coming or no.

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We feel adesire [a desire] thou would send us an exact account about your country in every respect. And what sort of climate for being healthfully. My sister thinks if gets stout again she feels adesire to come. They are promising young men and will bring fortunes with them. From Thy well wishing Brother, Tho's Medd

[Note: the following is faintly written in another hand]

Dear uncle, my mother sends her love and best respects to you and all your family. Hopeing this will find better than it leaves her at present. For she as [has] been hill [ill] a long time and if she gets better we seam inclin'd for America. My mother desires that you will send us a just and true account of every thing. If you pleas to send us what sort [] it is and what time winter sets in and how long it lasts. Is they any heavy rain or thunder or lightening? Is they any fruit such as berryes, plumbes, or apples? We want to know what sort of soil they is for all sorts of grain. Will their be any thing that will be to any use that we can bring that will be to any use such as seeds of any kind or wearing apperel? Old Richard Prince is dead and burryed 20th of March. My Mother wishes thou to look on Mark Thompson as a friend. Pleas to return us a letter as soon as posable. Our love to you and all your family and all your inquiring friend.

Thomas Westoby