

Letter from Dillon Wallace to Sisters Annie and Jessie After Hubbard's Death

Kenamish, Labrador, Feb.18, '04

Dear Annie and Jessie:

One of the lumbermen is leaving here by dog team and offers to take letters through for us to the post-office, and as it is probable I shall not be able to reach home as early as April, write that you many not worry.

Kenamish is a lumber camp fifteen miles from Northwest River—where I have been paying a visit.

We have not been able to get Mr. Hubbard's body out, owing to the severe weather, and shall probably not do so before the middle of March. That will delay my getting home, and I shall not get there, likely, before May or early June.

We had had a very severe winter—for one whole week the temperature was 60 below zero. In the woods the snow is 8 to 15 feet deep, and everything frozen up solid. I believe the ice goes out in last of May and June.

Dr. Hardy had a hemorrhage early in January and has been for the most part confined to his bed ever since, with a high temperature. I am afraid he will never get out f the country.

My feet have got well and I am in good health again. George is also well. He is going, I believe, on a caribou hunt to-day, to be gone the remainder of the week.

I hope everything is all right at home and you are both well, as well as the Massachusetts folks. I shall not be able to write to them or McLaughlin this time—in fact, this is the only letter I shall write.

I am longing for the time to come when I shall reach home. This is a dismal place to spend the winter. Still, I should be quite content if I knew you were both well and things all right there.

We have had a lot of Indians camping near here. They invited George and me to go across country with them to St. Augustine, but I cannot leave here until Mr. Hubbard's body is brought from the interior and cared for, and the Indians started yesterday. I took my camera over to get some pictures in the camp, but did not succeed very well, as they were afraid of it and hid in the tents as long as I had it in my hands.

I shall return to Northwest River, I hope, within a week. Am waiting for some Eskimo going that way with a dog team, to get a ride.

Can hardly wait for time to go home, and often dream of it. Take care of yourselves, both. Regards to McLaughlin, home folks and other friends.

Lots of love until I see you again.

*Affectionately,
Dillon*