

S.B. Frost

A Transatlantic Wooing

James Dawson emigrated in the year 1811 from the parish of Ordiquhill in Banffshire, Scotland. He settled in Pictou, Nova Scotia, having engaged to serve a merchant there, in his trade of saddler, for three years at £20 per annum. Within a year or so of his arrival he was venturing in small deals with the local Indians, buying their furs and making them up into caps and gloves and "tippetts".

In 1813 he compounded with his master and went into business with his brother Robert. "Jas and R. Dawson" dealt mostly in saddlery but also in "Hardware, Soft Goods and Stationery". In 1816 the two brothers chartered a ship to facilitate their business, and a year or two later they built a brig of their own. By 1824 the firm had established a considerable import and export trade, mostly with the Caribbean, and James had become the sole owner and was chartering a number of vessels.

But then a series of disasters began to overtake him, of such a pattern and with such regularity that James, who was a very pious man, began inevitably to compare himself to the biblical character of Job. One of his captains put off from Halifax the night before he was due to sail, simply in order to avoid taking on board a pilot, something he scorned to do, and promptly wrecked the ship "in Rockey Bay, Isle Madame", and James lost £1,000. Another captain sold a valuable cargo in Demarara, "but unfortunately he had been there before, and had formed acquaintance with some bad Weamen [*sic*]; these got hold of him and by keeping him continually drunk they succeeded in getting out of his hands the most of the Proceeds".¹ When the captain came to himself and found what he had done, "he was so ashamed of his conduct that he made up his mind to keep the vessel, and never to Return". So he went off trading on his own account among the Dutch and French islands. The ship and its errant Captain were finally captured and returned to Nova Scotia and to justice, but James finished with another £900 loss. He bought yet another ship, and it made two moderately successful fishing voyages.

But then, when the vessel was moored off-shore at Pictou, two boys who had been left alone over night on the ship without any blankets were so cold that they lighted a fire and then fell asleep. They awoke to find the ship ablaze and only just escaped with their lives, but the vessel burned down to the water's edge and was a total loss. In 1827 James took stock of his position and found he was in debt to the extent of four to five thousand pounds, a very considerable sum.

In this crisis the quality of the man emerged. He went to England and Scotland and compounded with his creditors, saying that if they would allow him to cease his trading activities and to continue simply as a Bookseller and Stationer in Pictou, he would pay them all, with five per cent interest, however long it took him. The Dawson family lived with this burden for the next twenty-five years. James Dawson's great desire was to avoid being declared bankrupt, this being "always distasteful to a true Scotsman", as well as constituting a slur upon the office of Elder of the Kirk, a sacred trust to which he had been elected in 1815, "A part of my Daily Prayers then was that God would so prosper me, as to permit me to live till I could pay off my Debts, and to this end I bent all my energy". James Dawson's piety may have been narrow, but it gave the moral stamina to live frugally until the charge was honourably acquitted.

It was in this home, conditioned by such a character and such experiences, that two boys were born, one of whom died in his early teens of scarlet fever. The tragedy left a deep and permanent impression on the brother who was left. This boy had been christened John William but he was known in the family and throughout his lifetime by his second name. William Dawson of Pictou was to have a career of international significance. He became Nova Scotia's first Superintendent of Education, 1850-53, and a member of the Commission on Education in New Brunswick, 1854. Although largely self-taught, he became a noted geologist, the friend of Charles Lyell and the author of *An Acadian Geology* (1855), which applied the principles of the new science to the structures of northeastern North America. He also was one of the most prominent and most persistent critics of Charles Darwin's reliance upon natural selection as the determinative force in evolution—a position which appeared in his latest days to be hopelessly conservative but which is now receiving renewed attention. For many, however, his greatest claim to fame is that he became Principal of McGill College in Montreal in 1855, when it was just beginning to struggle out of the disastrous and quarrelsome incompetence which (always with the honourable exception of the near-autonomous Faculty of Medicine) had characterized the first

three and a half decades of its existence. With Dawson as Principal, the College quickly became a highly reputable institution, and when he retired in 1893 McGill had become one of the foremost universities in North America and the British Commonwealth. But the man he was, the positions he took in controversy, the educational objectives he set up for himself, the successes he finally achieved, and not least the inhibitions which were the cause of his significant failures, all these can be traced with remarkable directness to the Pictou years: that is, to the family background, to the family religion, to the social character of the little settlement, to its school and its Academy, and to the local features of ocean and shore, soils and rocks and the "natural history" which began immediately at his father's backdoor.

A great deal of this story is told with disarming frankness in his autobiographical sketch, entitled *Fifty Years of Work in Canada*.² It was edited by his son Rankine and appeared in 1901, two years after William's death, but the deficiencies of the volume were already felt within the family, and the occasion of its publication caused some dissension, especially between Rankine and his elder brother George. It would be interesting to know what were the grounds of George Dawson's dissatisfaction with the volume: our own criticisms would be the obvious ones that neither William's educational nor his scientific philosophies (if we may use that term very broadly) receive the attention and examination they deserve. There is no discussion, naturally, of his extremely negative attitude towards Roman Catholicism, and the serious consequences for education in the Province of Quebec, nor of his severely restricted concept of education for women, of which, however, the effects were neither so serious nor so long-lasting. However, a thorough discussion of such matters must await a definitive biography or at least more specialized studies.³ In this article we propose to turn aside and tell the story of one episode in William's life story, which is, apart from its intrinsic interest, significantly revealing of William Dawson as a young man before he embarked upon his public career. There is a great deal of merit in the view that he had already become the personality he was to exhibit all through his later years.

William Dawson was the pupil of Thomas McCullough, the remarkable Principal of Pictou Academy. That happy fact, coupled with the boy's native intelligence and ambition, set him on the course to Edinburgh, at that time the intellectual capital of Britain and one of the great centres of learning in Europe. He arrived in the fall of 1840, barely twenty years of age. In later life he gave a nostalgic account⁴ of the intellectual stimulus he received from the professors in the science

courses, Jameson, Forbes, Balfour and Rose, men who were outstanding among the "many able and enthusiastic teachers" to whom he listened with great attention and profit. But after only one session, 1840-41, he felt compelled, for reasons which in later life he did not choose fully to reveal, to return home to Pictou. Whether those reasons were financial, or of a family nature, or connected with the vague notions, which came and went during these years, of entering the Presbyterian ministry, is not clear. What we do know is that when he returned to the small-town relationships of Pictou, it was not only the memories of the Edinburgh classrooms and the brilliance of the intellectual circles "of the Athens of the North" which visited him during the long winter evenings. There were other memories equally if not more beguiling.

While in the hospitable Scottish capital the young student from distant Nova Scotia had been welcomed into the family circle of Mr. George Mercer, a moderately prosperous lace-merchant, who had a wife, a son and four daughters. In the usual clannish Scottish fashion, the Mercers seem to have been "second cousins" to the Dawsons, on William's mother's side. The home was solidly "middle-middle class", characterized by considerable refinement and by strong religious convictions. Such a family made an immediate appeal to the affections of the lonely serious young student. When he left Edinburgh, he carried away home with him a memory of the youngest daughter Margaret. She was at this time a girl of fourteen, and he not yet twenty-one. With Margaret and her older sister Marian, William had enjoyed many happy walks and pleasant conversations, and as soon as he began his long return journey, he began to correspond, at first with the two sisters, but very quickly with Margaret alone. The letters⁵ he sent her over the next six years were remarkably restrained communications, disappointingly lacking in incident or intrinsic interest, and what is even more remarkable, devoid for the most part of any expression of personal feeling. From time to time Margaret Mercer replied, but in a similarly well-bred and decorous fashion. Nevertheless she thought well enough of the young man across the seas to preserve his letters to her very carefully. He unfortunately was not so conscientious about preserving her letters to him, but enough survive to make the exchange intelligible, and as we read them in sequence, they begin slowly to build up their own narrative.

William commenced the correspondence from Glasgow, on his homeward journey. "I cannot tell you", he wrote to Marian and Margaret, "how I felt as I saw the last glimpse of Arthur's Seat—I thought fond thoughts of the friends I had left beside it. Next to parting

with you, it was the most melancholy thing I had seen for a long time. It produced the same depressing feeling of loneliness that I felt when I left home". Margaret wrote back in time to catch him at Liverpool, but her most momentous news was that ever since he left, house spring-cleaning had been in full swing. But she does say that she regards her letter as "a commencement of a correspondence with a sincere desire that it may not fall off on my part", and she does sign herself "your sincere friend". William, on his side, never faltered in his intention to keep up his end of the exchange, though he, too, often complains of a lack of incidents worthy of a transatlantic correspondence.

In July, having arrived safely back in Nova Scotia, William wrote to tell Margaret of his pleasure in seeing Pictou once more and in September he sent her "a few curiosities from Nova Scotia" including a basket ornamented with porcupine quills, and, somewhat surprisingly, a rocking chair; the following March, 1842, he remarks sadly that he has not heard from her for four months, though conceding the fact that she had never bound herself to reply to his letters. In May, however, he is once again describing her letters as "beautiful". In July he sent her some stuffed Nova Scotian birds, arranged on a mossy twig. They arrived in perfect condition, and Margaret wrote thanking him for the gift in August.

But in November, the quiet genteel correspondence took on a more serious character. William felt emboldened to express his feelings for Margaret more ardently than ever before—though still, it has to be admitted, with a remarkable restraint. "It has occurred to me that, in writing to you, I should state more explicitly than I have done, the impressions which our intercourse has left on my mind, and the feelings with which I in consequence regard you. The truth is, that you have excited in me an interest greater than I can feel in any other person, and this not arising from any chance or accidental impression, but gradually growing from acquaintance with you, and founded on my perceiving in you a combination of qualities more agreeable to me than any other which I have found. Feeling therefore for you an affection thus strong, and which is increased rather than diminished by the length of my absence, I hope you will neither be surprised nor offended at this declaration of it, although made in circumstances which I know few would chose [*sic*] for such a purpose". Few indeed, in those days of sailing ships and month-long Atlantic crossings, and Margaret evidently replied saying that she was not ready for any understanding or agreement between them and expressed herself so forcefully that fifty years later Dawson referred to "her most emphatic rebuke"—but at least, she

did not break off the correspondence, and he wrote again at the end of the year, recognizing the wisdom of her response and accepting gladly "the Honourable title which you have given me, of one of your dearest friends, which I value too much to be disposed to relinquish it, because I cannot at present obtain any other". Unfortunately for us, he also assured her that, as she had requested, he had destroyed her letter of rebuke—we would have been most interested to have judged the measure of her severity.

So the letters continued through the year 1843, he asking her opinion of his rather vague thoughts about the Ministry, and she telling him of a serious illness, when she was bled several times and "blistered" at least eight times, and given drugs nine times a day. Despite this treatment, she recovered and in November was writing to thank him for further presents from Nova Scotia, including "some American magazines". When he had returned home, he had entered his father's business, so these magazines were part of his stock-in-trade. His expectation at this time was, in due course, to succeed to the business, and from this source to gain a livelihood and, as he put it, have "time and opportunity to follow scientific work, or promote the educational and religious interests of our community, and of my native province, for which I entertained a strong patriotic feeling".⁶ Some of the letters to Margaret give us a glimpse of his business activities. He tells, for example, of his father acquiring an unusual load of conch shells, to be ground for lime to be cast on the fields, and of how some of the shells proved saleable at a penny each as mantle-shelf ornaments. Again, he describes how while in Glasgow⁷ he had bought goods for the family store such as "little knick-knacks in the stationery way, which take more time than things of importance—it is a pleasant part of my work, too, for however strange you may think it, I take as much pleasure in getting nice patterns and colours of perforated cards, and gold ornaments and tissue papers, glass seals and showy prints and all that sort of thing, as in any other study I know . . . I do not deny, however, that I would rather buy and sell useful books . . ." Evidently, James Dawson and Son were not only booksellers, printers and stationers, but also importers of "notions" and a wide range of general goods.

In April 1844, William tells Margaret that he has travelled to Halifax to give some lectures and in July Margaret replies that she has visited Paris, and she has been greatly impressed with the beauties of French cities. In September he refers once more to the possibility of his becoming a candidate for the Ministry, but he also refers to his gratitude to his parents, whom he would never consider deserting while they needed

him; therefore he can foresee no change of occupation in the near future. He recognizes that now that she is the only one of the Mercer children left at home, she is in the same position, implying that they are both facing the same difficulties. Even so he feels the need to add, remembering his resolution to be only a "dearest friend": "Mind, I do not intend to make love to you, but only to say that I have no particular desire to do so to any other person, until I have an opportunity of consulting you on the subject". A year later, the correspondence is still continuing with little of particular moment, but early in September 1845, Margaret goes out of her way to deny Edinburgh rumours that she is about to become engaged to a friend's brother; she does not feel greatly complimented, she says, by the choice which gossip has made for her. At the end of the same month, William from his side of the Atlantic, hastens to reply that he had not heard any such rumours, and then he adds that even "the mention of your husband does produce a queer sort of feeling". While on the subject, he puts forward his views of a healthy marriage: "I hold that there are three indispensable qualifications for the husband or wife of a sensible person—Piety, good sense and good health; the absence of any of them causes much need for forbearance, leads to many trials, to which no one should willingly or without very strong reason expose himself". It is a very rational judgement, but hardly the sentiments of a young man in the grip of a consuming passion. But unbroken years of writing, and unbroken miles of separation, doubtless combined to impose their own restraining effect upon the slowly-maturing relationship. At least the subject of marriage is being kept alive in their correspondence.

On Christmas Day, 1845, he mentions for the first time a hope that he might revisit Scotland within the year, but the following March he is having to withdraw that hope and says that he does not think his visit can be made in the fall, as he had planned. Margaret has said that if and when he comes, she is not sure whether she would not wish to "hide from rather than welcome" him. Such maidenly tremulation is something William evidently does not comprehend, for he writes: "A game of hide and seek would be rather an odd reception for an old friend, and you know you and I must meet as friends, very dear friends no doubt, but at the same time very wise and serious ones". Poor Margaret! He obviously intends to descend upon her after all these years and pick her up and take her off to that far distant colony across the Atlantic, and she is not allowed even to allude playfully to her very natural trepidations. William's language is growing decidedly more masterful. In October he is still writing to say that he does not know

when he can come, but he must have made a quick decision, for in November he took a ship and arrived after a bad crossing late in December. Thus the next letter, dated 13 January 1847, is addressed to her from a lodging in Edinburgh—the young man from over the sea has arrived and has clearly come to claim her for his bride.

But it is at this point that the young peoples' troubles really begin. While William was a distant correspondent on the other side of the world, Mrs. Mercer had not felt alarmed, but William's sudden re-appearance has aroused her strong opposition. Margaret's father and mother, his letter informs us, have indicated that they are not pleased that he should call upon her, but he writes to say that he must see her. He will be in the meadows behind Windmill Street, where they used some times to walk when he was there before, on Friday and Saturday from 2 p.m. until dusk—will she come there to him that they may discuss their difficulties? She evidently replied that she could not evade parental authority in that way, and in his next letter he accepts her decision; but he points out that his purpose in coming to Edinburgh was to see her and to speak with her, and he believes he should be allowed to do that.

In the next letter in the series, dated 22 January, he says that there are important considerations which she should have an opportunity to review at leisure:

The first is an idea which never occurred to me, but which I have heard hinted since I came here. That there might be between you and me some feeling of mutual obligation; that is, that though there was not actual engagement, we might feel in some way pledged to each other, and thus be induced to act in a manner different from our present inclination. Anything of this kind would plainly be only mutual injustice, however good the motive might be. I mention it merely for the purpose of saying to you, as I have already said to your father, that I can plead no claim upon you, no encouragement received from you in all our correspondence. There has been nothing on which I would rationally found such a pretension, and if there had, I should have no wish to insist upon it. Whatever your decision with respect to me, it must be a free one, the dictate of your heart as well as of your judgement. For my own part I know too well for my present comfort, that my greatest earthly happiness would be in surrendering all my freedom, and permanently engaging to love you.

It is not merely Margaret's heart which must be won but also her reasoned judgement, and so he goes on to give her an account of the climate of Nova Scotia, the character of Pictou society and of his family's standing in the town, even down to details of the farmyard stock:

Our climate seems to be a great bugbear to persons here, [in Edinburgh] and certainly with no good reason. I can give you a sufficient idea of it in a few words. The Spring is drier than yours, generally very clear and sunny, but with occasionally cold and raw weather. The early Spring is considered the worst time for invalids, chiefly because the melting of the snows then causes the air to be more loaded with moisture than usual. The summer is drier than that of Scotland, and for about a month somewhat warmer, its sunniness and beauty cannot be exaggerated. The autumn is generally very fine and agreeable. The beginning of winter is often very like those of this country, but as soon as the frost has fairly set in, it is very agreeable and healthy. There is occasionally, for a week at a time, weather disagreeably cold to those who are obliged to be much exposed, and there are a few wet thaw days, but the greater part is such that I believe there is more driving and jaunting about among our ladies in winter than in summer. In clear weather, ladies drive about in sleighs, with perfect comfort, when the air is at least 20 degrees colder than you ever have it here. You may be assured that our climate is much more agreeable, and quite as healthy as this; and I may add that I never found anyone who had experience of both, to have a different opinion.

With respect to Pictou itself, though a small place it is not to be judged of by small places here [in Scotland]. It has a large proportion of good and comfortable houses. It has also a large proportion of very respectable and intelligent society, and many christian people, though I confess that there, as in most other places, they are the smaller number. There are literary, benevolent and religious institutions of many kinds, some of them as well managed as any here, though of course on a smaller scale. In the manners of the people there is little that is different from what is seen here: Except that all are more on a level, as we have no persons of great rank or wealth, and few who are in want; our intelligence and a desire for knowledge are more universally diffused than even here.

Another important matter is my present means and prospects. It would of course be a very imprudent, not to say unprincipled, thing to ask you to go where you would be exposed to want, without at least warning you beforehand. In this respect, I have no reason to fear. Our business which, though in my father's name, may be in mine whenever I wish it, has been more than sufficient to maintain us in a position as respectable as that of any in our country, and as comfortable as that of any in the middle ranks here. We have also a considerable amount of property in land and houses, besides that which we ourselves occupy; and our trade has been increasing, and I hope to do something towards rendering it more productive while here now. On this subject I shall however obtain more full and precise testimony from home, if I find it likely to be of any service.

My parents and I, as you know, inhabit one house, which however is large and well furnished, and till lately was occupied by another family besides our own. We have two other large houses which are rented, and a little cottage on the farm which my father is desirous to furnish and occupy, as he would like to spend all or nearly all his time on his farm.

Our establishment consists of two women servants and a man servant, two horses, two cows, a riding sleigh and fly, the latter purchased last summer for the purpose of driving about with my mother after her recovery from erysipelas and for carrying father to and from his farm.

It is quite obvious that the obstacles placed in his path by Mrs. Mercer are not going easily to deter the young suitor, and that William is as determined as ever to take Margaret back home with him as his bride, if he possibly can.

From the letter dated 28 January, we gather that he has now had the opportunity to see both Margaret and her mother. Mrs. Mercer, we can be sure, believed that she had cogent reasons for her desire to ward off her daughter's unwelcome suitor, and expressed herself forcibly. For one thing, Dawson was, of course, a Presbyterian, even if of the Secession rather than the Auld Kirk, but the Mercers appear to have been Baptists. In those denomination-conscious times, that posed a problem of some seriousness. Of even greater importance was the point that Mrs. Mercer had expected to rely on her last remaining daughter in her old age; Margaret had already been assured that if she remained unmarried and cared for her parents, she would inherit the bulk of her father's estate. And no doubt there was always the point, whatever William might say, that Nova Scotia was so far away, so primitive, so colonial. In reply William had spoken strongly—he fears that he may have spoken somewhat rashly and even harshly. If so, he sincerely regrets giving any pain to anyone. He does not want to undermine the authority of Margaret's parents, but he is strongly of the opinion that she must be allowed to make up her mind for herself.

As the correspondence is continued into the month of February, the strains can be sensed building up towards a crisis. On the first day of the month, William is surprised that Margaret's parents continue to be averse to his calling upon her at their home; nevertheless he must see and talk with her. Two days later he writes that he has seen her father and again says that he must talk with her. Will she meet him on Preston Street? The following day, 4 February, he writes that he will see her father again tomorrow, and a second note the same day says that he has called on Margaret's eldest sister, Mrs. Janet Bell. The family is obviously being drawn into the discussion. He adds that he will call once more on Margaret's mother the next day following. On 8 February there are again two letters: first, to say that William has seen Mr. Hossburg, who seems to be the Mercer family's Baptist Minister, and has tried to assure him of his sound Christian if Presbyterian character; but he says regretfully that that gentleman seemed more interested in learning if

there were Baptists in Pictou and if so, of what kind. In the second letter he writes to encourage Margaret to do what she believes to be right in this matter, even though it may give distress to others. He is obviously thinking of her parents and is probably arguing that Mrs. Mercer has her other children near at hand to comfort her. No doubt his own often expressed determination not to deprive his parents of his support and filial care, while urging Margaret to leave her parents and indeed to forsake home and country and kindred in order to marry him, was justified in his mind by the fact that he was an only child, whereas she was one of four.

By 12 February Margaret's father had expressed the view that if their minds were made up with regard to their marriage, then they must arrange everything themselves, without any help from her mother, and the sooner they do so the better. Life in the Mercer household cannot have been very happy at this time, and George Mercer had evidently decided that the stressful situation should be brought to an end as soon as possible. In an undated letter which appears to fit into the sequence at this point, William too tries to bring matters to a head. He has to go, he writes, to Glasgow the following Wednesday, and considers that it is important that they should take a decision "as seriously as possible on our future proceedings. If you can, with a good conscience consent to be mine, I would at once inform myself accurately respecting any formalities that might require to be written home about". If certificates from Pictou are necessary, he says, they cannot be procured before April, by which time all the ships sailing direct to Pictou will have departed, and they will have to travel by way of Halifax; if no such reference is necessary, then he would while in Glasgow book their passages to Pictou. But it is all dependent on her decision: "However important to me, I do not wish you to make such a resolve without the firm confidence that you are acting rightly. I can sincerely pray that God may guide you to do what is best; for what is good to you must be good to me, and nothing that would injure you can benefit me". William may not be a romantic lover, but he is a forceful one, yet at the same time a very honourable one. Nevertheless we cannot but sympathize with Margaret being pushed to the point of decision in such very difficult circumstances.

It is particularly unfortunate that William did not keep her replies to the many notes and letters he wrote at this time so that we do not know the nature of her final consent, but on his return from Glasgow he writes to her again to say that George Mercer has once more expressed the view that there should be as little delay as possible, and that her mother must

be left out of the arrangements. Mr. Mercer did not think, William continued, that Margaret could be married from her home, nor that her mother would give her anything by way of outfit, but he believed "she was pretty well provided for in that respect". Her father does not seem to have offered any gift from himself, nor is there any mention of dowry; and on that negative note the correspondence terminates. It must have been a somewhat subdued wedding which took place in St. Cuthbert's Parish Church, 20 March 1847, and we can only admire the courage of the young bride who, bereft of family support, ventured so bravely for the sake of love. But we also have to admire the high-minded persistence with which William has pursued his aim, to this the point of his achievement.

Fifty years later things were very different. The young Nova Scotian bookseller and tradesman had become the internationally famous geologist, Sir William Dawson, C.M.G., LL.D., F.R.S., Principal Emeritus of McGill University, while Margaret had for many years been addressed as "Lady Dawson". On the occasion of their golden wedding anniversary, the event was celebrated by sons and daughters and grandchildren, by a host of family friends and by those other children of their nurture, the students and graduates of McGill. The Board of Governors presented an ornamental inkstand, the Faculty of Arts a crystal jug, the Faculty of Applied Science a silver salad bowl, and the Graduates' Society a splendid book of illuminated vellum leaves, bearing their congratulations and expressing their heartfelt good wishes in a laudatory address. On that happy day, we may be sure that Margaret Mercer Dawson's mind went back to the subdued little ceremony in an Edinburgh chapel, when against the wishes of her family, she had chosen to become William's wife. Margaret must surely have considered that her venture had been richly rewarded. In his autobiography, William wrote: "Our union was one of mutual affection, esteem and respect, and it has been, I believe, wholly a blessing to us both. To me it has been the crowning joy of my life. My dear wife has not only been all that I could have wished for myself, but has also proved herself fitted to adorn every position in which we have been placed, while to her wisdom and affectionate aid I am justified in attributing a large share of anything I have been able to achieve". If they were sadly silent on her wedding day, the bells rang joyfully for Margaret Mercer on her golden anniversary.

NOTES

1. James Dawson wrote two accounts of his life, 'Memorials of God's Mercies' and 'Incidents of a Life'. The latter was in part transcribed by Marjory Whitelaw and published in *The Dalhousie Review*. Vol. 53, Autumn 1973, pp. 501-519; the quotations are from this version. The 'Memorials' has been transcribed by Liana Vardi; and the manuscript and the transcription