



Montreal  
July 31<sup>st</sup> 1877

Dearest Anna,

I have just returned from the meeting of the Athenaeum Club. It was at Mr. Drummond's and a very small meeting, only five members being present. I think it was foolish to try keeping up the meetings during the summer; for who wants to have the trouble of writing a long paper & then have only three or four to listen to it? To-night we decided not to meet again until the 11<sup>th</sup> of September. Our discussion was on the

future of Canada - a question  
well suited for discussion.  
Among other points which came  
up were the abolition of  
tithes, of the French language  
in the Courts &c. Independence  
& Annexation were also dis-  
cussed. -

I called at Murphy's to-day  
& paid for the dry goods. He  
says they were sent by express  
last week and thinks that  
you must have got them  
before this & I hope you  
have.

My dear old girl, you  
call me a humbug and  
want to know what I mean  
by naming the 7<sup>th</sup> as the  
day on which I hope to  
go to Paris. Well darling  
I simply mean that if I

leave here on the 6<sup>th</sup> as  
I hope to do I shall, unless  
any unforeseen accident occurs  
get to Mexico on the 7<sup>th</sup>. When  
I spoke of the 7<sup>th</sup> it was  
as the day on which I  
should join my dear ones.

I had a letter from Laura  
to-day. It gives very few  
particulars about Maria,  
but says that they are still  
very anxious about her. So  
far as I can judge she  
does not seem to be any  
better. I wrote her a short  
letter & sent her some oranges  
to-night.

Poor little Eric! I am  
sorry his eye does not get  
better. Some time ago I called  
upon Dr. Buller to ask him  
for his bill, and he said

that he did not think  
there was any likelihood  
of its getting well until  
operated upon.

Dr. Bell picked me up  
on Beaver Hall hill this  
afternoon & drove me home  
It was the first time I  
had seen him to speak  
to him since you left.  
He is very busy at present,  
but talks of going away  
for a few holidays next  
week.

In a few moments July  
1847 will be at an end &  
I think I cannot do better  
than be in bed by the 1<sup>st</sup> of  
August, so my darling wife  
good night.

Your own old husband

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