



Montreal

July 14th 1878

My own dear wife,

Here I am
lying prone upon the grass
beneath the butternut tree,
a thing which, as you know,
I am prone to do on Sunday
or whenever I get the
opportunity. I have been here
for some time thinking of
my absent dear ones or
anon admiring the lovely
tracery above me & wondering
at the power which could
design & make anything
so lovely. This morning I

slept very late and finally
awoke with what some
people would call a rousing
headache. I find it anything
but rousing, and have not
gone to church, hoping
that by keeping quiet it
will pass off. The remedy
I am happy to say is
proving effectual and
by dinner time Richard
will no doubt be himself
again. By way of cheering
me in my loneliness or
rather by way of promoting
mutual cheerfulness I
have invited Food up
to spend the afternoon
and take tea. The poor

fellow has been quite unwell
 for some days and I thought
 the air up here would
 be better than that of
 his boarding house &
 might do him good.
 A man with absent wife
 and children will no doubt
 be in excellent frame of
 mind to fraternise with
 one in low fever.

Only think of it! with
 the exception of a sprinkle
 of about ten minutes dura-
 tion we have had no rain
 since you left. The poor
 butternut trees have found
 it almost insufferable
 and many of their leaves
 have turned yellow and

fallen to the ground. The
one little shower, however,
cooled the air and for a
day or so it was lovely.
~~on~~ but has again turned
hot. To-day there is a high
wind blowing & it looks as
if we might get a thunder
shower before night. I sin-
cerely hope we may. It seems
strange that there should
be rain all around us and
we get none of it.

The sweet peas are in bloom
now and are very lovely - such
a variety of colours & so sweet.
I wish my darling you
were here to enjoy them.
The poor verbenas still
look miserably, and I fear
will not revive until we
get rain. At present I am
enjoying the second crop of

peas. They are a much larger and finer kind than the others, but of course not nearly so early. The beans will be ready for use in a couple of days, and if I have any opportunity I shall endeavour to send some to Metz.

The night I went to meet the Wilsons I saw the Molsons (J. H. R.) disembarking from the steamer Prince of Wales. They had been up at Caledonia Springs for about a fortnight and had come down to be here for the 12th. Last evening I went up to Piedmont thinking that they would not have returned to the Springs but found that they had gone & so had my journey for nothing. The beautiful lawn in front of their house is no longer beautiful

but as yellow as yellow can
be. I should think they
might afford to water it.
Mr. Baynes left for Murray
Bay on Sunday evening, taking
with him Mrs George and
her five children. They
decided to go to Murray Bay
instead of Metis as they could
get board there just as cheap
and the journey down was
far less expensive. The baby
was I believe quite ill with
what you call di —

Old Mrs B told me last
evening that the weather had
been so hot that ten of her
chickens had been roasted
to death in the shells. She
old her did all in her
power to save them, but it
was no use, and they perished
miserably.

Some of the little Hamiltons

have the whooping cough at present and I am glad that Eric is not here as he would very likely catch it from them. The poor little dear is too young to be racked with that abominable cough.

Speaking about the Hamiltons makes me think that one of the Orange marshals who was arrested on the 12th is Hamilton's brother.

There is some talk of there being a grand turn out of Orangemen from all over the country on the 16th "to bury Haskett over again", but I scarcely think it will take place. Their wisest course now is to let the legality of their order come before the courts and to avoid all demonstrations which can only injure their cause.

It was a fortunate thing that

the troops were called out
on the 12th; for otherwise
there would certainly have
been bloodshed.

You will see by the papers
that McLaren the lawyer
& Miss Mathison have been
married at Plattsburg. He
must surely have liked his first
wife, when he is so ready to con-
tinue life with her sister.

Sunday Evening. -

It is now half past eleven
and Ford has just left. He
came at 3 o'clock this afternoon
and has been here ever since.
I conclude that he enjoyed
himself and really hope he
did for he seems to be very
lonely and to miss his friends
in England very much.

It is so good of you darling
to write so often and tell
me about yourself and Eric.

Dear little fellow, I feel that I am missing so much of his pretty little ways. I wonder whether he will know me when I go down. These separations are more & more wretched and it seems as if this one were going to be almost endless.

Still I suppose it is all for the best and so I must not be discontented. Perhaps we may yet spend our summers together. I read the 5th Psalm last evening & shall read the 6th to-night and think of my love as having read the same. And now dear I am very sleepy & tired & must go to bed. There are many more things I should like to say to you & had my visitor not stayed so late you would have had

a very long letter. I am
quite ashamed of the
miserable hurried & crawls
which I have been sending
my wife in return for her
nice letters. Your loving husband
Bernard.

