

McGILL UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES
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Montreal
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My darling Anna,

Here I am back
in town again, & hard it is
to realize that in so short
a time I have been transported
so far from my dear ones.
In these fast days one lies
down and wakes up to find
himself hundreds of miles
from where he went to sleep.

In old times fairies were
at the bottom of such
wonders, but since the
days of railways & telegraphs
we have dispensed with their
services, & the poor things have

vanished to the far off woods,
or where else I know not.

We reached St. Oetare yesterday
just in time for the train,
which, by the way, was not
~~8~~ eight hours late, but a
little ahead of time. On board
the train the only person
whom I knew was a Mr.
Cumbull who had been
down salmon fishing and
was returning to Riviere du Loup.
As he seemed desirous to discuss
most of the affairs of the
nation I was obliged for the
time being to abandon the
idea of reading, - much more
so of sleeping. Mr Patterson
(the one who was at Inlet last
week) also got on at Rimouski
where he had gone a fishing.

but only came as far as Cassina.
After Mr Turnbull's egress at
Riviera au Loup, I was left
pretty much to my own devices,
and finding my mind in a
decidedly receptive state threw
aside the novelty and sought
novelty in the mysteries of
science. But as the shades
of evening came on even science
became wearisome & finally
took to playing with a little
boy about five years old —
a fine little fellow, just
such a one as I can imagine
Eric say three years hence.
When bed time came he said
that he seemed quite tired out
with the excitement of the day
and said to his mother, "Ma,
can't I say my prayers sitting down?"

On obtaining permission, he prayed
aloud for his various relatives
- apparently not a few - and
finished up drowsily with
the traditional "now I lay me
down to sleep."

On reaching town I drove
directly to the collye & then
learned from Hamilton that
the house was shut up, James
having left on the 6th inst.
Hamilton wrote me to that
effect, but through somebody's
carelessness the letter has
evidently gone astray.

After getting the keys from
H - I came over to the house
and indulged in a bath after
which Hamilton brought me
over a tray with a nice
hot breakfast. In a few
moments I am going to town
to see how matters are getting on

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at the office, and intend having
dinner in town & taking tea
with my grandfather. By
way of propitiating the old
gentleman I suppose I shall
have to take an offering with
me.

There is quite a profusion
of flowers in the garden
and the vegetables are looking
fine. There is spinach fit
to use now and I must try
to send some to the Browns.
The second crop of beans
will probably begin to bear
fruit early in September.
A few apples have been
stolen & I fear that if I go
away again the balance
will disappear. Cook
tells me that he put six fellows
out of the garden on Sunday afternoon.

The stone coal has just arrived this morning and is now being put in. So far as I can judge Jane seems to have left everything in good order. In the drawing room I found about a dozen moths, but as yet have not observed any elsewhere.

I shall endeavour to attend to your commissions as well as to Williams's & Miss Wilson's to-day, but possibly may not have time to do so until to-morrow.

The house here seems very very big, & very very empty and I long for the time when my darlings will again fill it with sunshine & happiness. Be very careful of yourself dear, and do not lift Eric unless it is absolutely necessary.

This letter has been written
very hurriedly, & I have no time
to read it over, so you
must excuse mistakes and
heterogeneity.

Ever your loving Bernard.

P. S. Have you Eric's tin types?
I thought I had brought them
with me, but cannot find
them. If you have them
I wish you would send them
to me as you have the
original.

It has evidently been
raining here during the
night, but is now hot
& close - or at least
seems so after mistis.

B.

