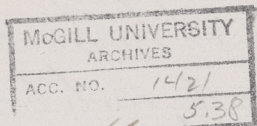


Letter from Wm Harrington
(father to B. J. H.) to Bernard H.

Recounts his adventures
while driving home from
Montreal in a bad storm

Something to do with the
trace broke at St
Eustache.

1875-



J. S. Andrews of the March 25th
My dear Bernard

Your favour with cheque from
Mr Garry reached all right. thank
You ask to let you know how I
reached home. I ought to have written
you on arrival but like many
other things I neglected to do so.

I was pretty well convinced
before starting that I was going
to have a rough time of it but
the day was even worse than
I had anticipated. The wind was
almost a gale from starting to
arrival. Fortunately not very
cold, but having to face the
storm it was about as disagreeable
a day to be on the road for both
man & beast as is seldom met
with, the road when you could

see it (which was seldom) was
good, until reaching Belle Riviere
afterwards heavy with some
fancy drifts through Cote
St Pierre, giving me some slight
idea of the waves of the ocean in
passing over them. I only ~~got~~
out of my sligh once at St Eustache
until reaching home. On my way
in a very exposed place my harness
(the iron on the end of the trace attached
to the harness gave way) of course
I was obliged to stop for repairs
in doing so the mare became uneasy
to say unwilling to stand. Having to
use my hands without gauntlets,
I thought that in spite of all I
could possibly do they would be
frozen stiff. however I got off
with only the tips of my thumb and
several fingers being nipped
also the side of my face &
my chin — all slightly —

So much for our unpleasant journey
Your mother & sister except Charlotte
are now pretty well - C is still under
the doctors care we hope his present treat-
ment will prove effectual.

I send with this a London paper
"Public Opinion", Mr. McEntreal who
takes the paper seeing your name
mentioned ⁱⁿ it thought it would
be gratifying to me to see it &
very kindly offered the paper to
send to you -

Did any living person ever
see such a winter as we have
had almost every day a storm
of some kind - to day is once
more mild - with kind
remembrances to Grandpa &
A. Gibbs - believe me

Your afft. father
W. Hamington