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mess agents
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My darling little wife,

I am ^{not} getting

at all accustomed to bachelor-
life, but miss you more and
more every day. To night after
~~a~~ long & busy day I have come
to my room, and not finding
my Anna there to talk
with me, I cannot resist
sending her a few words
on paper. I was up at
six o'clock this morning &
came in by train from
Serranstown. at a quarter
past seven. My friends were

²
very kind to me and did
everything in their power to
make me enjoy myself. It
was quite like a return to
student life being with
them. Brinley says that he
met Dr Dawson at New
Haven a few years ago,
& assisted him in putting
up diagrams for a lecture
which he delivered there.
He seems to have been
delighted with both lectures
and lecture.

We (Brinley & myself) are
talking of an excursion to
Harrisburg, the capital of
Pennsylvania, to visit some
large Bessemer steel works

there. I should like to go very much as I have always taken a great interest in the manufacture of steel. If I find that I can leave for a day we shall probably go this week.

There are quite a number of Canadians here at present. To-day I saw young Lay, son of the Schoolmaster & brother of Miss Lizzie; also a Mr Grant from Montreal, a very nice young fellow. He is here with one of the Taylors. Mr Hunter, the notary, and his wife are here, but I have not seen them as yet. I shall

perhaps call on them to-
morrow, as they are staying
at the Trans-continental where
I generally take my meals.

This evening I met at
dinner an old New
Haven professor - Prof.
Brewer - a jolly fat old
fellow with more of the
farmer than the professor
in his manner. He is
one of the judges and
has been here ever since
spring.

I am daily "interviewed"
by about half a dozen
editors who want to get
information for newspaper
articles. Some of them are
great bores, but among them

there are some very intelligent and agreeable men. One of the editors of the Sun Age, Pittsburg, comes round quite frequently to have a chat, and I am always glad to see him, for after he has left - I do not feel as if I had been pumped, but as if I had acquired a good deal of valuable information.

This afternoon I managed to get into the art-gallery for about half an hour, and oh how I wished you were with me. I had only time to look at a few pieces of sculpture by Italians &

some of the oil paintings
by American artists. There
is nothing in the catalogue
to tell you what works
are specially worthy of
admiration, and so I
just looked for landscapes
which carried me away
from the exhibition far
off into nature. They are
few in number, but now
& then I came upon one.
I saw a few good sea-side
pieces in which the waves
seemed to be actually breaking
upon the beach. For the
moment I thought I heard
their roar and fancied
my darling was beside
me; but it was only for
a moment, & then I was

alone among thousands.

I received a letter from my mother day before yesterday, and am sorry to say that Mary does not seem to be improving much, if any. She sleeps better & has a better appetite, but is still very weak. They find it a great comfort to have Miss Hill with them.

Did you ^{ever read} a little poem of Lowell's entitled "My Love"? It is such an exact description of my wife that if she has not read it, I must try to copy it & send it to her, so that she may see what her husband thinks of her.

Do you know I am actually

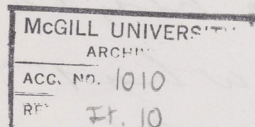
getting fond of & letter
writing? - at least when the
letters are to my wife. Who
ever thought that I would
come to this? I'm sure I
never did; but I am thank-
ful that I have. Truly there
is no earthly bond like that
between man & wife!

But darling I must stop,
for I have yet to write out
some notes for an editor
before going to roost. Many
many thanks for your nice,
kind, loving letters. Please
continue to send them to the exhibition
building & do not be at all afraid that
I will do like Amelia's husband.

Over Love

Your fond

B



Each day that passes shortens
the time that is to separate us -
happy thoughts