

P.S. I am almost ashamed to read this letter, but have  
not time to rewrite it. It is on awful crumpled  
ruled paper, which I detest. 13.

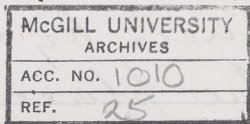
After Ann's first child  
born

St Andrews

July 15<sup>th</sup> 1847.

intending - stones at St Annes

brazen



My dear, dear wife,

I have stayed  
in this morning to keep Mary  
company as she could not  
go to church, and after a  
prolonged chat we have both  
betaken ourselves to writing  
letters. Yesterday morning  
I succeeded in ~~been~~ waking  
or rather in being wakened  
in time to catch the train  
and reached St Anns between  
eight & nine o'clock. The  
engineer of the works there  
was on hand to meet to me  
at the locks and took me  
forthwith in a little boat  
to the place where the ex-  
cavations are going on. A

new channel is being made for  
steamers across a shoal pro-  
duced by a ledge of rock, and  
the place has been surrounded  
by copper-dams and the water  
then pumped out, giving an  
opportunity to see the rocks  
in the bed of the river.

I was very glad that I went  
as I found some most inter-  
esting rocks which will  
afford me food for reflection  
for some time. It was a  
pretty hot place down in the  
excavation, but I remained  
there hard at work until  
3 P. M. and amassed quite  
a cargo of precious stones.

I arrived at the locks in  
time to catch the afternoon  
boat for St Andrews and  
soon after getting on board

made application for some  
lunch of which I was in  
some need, not having had  
anything to eat since my  
early breakfast. On board  
the boat I found quite a  
number of friends - male  
and female - and among  
the latter Miss Chipman and  
two of the Dirmings. I had  
telegraphed to my father from  
St Annis to meet me and  
found him and Laura  
on the wharf waiting.

My mother is looking very  
well and seems to have  
benefitted greatly by her journey  
to the South. Mary too seems  
stronger than when I saw her  
last. She and Maria are  
going to Annapolis this  
week. Your letter was

I am sure appreciated -  
as it certainly ought to be.  
They have at last got the  
repairs of the church finished  
and all the debt paid off with  
the exception of \$50; which  
is saying a great deal more  
than can be said of many  
of the town churches. I have  
not seen it yet but shall  
probably go to the service  
this evening.

The country is looking  
beautifully; there have  
been so many showers  
of late that everything is  
fresh and green. I only  
hope that it will look as  
pretty if we come up in the  
Autumn. There are so many  
lovely drives that I should like  
to take with my wife and so  
many pretty rural views to see.

I am so glad<sup>2</sup> that you are  
doing a little painting and  
hope you will do more when  
I go down. My darling must  
not forget her old ways. I  
only wish there were more  
pretty places and things to  
sketch about Metis, but  
perhaps I may be able  
to find you some sketchable  
places in my rambles about  
the country. I shall probably  
photogise a good deal and  
so have opportunities of  
seeing anything that is to  
be seen.

I am decidedly stupid today  
and think that my head  
got more of sun yesterday  
than was good for it. I also  
got very much sun burnt, so  
that you need not expect  
to see me looking like a  
city bird when I arrive at Metis.

On our way up yesterday  
we of course passed Oka  
and saw the ruins of the  
Church. I cannot ~~they~~ say  
that they made me feel  
very sad - nay I cannot  
help thinking that if there  
were more such ruins  
in the Province of Quebec  
it would be a good thing  
for the country and the  
people.

Afternoon. - I have been off  
for a stroll in the woods where  
I used to go in years gone by.  
The same quiet nooks are there  
and the same flowers still  
go on blooming at their wonted  
time not knowing of the many  
changes which have taken  
place in my life since first  
I made their acquaintance.

of the bitter cup which I drank  
when that sister who was  
so fond of accompanying  
me in my rambles was  
called away - of the precious  
companion since given me  
by God - of the sorrow which  
I felt when that companion,  
~~and~~ my wife, was brought so  
near death's door, the joy  
at her restoration, now not  
only my wife, but the mother  
of my darling boy. Yet  
there those wild plants of  
the wood are going on &  
on & on like the endless  
love of the foal who  
made them. But tea  
is ready & I can write no more  
at present. I look forward  
to getting news from my love  
to-morrow morning on my return.

Monday morning. Have just got back. I was going to say home, but it is not home, for my dear ones are away, and my home can only be where they are. I slept, or rather vainly attempted to sleep, on the boat last night and had the same stateroom that you and I had when we went to St. Andrews. We had nearly 400 Orangemen on board from Ottawa, coming down to attend the funeral of the young man who was shot on the 12<sup>th</sup>. They were all armed to the teeth and should then be a row to-day will be a dangerous body of men to interfere with. They seem to be a very rough lot of men, but there was not a drunken man among them and when they reached the city they marched off in perfect order, headed by their band, to the Orange Lodge I suppose.

Probably I got credit for being an Orangeman and a dangerous one at that, for it so happened that the box in which my specimens were packed was labelled "blasting powder", and my geological hammer looked like a very deadly weapon. Although there is great excitement here I do not think there is any likelihood of there being a row. It is truly painful, however, to see such discord and I would that our Protestant religion were upheld by a different stamp of men from those whom I have seen this morning.

Many many thanks, my darling for all your kind loving letters; I got two on my return this morning, one of which must have come Saturday after I left. It grieves me so, dear, to learn that ~~as~~ you are having "down days" and I wish if you do have them you would not simply tell me of the fact, but tell me exactly how you feel and what it is that makes you have the "down days." Does my darling feel ill, or what is it? I am also sorry to hear that you are losing your pretty brown hair and shall do my best to send you a bottle of that hair wash to-day. I expect to be very busy as I am going off again by the Quebec boat to-night. If I return as I anticipate by the boat to-morrow evening I shall have a third night of it afloat. I hope to write soon to let you know when to expect me, but as yet cannot say when I shall be able to leave. Love note for Nina has been delivered but I did not see her. I shall have company to-night as Dr. Asler is going down. Kiss my little boy often for me & tell me how your fond fond husband Bernard.