

Letters from  
Mary Harrington to  
brother Bernard J. H.

5.26

Cherbourg Nov 26<sup>th</sup> 1874.

My dear Bernice.

I am sure you Jancy I have forgotten that I have a brother, but I have not and speak of you very often, before I left home we were all very busy, and the three weeks I have been here I have intended to write each day, but Jessie does not like to see me with a pen in my hand knowing that means silence.

Are you going home for James are to the States I know they want you in N. A. but after want you to see your old friends I will be sure I expected to go home by Montreal but do not know yet what I shall do, as they will not listen to my leaving still I promised Lillie

a week long ago if I do go  
it will not be till the  
first week in January if any  
one is going from Peter,  
time will tell.

My small Christmas present  
I left at home for them to  
send to you, it is not much  
but comes with love and  
a Merry Christmas, even if  
I see it a month before  
hand. I would like to be at  
home that day still can't  
be every place.

They are all wishing you  
should come here for that  
time, I do wanted one  
to be sure and ask for  
a photo for her like Laura's  
and you should send  
me for I never saw such  
pights of pictures as  
they had here of you  
I can not find it.

you as you look in them.

I am staying with Jessie  
and they (she and Jack)  
are just as kind as kind  
can be. Last night I was sick  
and consequently could not  
get up for breakfast so have  
been treated all day like  
a queen, you will forgive  
my shaky writing for I feel  
they keep from giving such  
a headache.

Jessie has a lovely house  
and a dear little boy  
he is so good and full of  
fun he calls me "Ma i Ah"  
Jack is full of nonsense  
and when supper time comes  
at night we make considerable  
noise.

Poor Claude McLaughlin  
was very ill in the woods with  
typhoid fever and the  
drive home was too much

John Sims and for two weeks  
has been sick again. He  
was up today for a little while,  
he looks dreadful sorry  
thin.

Dan is sick in Ottawa  
he has dreadful fits Harry  
was obliged to go down to  
nurse him, perhaps they  
will be home this week.

I will be glad when Harry  
come back he miss her so,  
she expects Lindsay home  
at Christmas.

Gettie is up at Monte-  
Real ~~Monte~~ she is just  
as great a chatter box  
as ever.

Walter Eric is in Toronto  
but will be back much  
sooner this year, I have  
not seen his house yet,  
only the outside.

Jessie sends love so much

love to my "big brother" and  
says she would let me write  
any more for I must go  
call for a driver.

Arnprior is very quiet now  
so that the children are not  
picking and go out but I  
enjoy it none the less.

Latter. We had a splendid  
drive, and this evening  
you never heard three children  
make more noise. Jack  
had a paper which Jessie  
and I were trying to get  
but he was too strong for  
us and spill wine and  
did me so much mischief.  
I suppose they are all well  
at home you likely know as  
much as I do.

Write and let me know  
something about you for  
I have not heard any

thing of you for an eye -  
God my love to Lillie  
and with a large portion  
for your own dear self  
believe me your  
loving sister  
F. Maria

You will try your eyes  
& read this I fear