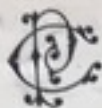


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Montreal 1882 Aug 29



My sweetest Mother

For a long time I have been so driven with work that I have had no time to write the smallest line except in the way of business. When I have done my work for the day I have been so totally used up that I could not write, for letter writing as you know is a severe labor for me. Today I have had a little rest; tomorrow I recommence.

I have prepared an enormous quantity of matter for the press of letters - almost enough to make a volume of the Coast Survey Reports - besides a great deal of labor on my book. I have also been very active in the line of experiments, frequently working all night. Hilgard is a regular task-master. My assistants and

My best address is U.S. Coast Survey
Washington D.C.

I have been nearly killed with overwork, although they have not participated in my other labors.

I come here to make some pendulum experiments and have contrived to time my visit so as to be here at the meeting of the Association.

I am charmed with Montreal. It is a most lovely city, much of the architecture is fine, there is very little that is utterly dreary, and the mixture of the French element contributed something very pleasing. The French they speak here is hard to understand at first. The words, the idiom, and the pronunciation all have a good deal of strangeness. But I speak of only of the language of the laboring people. I found a French sermon perfectly intelligible, though not very poor.

There are a quantity of churches here; some of them very fine. But their St. Peters is the worst thing I ever saw. It is unfinished, hastily or unhappily. There is a new and magnificent hotel here, the Windsor. But I am at the St. Lawrence Hall which is very comfortable and moderate. You had better come & join me here. Madame Poutalai is here with her maid for a day or two; but she is going on to Quebec.

I am in admirable health, so perhaps I ought not to complain of overwork. But I hate to be so driven. The work is not so well done & besides I don't like being reduced to a working machine. But Helgard is awful. He is

very discouraging too.

I wish I could get to Cambridge to see you for a day or two. I can't hear & hear nothing at all of you all. Aunt Lizzie promised me faithfully to write, but she has not, & I have felt very badly about that. Can she not write? I know you cannot very often write, but she writes so easily.

Madame Pomtalai's health continues to be very dubious. It is dreadfully unfortunate she has not been well enough to go abroad this year & look after her interests. She will do so in the spring at all hazards. But I fear it will be too late.

The Alderdice's have given up their house in Baltimore so that I shall have to move.

With very great & deep love, dearest mother, Your loving C. I. P.