

Geo gim shor shor  
man a shor shor

Pictou 22 April 1857

Dear George

I have received your  
letter inclosed in an envelope Pa-  
per of 3<sup>rd</sup> April, and it is, by far  
the best written letter, you ever  
sent me. I am very glad to be  
thus able to testify to your im-  
provement, - I can read your  
fine, large, rounded, hands without  
my Spect, and perhaps you will  
continue to give attention to your  
writing, because if you ever allow  
yourself, to descend from writing  
a legible rounded hand, to write  
a hasty sharp serifed in place,  
you will never recover what  
you have lost - The wise saying  
of Solomon, "Train up a child  
in the way he should go, and  
when he is old he will not

depart from," is no less true in  
Physical than in Moral things -  
in the works of our hands than  
in the Thoughts of our hearts.

You must be happy to hear that  
Papa approves of your Progress  
in Drawing - you will, I hope,  
be encouraged by this to earn  
a further amount of his ap-  
probation.

But you say Papa has bought  
you a pair of Snow Shoes, I  
am not sure that he has done  
right in so doing. When Grand-  
pa was a young man he was one  
time journeying along, on a  
Winter day, on Horseback, to-  
wards Halifax, in company  
with <sup>a</sup> Mr. Paterson and some  
other Picnicers. - There had been  
the previous night a fall of Snow  
of about 15 inches which ended

with a Shower of Rain that  
melted into a thin ice on the Top  
of the Snow but not strong enough  
to carry a man. - After leaving  
Salmon River, where we had  
put up all night, we observed  
the Track of a person walking  
on snow shoes, going in the  
same direction we were; when  
we had advanced about 3 Miles  
our Horses all at once took  
fright and pricked up their  
Eyes & Ears, and were like to  
run off with us - we backed  
in the same direction with  
the Horses and we saw some  
thing weltering and plashing  
in the Snow - Two of us dis-  
mounted and gave our Horses  
to the other, to hold and went  
ahead on foot to see what  
it was - and what do you  
think it turned out to be?

Why, a poor unfortunate  
Pelestrian who had borrowed  
my Anichalds Snow Shoes to  
take him on to Tung, and not  
having any Experience in their  
use - he fell and his head &  
Shoulders went down through  
the soft Snow while his feet  
and Snow Shoes remained  
on the Surface, and in that  
position he would, most likely  
have soon perished, had we  
not come to his rescue.

I shall not forget your re-  
quest about "Layards Wash"

Give my love to Anna. W.B.  
and Miss Kelly.

Yours affly

Grandpa

