

Victor. March. 5th) 87

My Dear George & Anna & Willie
As I wrote you before all together
I now take up my pen to shove a little
talk to you ~~all together~~ in the same way
feeling what interests one must be so to
all. I must say that I am very glad at
all times to hear from you a letter from
you is quite a treat, as it shows that you
have not quite forgotten one yet

Well what will I talk to you about will I
tell that this degree is drifting flowing and
showing as if it did not snow any this
winter before. But it may drift and flow
and snow away for in the course of nature
it cannot last for ever, and then we
have the comfort of knowing that that ple-
asantest of all times of our Season the Spring
is coming, which will banish away all
thoughts of the past in the pleasure which
we will then have in enjoying all the
pleasant sights of the ice moving away
and the Stately Ships Gliding on the
water and hear the pleasant murmur of
the Running Brooks. Do you know that

one fine soft day last week I was taking
a walk by a Mill Dam and before
ever I came in sight I was startled by
a rushing sound of many waters well
when I came up in sight of it there
I had such a fine piece of the water
tumbling and rushing along making at
the time a great noise which was most
delightfull to me. I believe I am
so fond of seeing water and hearing its
murmur that I would not be happy to
be far away from it. I do not know
any thing that gives one a more pleasant
feeling than standing beside the sea shore
or by a running brook or best of all
leaning over the side of a vessel as she
skips along from wave to wave like a
thing of life. As I told you before
something about our seeds I am now
going to say that we have heard of the
arrival of the seeds in Galifor and
we have now great hopes of getting them
from there soon if all these snow banks
would only clear away and make good roads again

If we can get an opportunity we will send you a parcel ~~for some chance~~ and if no chance should offer I hope to send you a few by letter. I am very fond of Red Peruvian and as Grandpa has saved a little I enclose you some in this letter. Grandpa also saved some pure white double Hollyhock which I also enclose a little of.

I cannot tell what more ~~will~~ ~~write~~ to tell you but as I write to you in this dull stormy day when the Customners are not able to come to see us it makes me wish that I was beside you all to have a little talk and fun.

So you Remember Mrs Pollock well the other day when I was up seeing her she said "if she had but the wings of the dove she would not be long of taking a flying expedition to see you all." I would also like her have a similitia desire. But as you know we cannot indulge in any of these aerial flights, we must just imagine we are beside you and see you just as you are.

You know imagination it goes a great way some-
times which reminds me of a story of
a ^{well} ^{known} ^{incident} of about Soldier in the late
war ^{who} ^{was} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{middle} ^{of} ^{the} ^{battle} ^{was}
standing on a little Hillock well all about
a great Cannon ball come roaring along
striking the under the Hillock and rooting and
turning up all before it the poor fellow at once
dropped down on the ground and lay there
untill sometime after the Action was all over
and as the rest of Soldiers was removing the
wounded ~~and~~ they come to him he soon could
only ask them in a feeble voice to move
gently as both his limbs were shot off
but when they come to examine him his limbs
were as sound as ever they were it was only
imagination. I doessy you have heard of the
man who was out in the woods chopping with
his little boy and who let the axe come on his
foot making a great deep cut right acrop his
foot well his little boy helped him as well
as he could on the Sled and when he
come home his poor wife helped him on bed
but could not see any queaks of blood and when
she come to take off his Shoe it was as well as yours
or mine it was all imagination only his Red stockings