

Monday, Aug. 17. 1868.

Mc Gill College.

9 AM.

Montreal.
Walk to Cemetery.
maiden's hair fern
Apples stolen from garden

Dear George,

We drove out to the
Cemetery on ~~Friday~~ Friday afternoon;
when we arrived there, we walked
from the gate Westward, towards
where the Public Vaults are, for
Anna said that she had never
been there before. We walked
round for about an hour,
& found some very nice
maiden's-hair ferns, which
mama pressed for the ~~the~~ winter.
We then came home by that
nice path round the east
end of the Mountain, that
Mr. Hamilton told us of.

Just after we came home
it rained very heavily indeed.

While we were driving
out I noticed that they
had extended the city limits
in that direction. They have
put one toll gate past that
sort of village on the road
that goes straight out past
the mile-end hotel, & another
about half way out that
road with poplar trees
along it, that leads to the
cemetery.

The garden when we returned
was full of huge weeds, & also
small ones, for "Madam" had
not been once since we left,
& all the work that had been
done in it was one or two

days from a man, who weeded
all the walks, but I don't
know what else he did.

Some one has stolen all
the apples off the dwarf trees,
as you prophesied, & papa
says that he will trans-
plant mine to the foot of
the bank, for Eva's & R's
trees that were there were
not robbed. Eva saw a
boy ~~to~~ in our garden yester-
day. He was standing near
the swing looking ~~cautious~~
cautiously around, & when
R. & I looked at him through
the window, he ran away.
We looked afterwards &
there were two rails out of

the fence, in different
places behind the lower.

Your gourds are getting
on splendidly & are in flower.
Your sweet peas have hardly
grown a bit since I left, & are
in a bad state, owing to the
~~short~~ want of rain in the
first part of the summer I sup-
pose. Your convolvuluses in
front of the lower have
grown off ^{the top of} their poles, & are
clinging up the bushes, but
aren't in flower. The cow
at the gate has nearly reached
the top of its pole & is
flowering freely.

Believe me

your affectionate
brother

William.