

Sapporo, April 13. 1879

My dear sister;

We are having a very backward spring here this year. I think that we still have nearly two feet of snow on the average in fields and woods, although some of the most travelled roads are bare. The weather continues quite cool, and disagreeable, as we have many raw winds. I have seen only a few of our earliest spring flowers in blossom on some sheltered banks sloping towards the south, I think of you as probably hearing each night the music of the frogs.

Did I ever write you about the curious noise made by the Hokkaido frogs? I can not describe it; but it is harsh and not at all pleasant. The first time I ever heard it I was passing along a road where there were thousands of frogs in the swamps on either side. At first I could not tell what the

noise was; but thought it sounded like the cries of hundreds of crows, fighting or very much excited about something.

So I strained my eyes upward in all directions; but all in vain, I could see no crows, and at last I discovered that the frogs were responsible for the racket. Before I forget it: Mat. asks in her last what she shall do with the two remaining scarfs. Give one to Mrs. Brooks by all means if you think she would like it, and do anything you please with the other. Tell her also that the "Old Farmer's Almanac" has been received, and that I find it fully as correct in its weather prophecies for this country as I ever found it in America. It is truly a remarkable book in that respect. I am very glad to get it and thank her much.

There has been a photographic fever raging among the foreigners connected with the Sapporo Agricultural College of late, some of the results of which are truly melancholy if one may

judge from the faces of the victims.

But I will allow you to be your own judge as I enclose some of the fruits of our struggles with the machine.

The picture of our servants which I enclose is very good. Isamatsu is our former betto, the one who was burned at the time of the fire. He now works upon the College Farm; and only Dr. C. & I employ a betto, one whom I first employed a year and a half ago. His name is Takejiro and he is a smart and exceptionally faithful boy, and very polite.

Torakichi is Penhallow's "maid" of all work. Hirokichi officiates in the same capacity for the Dr. and myself; and he is active, faithful and honest. I trust him with everything. Karada is the cook, and is a good one; and the woman is his wife who acts as Mrs. P's maid. Don't you think we ought to be well cared for?

I also send a picture of the little boy of whom I have several times written. The picture does not do him

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justice, as it cannot show his bright eyes and rosy cheeks.

Of the other pictures I have nothing to say, except that I think my sending them is proof positive that I am not proud.

Nothing out of the ordinary course of events has happened since I last wrote; college and farm affairs move on in the even tenor of their way. Shall you teach this summer?

I wish that you need never teach any more; it is very wearing work for a woman. Either you or your brother must make haste to get rich so that you may retire. What is Adson doing now-a-days; and what are his plans? Tell him to get a good education by some means, though he is obliged to work very hard for it. He will not regret it. Bent Tom about ready to get married? I am expecting to hear that the great event has come off. Why don't he write me?

Yours with love

Brother Will.