Suppovo, April 13, 1879

My dear sister:

We are having a very backersward 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 winde. I have seen only a few of our earliest spring flowers in blossom on some sheltered banke 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 cannot 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 swamp on either side. At first I could not tell what the
more severe, 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 Mr. Brooks by all means if you think she would like it, and do any thing 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. Isamatu 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.F. I employ
a betto, one whom I just employed a year
and a half ago. His name is Takejirō
and he is a smart and exceptionally
faithful boy, and very polite.

Torakichi is Benhallow's "maid" of all work.

Kinoshichi officiates in the same ca-
pacity for the Dr. and myself; and he
is active, faithful, and honest. I trust
him with everything. Kanada is the
cork, and as a good one; and the wom-
an is his wife who acts as Mrs. Prmaid.

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
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 disproved.

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 Nelson doing nowadays; 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. Don't 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.