

Mc Gill College. 3.25 PM. July 9.

~~Monday~~
Thursday 1868.

Acc. 976

Climbing
wards!

Dear George,

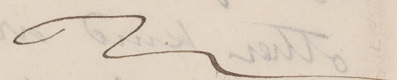
Papa got a bullet - mould
yesterday & so in the afternoon
I cast you a dozen bullets,
which papa is going to send
down on Monday
(& therefore you will get on Tuesday)
along with some materials for
stuffing birds, & some books, one
of which is on stuffing birds.

Your Gouards & c. are getting on
all right, but it is in vain that
I try to train ~~any~~ any of ~~them~~
them on the ground, they have
such a propensity for climbing.
~~Where~~ The ones, however, that
have sent up long shoots are
all of one kind, perhaps the
other kind are not so heaven-ward
in their tendencies.

Why do you not write? You
have told me nothing about
the ~~re~~ voyage from here to Quebec,
Rankine however told me since he
came home that you did not
call at Sorel, or Three Rivers.
Are you comfortable at the Hotel?
I suppose you are rather lonely
since they are gone, but then
there are a good ~~many~~ many
people you ~~could~~ can talk to, &c.
How is your gun getting on? Do
you shoot anything? I hope
for a long letter from you,
but Mr Hamilton is waiting
for my letter, so you must
excuse my finishing it.

Yours ~~truly~~ affectionately

William.



[Faint, illegible handwritten text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

France by J. Smith
By J. M. M. M.
M. M. M.