My Dear Aunt,

I am in the greatest haste to write a few lines to accompany the Screens I have sent to my niece for your little baby room, which I hope you will like. The picture is quite neat and satisfactory. I saw your Carte-d'Visites at the photographers yesterday — I hope they turn out fine. More than they did me — the tails are not alike. Gramma has packed and sent the cargo of early drawings for your young ones — they may amuse them — I hope they have been handed into the little hands. I sent them with their Carte-d'Visites love to them, and
like them she often thinks herself
among them for a while, to gain truth
and health among their native woods
and hills. 
— My health is very precarious
I am just recovering a little from a
most severe illness, and now at their
end just as a servant — I was about to
sleep in earnest, but the comical hand-figure
would destroy the innocence — Reanna for
remains very uncertain — sometimes pretty
well, and then her head becomes bad again.
For me a doubtful pair — I am fairly
doubtful Spanish twin — Being pardoned all
realities I proceed with it — and with an
united heart, believe me,
Your truly Whashington
[Signature]