My dear Aunt,

In the greatest haste I write a few lines to accompany the screens I have sent to my uncle for your new drawing room, which I hope you will like— the pattern is quite new and fashionable— I saw your curtains at the upholsterers yesterday— I hope they may please you more than they did me— all tastes are not alike— Mamma has looked out another cargo of early drawings for your young ones— they may amuse them— I hope they have been amused with the little books I sent them— Give their cousin Louisa's love to them, and tell them she often wishes herself among them for awhile, to gain strength and health among their native woods and wilds— My health is very precarious I am just recovering a little from a most severe illness, and am as thin and pale as a parsnip— I was about to say a Turnip, but the comely round figure would destroy the likeness— Mamma too remains very uncertain— sometimes pretty well then her head becomes bad again we are a hobbling pair— I am fairly scribbling against time— pray pardon all frailties of penwomanship— and with our united love believe me,

Your truly affectionate

Louisa Twamley