

Birm May 30th / 35

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 rotund 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