

North Berwick
Wednesday Aug 23
1865.

Acc. 576

Dear Mama

I sit down to write
to you, not because I have any-
thing to tell you, but just because
it is the mail day. I have just
got letters from papa and Anna
with one enclosed ~~for~~ you which
I will enclose. Papa says that
he expects to be in London Thursday
evening so that I may expect to
hear from him again the day after
tomorrow. We were down this
forenoon to try and get on to
the rock on which we get sea urchins
~~etc~~ but the tide was not low enough.
You said by your last that you
you were going to send me another
Magazine I hope there will not
be a letter in it like last time.
We go out pretty often in boats
and sometimes have fine fun,
Last Saturday we went out

as far as the Craig which is
a rock about a mile from here
Alfred and Charles rowing ~~from~~
and we saw something white
on the water and thought it was
a gull but when we rowed up
to it (Charles with his gun all
ready to fire we found that it was
a dead Loran Goose, we picked
it up and when we got home
Alfred and I skinned it. It took
us all the afternoon and evening
it was so large (over 4 feet from
wing to ~~wing~~ wing) and so troublesome.
Charles comes out here every Saturday
morning and goes back to his office
Monday morning, and Mr Primrose comes
out every Saturday evening and goes
back Tuesday evening. I do not see
any good in wasting more paper
when I have nothing to say, and
besides I must leave room for Williams
grand timekeeper.

Believe me your affectionate
George.