

Montreal
Aug 17th /98

My dear Anna

I cannot spend an hour more pleasantly than in writing to thank you & yours for all your kindness to me during my delightful visit at Inctus.

How good you all were to me. We had a crowded car on our journey home, so that sleep was not so favourable as might be, however we got home safe & nearly on time.

Poor Berne had a bad headache & spent most of yesterday on his sofa, but came up to tea with me, so you see he was good.

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I find things less satisfactory
during my absence than
those tablemaid's letters led
me to suppose. Out of fif-
teen nights the coachman
was away ten of them, & his
days seem to have been
spent in anything but a
proper manner, so you see
I am somewhat disgusted.
However if I can arrange
matters satisfactorily, I am
perhaps going to Boston
on Monday, the Coaches
do not see my coming, & I do
want to see them so, "now
before", yesterday was a
very close kind of day so
I did not do much, today
I have been attending to
matters of various kinds.

The garden shows the want
of rain, the geraniums are
gorgeous, but many things
are completely dried up, &
many patches of grass are
quite brown. There has
been only a light shower
while I was away, two heavy
thunder showers this morn-
ing have done good, but a
good soaking rain is need-
ed to revive things, if not
too late. I hope you are
all well & Miss has a nice
bit, as I do you, tell the
children that their Piedmont
grandmother hopes they be-
have well, never frown, &
always speak kindly to
each other & are very dutiful
& attentive to "Mother"

Please ask Mr Turkey, how
do you spell his name, to be
at the lookout for a basket
of vegetables on Friday or
Saturday. I have been too
busy to-day to attend to them
& the rain was not good for
the tomatoes. I hope all
keep well at your Mother's,
& that "Lady Dawson's", as Pop
-py calls her, head is not
completely turned by the
Bishop's. My love to that
family & kisses all round
to yours. It is comfortably
cool this evening, & I am in
a better condition perhaps
to bear the heat, after taking
my fill of delicious Geth's beer
yours lovingly
Louisa G. R. Proctor