

50/78

St-Andrews  
Tuesday

My own dear Love,

On the chance  
of this finding you I must  
write just a few lines.  
This morning we left home  
with fleys flying - Papa  
accompanying us to the stairs  
like a dear devoted parent  
we had a good deal of  
rain while on the boat  
The baby was good but very  
restless & inquisitive, the only  
relative we could find being  
the occasional bestowal of  
a kiss upon him. He  
wanted to go everywhere &  
see everything, down stairs  
& upstairs, however about



10 of us put him to sleep  
in a clean little berth in  
the ladies' cabin, & there he  
remained till we arrived  
by wh-time the rain had  
ceased to fall, yr father  
was waiting & the crew  
down, or is it safe?

All look pretty well, Mary  
very well, but oh they  
are so fond of staying in  
this whole afternoon we have  
had - & several I rec'd - wh-  
is by no means my idea  
of country, they think it  
too hot - to go out - till after  
tea, I think it too hot to  
stay in - Do come soon  
like a darling, it is far  
worse to be here without  
you than at home -  
I really think I am going  
blind tonight & I have been  
no well these last days



What-a mercy love, that  
the rum-money did not  
have worse consequences -  
I shall have a quilt  
ready for the late  
travellers - The baby has been  
much interested in every-  
thing & is quite friendly  
with everyone sweet-face  
lamb - But he has been  
a little cross too everything  
so new & strange -

Darling I must go to  
bed now for I am quite  
tired and a chey. I wonder  
as I am not sure whether  
this will ever reach  
you I don't care to prolong  
it -

Fondly dear  
Your Anne