

Birkshaw Little Mills

August 12th 1852

Dearest George

I am thinking of going
 today with a carrying chair
 to be near you & to kiss you
 a happy birthday. I am not
 either by temperament nor
 training one who takes much
 note of "times & seasons" but
 as each of my little world
 & cutters away from me memory
 seems to clutch at every trace
 that helps it to float up your
 history from the dim past. The
 current of another year will be

2

planning on before this meeting
 goes, but not to see just the
 match that goes. As a matter of course
 back & idleness of your circumstances
 with my thoughts of you.

Since last week several unexpected
 events have come into my
 life — first Mrs. Peter Rapp
 suddenly appeared at the Hotel.
 She had at the last day before
 Mr. P. R. left for Concord changed
 his intention of remaining in
 England, packed up & came with
 him. She landed at Rimouski
 & came here on the Friday afternoon
 & has staid with us till yesterday
 when she went to Mrs. Waugars,
 on Monday she goes to Quebec
 & so on to avoid the bus until

until she rejoins Mr. R. at Montreal
on the 23rd. They enjoyed a remark-
ably smooth passage & she,
who usually suffers so severely,
was not once laid aside. She
however has upset her biliary organs,
because on the evening night she
had a severe attack of cholera the
effects of which occupied her to
her feet two days. However she is
now better & brighter than before.

She tells me that you have faith-
fully promised to visit her on
your return & I hope you may
as Mr. R. & she really do enjoy your
society & look forward to seeing you
as a pleasure. Her house is every
arranged for entertaining friends
with an overabundance of everything

your good turned services included.

Paper came down last
night looking better than
his last visit. We go up again
on Thursday say he is now
pacing up & down telling
me I shall lose the mail.

You wd hardly credit
the amount of interruption
& difference of getting time to
write here.

Love of yours
Mother