

any not get you a bit you know
I use to laugh at you when I was
at home well there is not dirt behind the
door and you dresses is not on the floor
or tucked under the bed and the Puff
pot dont stand in the middle of the
floor untill noon or under the bed
charged to the brim it requires a mecke
and a lowly spirit to stand all of those
things and not die but it is hell upon
upon eat to any one that ha bee
wreck to living a differant way it is
something like poverty it sends love
~~out~~ out of the window and ^{love} he enters
not the ceiling door from which his
steps depart" I have nothing more to write
and I wrote this to let you know I had not forgotten
you and Susan if this finds you and your
well one of the dearest wishes of my heart is
conclude with dont you let Peter go away
again and Peter dont let your foot slip
for you have got enough children
but if it is a boy name it Jacob
for ~~there~~ there is Jacob Abbot the great my lord
and Jacob after the Milonair & Jacob
of Eldo that was a my my man for the women
and a great rascal for he rapped all night with an
angel and at daylight he worked him