

Indeed I'm very penitent now. I amed writes to Mary - he thinks her a very fine lady, so I fear - time was - but no matter, "Peggy" and I are friends still tho'. To occupy as little room as possible, I shall write and you must rhyme; it is to be interspersed with my answer tantamount. A letter came in the post one day, that made all the good folks to stare, (You shall see it) It was from one weather bald or gray, But who has had some long & sleek hair. His eyes were of a cerulean blue - His form was like a fairy's very light, His whiskers no particular hue, And his feet he thought - the size of a mile. On his belt he wore a gold chain, His pants were strapped much too tight. He had but little learning, in his brain - And he did few things I thought were right. One night he went home as a gallant - To a lady famous for flogging, (My sister Mary) She hit him a knock on his pant, And gave him a lesson in spawling. But this dear Mary falls far short of the deceitful reality, I must only wait and tell you all, oh! I have so much to say, I shall not say any thing. And this is the one to whom I must be engaged for I have not spoken a word to but one other gentleman for two months, and that one is a stranger. As for B's brother, he is naught, and less than that to me, so any one shall be who asks a young lady to play the bracovienne (an old-fashioned dance) on Sabbath eve. &c. &c. Truly "things are not what they seem!" The weather has been delightful of late, our winter had been a spring one, even the birds have hardly forsaken us, during the past three months. It seems as if a change was coming over all things, for I read that the

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