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Contributed to Maine Memory Network by Maine Historical Society

(Coll. 2125, Ser. 1 Box 1/2) Date: June 26, 1814

Description: John Neal to sister, Rachel Neal

Boston Whitehill Murphy

Rachel

I am in an L of a hurry there! see if you can read that without swearing — you see how it is mother this swearing runs in our blood & like some eyes what one loses the other gains — I have left it off & Rachel has begun — however Rachel their is still one hope for your sinful soul — pay me a visit & hear my pious master make one prayer & you will never say another wicked word — If you want [missing] know particulary why, I'll tell [missing] — If you have any taste for devotional eloquence you will swear enough when ever you shall hear one of his prayers — to last you the rest of your life — him! — I believe you have not yet heard the character Mrs. Murphy — she — Lord bless her — with very little appear ance of piety is a charming woman — never was man agreeably situated ---- Master Murphy seeing me grovel at the moonshine when I saw it thro our shop window & several time catching me off guard & Napping very wisely concluded he had better shut up

Thologia lettle cuelien than Nine o clock keep it open Countellor Crapp says is removed & I can ramble Twhere I please after Eight o clock - I stay out as late as mother - only staking is here sablath Evening I Ist and out untile about half past ten _ look is at my watched I was so abournably alarmed for fear frages I hould be concluded of the light blown out lefore my soul was saved - that away I somp 50 Maillono It without once looking behind me _ botted thro Back gate - kicked of my bolk I corocked a hasp tumble do over I Poked my head this nine had arrived at the foot figure to your elf the dismay thrust thro a parcaf glass of

shop a little earlier than Nine o clock than keep it open & have half his good stolen — so now that "grand difficult" as Counsellor Crapp says - is removed & now I can ramble where I please after Eight o clock — & stay out as late as too

I <u>Please</u> ^ dear mother — only taking espec--cial care to be in by ten —— last sabbath Evening I staid out untill about half past ten — look'd at my watch & was so abominably alarmd for fear prayers should be concluded & the light blown out before my soul could be saved — that away I scamp-

erd towards N° 50 Marlboro S¹ without once looking behind me — bolted thro the Back gate — kick'd of one bolt & crooked a hasp — tumbled over a pump brake & Poked my head thro a square of glass just as this master of mine had arrivd at the foot of the stairs — figure to yourself the dismay the undisenbable horror a furious countenance would exhibit

^ ugly & then as the -d - v - il— at the sight of another phir disfigured & Bloody thrust thro a pane of glass & welters on [?] of thy ugly ones nose —— O Ye [?] — Giles scroggins ghost -- don Quixote in his night cap & shirt — an animated skeleton — or — o the the ghost of

a hobyoblu could not habe terry me more _ full 6 feet 2 inches high as their as a lathe - Stiff as a poken of Mack as tow thousand thunders woffer in a night your - a white handluse. way frenchman Nong tong Pan I have so often wacked over the beny genies of horron + affright - Boo! says I - Boo - as If complete by a hausted with running to get home in season _ Bos- oo! says he - bying to open his eyes - what do you want him tis I_ I when'd only Mr Nide -os! Mr Acat - Ley-rayshe well men Nace "walk in Mer A lac" running me Neil ?" like the devil I was about saying - I so pull it out my watel & Show it him it wasbut I much fast ten _ by the way I had put it back _ so you see it all pass

a hobgoblin could not have terryd me more — full 6 feet 2 inches high as thin as a lathe — Stiff as a poker & Black as ten thousand thunders - —wrappd in a night gown — a white handkerc[?] wrapped round his Brow — he appeard the very frenchman Nong tong Paw — I have so often waited over —— the very genius of horror and affright —— —— Boo! says I — Boo — as If complet ly exhausted with running to get home in season — Boo — oo says he — trying to open his eyes — what do you want here — tis I --- I whin'd only Mr Neal -"o! Mr Neal" — hey — says he "well Mr Neal "— walk in Mr Neal" —— " you've been running Mr Neil?" — like the devil I was about saying — & so pulld out my watch & show'd him it was but 5 minutes past ten — by the way I had put it back — so you see it all passd not of well enough only he could ^ help thinking mine was a most a most unrighteous watch — June 26th 1814



Miss R. W Neal

Portland