

My dear mother June 2nd 1814.
 I am going to write
 you one of the best letters that ever
 I wrote in my life — and I am going
 to send it by Uncle James who has
 promised to deliver it in person — To
 proceed methodically — the man I live with
 is a pious good sort of a man — and seems
 a beautiful slim sleek sort of a man
 that he is perfectly transparent — leaves
 no shadow when the sun shines — upright
 as my walking stick & wears a mixt coat
 a bib & a tucker — he says he has
 got flesh since these Earthly winds prevail
 prove it, remarks — “there was a time when
 you could count his ribs by his shadow
 Now faith! the sun shines thro’ ribs
 and all — we have as much
 business as I can attend to — & to comfort
 thy suspicious heart we keep open even
 ings untill nine — rain or shine — &
 the family ‘Bless-em!’ go to bed regu-
 larly at ten — the other night the
 clock struck ten just as my mas-
 ter had got one leg out of his panta-
 loons — into bed he jumped & slept so
 till morning — because he detests irregu-
 larity — & must — willy nilly be in bed at

June 2nd 1814

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10 —

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By all this you will have enough to lull your
apprehensions respecting my degeneracy —
moral character — profligacy &c — can't
be gadding after the Galls my mother, now
on over to Mrs Rowson — No! No! mother

I must sing a new Song I find — this
sweet master of mine having seriously dis-
missed one Clerk for swearing — by
George! when he mentiond it. which
was the next day after I came my
blood curdled — what a narrow escape!
I falter'd at last — ~~after~~
having reflected a full half hour to see if
I could recollect one single oath —
I might have dropp'd since I had been
with his holiness — so I made up
a beautiful grave face & ask'd him
with a great deal of Earnestness if he
permitted the unlucky — wretch! to re-
main in his store ^{such} an hour after his
detection in profanity — he said yes
so I roll'd up my eyes & told him
he was too good — but fearing I
might some time or other say damn
or so — concluded just to mention that
being "brought up" badly I used to swear
terribly but had nearly broken myself

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of it tho' it was possible ^{still} if in a passion
something of the kind might escape me —

Uncle Stephen is here & I believe
practicing with screw augurs — is that
last word spelt right? — to complete
my Masters character he is a Religious
vender of goods at retail — in Boston
one of strangest compounds ever created
— cheat like — themselves behind the
counter — I say prayers morning & evening
under grace at table — talks
about profanation of the sabbath — extrava-
gance — having two prices — and the folly
of being discontented with Providence —
yet once days Easterly wind will
make him growl like a hyaena —
he never sells a piece of goods at its
marks but always above or below — spends
3000\$ dollars a year in his family & store
with a wife & two children — goes to
meeting every sabbath — but always falls
asleep — &c — Upon the whole
is really a clever fellow & suits me
to a T. — all but keeping open house
— dont like that —
mom — dont like evening shopkeeping — & best
"pig tail" — John Neal

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Mrs R W. Neal
Portland
[unreadable]