

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  
began — however Rachel there 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  
to know particularly why, I'll tell  
you — 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

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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 — I stay out as late as  
I please — dear mother — only taking espe-  
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 alarm'd for fear prayers  
should be concluded & the light blown out  
before my soul was saved — that away I scamp-  
erd towards N<sup>o</sup> 50 Marlboro S<sup>t</sup> 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 arriv'd at the foot of the  
stairs — figure to yourself the dismay  
the undisenable horror ~~in~~ a furious countenance  
would exhibit  
ugly & then as the - d - v - il — at the sight  
of another phir ~~dis~~ 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  
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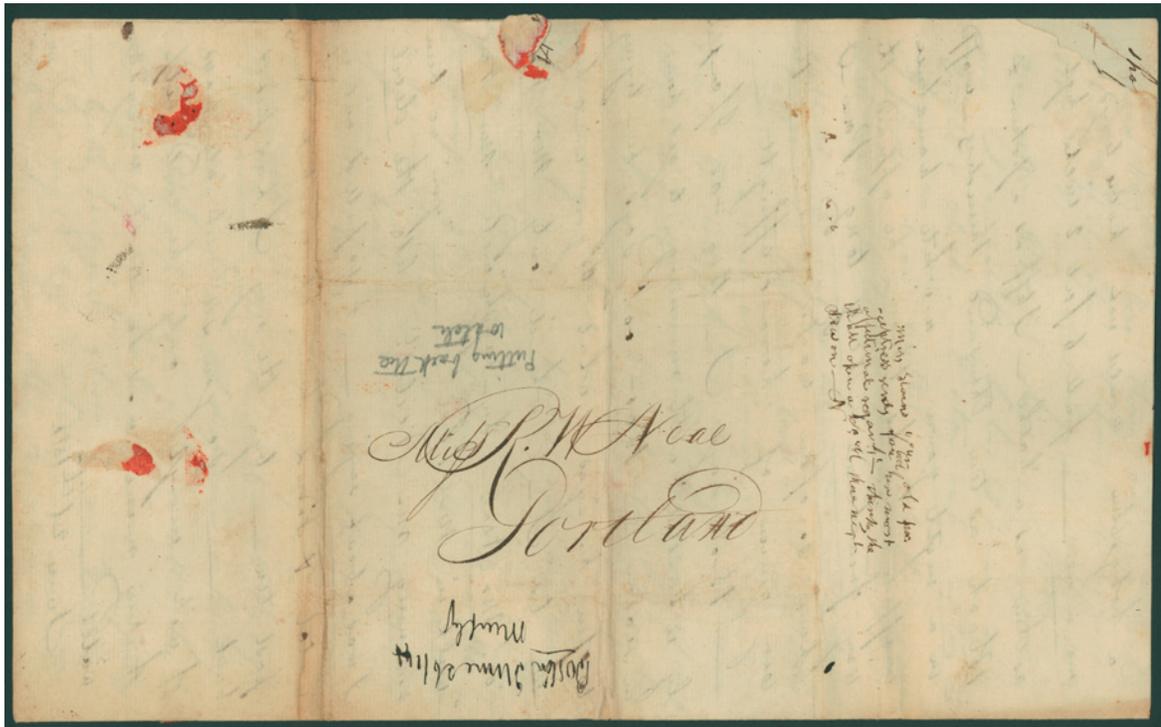
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a hobgoblin could not have terrifyd  
me more — full 6 feet 2 inches high  
as thin as a lathe — Stiff as a poker &  
Black as ten thousand thunders — wrapped  
in a night gown — a white handker.  
wrapped round his Brow — he appeared the  
very frenchman Nong tong Paw — I  
have so often waited over — the  
very genius of horror & 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" — he says he "well Mr Neal  
"walk in Mr Neal" — "you've been  
running Mr Neal!" — like the devil  
I was about saying — & so pull'd 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  
of well enough only he could not help  
thinking mine was a most unrighteous  
watch

June 26<sup>th</sup> 1814

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Miss R. W Neal

Portland