

My Dear Sir

Sund Nov 4th 9th 1804

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U.N.B. ARCHIVES

I have put into Goldings Hay a couple
of codfish. directed to you, being the only fruit
produced in our fruitful City, Mrs Petus desires
me to ~~say~~ guard Pen against the bones which are
apt to stick into the throats of giddy young girls
and of a little point of a chicken bone, ~~also~~ closed
the mortal cancer, of a huge great American
General, what may not be dreaded, from the back
bone of a codfish, by a delicate young damsel
This is my wife's lingo. not mine - We have no
late news, and I almost dread the arrival of any
more - My wife and myself best wishes for a happy
new