

To Stephen Sewall

U.N.B. ARCHIVES

Dear Stephen

These few Lines come to let you know
That I am well — Hope you are so.
(The true Style This epistolary
From which good writers ne'er should vary)
Likewise to give you information
Of my present Situation.

Quite unlike your's, who now at ease
Can ramble where so e'er you please,
In Town or out on foot or Wagon
To Church to Burdick's or y^e Dragon;
Can go to Tom's — Can dine with Prince,
At night beat Peter of his penne;
Who with ill luck quite surly made
Grows like a bear with broken head,
While I poor D. — ^{am} here confin'd
(A State which no way suits my mind)
For being — you know all y^e Story
A sad incorrigible Tory

U.N.B. ARCHIVES

And now am left so in the lurch
By Heavens! I can't e'en go to Church.
However — Even let it run
't's a d — n'd long Lane that has no turn
And when y^e Tide has all ebb'd out
The next thing 't does ^{is to} ~~will~~ turn about
And flow as high — (Say sometimes more)
As it low-water was before.

It is some comfort when the Course
Of things is such They can't be worse
For then the next change that they take
Must certain for the better make.

Well — do n't you think reasons like these
Ar' enough to keep one's heart at ease
Some of them are old Sayings too
And therefore twice as good as new.
I'll therefore set my heart at rest
And of a bad Bargain make y^e best.

But yet it would some comfort be
If I could but an old friend see