

With whom to set a while & chatter
 Of this & that & t'other matter
 The many happy Hours tell o'er
 Which we've enjoyed heretofore
 So if you will but hither come
 We'll add another to y^e Sum
 And as dame Fortune's been unkind
 I'll fight a cock to raise the wind
 And ⁱⁿ my turn will also tell ye
 The accidents which have befall me
 The many fine things I have seen
 In all those places where I've been
 Which I'll relate as certain true
 As ^{many} ~~any~~ other Travellers do.

But here I may n't omit to say
 How I took Custatius in my way
 And spent with Longbotham ~~one~~ day
 That artfull Parol! who under guise
 Of telling Forty thousand lies
 Told real truths — was thence y^e dread
 Of dear licentious Marblehead

~~And~~ when you come pray do bring with you
^{some} ~~some~~ books — A list of which I gi^{ve} you
 Swift Pope & Prior, and also Gay's
 Poems, together with Thurne's Plays
 That's if your carriage will but hold 'em
 Or Tom has not before now sold 'em
 For should ^{he} have ta'en it in his head
 But one to think that I am dead
 You'll ne'er be able to bring one
 For ~~then~~ ^{then} he'll swear they're all his own
 But in that case you may assure
 Him, that I'm as much alive as you're
 But should he yet be unbelieving
 Upon my word then I am still living
 And ~~it is that~~ ^{it is that} in such a case
 A man's own word may safely pass

Now Love & Service where 'tis due
 But more especially to you

And ^{to} the Jewells — all whom you know
 So having nothing more to send
 I remain till death your loving friend
 Plymouth Oct. 15 - 1776 in Prison

Tom