

8.

Wednesday 15th Sept. 1784.

Heavens! what another horrible night. — I am almost worn out. I have only to console myself that it is now seated in my foot & that it is too violent to last. They cry out upon me — Why do you write? I answer because it relieves me. and I have now become so cross that I tell 'em I'll be damn^d if I don't write. — This is a tolerable good sign. It won^d be a prodigious amusement to scold for three or four hours at you.

my

U.N.B. ARCHIVES

9.

my good mother & sisters, & my beautiful little niece begin to look out.

What in the name of wonder is become of Mumay? & where in the Devil, & name is Thompson? — What are you all about? — are you drunk — are you buried — if I was near you I'd rouse you — a parcel of lazy, lubberly — heavy, heel^d vagabonds — it takes a whole month to get a Capt of the Rangers & one little boy, fairly under way. — You want a pick among

among