

Observe Louis, Dec 18

"I wonder th' I should
While writing this for thee,
If in a future moment
I could bring a thought of mine"

These beautiful designs you sent to me
Were received, and I am glad,
How much pleasure they gave me I cannot tell
But I can tell you this that I liked them
The flowers could not have given me such

Because they are not worthy of favor from you. And when they have gathered and faded away
But this poetry will, never, never decay
And it will be cherished, ever as a rare gem from the
And now what you received, great expectably
Next summer I'll send you another bouquet
Of you will again send me such sweet poetry
I'll pull the fairest, richest, flowers
And will spend the joyous, fleeting, hours
In weaving together such a bouquet
That when you receive it you will say
How is worthy of spending time
And worthy of writing such beautiful objects
But I'll no more anticipate
But for next summer the fairest poet
I'm happy to day and if you should ask why
I should say because, enjoyed so pleasantly
In writing to one that is a friend of mine
And in receiving something that is about mine
And here I feel my letter back

And my incapability of answering it
But there you'll not expect that I should
No writing such poetry as ever you
So you will not disappointed, be
In receiving such a thin from me
But I must close this wonderful letter
Hoping my next might be much better
But that I fear will not be
Please write again soon to cover
Over the same, soon
P.S. I am astonished of this and if
I had not promised, would not
send it, my head is aching sadly
that may account for such a confusion
of ideas as there is on this sheet of paper
Long ago I intended to be at the
Saturday evening, but am now
sick and could not come, and
was only postponed, I wanted to
so badly, if nothing prevents, I
be there, I'm sure, while I
not

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