

Observe Louis, Dec 18

"I wonder th' I should  
While writing this for thee,  
If in a future moment  
I might 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 the pretty words, never more 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 part  
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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