

Bridport July 19th 1868

Dear Brother Lewis

It is Sabbath eve and Henry has been writing to you so I thought I would write a few lines too. We have nothing very cheering to write you but on the contrary the worst of news ~~to write you~~ I need not tell you how sorry I am that your cold run away - and yet I hope you will not blame H. very much for he did not think it any harm to try him on the machine - expecting of course no runaway scrape - but it has happened. but that was nothing compared with the one yesterday. Henry is pretty well used up and it was almost miraculous that he did not get killed - the wheel ran within three inches of his head. But it was lucky all around that they all came off as well as they did. The wagon was not broken very much