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Dear Gutch,

Anderson is not come home,
and I am almost afraid to tell you what
has happen'd, lest it should seem to have happen'd
by my fault in not writing for you home sooner.

This morning Henry, the eldest lad was missing,
we supposed he was only gone out on a morning's
stroll, and that he would return, but he did not
return and we discovered that he had opened your
desk before he went & I suppose taken all the
money he could find, for on diligent search I could
find none, and on opening your Letter to Anderson,
which I thought necessary to get at the key I
learn that you had a good deal of money here.

Several people have been here after you to day,
and the boys seem quite frightened, and do not
know what to do. In particular, one Gentleman
wants to have some writings finished by Tuesday -
For God sake set out by the first coach. Mary
has been crying all day about it, and I am now
just going to some Law stationer, in the neighborhood,
that the eldest boy has recommended, to get
him to come and be in the house for a day or
so, to manage. I cannot think what detains

Anderson. His sister is quite frighten'd about him -
I am very sorry I did not write yesterday, but Henry
persuaded me to wait till he could ascertain
when some job must be done (at the furthest)
for Mr. Foulkes, and as nothing had occur'd besides
I did not like to disturb your pleasures. I now
see my error, and shall be heartily ashamed to see you

A Bite!!!

Anderson is come home, and the ~~is a~~ wheels of my business are going on
The boy is honest, and I am my friend. — ~~as ever~~
And how does the coach maker's daughter. — How art her Phaeton, her gig,
and her Sociable. — Commend me to Rob. —

Jamb

Saturday