

My Dear Sir,

Friday Evening

In to night's promise, I'm compelled to fail,  
A disappointment through the heavy gale.

And then again,  
The dreadful rain,

Makes me desire,

To hang the fire,

Thus to my fate I must perforce resign,

To-morrow <sup>morning</sup> I will see the lady sign,

Yours very truly

J. Longmore.

L. W. Griffiths Esq. J. P.