Mickaw Nov. 1st, 1830.

My dear Sir,

From the first time I had the pleasure of being on your acquaintance with me and my friends, I found you always kind and considerate. I should wish honorable in my opinions although slight or little wild, but I hope you have detected one speaking ill of any one excepted herself. I thought your manner of things were simple, and that never forget kind expressions of yours towards me.

Be cautious, my dear Sir, whom you trust in your affairs, lawyers, and thank God never again, and in every one thing can swallow. The only...
friend, you have sincerely to
trust in is your friend the
President, Chesbrough is a rock
against which every man
will knock his head against
the plausible, plausible,
imputing, in fact all the
Chos in our language would
not manage him out of cholera
Malus Kills him.

Keep up again heart my good
fellow and always bear
in mind that God has given
to have that piece of mind
under whatsoever affliction
which the world cannot
take away — with this an
exalted piece of morality
and hoping this may be private
between us, and wishing you
all manner of good in your
affairs

Yours ever
My friend
Respectfully
Robert Cree