

Miss D. Leake  
c/o J. D. Foster Esq.  
Bay View  
Bellerive

L1/A8



L.1/P.8



Hobart

Dear Miss Leake April 14<sup>th</sup> 193

As you request-  
ed, I called and asked the  
old Gentleman, what Reward  
he claimed; well; he pulled out  
his handkerchief and dusted  
the air to a double-shuffle

round the Room, until  
having shuffled himself  
out of breath, he toppled  
himself into an easy chair  
and gasped out "What  
do I claim: Ah! why you  
dont mean to say, you  
cant guess. I'll have  
a Lock of her Hair, to be  
sure": of course I tried to  
dissuade him and asked  
him, whatever he wanted  
it for, as it would not  
match his own, then he  
got his own hair off, and  
said I was jealous

(which) perhaps was true,  
and a lot of other horrid  
things, (which weren't!) &  
I am afraid, he is not  
the pious old chap. & at  
first took him for, and  
I don't believe, he was  
going to mass at all,  
when he found your  
Ribbon, in fact he is  
an obstinate stubborn old  
wretch, and still says he  
have a Lock or legal  
satisfaction. However I  
must admit, he is quite

right and since, you have  
asked, what he <sup>would</sup> like, you  
cannot now refuse, by the  
bye; I offered him as  
a compromise, that little  
jacket arrangement, you  
are going to have taken  
off your New Dress,  
but he laughed at the  
idea. I have not found  
my flounder yet; have  
you seen him at Belle-  
-ive?

I am

Yrs sincerely  
Matt Seal jr.