

7  
Dearest dearest dearest (Friend,

The World says that impudence  
is the Soldier's Cockade. From what  
passed this Afternoon I should fancy  
that you must think that I have  
more than usually falls to ye share  
of any man, when I perceived how  
much struck and astonished <sup>you was</sup> with my  
sudden appearance. I was then  
obliged to say something which might  
explain to any By stander, why  
& wherefore I spoke to you in so  
unusual a place, & at so unusual  
an hour. But believe me I never

I never make use of that, well call'd  
impudence, but to draw some friend  
or other out of blame. Have not  
you notwithstanding all <sup>up. proving</sup>  
yet placed so much confidence in  
him whom you honor with the  
name of (Friend) as to believe that  
he never will do any thing which  
he thinks can be hurtful in the  
smallest degree, either privately  
or in the eyes of the World, to <sup>up.</sup>  
honor, or reputation. Last night  
when I proposed to you to meet  
one in the Garden I intended <sup>up.</sup> nothing

else, but to satisfy myself concerning  
the state of yr. health, whether yr.  
pain yr. Side was better or not,  
I had the same intention to Night,  
but the moment I perceived your  
face overflooded with a Blush, I  
immediately retired never wishing  
to give you an instant's pain, by  
any of my actions or expressions.  
I only wish my dearest Friend  
by this assurance to convince you  
that I ~~may~~ am worthy of that  
confidence from you, which I have  
placed in you. Adieu, for the  
present, I have written this in the  
greatest hurry. I believe <sup>me</sup> that I  
shall ~~be~~ <sup>love</sup> and esteem you as  
more than any friend, during the whole  
of my life.

7<sup>th</sup> June 1779  
Monday

