

Sunday Morning 10 o'clock 20th June⁹
1779

How could my dearest, dearest,
dearest Friend write so cruel a Letter
to me. I thought you knew how sacred
a meaning ye word friendship carries
with it: That which I have for you
is of the purest kind, and as durable
as any earthly thing can be. You
say that yr. friendship can not be
of any consequence to me either now
or hereafter, by Heaven it is more
than you can imagine, for you are the
only Friend to whom I can commu-
nicate my most hidden & inward

Thoughts; you desire me to excuse you
as if you had committed a fault in accept-
ing of my friendship, consider I
shall not, if I love you as my Friend,
have a single person whom I can
treat with that openness, frankness
and sincerity as I treat yourself;
recollect the promises we made each
other of a firm and everlasting union.
You say you wish me to forget you
immediately. If you can suppose
as you mentioned in your Letter, that
either the gaiety, or vain pageantry
of the World, will be the cause
of my forgetting you. know, that

the dear image of my Friend will
never be effaced out of my heart. Flatter
myself that my sentiments are such
upon this sacred subject as to encourage
you to continue to treat me with
that confidence which you hitherto have
done. Adieu, et soyez persuadé que
ni du lieu la distance, ni du temps
la longueur vous effaceront jamais du
cœur de celui qui sera charmé de
se signer toujours votre très affectueux
Ami.

P.S. Let me see you more in spirit this morning & Prayers
I beseech of you, & let me hear or receive a promise from
you that you melancholy shall quit you. I am not according
to your desire to drop our clandestine intercourse by letter, unless
something particular happens concerning which I wish to
ask yr. advice. Return you yr. two cruel words pour toujours
and desire you will recall them by destroying the piece of
paper upon which they are
written. Adieu via qui
vost.

