

1/2 past 4 Sunday Morning
27 June 1779

My dearest dearest dearest Friend,

You say that I fancy I wish
for yr. Friendship, believe me I am
not of so weak or so changeable a
disposition, I desire it more than any
other earthly thing, I en treat of you
to grant it me. I flatter ^{myself that} the confidence
you have hitherto placed in me, you
have not found misplaced. And I
thought I told you in my last
Letter, that the person who was
once my friend, always remained so.
I am thoroughly convinced, that
I have not a more disinterested or sincere
Friend, than yourself, words cannot

express how desirous I am, that you should
continue so.

I shall always reckon it one
of my greatest happinesses to be look'd
upon & treated as a friend by you, to
whom you know, nobody is more sincerely
attached than, I am. Adieu my
most amiable Friend, & believe that
there is no manner of happiness either
earthly or celestial, which you are
not wish'd to enjoy, by

P.S. Yr. ever affectionate

Friend.
Excuse the shortness, and bad style of
my Letter as I have had but an instant, ^{to write it in}
however I flatter myself that it contains sentiments you
will approve of. Adieu my dearest & ever
dear Friend.