

To

Col.

H. Fairman

Enclosure

A. Constant Edge

H. H. L.

[1811]

19003

Dear Aunt

Sunday Evening

My Dear Aunt;

I am now dining at Mr. Nuttreads, and have got up from the table to write you these few lines. My horse suddenly to run away, without saying any thing, it might give rise to suspicion, which perhaps is as well avoided. I shall be happy however to attend you to Mr. Adam in the morning

at any time you will appoint, or
will this Regis, if you say it is
necessary. I am Dear Sir

I am Dear Sir

Very faithfully yours

W. A. Furman

W. A. Furman
