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But, really. I never for a moment supposed that you, who always appeared so light and gay, would ever harbour such despondent thoughts, What good can you expect from me, one who always courted solitude. I am loneliest in a crowd,

If it should be my good fortune to visit Annapolis again, I think I shall be able to amuse you with the discordant ^(do you comprehend, sound) sounds from the flute, which I am at present practicing,

I am not inside a breastwork of Music Books, and various scraps and am writing this on a budget of the same, the piece of music immediately under my notice, is called the Land of Dreams perhaps that is the lonely Isle that you speak of, searching for,
(I am well,)

O dear me, you talk about expatriating yourself, If any expression in this be too harsh, please excuse it, I am not in an ill humour recollect, the best wishes that can be formed for your health, honour, and happiness, ever attend you,

I have not complied with your request, in answering soon though not promptly, I would ask to be remembered with kindness to all at Home, and all enquiring friends, accept my thanks for papers rec'd, I sent two pieces of music, and will send two pairs of socks in this to get heel tapped, that is a very neat picture of yourself which you have sent me adieu, my dear good friend, do not forget sometimes to include in your prayers, Not the least affectionate of your friends,

I am as ever, Yours sincerely, I write soon
George