

Dear Mart.

I have just closed
my diary - the Academy Clock is now
tolling midnight; I suppose you are
soundly sleeping, or are you not yet
abed? Sleep seems driven from my
eyes tonight - although I have endeavored
to woo the drowsy god - he seems shy of
me. My dear friend I know you think
me very thoughtless - but do not think me
ungrateful - I really neglected to say

"Thank you" to either yourself or Nellie.

I know were I to accept your invitation
I would enjoy the eve'g, but as I told you
to night - I have lost all desire to go anywhere
You may take this consolation to yourself
that had it not been for your pleasant
companionship this would have been a very