

Sir,

As said that we take the greatest liberties with our greatest friends, & I pay myself a very high compliment by the manner in which I am going to apply the remark. — I have owed you money longer than ever I loved it to any man. — Here

Rever's account, & here is the six guineas; & now, I don't owe a shilling to man — or Woman either. — But for these damned, dirty, dog-ear'd, little pages, I had done myself the honor to have waited on you long ago. — Independant of the obligations your hospitable kindness had laid me under, the consciousness of your superiority in the ranks of Man & Gentleman, of itself, was fully as much as I could ever make head to; but to owe you money, too, was more than I could face.

I think I once mentioned something to you of a Collection of Scots songs I have for some years been making I send you a perusal of what I have gathered. — I could not conveniently spare them above five or six days & five or six glances of them will probably more than suffice

1792.
Mr Burns



with
papers }

Stummbarig

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