

Dear Sir

1781

In reading again your most obliging lines, which you favoured me with the day of our departure, I meet with some words the proper meaning of which I do not well understand. The day before our setting off I was informed, that the Prisoner owed some money to Mr Baxter, and when I requested him his duty in regard to it he promised me to fulfill it, as soon as I would make him able to do so. I gave him, what he wanted, and I do not doubt, that he has been as good, as his word. But by the words of your kind letter to Mr H. & me between us appears, that you have been so good to lend him also money which is not paid yet. You can easily imagine, how much I am obliged for it, & how much you will oblige me by telling me in two words the just sum of the debt. As soon as I know is, I shall have the honour to lend it you with many thanks for your goodness. As what I can say for the credit of my pupil is, that he young, even much younger, than he ought to be. Hope with me dear Sir, that he will grow older, & wiser and forgive him.

Your kind wishes, dear Sir, you ordered to go with us are till now fulfilled. Twelve days ago we arrived here in good health, and I continue to live here, as well as it is possible in my situation, I would fain change if I could. You think it probable, that we should see one another again. Let us away, away with such a terrible probability! What is life without hope? Let me hope then, that I shall be once more so happy to meet with you, and let me grieve by that hope the bitterness of the absence of such a true, amiable, much beloved friend, I have always found in you. Be sure, much honoured friend, that I will never, never forget, how much I am indebted to you, and that it shall for ever be my utmost endeavour to show you that I

am with the most lively sentiments of the greatest esteem, friendship love  
and warmest gratitude. your most humble and obedient servant, and  
Louvain the  
1 of April  
1787

Friend W. L. Gunther.

To Doctor Waterhouse  
From W. L. Gunther Preceptor to the  
Prince of Swatzburg

Leiden



Let me intreat you, dear friend, to remember me to Mr. Adams & his sons  
to Mr. Taylor, Burrows, Coote, Litch, Mather & all my English, American, Scotch  
and Irish friends; and to tell them, that my heart feels much more for them than  
my pen is able to express. Have patience, dear Sir, with my broken tongue,  
& do not judge me according my expressions, but according the feelings of my  
heart, & then you can not but believe me one of your best friends. They had a  
few compliments to the whole English Club, which will, I hope, procure me in due  
season. Adieu, mil.