

I believe you are under a small chronological Mistake;
I rec. no Letter dated in Decr. but I rec. yours of 6th Sept.
3. Oct. & 16. Nov. 1778, ^{& 11th Jan. 1779} one of which I know was covered to Gov.
Wentworth. Chip enclosed me several of your Letters to him
during your Depredatory Excursion, so that you have corresponded
^{with me} unknown to yourself. I should have wrote you, but Chip,
in his next Letter after your last / A.D. 1779 / advised me of
your heroic Expedition, & desired me, as your Locality would
for some time be uncertain, to direct no more Letters to you
till further Advice. This was a necessary precaution, as from the
Nature of your Service your Motion must be as eccentric, &
your Perambulation / or head quarters / more uncertain than
that of the Comet which we are now looking out for with
all the Eyes in our heads. — This explains for my not writing
to you. Your Shandean description of your meeting with your
good old Father on Providence Island, is so pathetic, so sentimental,
so feeling, so — so — so exactly as it should be, that I have read
it oftner than I have my Bible, since I rec. it. — I never read it
but every fiddle string in my whole Composition vibrates in
strict unison with yours when on Providence Island. — I would have
gone as far to have been an Eye witness of that Scene of paternal
affection, as I would to have seen Yorick's Meeting
with

with poor Maria, at Moulins — "God," said Maria, tempers
"the wind to the shorn Lamb" — so may he do to your venerable
Father! — "Shorn indeed." — mais, n'importe.

I lament that the vacation of Mr. Island cut you short
in your Career of Glory — you ask what I think of it —
why faith, there is so much to be said, pro & con, that I
don't ^{know} what to think — as Ronchong said about dying, it
was a damned thing, ^{to be sure} but then Appearances seemed to require
it; and I don't know whether St. St. Clinton could prudently
have gone with so great a force to Carolina without
recalling the Troops from Mr. Island; and if he succeeds
against Charlestown, you may retake Mr. I. when you
please — much may be said for the Measure, tho' on your
side the water, much is said against it.

I thank you for the short Account of your Incursion,
— you refer me to Gov. Hutchinson for particulars, when I
see him; but ^{I am} sorry to say I never expect to see him again
in this world — he has lately bung'd his Son Wm. who dy'd
of a Consumption, & my friends write me from London
that he is going in the same way, very fast — that he is so
far gone as to see no body but his Physician & his Children —
and that his Daughter Oliver is going Paris paffim, with the
same