

For W. Moscheler.

1832



My dear Sir,

I send you the third verse of  
for your little song, which I hope you  
will complete. If you do not, I shall  
consider that you do not consider Mrs.  
Moscheler to be worth a third verse, — a  
question on which I am ready to fight  
you any day you please, Sundays excepted.  
May give my best compliments to her. We  
are going on very slowly here, but still on the  
amende. My wife has never yet come down stairs.  
I am Dr. — Yours, very faithfully

Favored by the  
illustr: Chev. Neukomm. }

A. M. Procter

3.

Month of storms and sullen showers!  
Thou hast brought to me bright hours, —  
Music, sweeter than the spheres, —  
Thoughts, that shine through happy tears; —  
Ever then must I remember,  
Ever love my Love's November!

9.  
Eij

J. Moscheler Esq

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