

My dear friend. -

I did not say "Hauler ~~of~~ the
"Catawba" with any thing like the
elegance becoming the wisest of
Monarchs, nor acknowledging
beverages, Minuted Admin by the
most sumptuous of Queens. -

And I did not say "God by ~~the~~ - a
a pleasing journey" - because I
thought within myself - ~~if~~ if soon
I got up a pair of new Whist-Club
-Articles again - they shall be

set up to some saint who is not
always a. upturning himself on
"mercy's" - but, magnanimity
returning permits me to take leave
of you, with due compliments. -

I am, sorry, cramped to tie up
away "his winter, too: a have
letters this morning, that make
no postponement final determination
against moving for some days.
Things go, outwardly, in every way
with us - but it can't be helped.

The name in the English Burial
Ground at Rome is

Margaret Lee,
or M^{rs} Ambrose Lee
of Liverpool. -

She died there in 1853. - and I
should like to have a leaf or two
of grass from her grave: - for in her
I lost my oldest, kindest & most
intimate friend. - It is weak work
I am gathering - but the great part
of my life is filled with thoughts
of the dead & gone; & I don't ~~know~~

1856 -
Chimley
about the same as Rome

the values of the -

very justly & so

Henry & Charles.

B. S. P. W. -

Friday November 14/56.
