Dear Howard,

This letter is being written in many places as I am going along so this may account for the somewhat indefinite address.

I am just going from here to Ipswich to sail down the river to Harwich home again and avoid myself of the time spent in the train + in waiting for trains to get through. A little correspondence.

Thanks for your epistle you will
I am doing something in the way of sketching but not very much - am going to do in more in black & white than colours as the labour takes comparatively so long a time especially when one is rushing about concerning a good deal of ground as I am doing today.

On Tuesday I had a very interesting day at Bury St Edmunds which is a fine old town with very interesting relics such as the altar of the Old Abbey, from which Lanyon addressed the multitude at the time of Magna Charta. 

I hope to begin a guide book.

I wish I could be enjoying some of the weather with which we are favoured. Rain coming only part of one day has been wet & cold, every morning is beautifully light & the evenings are something wonderful enough to make me feel quite sentimental.

I am worried, you truly."
reading somewhat - "Verdant Green," is very stale - I shall have to make great exertions to get through it, even that is to be done.

If you have not read "Mary Barton," you will like it very much, it is now published in the 6th Edition.

We are now in a train which may account for these hieroglyphics. Yesterday I was talking to one of my relations or connection of second cousin various..."remore" who knows...the author of John Hume's "Irish Songs," very well..."remore" some time each year at his house. I was very interested to get hold of new views something about him.
The book is certainly an unknown one. There are some strange things in it - mystical affairs after the fashion of those in German novels. I would like to read it, but if you have not read it before, then you shall have my copy when we next meet.

I am very much obliged to you for sending me the book. I just did not have time to order it from the booksellers in time for me to take it. After all, when coming up, I missed the train as he left a day earlier. Only Wason, through his "B.H. at least"
it will be almost as much a
disappointment as a surprise to him.

As I will be missed this he would
have kept on more work
as it was to be his last shot.

If you can decipher these

words you are somewhat clever
but I cannot go on any
longer. We are just stopping so
I'll wind up in peace.

I really must write to Miss S. soon
or she'll cut me when we meet.

Yr. prid.

Please thank "grand ma" for
their Carl's. I hope your
mother is pretty well.