

Flourice March 29th 1854

My dear Friend

I have received your last interesting letter, and regret very much indeed, that circumstances should place it quite out of my power to go to Rome this year, nothing, I assure you, would give me a greater pleasure than a few weeks - or even days spent with you and yours among the wonders of that place, but the fact is, I am behind hand with several commissions and it would not be honest, in good health and able to work - to break off now for mere pleasure. I want to see you again however, before you go home and hope you may find it convenient to stop at my home on your way, long enough to run up here if only for a day. But if this cannot be, why then I must hope to find you at home, and all well, when we reach there - if by the blessing of Providence that happiness is in store for us -

We talk of home almost daily, as if we had any other home than this, and unmindful of the fact, that there is not enough ground, that we can call our own, in all America to cover our bones - But hope sustains us, and not with- out a prospect of means - in a few