

March 15.

Cum gratia & honoribus

My dear Webster,

A tumble in my way home on
Saturday - I fell into your speaking traps I dare
say rolled home on a cushion - twisted my
ankle into worse contusion and into even blacker, blue
and green effects than are visible in Charles
Kear's apartment face in number 21.
I am as lame as a wooden leg: and therefore -
and make the most of it - I can't be with you
on Sunday. I have this contusion on a X-tion -
many of my friends were tumbling on that day

Douglas Jerrold
Writer

Saturday - I had already been the object of two
extreme pantheistic about Miss Linsco - but then, as
publicity fell upon me, and that was the twist.

I'm afraid that like one of the Egyptian gods,
- you remember me of 'em in the Egyptian and
with his hands upon his knees, and the key of the
wine-cellar in one of his hands? - I must sit
in the same place for several days. I am carried
to bed every night, - but, unhappily, unlike the Egypt.
I have got a present my wife keeps the key of the
wine-cellar.

Nevertheless, I will drink your health and enlarged
fortune and my own health and diminished ability
and my own; and give you as early a call as opportunity
will permit. Make my best remembrance and my
honest apology to Madame, and believe me

Dear Madam

Yours truly, Douglas Gendel