

And now I am going to plague you a little about legal matters - I hope you will find it but "a little"; for the question seems a very simple one. A parish-  
woman of mine had the Christian name of Sally Potters given to her in Baptism. She was in due time married, in the name of Sarah (or Sarah Potten) to one William Bouchon - being herself quite unaware, even till lately, that her name was actually Sally. Subsequently a little property was left to her as Sally Potters wife of William Bouchon - will she be liable to any trouble or expense as to the legacy, in consequence of this mistake as to the name? -

You will be glad to hear that our gathering was most successful. I have not time to give you the details, but the result was beyond all possible anticipation - about £60! The expenses are not yet all ascertained - but I do not think they can exceed £15. - When you have returned will you kindly - at your perfect convenience - send me the 2<sup>d</sup> Vol. of Nicholas Wallington? I suspect it may contain a little more

to my purpose than the 1<sup>st</sup> which excepting as to one or two curious points was barren enough. - I have been so much employed in other matters that for a length of time I have had to leave Col. Birch on the shelf - but I must soon rouse him up again. This horrible and barbarous bombardment of Strasbourg - soon doomed, heroic Strasbourg - ~~was~~ was anticipated, it is said, by him to a certain extent at Bridgewater - the surrender of which was enforced by his design of shooting fiery arrows into the town. These, nevertheless, were destructive rather than murderous. Van Warden ought to be gibbeted - in effigy - in the sight of all Europe.

You will be sorry to hear that my wife is suffering from a rather severe attack of inflammation in one eye - which has caused much acute pain & much loss of rest. If able to go - as I trust - I shall take her to Dr. Evans on Monday, & go on Tuesday to Mr. Tudor's, at Kelston Knoll near Bath, where ~~she~~ we shall remain till Saturday. She sends you her best love, and wishes me to say to your good Mother that she had intended writing to her today, but her sight is unequal to it. She was delighted with her letter.

Believe me, My dearest Arthur,  
Your truly affectionate old friend  
J. W. Webb