

The Hon: Henry Clay.

Sir,

Will you allow me the honour of dedicating to you a Song, the music of which I am now composing. It is a Requiem to the memories of those brave men whose loss has fallen so heavily upon America, entreasuring her laurels with the cypress; silence forever seals the lips of thousands of her most gallant sons, and the soil of a foreign land presses coldly upon their patriotic hearts; — a deep slumber has fallen upon them, which shall only be broken by the tremendous and awful pealing of the final trumpet.

The words, which I take the liberty to subjoin, were written at my request, by a distinguished Poetess, and if you, Sir, shall be pleased to confer upon me, the much desired honour of accepting of my dedication, I shall earnestly endeavour to render the music worthy of the subject. May I beg, Sir, a few lines from you on the subject, as I am desirous of immediately putting it to press.

I have the honour to remain, Sir,  
with every sentiment of reverence and esteem,  
yours most obediently,

428 Broome St.

New York. Nov 25<sup>th</sup> - 1867

Augusta Browne -