

Whipple the photographs of the expedition, and hope to obtain the photographs by next week: whenever I obtain them, I will forward them at once to your address." -

I cannot exactly recollect what you said to me about them in London - whether you had got them, or not - but it seems they will be sure to be sent to Havre, for Prof: Meyer's letter bears date 24 May. - If therefore you wish still to have them, will you please write to Mary Anne Porroage, Rev. T. W. W.'s. H. Vic. Hay, M.D. asking her to forward to you (giving her your exact address) by book-post any parcel that may have come with American postage - stamps upon it - and if she feels any doubt as to the kind of stamps, to "ask" the Post-Mistress at Hay, who will know whether they are American or not. I will also tell her to forward them, when I write, if she hears from you. I hoped to have seen an Iris in the Rheinfall yesterday, & to have tried to "turn it out" - but was disappointed. My old acquaintance the Optician here recognized me this morning - I found he had never seen a Spectator so I have an opportunity of making him stare, tomorrow. Our old guide has written to say he cannot do exactly what we wish, so our plan is a little "boulversé" - but I think also verberché - and the post is coming - and we are writing in a hurry - and it is charmingly quiet - and we enjoy it greatly - and we unite in kind love to you and Jones - and I remain

My dearest Arthur,

The man that you rowed out upon the Vierwaldstatter See  
in the Moonlight - in your  
22<sup>nd</sup> year.

Albrück, 11 June 1872. -

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My dearest Arthur,

I am starting this letter at a Gasthaus near a small station on the Basel & Schaffhausen line, where our Kutschen had just deposited us, & where the filthy smoky engine of the Grand Duke of Baden is to pick us up in two hours time, to deposit us this evening within sound of the giant fall. No sketching to be done here - & most of my bills added up - the ladies eating eggs & drinking tea - why should I not begin some nonsense to you - quite uncertain where it may be posted - certainly not here.

I am thankful to say we have had a very prosperous journey hitherto - and beautiful weather - rain only at night "quanking" the dust, as old Herefordshire folk is. A very smooth passage - a comfortable house at Brüssel - a dull journey to Trèves (but there, most interesting Roman remains) a nasty filthy rail not far from the scenes of bloodshed at Metz & Forbach, to Mannheim - then a pleasant Sunday at Freiburg-in-Breisgau - & since, a charming carriage journey through part of the Black Forest, by the great Byzantine Church in the strange seclusion of St. Blasien (where we slept last night) to this place where we join the rail again. Whether you will get this before Sunday I can hardly say - but if you do, please think of us at old Kaufmann's quarters at pleasant Lucerne. -

And now for a bit of business. You know how that day when I had the pleasure of seeing you, I was obliged to come to your house without going to my own quarters first - & consequently, I got puzzled about some of my business with you - & quite forgot that a barishoven of mine after my collection for the Persian famine had been sent to W. Kinnard