

work - under a very active Vicar. It was perhaps a little higher than you might have chosen - but you could not have overlooked the life & heart & spirit that pervaded their services. I gave them 2 Swiss lectures for their new School - & blazed up an illumination, &c. &c. - You are to please to come here the first week in August, to help us (we greatly want it) in a splendid Tea-gathering for the Home Missions of our Church - which is far to exceed all former Harvard's doings [and to be utterly spoiled, interpolates the Dissenting preacher, by a thorough rainy day.] Well - you will do us an immunity of good - and I won't say you won't hear a lecture from Sir Bartle Frere, the ex-devant Governor of Bombay - and you are to bring Prof. Argelander (snuff-box and all) that I may thank him personally for many obligations he knows nothing about - give him a taste of some capital Herefordshire Cider which he never heard of - and show him such an Observatory as I will venture to say he never saw in all his life!

There is another very serious matter, too, about which I want a very earnest talk with Mein Herr A.C.K. Do you know that the Popular Science Balloon has burst in mid air - the publisher being insolvent (whence the authors of the Jupiter article can't get vacuum, or something like it) and now's the time to start the publication discussed round Russell Square. You are to be Editor, and old Cockatoo will do what he can - first for love, & by & by for money - & we'll all get rich, and build Churches & Schools, & snap our fingers at Huxley & Co. -

Well - I have not written in this strain for a long time - but if the thought of you, my dear kind friend, makes me thus hilarious, what is not to be expected from your presence? You don't know the good you

would do us both. And we want you to see how marvellously the Swiss collection flourishes & blooms here - & to explain how they all mean "men of grubs & earwigs & creeping things" affect them, as our old writer would have said, in so strange a way. And you must quite forget the German baroness - and call on good Stiggins on your road (now D.C.L. I am glad to think of Cambridge) - and bring me some spectroscopic news & don't tell him - what I fully believe - that he has made a mistake in going to Grubb, instead of with & Browning & Wray.

I have been doing something at old Col. Birch, and as soon as Parliament has done all the mischief they can think of in one session, hope to be ready for press - at any rate to make a beginning in type. I wish that, & the History of Herefordshire, were done - & then I would kick up my heels.

Can't you get a peep at the Dueden Observatory? I forget the observer's name - but perhaps that some Saxon Baroness (or Countess is it?) would get you the entrée - & please take notice whether the objective is much over-corrected for colour. Also I want the names of the stars in the Great Organ in the Hofkirche, for Hobbinshead -

Seriously if you have a chance to look through any of Steinheil's achromatics, I should like to know what you think of them.

It is quite time for me to have done with all this nonsense, only fit to amuse you on a rainy day (if you can get such a thing - it is unknown here) & in very good sober earnest we both join in kindest love, and every prayer for your spiritual and temporal welfare, and I am, as always, Hydrach Athous

My no-compliments,
as Lord Clarendon would say,
to the Baroness. -

from your affectionate old friend

(sketched from life in the library.)

