

Hardwick Parsonage,
Aug. 7. 1866. -

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My dear young Friend,

Many Thanks for your kind note. I am glad mine served to amuse you a little. I presume, as you returned my MS. with so little note or comment, that it did not contain anything noticeably wrong. I had, before your answer reached me, found the very thing I wanted - viz - an abstract of Maxwell's Essay, in my own Drawer here! - which if I had known, I certainly should not have troubled you: this led to some modification of my paper. I sent off the horrid thing this day - & have not been more glad for a good while - it has long been a regular Bête noire to me. - We often think of our happy days together out-gonder, & I recall the many pleasant conversations we had - especially in those venerable Cloisters at Luzern, and under the open heavens at the Rigi-Schideck. - I wonder whether the remembrance is equally strong with you? I have not yet entirely given up the hope that you may be led to reconsider - seriously & patiently - some of the things which have appeared like difficulties & obstacles - and that in the end you may find the truth about them something very different from what you may have thought - But on some points you used to "fight shy" with me. It need

not have been from any fear that I should treat any
scruples of yours with contempt, as far as you held them -
however little I might regard them in themselves. -
- You may, very naturally, have thought me unable, or
unlikely - to understand your feelings - Possibly I did,
more than you were aware of - and so perhaps we lost
some time & trouble - though I must ever wish you had
one a hundred times more capable of discussing these
things with you, than myself. - One thing is cer-
tain - it is an ill wind that blows nobody good - and
now you can see for yourself the end of Colenso's specu-
lations. -

I have just got about the materials for my second edi-
tion which I promised long ago to prepare as soon as
I had opportunity. It will give me a good deal of
trouble - for a great part will have to be re-written.
Artistry has made considerable progress since it was
published - Mr. Daves has most kindly pointed out
many corrigenda - & the altered aspect of the Re-
flector's question introduces some difference. The

worst of all this is, the quantity of time it takes
up, & the degree which it abstracts me from matters
so much more important to myself and others.
And besides this, I expect to be engaged this autumn
to a long course of Chelmsford lectures - so I shall so
much have my hands criss full, to be therefore in
danger of letting something drop - I hope it may be
only some trifles.

I attended last week a delightful ceremonial
of a much more really interesting character than all
our scientific exhibitions & speculations - a Confirmation
in a country Church. We had about 110 candidates -
the little Church of Whitney was full - & the whole
impression most gratifying.

Fearful accounts of the Cholera reach us from va-
rious quarters - none as yet near us, & are thankful to
say. Herefordshire was nearly exempt the previous
time, but we know not how it may be - the type
of the disease too seems somewhat altered, and its

Progress is much more rapid - the sufferer has little time or opportunity for repentance. And what is all our medical knowledge and microscopic research in its presence? One would almost think - but that it has fallen chiefly upon the lower class, - that it was a pointed rebuke to the spirit of the age - the deflection of intellect - Undoubtedly that is one of the ends of it. God grant that it may be answered.

I hope, before you get this (which I shall direct to Hunters St. - or the most probable place) that you will have met your parents returning in health and spirits to face the great work again. Pray remember me most kindly to them. - I had almost forgotten one of the chief purposes of writing - to ask you whether you can answer the enclosed - which I cannot have so very few Cambridge acquaintances that you will know of anyone will you kindly return the paper when you may happen to be writing - there is no hurry - Believe me always, your young friend,
John's very affectionate friend, F. W. Webb.