

Troy, June 18. 1867. ⁵⁹

Waterloo Day.

My dear your friend,

All manner of thanks for the trouble you have so very kindly taken for us - all of a piece with your kindness in following us, about this very day 12 months to Lucerne - & that pleasant pension & all the fun there, which we always think & talk about so often - I wonder if you have forgotten it all - and your own spirited defence of our Prayerbook that wh window-opened evening! -

I am very sorry to hear you have had a visit from your plaguing acquaintance again - the nose & eyes & mouth tormentors -

But I think I am more sorry to hear
of your temptation to — what am I
to write? — I was going to put — but
I won't —

"Well, what does the man mean?"

Why what I do mean is this, Sir,
that we have it under your own hand,

Sir, that if your Honour (I think
that is the right way to speak of a Vice-
Chancellor) — well as I was going

for to say — that if your Honour went
anywhere this summer it should be to
Old Hardwick — and I never heard that
Old Hardwick went by the name of Edin —

bood' - and that's more, it never shall in
my time if I can help it.

"The do fellow must be an ass - he for-
gets all about the Sea Voyage that is to
do such wonders for me." -

To be sure. The do fellow is an ass -
and he knows it a great deal better
than you do - and he knows something
more, too, that there are other sea-voy-
ages besides to Edinboro' -

"As if I could find Hardwick on the
Sea-side!" -

Very well; the do donkey has heard of a
place called Bristol, & another place called
Witford Haven, & another place called Cardiff

and he has heard that they are on the
Seaside - & that from anyone of them you
may get to Old Harwick easily enough.

Do come. -

Who has you got at Edinburgh?
that loves you as well as we do?

But Halloo! Stop! perhaps I am
going on wrong ground - & getting
into a preserue - and it's best not to
allude to the colour of eyes or Hair!

I could tell you of a Scotch voyage, too,
I woud - Don't be "Mr Naughtyboy" as
Mr Kaufman's but Come & see
you truly affectionate friend
J. W. Webb.