

Hardwick Parsonage, 60

May,

July 16. / 67.

My dear young friend,

Here we are - (and I wish I could make it
into Here you are) - the old party - & 3 youngsters
viz. an Indian Adjutant & his 2 sisters - the said
junior, with the old guide, meditating an excursion
on Thursday to the old Black Mountain - & the battle-
field of 1000 years - & that old guide thinking how
much - how very much, he wishes his young friend was
of the party - not that he supposes the girl would be
any great attraction to him, or to anybody, poor young
plain explorer - but that he remembers the old day
when they visited together the scene of that unknown
fight, & mounted to the top - & the junior said, "well,
this is very big" - & they both came away in the rain!
- That - and how many other things, have passed away

"Into the dim and unreturning past" - get it
cannot be said that their memorial is perished with
them. - One thing had very nearly escaped me, however,
altogether. There is a Meeting next month of the Cambridge
Archaeology Soc. at Hereford, ~~next month~~ & I was looking up
some articles to send to the Temporary Museum, when
I suddenly missed one of the flints from the battle-field.
I could not for a time conceive where it could be - till at
length - like the drawing away of a cloud from a mountain

Frank, a notion slowly emerged upon my consciousness that
some one had especially requested to borrow it, to get the
opinion of some Don upon it - and I cannot help fancy-
ing that some one was yourself. ~~But~~ If such should
be the case will you tell me something of its subsequent
history - especially as I have only one more of those re-
lies, which I was so fortunate as to pick up my-
self on a later occasion, when Mr. Corbett & his niece
went up with me.

Did any of us tell you how that my dear Father has
actually been persuaded, at his age, to edit a curious
MS. relating to the Civil War time? (on the Parli-
ament side, by the way). Of course I have had, &
have, heaps to do as amanuensis, & have been dip-
ping into a fresh mass of authors - some of the results
curious enough. - Methemeter & I have long cut
one another - He has voted me an ass, & I have pro-
nounced him a boon - so I keep my ears for the
present out of the way of his tucks, till you come
& make up a peace. I do know there are & must
be different orders of infinites nevertheless - & I have some
notion how they ~~are~~ are spun out of finites - & I connect
these threads somehow with the deck of an Alpine
steamer & a hot climb in a thunderstorm (which would
have been much better but for the kind determination

of a young Englishman that I met with to carry a bag
for me.) and this amount of knowledge - or reflection -
may seem as a "sufficient ground for a Treaty" -
some future day - the sooner the better.

we have been quick enough here of late - going nowhere,
to having no one, till the Greenfield party come - They
go next Saturday - nice girls in some respects, tho' I
have been abusing them - but they are not so good to look
at as I wish, for their own sakes - & they have two
poor little sisters plain as still. My former pupil was a
brother - whom I think you have met - Walter - & you
have seen the father, whom I on some way died this
spring, & left them to a step-mother's care - on their
own - but they do not want for money. He was just
such a man as you have often met with - converted &
believed - or rather feel sure - from a very worldly state,
but not receiving providence with grace, & making many
mistakes unconfessable to himself & others - When
they are gone (i.e. the party, not the mistakes) the
young girls are coming, & they will go with us to play
croquet & hunt forms at Acton Scott, our dear
old friend Mrs. Stackhouse's actors - the headquarters
of gentool & intellectual life in a wide neighbour-
hood - a great advantage for them. I may perhaps sit
upon the Longmynd again, & wish I had your prology

to interpret the curious things there. I forget whether
it is Murchison or Lyell that is so fond of that neigh-
borhood - I sh^d like to see them the igneous rocks
waving up, & roasted the neighboring limestones, &
turned their fossils into dust - the strange meta-
morphic action I have seen, but not its source.
I was not less interested in the grand old camp atop
of them where Caradoc (alias Ceractacus) once held
the power of Rome & bay. -

Now don't go be "Mr. Naughtyboy" of Lucerne
but tell us all about yourself - and Paris - & the
salt water, & "the Loves of The Triangles". My
wife sends her best love to her dear "Dorlogue-
son" Arthur. And I shall always be as I am

Your very affectionate friend

J. W. Webb.