

Kelston Knoll, All Saints Day, 1872.

(52)

My dearest Arthur,

We have come to this happy place to spend a few days with our dear old friends - & shall be very sorry to go tomorrow - though never sorry to find ourselves at home. And I have been thinking repeatedly of sending a few lines to you - for various reasons. The one - because I want to know how you are - I did not like to see you below-par - & I sincerely hope you have devised something to bring yourself up to your place again. -

And then - the next thing is, as usual, a selfish one. - Our stupid Hay bookseller ordered Lewis's British Ferns for us - & we had an imperfect copy ending with p. 348 instead of 472! And then he or his London agents who may be denser than himself, pretended no more was to be had. This I found out and all wrong: but stupidly again - adding forgetfulness to blundering, I omitted to see about it till the other day, when I went to Groombridge's about it. I did not see the principals - but the young shopman was not sure that it might not be out of print by this time. However, he made a memorandum & promised to enquire about it and I said I would call again if possible. I could

I thought I had forgotten something - it is this. You will be, I dare say, in the Somerset Ho. direction before very long - & perhaps passing Mackintosh in the top of Bedford St. - I think N^o. 32, is a place for second hand Microscopes, Electric Coils &c. called the Science Mart - & in the windows a few books for sale, parmi lesquels Mitchell's Orbs of Heaven. I called one evening to get it but the door was locked. I think if you were passing by & would offer to buy it, it would be taken, tho' the man talked of about 2s. - And if not, I would give 2s. - and you could kindly put it in your portmanteau when you come to see old Cockatoo. -