

Hardwick Parsonage, 67
Jan. 13. 1868.

My dear Arthur,

Your loving friends here are very anxious not to disturb you or intrude upon you unreasonably - but they are not less anxious to know what you are doing, & what is going on. You will recollect that we have no Cambridge friend near us - not a soul to speak to who knows anything about it - so we have no distinct idea when the Exam: commences, or how long it lasts: and consequently, should this reach you at some very inconvenient moment, you will please forgive your ignorant well-wishers. We think about you very often - and certainly with no diminished interest or affection. I have a lot of things to talk about - but when will that be?

(Say the bells of February.)

How much you are on no account to make the answer of the Big Bell at New -

Some of the young folks of the neighborhood are making holiday here, & we wait for the help the very much - hoping that the same will be impressed by yourself - but if you do not see best all the fun will be over - & Hardwick will

to my dull & foggy (I don't mean foggi-
fied - tho' that means nights very well be
put upon the word. And as you manage to
take the smallest possible bit of paper, &
write upon it

Coming Jan. -
A.C.R.

Surely you can squeeze at times for that!
And then will "sink down & destroy" the
Cos. of L!

Cockatoo wants to get up for sleeve -
Iing wants to get into your leg. -
and who else wants - ~~what~~ they want,
& how much they want it I leave to
you to judge - by which is drowned in
ink - so I remain
Yours truly
J. W. Webb