

I had one charming day on Saturday,
in w. I walked over to Canterbury to
see the Cathedral. It is a glorious
building, and fills me with extraordinary
reverence. It contains the old shrine
of A'Becket; the tomb of Edward the
Black Prince, suspended over it, the
coat, shield, & gloves that he wore at
the battle of Crecy. There was afternoon
service at three o'clock, w. I attended,
& met Drayton, of Tom. Hall, who is
staying in the town. Being at Canterbury
I should have liked to carry away a
little bit of the Archbishop as a
curiosity, but so much homage has
been done by in canonic visitors, that
it is strictly forbidden. I went to
a shop in the town, and bought some
Canterbury Brawn instead.

At Skene Bar, Mr. J. W. M. Reynolds,
editor of Reynolds Miscellany, &
author of the Quizzes of London, &
Other Valderdash, has a most beautiful
house & grounds. There is to me no

1858

23 Carlton Hill
The Deserted City.
Tuesday Evening, July 27.

My dear Horace -
Your letter was extremely welcome,
& the blessings of a lonely heart be upon
you. On arriving from Skene Bar on
Monday (of w. more anon) I was bent on
calling on you to ascertain ~~you~~ where you
had last pitched your tent, but your
note has indicated the necessity. I am glad
somehow to feel that you are in the old
place, & that my rooms are in such
good hands. By the way, you will find all
my books in different cupboards, w. may
serve to amuse your leisure hours.
Your list of men who are up is certainly
incongruous - quite a "happy" family
where the Tom cat lies down with the
~~tom tit~~ ^{tom tit}, and the wappie hops on the
back of the sleeping baboon. Remember
me most kindly to all ~~our~~ old chums -
also, as in private duty bound, to the
religious individual Barford, my friend
& colleague. Love them about Skene Bar

✓ Horsa is no doubt wondrous, but
I fear hardly sound. It reminds me of
a very worthy old lady of our acquaintance
who, concerning geology inconsistent with
Genesis, ridicules the former study; &
explains its phenomena, by boldly asserting
that when patriarchs of old eat "crinoids"
or hawks, and like good Christians threw
away the shells thereof, these remains were
found after the lapse of Centuries by others
(not such good Christians), who rashly declared
the sea must once upon a time have been
there. However, consult the Archaeological
Society.

This morning, I received from Elderton
enclosed in a letter to me, the letter to
you, w^{ch} I posted to day, & w^{ch} he left
for me to address. I believe it
contained some mention of your verses.

I heard from Elderton the other day that
you had sent him some, w^{ch} he called
"simple spelt". I hope to see them
in the August Number. I have
written them an article on "our Pulpit

Literature", but I believe they have
not room for it in the next number.
I have made it very "light" as I think
the general tone of their articles is too
metaphysical. Now I want to ask you
to write us something for the next number
of the "Levi". We wish to ~~for~~ bring out
as good a second number, as possible.
By doing so, we shall establish a name, &
drive Academia out of the field. I
have promises from both Jack and Ward
of Peterhouse, of articles, and I shall do
my best to produce something better
than my last. I think you will help us
now that you know our anxiety. Is it
too much to ask you to let me see
anything you think will suit us as soon
as you write it, for I know you do not
always judge your own compositions
right.

I have been staying for a week at
the ruined town of Heme Bay, with
some friends. I do not know if you
have ever seen the place, it is calculated
to strike one with a green & yellow melancholy.

Alfred Auger
for Merrill

Clearer proof of the existence of a future world, than the fact that the fools and rascals make all the money in this.

And now to give you a little Domestic news. We are all in great turmoil, in consequence of our having nearly made up our minds to leave this house. My father's health is failing him, & he does not feel up to doing much more work, & he is thinking of moving to a house that he has in Liverpool, where we have also some land, & we wish to sell & we can better sell by being on the spot. However our movements are very uncertain, & I shall let you know when we have ~~made~~ ^{come} to any fixed resolutions. We shall meet, I trust, in October at Catet, beneath the tender wing of Alma Mater. I suppose you are all working very hard; I am trying to read a little history, & find Hallam more profitable than interesting.

I have just made a riddle. Is it a good one. What is the best thing to

do with a dry book.

Mr. pore (pore) over it, Woe sure.

I am sorry that I can learn nothing with certainty of Mr Dickens's & his affairs. I had a long chat last night with one of his oldest friends, Charles

Knight the publisher, who could tell me nothing. He had only heard from those who knew the whole affair best, that "it was inevitable". Meanwhile Mr. D. is making a fortune by his readings, & is just about to start on a provincial excursion. Do you think a series of

articles on his writings would be attractive. I think I should attempt it, as I have read & re-read him all my life.

Will you write to me, old boy, whenever you have a few hours to spare. It will be very grateful to me, and you shall find me a good correspondent.

Remember me to Walton, please,
When you see him, & also to Stephen,
& Believe me

Dear Horace

Always your very affectionate friend
Alfred Knipe.

There was an old man of Calcutta
Who was partial to muffins & butter,
Died one evening at 'tea'
Having ate twenty three
He was then taken home on a shunter.

A muller, residing at Cromer,
Was a diligent student of Homer
And neglecting a mill, he had,
Read nought but the Iliad
~~He~~ This classical muller of
Cromer.

Farewell!