

Emerson

Nov 30. 94

My Dear Professor,

Your eyes most certainly did deceive you if they saw me promenading the streets with any sort of "unction" about me. It is a standing reproach against me that I am unequivocally lacking in that grace, & I have been taken to task therefor by more than one unvisited elder.

What theology has failed to develop, I am sure anthropology cannot have brought to the surface from the hidden depths where the rich supply of grace is kept strictly for home consumption.

I had so good a time at home that the English language does not possess an adverb capable of doing justice to the adjective; & I finished up at

Cambridge in a perfect blaze of  
 glory; & with the wisdom of the  
 shaking star, which takes care  
 to clear out of the way before  
 the planets have time to discover  
 that it is not one of themselves,  
 I bolted from the seats of learning  
 ere the men who really know  
 things could find out how little  
 I know. It was Hamilt  
 who should have gone home, &  
 I told the British Association so.

It is like you - in other  
 words, it is kindness itself on your  
 part - to put me forward as  
 a lecturer on the great occasion  
 & in such august company.  
 I may, however, be useful as  
 a foil to the great professors  
 with whom I am to be associated.

I must go & see Harvitt before  
I give you the title, & I would  
go this evening but for an abom-  
-inable "reception" which has been  
arranged for here. I will make  
no delay in settling upon my  
subject, & will let you know  
the title as soon as may be.

Horne, who sent out your  
expedition is not a savoury  
person. He went home with  
me in the Oubba, & what  
little I saw of him did not  
make me hanker after him.

I hope to see you at  
Lucia's on Tuesday, & look  
forward with great delight  
to our meeting.

Yours sincerely  
Lorimer Fison