

November 14th. 1875.

My dear Müller,

I find so many things
to do after coming back from
the ends of the earth - literally
at for the ends of Christendom
at Catara and China - that
I hardly know which to take
first. But I must not omit
to thank you for your volume
of "Chips," which I found on
my table along with Paul's
"Bilder" and a crowd of other

things, none of which here I
had time to look at yet. But
Green writes to me about
some pamphlet of yours
which somehow touches him
and me and Stubbs and
Theodoric, as if I knew all
about it. But I don't; it
had not reached Calverton
nor yet Dietrichsberg, and
I have no notion what you
may have been saying of
us all.

When do you and Mrs. Miller

ever mean to come and see us
here? I must stick fast here
till late in February, unless
helped for a day to Taunton
sessions.

Do you count the speed of
the Dauphin, Savoy, Courts
of Burgundy (Freigrafschaft),
as for oe or oil? I thought 'twas
oe, but a man here stood
me out that it was oil.

Place quite floors me; they
call us Dumb, and not
untrue.

Yours very truly
Edward Freeman

