

Somerset  
Wells  
Somerset

February 22  
1880.

E. B.

My dear Tylor,

Sure your little book is  
an example of evolutions,  
verischer, what not. But I  
gather that it has got out of  
my series. But ~~then~~ you tell  
me that it is to be of the size  
of "Huxley's Physiognomy -"  
- better than with their hand  
and; here is physiology  
and physiognomy and now  
physiography, and physicians  
and physicists & physiologists

all περὶ φούσιν. put it on  
English "against kind"; all  
some perhaps physicians did  
not forgetten had the sense  
to call leeches and perhaps  
physiognomy, which they had  
at least the sense to spell  
φίζνομυ. Well the size  
of Huxley's Physiognomy  
gives me no more idea than  
the stone which was the size  
of a piece of chalk - Hux:  
ley's special Diorceis of the  
Cey, that best. Or I am as  
I was when H. H. Vaughan  
said that the state of Gaul  
at a certain date was like

a "pigeon's dermoskeleton", and I had to guess  
what a "dermoskeleton" might be like for what  
little I knew of the state of Gaul. He said  
that porosus that Reper Leobrog was a  
"Kephelopod"; which ~~to~~ <sup>was</sup> the rather thick of  
Hippoklides a. d. decey of the board, which  
with his head where his feet should have been.  
Was unto that all, talker of outlandish  
fiddish. of they have any sense to spit, they  
can't they spit it in plain English? "My lord,  
you are beginning to be found out."

'Tis the blessed Sunday; so I  
have time to talk nonsense.  
And I have just heard "a most  
wonderful story" of a "man  
had it scope [yescopes]  
up."

I must now go and sit and  
on your two schemes & consult  
Mach. Whether they be likely to  
stay one another - to me they  
seem to be quite unlike.

Anyhow I am sorry to lose  
you here from my series.

My wife wants to know  
whether a Fox whose death  
she read in the papers was  
one of your Foxes.

Our traveller's wife leave

Repair in a few days;  
that is Margaret and her  
company. Arthur will  
not be coming just yet.

I am getting wonderfully  
stronger, and the stronger  
I get, the more I seem  
to expect a Jew.

Yours very truly  
Edward Freeman

E. B. Taylor D.C.L.  
London  
Wellington

E. B. Fyler, D. C.

London

Wellington



Somerleaze, Somerset, February 22, 1880.

My dear Tylor

Sure your little book is an example of evolutions, varieties, what not. But I gather that it has got out of my series. But you tell me that it is to be of the size of "Huxley's Physiography"- bother them with their hard words, here is physiology and physiognomy, and now physiography, and physicians and physicists and physiologists, all πᾶν ἐφ' ἑαυτῶν, put it in English "against kind", all save physicians which our forefathers had the sense to call leeches and perhaps physiognomy which they had at least the sense to spell fiznomy. Well, the size of Huxley's Physiography gives me no more idea than the stone which was the size of a piece of chalk. Huxley's special Διοφάνης by the way, that test. Or I am as I was when H. H. Vaughan said that the state of Gaul at a certain date was like a "gigantic dermoskeleton", and I had to guess what a "dermoskeleton" might be like from what little I knew of the state of Gaul. He said moreover that *Reyser Loobrog* was a "kephalopod", which made me rather think of Hippokleides, a dancing on the board with his head where his feet should have been. Woe unto them all, talkers of outlandish gibberish. If they have any germ to spit, why can't they spit it in plain English? "My Lords you are beginning to be found out." 'Tis the blessed Sunday so I have to talk nonsense. And I have just heard a most worshipful strong form. "We had it scrope (yscropet) up."

I must now go and sit on your two schemes and consult Marg. whether they be likely to stay one another - to me they seem to be quite unlike. Anyhow I am sorry to lose your name from my series.

My wife wants to know whether Fox whose death she read in the papers was one of your Foxes.

Our travellers will leave Ragusa (?) in a few days, that is Margaret and her companion. Arthur will not be coming just yet. I am getting wonderfully stronger, and the stronger I get, the more I yearn to cudgel a Jew.

Yours very truly

E. B. Tylor, D.C.L.  
Linden  
Wellington

Edward A. Freeman

*peri phusin  
diopheas*