

1850. so don't say I write in a hurry. University College, London, October 5, 9h. 30m. A M. \pm the error of my watch, 1850, the last year of the first half of the nineteenth century, let who will call it the *first year of the second half*.

To Rev. W. Heald.

7 Camden Street, Aug. 18, 1851.

1851. DEAR HEALD,—It has become quite the regular thing for the depth of vacation to remind me—not of you, for anything that carries my thoughts back to Cambridge does that,—but of inquiring how you are getting on, of which please write speedy word, according to custom, once a year. For myself I have nothing particular to report. My wife and seven children are all at Broadstairs—as they were when I last wrote—so that the information is that they really came back in the interval. I presume you really have *not* come to town to see the Exhibition, supposing that you would surely have let me know. Are you not coming? Whether I with my short sight should know you again after a quarter of a century, *plus* a quarter of a year, is a problem I should very much like to solve. But you seem determined not to furnish the data.

It seems to me that I must have written to you just before the Pope made his onslaught, which has occupied people ever since. I remember, soon after the Catholic Emancipation Bill was carried, reminding a friend of mine, a Catholic barrister, that that Bill was an experiment—a very proper experiment—one it was disgraceful not to have tried before; but still an experiment, in trial of whether it really was practically possible that people with any foreign allegiance, call it spiritual or anything else, could permanently exercise the rights of citizenship here. The occasion was his speaking *very seriously and earnestly* of it being a matter of discussion among the Roman Catholic body whether they had not in right of the E. Bill a right to proceed in Chancery against the Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, which were founded on condition of praying for the souls of the founders, to make them either so pray or give place to those who would. It gave me at the time (the man being neither a sanguine man nor a fool) a fixed idea that from the very time of the Emancipation Bill passing there was a settled purpose of legal invasion. And I have never since faltered in the opinion that, be it settled how it might, the time would come when, on political grounds, the question would be reopened; and I prophesy it

now within a few years—that is, I foretell a discussion whether the mere circumstance of owning a foreign power in any sense and manner whatever is or is not to be an absolute disqualification from even voting for a member of Parliament. 1851.

I have just heard from Arthur Neate, who with a wife and two children is doing near Alvescot what you are doing at Leeds, saving that his two parishes put together would not soul a tenth part of the bodies in your one. His father and mother are still both alive, though both very old and failing. Of other people I know nothing, I mean of your and my contemporaries. It is long since I have seen any one. I met Farish the other day, old and deaf. I am not sure I do not remember his father looking younger. I dare say you, like myself, look not very old of your age, for we both looked older than we were at Cambridge, so that if you have a provincial synod, you will hardly look ancient enough to be one of the *putres conscripti*. But you have not a Bishop, I am afraid, who will bring your part of the world abreast of H. Exon. Peace be with him, I was going to say, but I know she won't.

Resolve me this. If our old friend P—— were alive, would he be Puseyite or not? The only one Cambridge man that I ever annoyed by taking it for granted that he was not Puseyite when he really was a strong one, was a man of whom I could tell the following story, but I won't (that is to say, you are not to repeat it, for it might get round).

I knew him at Cambridge when he was a great friend of B——, whom you perhaps have met at Neate's. A few days after he was ordained he came to see me, and being fresh off the anvil he could not but talk a little theology. So as he got over the ground he came at last to the following sentence, which brought him up all standing, as they say at sea—you are to imagine a sudden start of recollection at the *, I having stared at †:—'But you see those Catholics made a sacrament of baptism † *. Oh, by-the-bye, so do we.' Fact, upon my honour; no exaggeration. But he is now with the Bishop of Exeter on the point.

I wish you would do this: run your eye over any part of those of St. Paul's Epistles which begin with Παῦλος—the Greek, I mean—and without paying any attention to the meaning. Then do the same with the Epistle to the Hebrews, and try to balance in your own mind the question whether the latter does not deal in longer words than the former. It has always run in my head

1851. that a little expenditure of money would settle questions of authorship in this way. The best mode of explaining what I would try will be to put down the results I should *expect* as if I had tried them.

Count a large number of words in Herodotus—say all the first book—and count all the letters; divide the second numbers by the first, giving the average number of letters to a word *in that book*.

Do the same with the second book. I should expect a very close approximation. If Book I. gave 5·624 letters per word, it would not surprise me if Book II. gave 5·619. I judge by other things.

But I should not wonder if the same result applied to two books of Thucydides gave, say 5·713 and 5·728. That is to say, I should expect the slight differences between one writer and another to be well maintained against each other, and very well agreeing with themselves. If this fact were established there, if St. Paul's Epistles which begin with Παυλος gave 5·428 and the Hebrews gave 5·516, for instance, I should feel quite sure that the *Greek* of the Hebrews (passing no verdict on whether Paul wrote in Hebrew and another translated) was not from the pen of Paul.

If scholars knew the law of averages as well as mathematicians, it would be easy to raise a few hundred pounds to try this experiment on a grand scale. I would have Greek, Latin, and English tried, and I should expect to find that one man writing on two different subjects agrees more nearly with himself than two different men writing on the same subject. Some of these days spurious writings will be detected by this test. Mind, I told you so. With kind regards to all your family, I remain, dear Heald,

Yours sincerely,

A. DE MORGAN.

To Sir John Herschel.

7 Camden Street, Aug. 29, 1852.

1852. MY DEAR SIR JOHN,—. . . Induction seems to lead to the conclusion that an astronomer who is Master of the Mint gets some odd mode of chronology. The first cut a great piece off the beginning, the second will cut a great piece off the end, and doom us all to be squabashed in 1865. The next, I suppose, will cut a great piece out of the middle, which will be the most