

Park Valley  
Nottingham 4 Sep. 1873

My dear Sir

In remembrance of the very pleasant though short conversation which I had the pleasure of having with you at Dover I take the liberty of writing to you, and of sending by this post a small pamphlet which I printed some time since & which I send for want of a better personal souvenir. I hope there is nothing in it which will displease you, but although I have published one or two others they are not on subjects which would perhaps interest you.

You will see that it is a novel - ymous, and not uncommon thing in England, where we are very diffident at the sound of our own voice or the mention of

our own name. This feeling is  
 alluded to by Burns the Scotch  
 Poet, who satirizing a man, as we  
 say, rushing into print; - says

A Book's a book though there  
 be nothing in it

It's pleasant sure to see one's  
 name in print.

(A Book is a book though there  
 be nothing in it.)

I am just now dipping into  
 'Histoire de la Litterature  
 Anglaise par St Saine'  
 which I find a very pleasant  
 Book, you no doubt know it.

It gained for its author the  
 Honorary Degree of Dr. of Laws  
 at the University of Oxford.

I trust that you arrived at  
 home well & after an agree-

journey and voyages (Englishmen  
apply the latter word to sea travel)  
and that you bear with you some  
pleasant recollections of our Island  
Kingdom, pleasant enough to induce  
you to revisit it; so that I may have  
the pleasure of entertaining you &  
showing you the ~~most~~ wonderful  
textile manufactures of Nottingham.  
I should like to recommence  
our topic on "Words." Do you  
know that Dover is named from  
a little stream which runs through  
it & called the "Dover"? an  
old generic Celtic word for  
water, and the root of *udwep* the  
Greek for the same.

The River Trent passes Nottingham  
and derives its name from  
the same origin. Derwent is  
the name of its chief tributary



pronounced "Darrand" &  
hardened into Trent. But  
Derrenh is derived from  
Darr - our - & great white  
hence Darr Dour-gwent.

Derrenh, Trent. Unfortunately  
do not speak German or I think  
I might find <sup>a</sup> much extended  
field of pleasure.

You will however tire of my gossip  
to Swiss trace to a close by saying  
this town is a large one of 110,000  
people, with fine churches & a  
ruined Castle. The people very  
free & independent; and in the  
neighborhood are Coal mines  
into one of which you shall  
descend if you like when  
you come here.

Pray accept my kind respects  
& permit me to be

Your Obedient Servant  
John Place



Nottingham  
Market-place