

Douglas Jerrold.

Born - 1803.

Died - 1857.

Answer 18 May.

4, Rue d'Alger, Capécure.
Boulogne, April 26.

Dear brother,

It was my religious intention
to have inflicted a visit upon you, but I
was called here suddenly by the measles -
as Robins would say - in those places. However,
the children are now well, and maternity in
its wonted repose.

I send to you a little poem

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- The Humour of Decimals - written by Mark Lemon, a friend of mine, who requested me to give him such initials as I could to you. He is by no means new to periodicals, having shed it in the glorious cause of Bentley, &c. Will the thing do?

After the noise, hurry, and tall claims of our playhouse gas - to say little of more villainous self-sufficiency of players, big with unrighteous prosperity - it is delicious to get to this breathing-place.

For myself, I like London only as a whet to some such retreat as this, where there is just animation enough to keep life from stagnating, and where - thank heaven! - as somebody said about some trees - the see is still left in God Almighty's hands. Here one ranges through life - in London one races

through it. Here people love money well enough, but don't offend moral decency by showing a nasty lust for it.

I don't know what you have done to have brought down this parody upon you. So please to place it as a set-off to some one of your deadly sins that you have hitherto successfully veiled from the eyes of man -

Adieu believe me

Your Truly

Douglas Jerrold.

"My town address" is 42, King-St. Covent-garden; whence all letters are forwarded "with punctuality and despatch." (See Minutes to Mr. Wood.