

I beg you will give me your opinion of the translation. It afforded me high pleasure. As curious a specimen of translation as ever fell into my hands is a young man's in our office of a French Novel. What in the original was literally "amiable delusions of the Fancy" he proposed to render "the fair frauds of the imagination". I had much trouble in licking the book into any meaning at all. Yet did the knave clear 50 or 60 pounds by subscription and selling the copy right. The book itself not a week's work! Today's portion of my journalizing epistle has been very dull & poverty-stricken. I will here end.

Tuesday Night

I have been drinking egg hot and smoking Oronoko / associated circumstances which ever forcibly recall to my mind our evenings & nights at the Salutation, my eyes & brain are heavy and asleep, but my heart is awake, & if words came as ready as ideas & ideas as feelings, I could say ten hundred kind things — Coleridge you know not my supreme happiness at having one on earth (tho' countries separate us) whom I can call a friend — Remember you those ~~lines~~ tender lines of Logan? "Our broken friendships we deplore & loves of Youth that are no more. No after friendships e'er can raise th' endearments of our early days, & ne'er the heart such fondness prove as when we first began to love." I am writing at random & half-tipsy what you may not equally understand as you will be sober when you read it. But my sober & my half-tipsy hours you are alike a sharer in. Good night.

June 13, 1796

"And if a sigh that speaks regret of happier times appear,
 a glimpse of joy that we have met shall shine & dry
 the tear" Of the blank Verses I spoke of, the following lines
 are the only tolerably complete ones I have writ out of not
 more than 150 - That I get on so slowly you may fairly
 impute to want of practice in Composition when I
 declare to you that (the few verses which you have seen
 excepted) I have not writ fifty lines since I left school.
 It may not be amiss to remark that my Grandmother
 (on whom the verses are written) lived housekeeper in
 a family the 50 or 60 last years of her life - that she was
 a woman of exemplary piety & goodness - & for many
 years before her death was terribly afflicted with a Cancer
 in her breast which she bore with true christian patience.
 You may think that I have not kept enough apart the
 ideas of her heavenly & her earthly master, but recollect
 I have designedly given in to her own way of feeling -
 and if she had a failing, 'twas that she respected her
 master's family too much, not revered her Maker
 too little. The lines begin imperfectly as I may probably
 correct 'em if I finish at all, - & if I do Biggs shall
 print 'em, in a more economical way than you yours,
 for (sonnets & all) they woud make a 1000 lines as
 I propose completing 'em, & the substance must be wire-
 drawn.

~~Over the hill top green,
 Heard by the house of prayer, &
 [The I follow the ^{Lamb's} ~~know~~ ~~poor~~ ~~colours~~ ~~the~~ ~~bandone~~]~~
~~Over the hill~~

Keating

The follw'g letter - which at intervals inter with give
 an insight into Lamb's spirit, ^{at the time} in its bright & gay moods -
 his love of Beauclerk. It would seem that his was a recreation
 with the old English Dramatists had just commenced with Beauclerk of
 Diddle & Repplier.

June 13, 1796