

Dear Miss B

not published
in
the
Lucca

Your verses are very pretty, but, I fear, not saleable. I have burnt my fingers with publishing, let a burnt child warn you. Yours in sincerity Thos. Peate & L

Dear Miss Peckham

Tuesday
published
Lucca
M 270

I sit down very poorly to write to you, being come to Mr. Walden, Church Street, & Education, to be altogether with poor Mary, who is very ill, as usual, only that her illnesses are now as many months as they used to be weeks in duration - the reason your letter only just found me. I am saddened with the news of death has made in your family. I do not know how to appreciate the kind regard of dear Ann. Mary will understand it in months hence, I hope, but neither she or I would rob you, if the legacy will be of use to or comfort to you. My hand shakes as I can hardly write. On Saturday only I must come to town, and will call on you in the evening before 1 O'clock. Till when I take kindest leave.
Your old friend
& Lamb

ms. B. 1. 14 - 1833

I have not the sonnet, nor can find it. I think Mary has it somewhere.
published Lucca III, 374.

Dear Miss B

I cannot interfere, I am too ill and have too much on my spirits at home to look into the world for miney. sister lives at Her husband is I fear they are abroad. I am sending a statement to both I sent your former book on Tuesday - I am very poorly, too much so to read it with any judgement. Thank you for your kind concern for poor M. Yours ever & L

Dear Miss B

I think you have obviated my objection as to the Ghost. In fact, so much to me it wanted explanation, that till the last act I took the pleasure to be real & the oncles to be true; particularly as in the Dramatis personae is the "shade of Angelina's" not the supposed "counterfeit" apparition of him. This helped on the mistake. I am satisfied about the matter. I wish you success with it. My sister at now is much is violent as ever. Yours truly & L

ms. B. 1. 14 - 1834

Dear Miss B

Your kindal verses are beautiful. Emma shall
have them, as have combed, when they return. They are in France.
The verses, I regret, are not so pretty. I know nobody in
these parts that wants a receipt; indeed I have no acquaintance
in this new place, & rarely come to town. The rule of Coleridge
Hospital is rigorous, that the marriage certificate of the
parents be produced, previous to the presentation of a boy, &
that your unground Prologue has no chance. Never trouble
yourself about —'s neighbours. He will only tell
you a parcel of fibs, & is insupportable to any adm.
He has been long married, & parted, & has to say
his wife a weekly allowance to this day, besides
other innumbrances - In haste & headache
Yours
Wm
Mudford Newbury III 387

Wed Aug 23. 1833

When I sent Mr L the play - in a few words
he gave important criticism - and though I copied
it out when I gave the MS away - I know not where
to lay my hands on it - He prepared all the faultfinding
by saying it was "beautifully done" which encouraged
me to make the alterations

Mr L's letters are seldom dated - but when I
took away the outside of letters to paste them in some
old journals of my brothers - I in general put down
their date from the post marks - I am sorry to say
I have yet discovered no look-ones - though I am per-
specting through my letters & papers - I found to-day
in a closet where were many packages - quantities
of sheets of paper - I suppose from a bottle of Eldon
wrote of lines which was in a leaning position - Any
thing I can find shall however be recalled as
soon as met with - The sonnet he speaks of which
I wanted to recover was written while in confinement
and begins "Sarcastic Elin" - I forget the rest - At
the same time there was one to Coleridge under the
name of Estensi - (which he had signed to early
poems of T. G. - in which I styled him "a
giant Weeping" - supposing he did not expect
his poems -