

Monday

Church Street, Edmonton -

not, indeed, as you erroneously  
wrote your's -

Dr Sir,

The volume which you seem to want is not to be had for love or money. I with difficulty procured a copy for myself. Yours is gone to enlighten the Tawny ~~under~~ <sup>unders.</sup> What a supreme felicity to the Author (only he is no traveller) on the Ganges or Hydaspes (Indian streams) to meet a smutty Gentle ready to burst with laughing at the Tale of Bo-Bo! for doubtless it hath been transferr'd into all the sinkets of the East. I grieve the Copy that Europe should want it. I cannot gather from your Letter, whether you are aware that a second Series of the Essays is published by Moore in Dover Street, Piccadilly, call'd the "Last Essays of Elia", and, I am told, is not inferior to the former. Shall I order a Copy for you, and will you accept it? Shall I lend you at the same time my sole copy <sup>of the former ~~copy~~ volume</sup> (O! return it!) for a month or two? In return, you shall favor me with the loan of one of those Norfolk-bred grunlers, that you laud so highly; I promise not to keep it above a day. What a funny name Bungay is. I never dreamt of a correspondent thence. I used to think of it as some Utopian town, or Borough in Gotham Land. I now believe in its existence, as part of merry England. ~~But I do not recollecting what it is, or why it is.~~ The part I have scratch'd out is the best of the Letter. Let me have your commands.

W Lamb, alias Elia

Edmonton  
A. Childs Esq<sup>r</sup>

Bungay

Norfolk

Engle

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MSB