

Oxford 5th Dec 25th 1834

Dear Alan

The Publishers have not sent me any more Vols. of Burns, since the two accompanied by a Letter from thee which I think were the 2^d & 3^d tho' I presume the fourth & fifth are, & have been some time out - I only mention this that I may not be thought remiss in having sent thee no notice of said Volumes -

I wish I had thee here with me to-day - Being but poorly I have stolen away from Mr Bridges to have a quiet Sabbath & a few hours - The house where I sit to this, is the residence of an acquaintance of mine, at the old tower dispanchised Borough of Oxford - famous for the ruins of its old Castle, & the Church end of its Church - My fire & domicile is on the Quay, the River about a mile wide runs under the window where I write, & opposite is a narrow slip of Marsh Land about two miles wide, beyond which I see the Common Ocean with its Ships, Steamers &c and the two Light-Houses - The situation is altogether the odd mixture of Sea, River, & terra firma one shall

after most water, & perhaps available
any other place in the Kingdom but
the old Castle is a magnificent room
lately (i.e. within the last 10 or 12 years)
cleared out & renovated, occupying one
entire story of the keep, with a
round table in the centre at which
20 might dine, its broad stone
walls & open fire place remind
one of the apartments of our feudal
forefathers - When I get there into
Suffolk we must ride down to
see Oxford - it is only about 12
miles from Woodbridge -

A stiff N.E. wind
blows over from the sea, blusters
and shrills, & keeps up such a
racket with the windows & shutters
that I can hardly fancy but I was
aboard ship - 'tis so unusual an accom-
paniment to my penitential pen, that
I seem hardly to know where I am - &
find my consciousness of my own identity
a little confused
I know ought of myself

B. B.