

us a rhyme or so. Don't waste your ~~pen~~^{wit} upon that damn'd Dry Salter. I never knew but one Dry Salter, who could resist those mellow effusions, and he broke. You know Tommy Hill, the wettest of Dry salters. Dry salters, what a

*the Clerical, comes the 17th
News is, R. Bell, Lamb-
I now have written the book*

Timothy B. Diddan Esq

179 Peachtree Row

Georgia

Hastings



B. Bell Lamb-6

Walden



1826

word for this Whistly weather! I must drink after it. Hark to me, my dear Diddan, and to our having you again soon, and well at Colbrook. But our nearest hopes are to hear again from you shortly. An epistle only a quarter as agreeable as your last, would be a treat. Yours most truly C Lamb

Friday, some day of June, 1826

Dear D. My first impulse upon opening your letter was pleasure at seeing your old neat hand, near parts gentlemanly, with a modest dash of the clerical: my second a Thought, natural enough this hot weather, ~~What~~ am I to answer all this? why do as long as there to the Ephesians and Galatians put together, I have counted the words for curiosity. But then Paul has nothing like the jest which is brilliant all over yours. I don't remember a good thing (good like yours) from the 1st Romans to the last of the Hebrews. I remember but one Pun in all the Evangelists, and that was made by his and our master; Thou art Peter (that is Doctor Rock) and upon this hook will I build &c. which sanctifies punning with me against all quinsayers. I never knew an enemy to puns, who was not an ill-natured man. Your fair critic in the coach reminds me of a Scotchman who assured me that he did not see much in Shakespeare. I replied, I have say not. He felt the equivocal, look'd aukward, and reddish, but soon returned to the attack, by saying that he thought Bacon was as good as Shakespeare; I said that I had no doubt he was - to a Scotchman. We exchange no more words that day. - Your account of the fierce facts in the Hangery, with the presumed valorization of the Eagle & the Tiger, amused us greatly. You cannot be so very bad, while you can pick words off from rotten walls. But let me hear you have escaped out of your own. May the Lord be with the Fourth Person who slept invariable wet blankets about the shoulders of Shereach, Mesched, and Abdrigo, be with you in the fiery Trial. But get out of the frying pan. Your bedings, I take it, is bathing, not taking.

Let me hear that you have clamber'd up to Lovers Seat; it is as fine in that neighborhood as Juan Fernandez, as lonely too, when the Fishing boats are not out; I have sat for hours, staring upon a shipless sea. The salt sea is never so grand as when it is left to itself. One cock boat spoils it. A sea mew or two improves it. And go to the little church, which is a very protestant Loretto, and seems dropt by some angel for the use of a hermit, who was at once parishioner and a whole parish. It is not too big. Go in the night, bring it away in your portmanteau, and I will plant it in my garden. It must have been erected in the very infancy of British Christianity, for the two or three first converts; yet hath it all the appurtenances of a church of the first magnitude, its pulpit, its pews, its baptismal font; a cathedral in a nutshell. Seven people would crowd it like a Caledonian Chapel. The minister that divides the word there, must give lumping pennyworths. It is built to the text of two or three assembled in my name. It reminds of the grain of mustard seed. If the globe hand is proportionate, it may yield two potatoes. If this out it could be no more split than a hard. Its first fruits must be its last, for 'twould never produce a couple. It is truly the straight & narrow way, & few there be (of London residents) that find it. The still small voice is surely to be found there, if any where. A sounding board is merely there for ceremony. It is secure from earthquakes not more from sanctity than size, for would feel a mountain

thrown upon it no more than a taper worm would. Go and see, but not without your spectacles. By the way, there's a capital farm house two thirds of the way to the Lovers Seat, with incomparable plum cake, ginger bread. Mary bids me warn you not to read the anatomy of melancholy in your present low way. You'll fancy yourself a pipken, or a headless bear, as Burton speaks of. You'll be lost in a maze of remedies for a labyrinth of diseases, a plethora of cures. Read Fletcher; above all, the Spanish Curate, the Thief or Little Nightwalker, the Wit without Money, and the Lovers Pilgrimage. Laugh, and come home fat. Neither do we think Sir J Browne quite the thing for you just at present. Fletcher is as light as soda water, Browne & Burton are too strong portions for an Invalid. And dont thumb or dirt the books. Take care of the bindings. Lay a leaf of silver paper under 'em, as you read them. And dont smoke tobacco over 'em, the leaves will fall in and burn or dirty their namesakes. If you find any dusty atoms of the Indian weed crumbled up in the Beaumont & Fletchers, they are mine. But then you know, so is the Folio also. A pipe and a comedy of Fletcher's the last thing of a night is the best recipe for light dreams & to scatter away Nightmares. Probatum est. But do as you like with about the former. Only cut the Bakers. You will come home else all crust; ~~the same with the latter~~ Banksings we must chip you, before you can appear in his counting house. And my dear Peter Vin Just. do continue to see the sea at least once before you return. You'll be ask'd about it in the Old Jewry. It will appear singular not to have seen it. And rub up your nose, the Family Nurse, and send