

Fridy
20/1/88.

Dear Mr Clayton

I was at the Avenue on
Saturday afternoon. Arthur Roberts
is Exceedingly funny, as a Landlord,
mayor or Sentinel.

Drury Lane is the evening.

"Puss in Boots" is the best I have
seen. The 'Armouries' is magnificent
& must have cost — too much to estimate.

The Juffells Brothers' donkey is im-
mense. So are Nicholls & Sampbell.

Reynold & Dandy are two cards.

It goes without saying that Charles
Laurie is the most wonderful man
on Earth!

In see I have caught the Superlative
fever. As recollect I saw our
Pantomime on Thursday (12th) &
the contrast has sent my adjectives
nowhere.

Here follow some introductory Verses,
written yesterday, to the Second Series
of 'Rhymes'.

I am thoroughly disgusted with "The
Story of two Stools". Though materially
altered it is no better than when

For Cousin Alice "damned it
with faint praise". which it didn't
deserve. W & Walle has it to
murder but it may be withdrawn
at the last minute.

It is a strange thing but sometimes
I love my productions - for a few seconds
Dickens felt it deeply when he parted
with a manuscript. As a rule I
detest mine like poison though they
aren't worth "nary" emotion of any sort.
I should like to see your paper on

John Gore but would rather hear
it.

I will recognise ~~to~~ whom the references
are in the enclosed.

With kindest regards

Edward V. Luce

There's nothing poetical in me,
There's only a jingling of rhyme.
Disposition & Fate are again me,
or I must be a poet in time.

I never have starved in a garret attic,
I never have written for bread,
or jumped, with a feeling Ecstasie,
So got down a thought, out of bed.

And being unhappily single

I never have rows with my wife,
Nor do I, as Burns did, commingle
The cup & the cares of this life.

And I never take deadly narcotic
So conjure up heavenly scenes,
Nor did I write verses Erotic
Before I was out of my teens,

No.!! I leave these poetical pieces (!)

To former & wotlier bards.

My life is of dull commonplaces

with I fear no SUCCESS on the cards

and last verse, which is unwritten for
or to say that though Fate is against
me I have done something which is
in these pages & I hope you'll like it.

For the title page

The tyro sat teasing the strings of his lyre,

With the strings of his lyre, flowing wild,

Swore to never provide him with fervour of fire.

So his songs are unspikably mild

(or So that's why his songs are so mild)