

(P.M. Mar 17, 1800)

Dear Lamb

The gap in our correspondence has now grown so wide (so much wider than you ever before suffered it to run to) that I begin to suspect some letter of yours must have miscarried — I should have been alarmed about you, & have imagined that you & the Jolly Excise-man had missed your way one night, & tumbled into the water in Liquor-pond street, had not that busy Wench, Fame, (who is for ever, you know, gossiping & tattling about great men) spread a report that you & Coleridge were seen lately in the City, & that you dined at a Book seller in Grace-church street — I had shrewd reasons for crediting this story, & so became easy in my mind about you — but I really think it very hard to be forced to apply to the Many-Tongued Goddess, in order to know how you go on; seeing that the post office continues to perform its functions as regularly as ever. —

I am looking forward now with pleasure to the Easter vacation — I shall then have a respite from business — to secure which I shall take myself into the country for a fortnight — then comes the May-beem, which runs scanty this year (Easter Sunday is the primum mobile of the spring beems) — after that comes the long vacation (how sapiently I unfold the order of things!) & then & at that time I hope I shall see you here — sooner deponent wisheth not. —

Tell me when you write again, whether you have heard anything of your Tragedy — there are some very pretty lines in it, Lamb & I wish it may succeed. How does that kind hearted Healer* do — that busy Theorist — with more good wishes in his heart than would be sufficient to stock the literary

world with happiness for a century to come — I mean
if they all brought faith print — when you next call upon
the Mother, remember me kindly to him. — I shall be
very glad to hear from you — in the mean time
I am most faithfully

Your affectionate Friend
Thomas Manning

Camb. Sunday, March 1800 .

* J. Dyer .

W^r Charles Lamb
India House
London .