

Friday Dec^r. [12th]

Dear Lamb

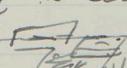
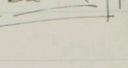
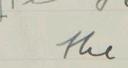
Your letter has excited in me no other unpleasant feelings than those of disappointment — I am indeed very much disappointed — I had promised myself a very pleasant meeting

I am in good health, & better spirits than usual, & had a fancy that I could have made your stay here entertaining to you — Your expedient is very ingenious in Theory (tho' as you hint not altogether a new one) but is practically impossible. my work will be very light after term time, but I shall still have two pupils on my hands till degree time: whom I cannot possibly leave — after that, what little remains of the vacation is promised to Norfolk — Your invitation is truly hospitable, & your frank way of obviating hesitations just what I like — I assure you I should make no scruple of coming if I were free — but I will not yet despair of seeing you in the course of the vacation. I give you all December to nurse your cold & dispatch your business, & if that won't do, you shall have a supplementary fortnight out of January — then, for a change of air, you shall come down to Cambridge — why not? Your postponement of "a few months" might very well suit the longevity of an

antediluvian Patriarch, but is shooting too deep into the shortened span of modern life — Consider about these things, I don't give me up, if you can help it; for I do want mainly to see you —

(N.B. Your lake story completely took me in, till I got to the 2^o. page. I was pleas'd to think you were so rich, but I confess rather wondered how you should be able conveniently to take so long a journey this inside-fare time of the year) —

I condole with you, Mr. Lamb, on the tragic fate of your tragedie — I wonder what fool it was, that read it! By the bye, you would do me a very very great favour by letting me have a copy — if Beagles might be chasers, I should ask to have it transcribed partly by you & partly by your sister — I have a desire to possess some of Mary's hand writing — make my kindest remembrances to her & tell her so. — But in the mean time I want to see your Epilogue — I wonder you didn't send it to me in your last — if 'tis spoken tomorrow night, I shall expect to see it on my table on sunday morning when I rise, thus* —

(Explanation of plate  + wide plate literary table (also  littered), letter lying  Is this successful in front, from Mister Lamb)  Tragedy spun by the Philosopher?? —

There has been a poem published in Cambridge called The Vernal walk — I

think it possesses considerable beauty —
it abounds in imitations of Thompson —
but is still original — I will transcribe
part of the address to God at the conclusion

O! Thou, that swayest the boundless universe
King of illimitable Empire! hear
My trembling voice of praise. I know thou art
A spirit omnipresent, yet my mind
when she would raise wand'ring Eye to thee,
Vainly attempts to grasp so vast a view
For with the darkness of obscurity
Thou cloallest the brightness of thy mystery
Lest the full blaze should blast our feeble sight.
Still, in thy half revealed sublimity
Thou art more awful than a thousand suns,
Wrapt in the horror of a thousand storms
Holding the reins of universal rule,
Invisible thou sitt'st upon the throne
Of universal nature, & decree'st
The doom of men, of nations & of worlds.

By the command Caesar, the proud, was slain
By patriot Brutus, by the man he loved.

By thy command Rome, Queen of Nations
Proudly, ^{rose} I grasped the Empire of the world.

& Rome the mighty, fell by thy command
From her high state; she fell & shook the earth
& still the echo of her fall is heard.

By thy command, the myriad worlds of light
Sprang from primaeval chaos, & illum'd
The void unbounded, & shouldst thou order
To uncreate creation, at thy nod
Those worlds unnumbered would return to nought

Holy, invisible, immutable
Spirit of Spirits, ere the radiant sun

Shot from the purple east the light of morn
Or the pale moon bade the unbounded deep
Obey her influence; ere the streamy vales
Girded with their flowers, or the gigantic hills
hid in the cloudy sky their lofty tops
Then hadst existed an eternity of yearful ages
Ere &c., better still but neither room nor time

Farewell

(Addressed) :-

Mr. Charles Lamb
India - House
London.