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To H F Cary
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1828

Dear Sir

I long to see Wordsworth more before he goes hence, but it would be an expence of health & comfort my infirmities cannot afford. Once only I have been at a dinner party, to meet him, for a whole year past, and I do not know that I am not the worse for it now. There is a necessity for my drinking too much, dont show this to the Bishop of — your friend, at & after dinner, then I require spirits at night to allay the crudities of the weaker Bacchus, and in the morning I cool my parched stomach with a fiery libation. Then I am aground in town, and call upon my London friends, and get new

secured safety to born. Warton & Crocker come new on Sunday morning, pray arrange to come along with them, here I can be tolerably moderate. In town, the very air of town turns my head, and is intoxication enough, if intoxication knew a limit. I am a poor country mouse, your calls disturb me. Tell me you will come, we have a bed, & a half or three quarters bed, at your services, and the adjoining inn has many. If engag'd on Sunday, tell me when you will come, a Saturday will suit as well, I would that Wordsworth would come too.

Pray believe that tis my health only, which brought me here, that frights me from the wicked Town

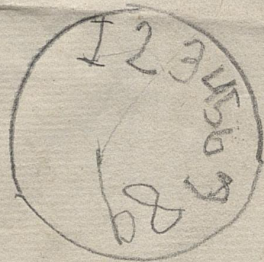
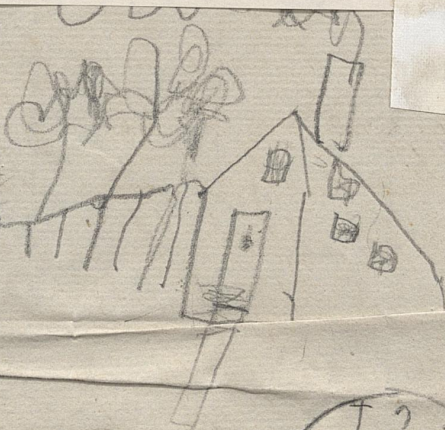
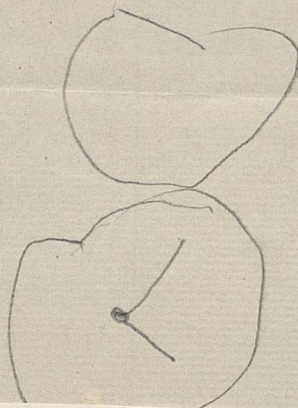
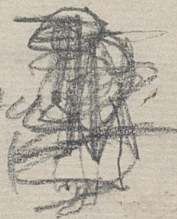
Mary joins in kindest rememb^{ers} to Mrs Cary & yourself

Penfield 10 June

Yours truly
le Lamb

I have a peach it grew
on a peach tree.
Jane has a ripe plum
in her hand. God
made the corn to
grow. We then ought
to thank Him for it.
Jane has a
ripe plum
in her hand.

there was a
boy with



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