

Sunday

Dec 11/89

Dear Mr. Clayton.

With this I send greeting & Stevenson's
tale. The Saturday's Telegraph Bacon ar-
ticle is not procurable. So I can only
do you Mondays (and Sunday's).

Browning's poem beginning 'What is he buzzing
in my ears' - which grows on me each time I
read it - is found in the Second Series of
Selections & is called 'Confessions'.

I thought 'A Dickens Land' good. It is a story
I find in this week's Athenaeum is founded on
fact, or more properly, on legend. This takes
away something from my opinion of it, but still
it is powerful. I thought R. L. S. conceived it

I have been in Labour for some time with
a long piece on 'Sunday'. As (carrying out
the metaphor) I don't want it to be like
Macduff. I can hardly expect to send it
to you this eve of Christmas.

Here is something however. It is rough. I
doubt seeing the small amount of matter
my verses contain they should, if only to
propitiate the muse, be finished off well
i.e. should have all the lines rhyming.
The last verse makes an exception in the
case of Job.

Blessed the man who fumbles not -
who meets his luck without a word,
& whose unruffled passive breast
no rage or anger ever stirred.

Who uncomplaining gets his corns -
- His favorites - crushed by huge 'Fifteens',
And makes no use of language meant
Expressly for such painful scenes -

Who lozes buttons like a Saint -
Who snaps a lace contentedly -
Who calmly gets his hat blown off -
And never even thinks a D. -

Who meets his end without a word,
Of health, or wealth, or friends, beborn -
Blessed be He but recollect
That such a man was never born -

The Punch almanack is good. I can't dis-
cover what Santonine means in his fancy
sketches of the month - I find no connection

between the Fairy tales & the Greats -
Furniss' ideas are better than usual but
his pencil has not done them justice -
but Charles Keene who is always craved
at V.C. confined to one sketch in the
weekly issue is glowing here - the
'two Armys' for example.

The letter press is beneath all notice.
I heard Robson on Tuesday night - He is
really very good.

F.C. Burnand is acting down here on Tuesday
week. Shall we way lay him & black-
guard him for dawdling out such mauldlin
stiff weak by weak. The play is a
comedy by G.P. Webster 'I.O.U.' at the Theatre
Royal Hall. With kind regards

E. J. Lewis