



DUKE  
UNIVERSITY  
LIBRARY

*Treasure Room*

THE  
COLERIDGE  
COLLECTION

See for most complete edition  
of Coleridge's Works in  
The Coleridge in 1823 (H. C. G.  
26 Dec 1885 - Toronto)

- 808 Gesenii Thesaurus philologicus criticus Linguae Hebraeae et Chal-  
dææ Veteris Testamenti, 3 vol. LARGE PAPER, *half calf*  
*Lips.* 1835
- 809 Ciceronis Epistolæ Familiares, *sound copy* *Venet.* 1480
- 810 Drayton (M.) Works, *portrait added, calf* 1748
- 811 Jacob and Hendley, Jeypore Enamels, 24 *full-page coloured illus-*  
*trations by W. Griggs, half morocco, ornamented sides, g. e.*  
*Peckham,* 1886
- 812 CHRONICON NUREMBERGENSE (Auctore H. Schedel), *numerous*  
*woodcuts by M. Wolgemut and W. Pleydenwurff, two printed*  
*leaves and one of the blank leaves in facsimile; sold not subject to*  
*return* *Nuremberge,* 1493
- 813 Whitelock, Memorials of English Affairs, *old calf (rebacked),* 1732  
—Tillotson (Abp.) Works, 3 vol. *portrait, russia,* 1752—Am-  
mirato (S.) Istorie Fiorentina, 3 vol. *vellum,* 1647 (7)
- 814 Selden (J.) Titles of Honor, *old calf,* 1631—Fox (Geo.) Journal,  
*old calf,* 1765—Notes on the Commandments, in a small hand-  
writing, *temp. James I, vellum;* and others (8)
- 815 Pryce (W.) Mineralogia Cornubiensis, *portrait and plates, calf,* 1778  
—Lhuyd (E.) Archæologia Britannica, vol. I, Glossography,  
*half bound,* 1707 (2)
- 816 HORSEMANSHIP. La Science d'Emboucher un cheval, a MANU-  
SCRIPT of the 17th century written on paper, *illustrated with*  
*29 designs of the various sorts of bits, &c. each with an explana-*  
*tion appended, original calf*

817 BYRON (LORD) ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS, the  
first and fourth editions, with the alterations from the fifth  
edition, *inlaid and extra illustrated with portraits, views and*  
*autograph letters, morocco extra, borders of gold on sides, g. e.* 1811

\* \* The additions consist of 95 portraits, 28 autograph letters  
and 11 views. Among the letters are the following important  
examples:—Lord Brougham, an A. L. s. of 4 pages folio,  
written when he was but 19 years of age; Lord Byron's  
autograph, "Copy of message to Brougham to be sent on  
arrival in England," consisting of 2½ closely written 4to  
pages, in which he details his differences with Brougham,  
charging him with telling lies and demanding satisfaction;  
Lady Byron, A. L. s.; Autograph Manuscript of W. Cowper,  
1½ pp. 4to; S. T. Coleridge, A. L. s.; Joseph Cottle, fine  
A. L. s. of 3 pp. 4to to Southey; Richard Cumberland,  
A. L. s.; Thomas Moore, A. L. s.; Sir W. Scott, Autograph  
Poem, 4 pp. folio; R. Southey, A. L. s. 3 pp. 4to, a very  
early letter, written in 1793, when he was but 24 years old.  
Among the portraits are numerous rare and fine ones. A  
complete catalogue of the contents accompanies the volume.

819 WALPOLE (HORACE) Reminiscences written in 1788 for the  
amusement of Mary and Agnes Berry, *inlaid to folio and extra*  
*illustrated with 93 mezzotint and other portraits, many fine and*  
*rare, and 25 views illustrative of the work, also an autograph*  
*letter of Agnes Berry, morocco extra, gilt leaves* 1819

to Wood  
Christal  
shown in  
dunm -  
imply him  
to the  
21-10-1818

✓  
18  
to  
Miss S.  
Sagey  
near  
Clifton  
Worcestersh.

The sister of Sir James Ed-  
mund - not as  
catalogued in the British  
Annals.

JANUARY 9, 1904

Soon after his death a portion of the library of the late Mr. Dykes Campbell was sold at Sotheby's. As his widow now lives entirely abroad—principally at Vevey in Switzerland—she has naturally decided that <sup>it is best to dispose of the remainder and the sale will</sup> Dykes Campbell, who was a friend for whom I had a very sincere esteem and admiration, was not alone the biographer of Coleridge but he was one of our most thorough specialists of the period of English literature that included Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, and his delightful library, into which it was often my good fortune to peep when visiting Mr. Campbell at St. Leonards, contained many rare books, some of which are to be sold in the coming sale. There is, for example, Thomas Lovell Beddoes's *Improvisatore*—one of the only three copies known to exist—several of Southey's diaries and volumes of his letters in manuscript, a large volume of manuscript notes by Coleridge, all the early editions of Tennyson and Browning, and a great number of Shelley and Wordsworth pamphlets.

DEATH OF MR. G. WATSON,  
FORMERLY OF PENRITH.*one only son March 9. 1907*

The death has occurred at Bournemouth of Mr. George Watson, for many years architect and surveyor at Penrith. He was nearly 83 years of age.

A native of Sunderland, Mr. Watson was taken to Keswick over 70 years ago, and one of his earliest recollections was of Robert Southey, then living at Greta Hall. He described the poet, as he used to see him going to Crosthwaite Church, wearing a peaked cap, a cloak like an ulster, and a pair of spring clogs—a kind of footwear peculiar to the Lake Country; and with a big Prayer Book under his arm.

Mr. Watson also remembered meeting Southey almost daily on his favourite round through Cockshot Wood and on to Friars Crag, where the poet used to go for reading. Probably because of these early recollections, Mr. Watson was always a close student of Southey's works, and was able to add considerably to the references. Unfortunately all these allusions and commentaries were in the form of newspaper contributions, and he could never be persuaded to collect them.

In his later years Mr. Watson, who was a keen and accomplished archaeologist, wrote much on Cumberland and Westmorland antiquarian matters, and probably did more than anyone else to preserve the historical records of his district, besides clearing away many fictions. Among his work was a curious arrangement of the old registers of Penrith Parish Church, a volume of "Notabilia of Old Penrith," and many papers written for the local societies.

This is Dykes Campbell's copy - opened & prepared by me in London with a view to an edition of Southey's letters.

4/12

MS. Poem by SOUTHEY.

Southey (R.) The manuscript of a poem, "BROUGH BELLS," signed R. Southey, Keswick, 1828, and a letter of G. Taylor, (the editor of the Life of Surtrees) sending the poem to Mrs. Surtrees (Miss Anne Robinson), eight sides of MS. in Southey's hand. Writing, unique, £5 5s

Coleridge & Warton June 1891

MS. 5272  
large volume of manuscript notes by Coleridge, all the early editions of Tennyson and Browning, and a great number of Shelley and Wordsworth pamphlets.

Southey (Robert).

Poet. A.L.S. 3 pages, 4to. Brixton Causeway, September 18, 1793. To Miss Seward, containing an early poem of six verses, 36 lines, written when the poet was only nineteen years old. Both poem and letter refer to Charlotte Corde. "You see how I attempt to excuse myself, in reality, any recent event tes down imagination too much—the poet cannot ornament with safety." *Repaired in folds. Early poems and letters are rare.*

that she has naturally decided that Dykes Campbell, who was a friend for whom I had a very sincere esteem and admiration, was not alone the biographer of Coleridge but that he was also the biographer of Coleridge and Warton.

1012  
2101-

Nov (1894)  
MS 5272  
1894

... of Southey's letters in the ... to ... in 1822 ... 26 Dec 1825 ...

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*June 2nd 1837 - March 9. 1907*  
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us criticus Linguae Hebraeae et Chal-  
3 vol. LARGE PAPER, half calf

Lips. 1835

Venet. 1480

3, sound copy

added, calf

1748

Enamels, 24 full-page coloured illustrations, morocco, ornamented sides, g. e.

Peckham, 1886

SE (Auctore H. Schedel), numerous plates and W. Pleydenwurff, two printed leaves in facsimile; sold not subject to

Nurembergce, 1493

English Affairs, old calf (rebacked), 1732

s, 3 vol. portrait, russia, 1752—Am-  
tine, 3 vol. vellum, 1647 (7)

old calf, 1631—Fox (Geo.) Journal,

the Commandments, in a small hand-  
ellum; and others (8)

ubiensis, portrait and plates, calf, 1778

ogia Britannica, vol. I, Glossography,  
(2)

de d'Emboucher un cheval, a MANU-  
tury written on paper, illustrated with

sorts of bits, &c. each with an explanation appended, original calf

817 BYRON (LORD) ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS, the first and fourth editions, with the alterations from the fifth edition, *inlaid and extra illustrated with portraits, views and autograph letters, morocco extra, borders of gold on sides, g. e.* 1811

\* \* \* The additions consist of 95 portraits, 28 autograph letters and 11 views. Among the letters are the following important examples:—Lord Brougham, an A. L. s. of 4 pages folio, written when he was but 19 years of age; Lord Byron's autograph, "Copy of message to Brougham to be sent on arrival in England," consisting of 2½ closely written 4to pages, in which he details his differences with Brougham, charging him with telling lies and demanding satisfaction; Lady Byron, A. L. s.; Autograph Manuscript of W. Cowper, 1½ pp. 4to; S. T. Coleridge, A. L. s.; Joseph Cottle, fine A. L. s. of 3 pp. 4to to Southey; Richard Cumberland, A. L. s.; Thomas Moore, A. L. s.; Sir W. Scott, Autograph Poem, 4 pp. folio; R. Southey, A. L. s. 3 pp. 4to, a very early letter, written in 1793, when he was but 24 years old. Among the portraits are numerous rare and fine ones. A complete catalogue of the contents accompanies the volume.

819 WALPOLE (HORACE) Reminiscences written in 1788 for the amusement of Mary and Agnes Berry, *inlaid to folio and extra illustrated with 93 mezzotint and other portraits, many fine and rare, and 25 views illustrative of the work, also an autograph letter of Agnes Berry, morocco extra, gilt leaves* 1819

*to Wood  
of Bristol  
now in  
London -  
in my  
to Highgate*

*21-10-1878*

*18  
to  
MISS S.  
Safeg  
near  
Clifton*

820 SOUTHEY (ROBERT) A SERIES OF SIXTY-FOUR A. L. s. TO WILLIAM TAYLOR, between 1799 and 1814, consisting of 202 very closely written pages, 4to and folio, *inlaid to folio size and bound in brown morocco extra, gilt leaves, by Riviere*

Of the most interesting nature, and full of references to his own compositions (a great deal of original poetry) and criticisms of work then being published by Wordsworth, Lamb, Coleridge, D'Israeli, Rogers, Campbell, Godwin, Wedgwood, Mackintosh, Monk Lewis, Mrs. Opie, Sir Walter Scott, Ritson, Heber, Lord Holland. Everything of a political nature in this stirring epoch is also noticed and criticised. He also writes on the discovery of the locomotive steam-engine, saying how useful Napoleon would find them when next he crosses the Alps. In many letters he writes of "that extraordinary young man, Humphrey Davy's discoveries and his own experiments with laughing gas." Referring to Sir Walter Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," he says, "*My profits upon this poem (Madoe) in the course of 12 months amount precisely to 3 17 1. In the same time Walter Scott has sold 4500 copies of his Lay, and netted over £1000. But my acorn will continue to grow when his Turkey bean shall have withered.*" One long letter is on the subject of the circumstances attending the offer of the Laureateship and his acceptance of the same, and how handsomely Walter Scott behaved in the matter. In another place he refers to the "Death of the Athenæum," with which he seems well pleased. Also, a long account of a proposed new review, to be called "Rhadamanthus," and remarks, "I hope I am not wrong in counting upon you as my right hand. Scott proposes to bear a part, and will be a very useful assistant; but I rely upon you and upon myself to build up and support the work. I passed 3 days with Walter Scott, amusing and highly estimable. You see the whole extent of his powers in the Minstrel's Lay, of which your opinion seems to accord with mine—a very amusing poem—it excites a novel-like interest, but you *discover* nothing on an after perusal. Scott bears a great part in the Edinburgh Review, but does not review well. He is editing Dryden—very carelessly, &c. . . ."

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS BY WILKIE COLLINS.

821 "ANTONINA, OR THE FALL OF ROME," consisting of 88 leaves, 4to (*? perfect*)

\*\* Published in 1850, although a note on cover says "begun in April 1846."

822 "MISS OR MRS." consisting of 73 leaves 4to, of uniform size, numbered throughout. *Perfect*, but a small portion in another hand. In addition there are 6 pages of *unpublished* manuscript, on which Collins has noted "cut out from the published story as extending it to too great a length. See, among these pages, the characters of Pinkfingers and his wife. Query introduce them into another book?"

\*\* Published as the Graphic Christmas No. of 1871.

Examined here & came to the conclusion  
 that they are all printed & that there  
 is no agreement in Robert's  
 copy. I see my mistake in Robert's  
 book. Extra. from Robert's book.



*Southey v. Murray.*—In 1810 Southey contributed an article on the 'Lives of Nelson' to the *Quarterly Review*. Mr. Murray offered him 100*l.* to enlarge this essay, and publish it with his name in a separate form. The work appeared in 1813, and was among the most esteemed of the author's productions. In 1815 Southey wrote a paper on the 'Life of Wellington,' for the *Review*, and the

crowning victory of the great Captain having immediately afterwards raised the popular enthusiasm to its utmost height, Mr. Murray invited Southey to reprint his article, with additions. This proposal is thus communicated by the Laureate to his friend Mr. Bedford.—“I must tell you a good manoeuvre of the Bibliopole's. He proposes to give me fifty guineas if I will amplify the Wellington article a little, annex to it a full account of the late battle, and let him publish it within three weeks in one volume, like the 'Life of Nelson,' as a 'Life of Wellington,' and with my name. Now he knows very well that if he had *primâ facie* proposed to give me 150*l.* for a 'Life of Wellington,' I should not have listened to any such proposal. I might with good reason have considered it as a derogatory offer. But because, through my principle of doing things of this kind as well as I can without any reference to price or quantity, he got from me a fair 'Life of Nelson,' instead of a mere expansion of a paper in his *Review*; and thereby (though he paid me 200*l.* instead of 100*l.*, which was the original offer for one volume) got from me for 200*l.* what I certainly would not have sold to him for 500*l.* had the thing been a straightforward business from the beginning,—because he has dealt so thrivingly in one instance, he wanted to trepan me into this kind of bargain.”—(*Letters*, vol. II. p. 413.) \* \* There could be no trepanning where every circumstance was frankly stated and thoroughly comprehended, and if it was what Southey calls “a derogatory,” it was at least a candid offer. But more than this, the terms of it show that Mr. Murray could not possibly have entertained the design which Southey imputed to him, and that the proposal was equally honest and liberal. There was an express stipulation that the book should be published within three weeks, which would have allowed Southey only a few days to effect the required enlargement. A fortnight was the utmost time that could have been spared for it, and never in his life was he paid fifty guineas for a fortnight's work, except by Mr. Murray himself. The palpable object of the publisher was to bring out the book before the excitement consequent upon the battle of Waterloo had cooled, and the eager curiosity which craved gratification at the moment had died away. It was not an elaborate Life of Wellington which was wanted or intended. This might have answered another end, but could not have been got ready to meet the demand of the hour, and the disingenuous scheme which Southey concocted in his own brain, and then fathered upon Mr. Murray, would have altogether defeated the wishes of the latter. It was expressly to guard against any such procrastinating amplifications that the publisher made it the very condition of the bargain that the book should appear within three weeks. A hundred and fifty pounds would even to a man of Mr. Southey's eminence be still thought a liberal, and was then an unheard-of price for writing and slightly enlarging a reviewer's sketch of the Life of Wellington, nor did the Laureate himself pretend that it was insufficient, except for the entirely different work which he had shaped in his imagination—a work which would have been actually prohibited by the contract. \* \* The conduct of Mr. Murray with respect to the 'Life of Nelson' was, we think, no exception, but the reverse, to the general tenor of his dealings. He offered 100*l.* for the enlargement of the article. Southey knew what he was expected to do, and what he was to receive for doing it. He chose, for his own satisfaction, to extend the plan without asking, as he was bound to do, the consent of the publisher; but Mr. Murray, on seeing the result of his labours, voluntarily paid him double the stipulated price. It was impossible that he could divine what was passing in Southey's mind, or suppose that he valued work at 500*l.* which he did of his own accord under an agreement for 100*l.* Mr. Murray may justly have considered that he was acting liberally when he gave him exactly twice the sum which was named in the bond.—*Quarterly Rev.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—E. J. T.—An Indian Officer—G. N.—G.—F. T.—H. R.—received.

Erratum.—P. 493, col. 2, line 3 from bottom, for “me” read men.

April  
1856

# Pantescocracy

defined 57

he published 1793. 23. 29. 41

not formed at Oxford (say rather, in 1810) 660 667

who introduced (STC) ~~41~~ 41

concerned between Bunnet & R.S. 57 6

The very well members 50 [41-55 passing]

The man who has been in America 48

To be tried in Wales 55. No! 60

STC preached it for 5 weeks Bristol 51

R.S.; letter to brother describing these days. Sep 1794 50 55

STC; letter to R.S. from Cambridge Sept 1794. 49

Marreys. R.S. may not marry both unlike

arrived in America 57 6

Southey

— numbers of 1820

— Portrait (engraving)

— ~~Southey's~~ —

— Munkham

— Aunt Tylor

— Danysham

— Monument

~~670~~

65-6 → frontispiece

134

507

700

764

— 788

657  
65-6  
670

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STC & R.S. project on "Concurrent processes" 12  
STC & R.S. project on "Nov. 1795" 59

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defers decision 357

hopes to meet S.V.

Biblical Theology Part: STC's project scheme 1803 355

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Refuge to Joint work of Macintosh & Wed 400

304 323. 326

Poem 30 [Dr] "in press" 1801 107 Rj. 272 275

Beddoes' life ? 1809-10 658. 659

Collecting Boon 1823 774

"Monoclastes" [date?] 820

183 SOUTHEY CORRESPONDENCE. A large and valuable body of letters addressed to Robert Southey by his literary, private, and political friends, and by others soliciting advice or information, forwarding presentation copies of books, etc. folio, 4to, and 8vo a parcel

\* \* Among these epistolary remains will be found some very curious and interesting illustrations of Southey's literary life. We may particularize letters from Allan Cunningham, Thomas Bewick, Thomas Telford, Rowland Hill, Harriet Martineau, Bernard Barton (Lamb's Quaker friend), Joanna Baillie, Lord Braybrooke (respecting the sale of Audley End to the Crown), Charlotte Smith, W. Westall, Amelia Opie, Lord Northwick, George Burnett (the author of *Specimens of English Prose Writers*) a very singular note about his mental derangement, 1803, Dr. Maginn, Sir E. L. Bulwer, Dr. Stoddart (Hazlitt's Brother-in-law) offering him *double his demand* for some literary work, 1816, H. Andersen Felborg, 1830, a very long and interesting letter written on a folio prospectus of *Rambles in Scotland*, a letter from Robert Gooch, 1826, respecting the method of presenting books to the King, a memorandum by N. P. Willis, author of *Pencilings by the Way, &c.* There are also some original verses by Harrison Ainsworth, "To a Young Italian Lady," 2 pp. 4to, lines by W. Howitt, "On the death of Lord Chatham," 2 pp. 4to, and the original MS. of "The Lay of the Vineyards," by Mrs. Charles Gore, with a printed copy.

We must not overlook a long letter, 3 pp. 4to, from Caroline Bowles, 1813, afterwards the second wife of Southey, one of 4 pp. folio, from R. Allen, addressed to Southey at Bath, about taking his name off the books at Oxford, so as to stop the expenses, &c., and a third of 3 pp. folio, from S. Favell, also to him at Bath, mentioning Coleridge, and presenting at the foot of the first page two stanzas in blank verse in a handwriting somewhat different from the letter, and closely resembling that of Charles Lamb.

atticks  
9 June  
1894

Wordsworth

1804  
432

Centon affair 589 - 609

Ly: Halkers (1803.) 366.

Ode Muralist 566 (1807)

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May settle in South (Ghanta) 1807. 538

Reconciliation (Mr. <sup>1805</sup> ~~1805~~ 475) (Chalica 1813

London on Ww 1830. 366  
911)

(1801) 276 (1802)  
270 / 313 - 318

1154 **Southey's Poems**; 1800-1, 2 vols, 12mo, *curious plate, old calf, name cut from titles*, 1s 6d

1155 **Southey (Robert)** Sir Thomas More, or Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society; Murray, 1831, 2 vols, 8vo, *plates, orig. cloth*, uncut, good copy (pub 36s) 4s 6d

1155\* **Another Copy**; Murray, 1829, 2 vols, 8vo, *plates (a bit spotted), name on titles, half calf*, good copy, SCARCE, 4s 6d

1156 **Southey (Robert)** Wat Tyler, a Dramatic Poem, with a preface, 1817, 8vo, *half calf*, top edges smoothed, others, uncut, scarce, 3s

"This edition was rigorously suppressed by the author."

CHANCELLOR ELDON judged this work to be of a "mischeivous tendency."

1157 **Spain.**—ROSE (Hugh James) Untrodden Spain and her Black Country, being sketches of the Life and Character of the Spaniard of the Interior; 1875, 2 vols, 8vo, *orig. cloth*, uncut, good sound copy, scarce, (pub 30s), 6s

J Murray, bookseller BOOKS  
Nov-Dec 1899.



**SOUTHEY (Robert) POEMS** (original editions), consisting of 1 vol. 8vo. and 22 vols. fcap. 8vo. *uniformly bound in brown calf, full gilt backs, saffron edges* (A FINE SET), £6. 15s 1795-1829

CONTENTS:—

- Poems: the Retrospect, Odes, Elegies, Sonnets, etc., by Robert Lovell and Robert Southey, 8vo. Bath, 1795  
 Poems: first edition, 2 vols. Bristol, 1797-9  
 ——— second edition, 2 vols. \*Bristol and London, 1797-1800  
 ——— third edition, 2 vols. 1799-1806  
 Joan of Arc, second edition, 2 vols. Bristol, 1798  
 Annual Anthology, 2 vols. Bristol, 1799-1800  
 Thalaba the Destroyer, 2 vols. ib. 1801  
 Metrical Tales and other Poems, 1 vol. Lond. 1805  
 Madoc; second edition, 2 vols. ib. 1807  
 Curse of Kehama; second ed. 2 vols. Edinb. 1811  
 Roderick, the last of the Goths; second ed. 2 vols. ib. 1815  
 Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo; *plates*, 1 vol. ib. 1816  
 Tale of Paraguay, *plates*, 1 vol. ib. 1825  
 All for Love: and the Pilgrim to Compostella, *plates* Lond. 1829  
 ——— POETICAL WORKS, collected by himself (favourite edition), *with portrait, plates and vignettes on steel* by E. FINDEN, 10 vols. post 8vo. cloth, SCARCE, £2. 10s 1837-8  
 ——— Another set, *calf gilt, with the Library Stamp of the late Mark Pattison*, £3. 3s Longmans, n. d.  
 ——— Another set, *newly and handsomely bound in half morocco extra, top edges gilt*, £3. 3s  
 ——— POETICAL WORKS, complete in one volume, *with portrait and vignette*, royal 8vo. *new calf gilt*, £1. 1s; or, *morocco super-extra, gilt edges*, £1. 10s 1884  
 ——— POEMS: containing The Retrospect, Odes, Elegies, Sonnets, etc., by ROBERT LOVELL AND ROBERT SOUTHEY, of Baliol College, Oxford, FIRST EDITION, post 8vo. *sewn, wholly uncut*, £1. 1s Bath, 1795  
 ——— The ANNUAL ANTHOLOGY, containing many pieces by the Editor, and C. Lloyd, Mrs. Opie, Charles Lamb, etc., 2 vols. post 8vo. *half calf*, 7s 6d Bristol, 1799-1800  
 ——— JOAN OF ARC, Ballads, Lyrics, and Minor Poems, *illustrated by Sir John Gilbert*, fcap. 8vo. *calf gilt*, 7s 6d n. d.  
 ——— THE DOCTOR, &c., LIBRARY EDITION, COMPLETE, *in large type, with coloured frontispiece*, 7 vols. large post 8vo. *new half brown morocco extra, uncut, top edges gilt*, SCARCE, £4. 10s 1839-47  
 A complete set of this, the Author's own edition, is rarely found.  
 ——— The same, new edition, by his Son-in-Law, the REV. J. WOOD WARTER, complete in one vol. square 8vo. *calf gilt*, 18s 1874  
 ——— SPECIMENS of the LATER ENGLISH POETS, with Preliminary Notices, 3 vols. post 8vo. *cloth*, 6s 6d 1807  
 ——— SIR THOMAS MORE: COLLOQUIES on the PROGRESS and PROSPECTS of SOCIETY, *portrait of More, and fine engravings of Lake Scenery after W. Westall*, 2 vols. 8vo. *cloth, uncut*, 5s 1829  
 ——— SELECTIONS from the LETTERS of, edited by the Rev. J. W. Warter, 4 vols. post 8vo. *cloth*, 7s 6d 1856  
 "The English worthy, doing his duty for fifty noble years of labour; day by day storing up learning; day by day working for scant wages; most charitable out of his small means; bravely faithful to the calling which he had chosen; refusing to turn from his path for popular praise or prince's favour:—I mean Robert Southey."—Thackeray's *George III.*

**SOUTHEY (R.) RODERICK**, the last of the Goths, ILLUSTRATIONS to, *designed and drawn on stone by J. V. B.*, with Quotations from the Poem, 3 parts, folio, 10s 6d (pub. £1. 2s 6d) 1848-51  
 ——— [and COLERIDGE] OMNIANA, or Horæ Otiosiores, 2 vols. post 8vo. *fine uncut copy in mottled calf extra, top edges gilt, by the late F. BEDFORD*, £1. 17s 6d 1812

This work, though usually ascribed to Southey, was really the joint production of Coleridge and himself. The only edition, and now scarce.



STC's friends to Aug 22/91  
p74

Part. + Asph defund 51

Robberds says - it was  
of Burnett who introduced  
Sutthys & Taylor - then  
has on Unit. min. at  
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(letter to E. Verrett  
28/2/44 York)



1794 — 1802

THE  
LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE  
OF  
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

VOL. I.

LONDON:  
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,  
New-street Square.





John Opie.

W. H. Eggleston.

*Robert Southey.*

LONDON: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN & LONGMANS.



THE  
LIFE & CORRESPONDENCE

of the late

ROBERT SOUTHEY,

IN SIX VOLUMES.

EDITED BY HIS SON,

The Rev<sup>d</sup>. Charles Cuthbert Southey.

VOL. I.

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London;

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN & LONGMANS,

1849.



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REV. CHARLES CUTHBERT SOUTHEY, M.A.  
CURATE OF PLUMLAND, CUMBERLAND.

*Second Edition.*

IN SIX VOLUMES.

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PRINTED FOR  
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,  
PATERNOSTER-ROW.  
1849.

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TREASURY ROOM

## P R E F A C E.

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FOR the delay which has taken place in bringing forth this Work I am not responsible, as it has chiefly arisen from the circumstance that no literary executor was expressly named in my father's latest will; and in consequence of the difficulties which thus arose, it was not until the spring of 1848 that the materials, as far as they had then been collected, were put into my hands. I have since then made what speed I might in the preparation of them for the press, amid the engagements of other business, and with my hand often palsied by causes over which I had no control.

It were useless to endeavour to refute the various objections often made to a son's undertaking such a task; yet one remark may be permitted, that although a son may not be a fit person to pass judgment upon a father's character, he yet may faithfully chronicle his life; and is undoubtedly, by a natural right, the most proper person to have all private letters submitted to his eye, and all family affairs intrusted to his judgment.

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With this feeling, and with the full conviction that I am acting in accordance with what would have been my father's own wish, I have not thought it right to shrink from an undertaking, for which I cannot claim to have in other respects any peculiar qualifications. Accordingly, my object has been, not to compose a regular biography, but rather to lay before the reader such a selection from my father's letters, as will give, in his own words, the history of his life; and I have only added such remarks as I judged necessary for connection or explanation; indeed the even tenor of his life, during its greater portion, affords but little matter for pure biography, and the course of his literary pursuits, his opinions on passing events, and the few incidents of his own career, will all be found narrated by himself in a much more natural manner than if his letters had been worked up into a regular narrative.

My father has long been before the public, and has obtained a large share of praise, as well as of censure and misrepresentation; he has yet, however, to be *fully known*; and this I have a good hope will be accomplished by the publication of these volumes;—that in them all his mind will appear; in its playfulness as well as its gravity, in its joys and its sorrows, and the gradual progress of his opinions be fairly traced, from the visionary views of his early youth, up to the fixed and settled convictions of his riper years; and if I have inserted any letters, or passages, which re-

late principally to his domestic life, and the affairs of the family circle, it has been with the conviction that he himself would not have wished them to be excluded, and that, although without them the events of his life might have been recorded, these would have formed only the outlines of the picture, which would have wanted all those finer touches that give to human nature its chief interest and its highest beauty.

I must now make my acknowledgements generally to those friends and correspondents of my father who have most kindly placed their letters at my disposal. And in particular to Mrs. Henry Bedford for those addressed to Grosvenor Charles Bedford, Esq., from which I have drawn my chief materials for this volume and which I have used largely throughout the work; to William Rickman, Esq., for those addressed to his father, the late John Rickman, Esq.; to the Right Hon. Charles W. W. Wynn; to John May, Esq.; to J. G. Lockhart, Esq., for those addressed to Sir Walter Scott; to Joseph Cottle, Esq.; to Mrs. Neville White and the Rev. James White; to the family of the late Sharon Turner, Esq.; to Walter Savage Landor, Esq.; to the family of the late Dr. Gooch; to the family of the late Rev. Nicholas Lightfoot; to Mr. Ebenezer Elliott; to Mr. Ticknor, of Boston; to Miss Elizabeth Charter; to Mrs. Hodson; to John Kenyon, Esq.; to Mrs. H. N. Coleridge; to William Wordsworth, Esq., Poet Laureat; and to Henry Taylor, Esq.

Other communications have been promised to me which I shall take a future opportunity of acknowledging.

While, however, my materials from these sources have been most extensive, there must still be many individuals with whom I have not been able to communicate, who have corresponded with my father upon literary subjects; and, should this meet the eye of any of these gentlemen, they would confer a great obligation upon me by permitting me the use of any of his letters to them, which are likely sometimes to possess an interest different from those addressed to intimate friends and frequent correspondents.

I may say, in conclusion, that whatever defects these volumes may possess, I have the satisfaction of feeling that they will verify my father's own words, — words not uttered boastingly, but simply as the answer of a conscience void of offence both towards God and man, — “I have this conviction, that, die when I may, my memory is one of those which will smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.”

CHARLES CUTHBERT SOUTHEY.



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WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

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*Drawn & Engraved by W. Westall, A.R.S.*

**KCHS WTCJK,**

FROM THE HILL, N.W. COR. 100 EAST 100 ST.

1789

A time was remembered when there were wars of school against school, and a great battle which had taken place in the adjoining park between Williams's boys and Foot's, my first master. At both schools I heard of this, and the victory was claimed by both; for it was an old affair, a matter of tradition, (not having been noticed in history,) long before my generation, or any who were in the then school, but remembered as an event second only in importance, if second, to the war of Troy.

It was fully believed in both these schools, and at Corston, that no bastard could span his own wrist. And I have no doubt this superstition prevailed throughout that part of England.

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#### LETTER XIV.

HE IS SENT AS A DAY-SCHOLAR TO A CLERGYMAN IN BRISTOL.—  
EARLY POETICAL EFFORTS.

June 29th, 1824.

IN a former letter I have mentioned Mrs. S——, who had been Miss Tyler's school-mistress. My aunt kept up an acquaintance with her as long as she lived, and after her death with her two daughters, who lived together in a house on Redclift Parade, the pleasantest situation in Bristol if there had been even a tolerable approach to it. One of these sisters was unmarried; the other a widow with one son, who was just of my age: Jem Thomas was his name. Mr. Lewis, the clergyman under whom I was placed

at the end of 1786 or the beginning of 1787, lodged and boarded with these sisters. He had been usher at the grammar school; and, having engaged to educate this boy, was willing to take a few more pupils, from the hours of ten till two. When I went to him, he had two others, C—— and R——, both my seniors by three or four years. The former I used to call Caliban: he might have played that character without a mask, that is, supposing he could have learnt the part; for the resemblance held good in mind as well as in appearance, his disposition being somewhat between pig and baboon. The latter was a favourite with Lewis; his father had formerly practised in Bristol as a surgeon, but had now succeeded to an estate of some value. He was little and mannish, somewhat vain of superficial talents, and with a spice of conceit both in his manners and in his dress; but there was no harm in him. He took an honorary Master's degree at the Duke of Portland's installation in 1793, which was the only time I ever saw him after we ceased to be fellow-pupils. He married about that time, and died young.

Caliban had a sister whom I shall not libel when I call her Sycorax. A Bristol tradesman, a great friend of S. T. C.'s, married her for her money; and the only thing I ever heard of Caliban in after-life was a story which reached me of her everywhere proclaiming that her brother was a very superior man to Mr. Coleridge, and had confuted him one evening seven-and-twenty times in one argument. The word which Coleridge uses as a listener when he is expected to throw in something,



with or without meaning, to show that he is listening, is, or used to be, as I well remember—*undoubtedly*. The foolish woman had understood this expletive in its literal meaning, and kept account with her fingers that he pronounced it seven-and-twenty times, while enduring the utterance of an animal in comparison with whom a centaur would deserve to be called human, and a satyr rational.

Jem Thomas was a common-place lad, with a fine handsome person, but by no means a good physiognomy, and I cannot remember the time when I was not a physiognomist. He was educated for a surgeon, and ruined by having at his disposal, as soon as he came of age, something between two and three thousand pounds, which his grandmother unwisely left to him at once, instead of leaving it to his mother for her life. This he presently squandered; went out professionally to the East Indies, and died there. So much for my three companions, among whom it was not possible that I could find a friend. There came a fourth, a few weeks only before I withdrew: he was a well-minded boy, and has made a very respectable man. Harris was his name: he married Betsy Petrie, who was one of my fellow-travellers in Portugal.

I profited by this year's tuition less than I should have done at a good school. It is not easy to remedy the ill effects of bad teaching; and the farther the pupil has advanced in it, the greater must be the difficulty of bringing him into a better way. Lewis, too, had been accustomed to the mechanical movements of a large school, and was at a loss how to

proceed with a boy who stood alone. I began Greek under him, made nonsense-verses, read the *Electa ex Ovidio et Tibullo* and Horace's Odes, advanced a little in writing Latin, and composed English themes.

*C'est le premier pas qui coute.* I was in as great tribulation when I had the first theme to write, as when Williams required me to produce a letter. The text of course had been given me; but how to begin, what to say, or how to say it, I knew not. No one who had witnessed my perplexity upon this occasion would have supposed how much was afterwards to be spun from these poor brains. My aunt, at last in compassion, wrote the theme for me. Lewis questioned me if it was my own, and I told him the truth. He then encouraged me sensibly enough; put me in the way of composing the common-places of which themes are manufactured (indeed he caused me to transcribe some rules for themes, making a regular receipt as for a pudding); and he had no reason afterwards to complain of any want of aptitude in his scholar, for when I had learnt that it was not more difficult to write in prose than in verse, the ink dribbled as daintily from my pen as ever it did from John Bunyan's. One of these exercises I still remember sufficiently well to know that it was too much like poetry, and that the fault was of a hopeful kind, consisting less in inflated language than in poetical imagery and sentiment. But this was not pointed out as a fault, and luckily I was left to myself; otherwise, like a good horse, I might have been spoilt by being broken in too soon.

1793

the land of cyder,—traversing the shores of the Wye, and riding listlessly over the spot where Ariconium stood, walking above the dusty tombs of my progenitors in the cathedral.”\*

In the following month (August) he went to visit his old schoolfellow and constant correspondent, Mr. Grosvenor Bedford, who then resided with his parent at Brixton Causeway, four miles on the Surrey side of the metropolis; and there, the day after completing his nineteenth year, he resumed, and, in six weeks, completed, his poem of Joan of Arc, the subject of which had been previously suggested to him in conversation with Mr. Bedford, and of which he had then written above three hundred lines. In one of the prefaces to the collected edition of his poems, he says, “My progress would not have been so rapid had it not been for the opportunity of retirement which I enjoyed there, and the encouragement I received. Tranquil, indeed, the place was, for the neighbourhood did not extend beyond half a dozen families, and the London style and habits of life had not obtained among them. Uncle Toby might have enjoyed his rood and a half of ground there, and not have had it known. A forecourt separated the house from the footpath and the road in front; behind these was a large and well-stocked garden, with other spacious premises, in which utility and ornament were in some degree combined. At the extremity of the garden, and under the shade of four lofty Linden trees, was a

\* To Grosvenor C. Bedford, July 31. 1793.

summer house, looking on an ornamented grass plat, and fitted up as a conveniently habitable room. That summer-house was allotted to me, and there my mornings were passed at the desk."

Three months were most happily spent here in various amusements and occupations, of which writing Joan of Arc was the chief: but the poetical bow was not always bent; a war of extermination was carried on against the wasps, which abounded in unwonted numbers, and which they exercised their skill in shooting with horse-pistols loaded with sand, the only sort of sporting, I have heard my father say, he ever attempted.

The following amusing letter was written soon after this visit.

*To Grosvenor Charles Bedford, Esq.*

"Bristol, Oct. 26. 1793.

"Never talk to me of obstinacy, for contrary to all the dictates of sound sense, long custom, and inclination, I have spoilt a sheet of paper by cutting it to the shape of your fancy. Accuse me not of irascibility, for I wrote to you ten days back, and though you have never vouchsafed me an answer, am now writing with all the mildness and goodness of a philosopher.

"Call me Job, for I am without clothes, expecting my baggage from day to day; and much as I fear its loss unrepining, own I am modest in assuming no merit for all these good qualities. Know then, most indolent of mortals, that my baggage is not yet ar-

rived, that I am fearful of its safety, and yet less troubled than all the rest of the family, who cry out loudly upon my puppet-show dress, and desire I will write to inquire concerning it. . . . .

“ Now I am much inclined to fill this sheet, and that with verse, but I will punish myself to torment you : you shall have half a prose letter. The College bells are dinning the King’s proclamation in my ear, the linings of my breeches are torn, you are silent, and all this makes me talkative and angrily communicative ; so that had you merited it, you would have received such a letter,—so philosophic, poetical, grave, erudite, amusing, instructive, elegant, simple, delightful, simplex munditiis, — in short, *το αγαθον και το αριστον, το βελτιστον* — such a letter, Grosvenor, full of odes, elegiacs, epistles, monodramas, comedramas, tragodramas, all sorts of dramas, though I have not tasted spirits to-day. Don’t think me drunk, for if I am, ’tis with sobriety ; and I certainly feel most seriously disposed to be soberly nonsensical. Now you wish I would dispose my folly to a short series ; which sentence if you comprehend, you will do more than I can. You must not be surprised at nonsense, for I have been reading the history of philosophy, the ideas of Plato, the logic of Aristotle, and the heterogeneous dogmas of Pythagoras, Antisthenes, Zeno, Epicurus, and Pyrrho, till I have metaphysicized away all my senses, and so you are the better for it. . . . .

“ Now good night ! Egregious nonsense, execrably written, is all you merit. O my clothes ! O Joan ! ”\*

\* The first MS. of Joan of Arc was in his baggage.

“ Sunday morning.

“ Now my friend, whether it be from the day itself, from the dull weather, or from the dream of last night, I know not, but I am a little more serious than when I laid down the pen. My baggage makes me very uneasy : the loss of what is intrinsically worth only the price of the paper would be more than ever I should find time, or perhaps ability, to repair ; and even supposing some rascal should get them and publish them, I should be more vexed than at the utter loss. Do write immediately. I direct to you that you may have this the sooner. Inform me when you receive it, and with what direction. It is almost a fortnight since I left Brixton, and I am equipped in such old shirts, stockings, and shoes, as have been long cast off, and have lost all this time, in which I should have transcribed half of Joan. . . .

“ Of the various sects that once adorned the republic of Athens, to me that of Epicurus, whilst it maintained its original purity, appears most consonant to human reason. I am not speaking of his metaphysics and atomary system ; they are (as all cosmogonies must be) ridiculous ; but of that system of ethics and pleasure combined, which he taught in the garden. When the philosopher declared that the ultimate design of life is happiness, and happiness consists in virtue, he laid the foundation of a system which might have benefited mankind ; his life was the most temperate, his manner the most affable, displaying that urbanity which cannot fail of attracting esteem. Plotinus, a man memorable for corrupting philosophy, was in

17

favour with Gallienus, with whose imperial qualifications you are well acquainted: the enthusiast requested his *royal highness* would give him a ruined city in Campania, which he might rebuild and people with philosophers, governed by the laws of Plato, and from whom the city should be called Platonopolis. Gallienus, who was himself an elegant scholar, was pleased with the plan, but his friends dissuaded him from the experiment. The design would certainly have proved impracticable in that declining and degenerate age — most probably in any age; new visionary enthusiasts would have been continually arising, fresh sects formed, and each would have been divided and subdivided till all was anarchy. Yet I cannot help wishing the experiment had been tried; it could not have been productive of evil, and we might at this period have received instruction from the history of Platonopolis. Under the Antonines or under Julian the request would have been granted; despotism is perhaps a blessing under such men. . . . I could rhapsodise most delightfully upon this subject; plan out my city — her palaces, her hovels — all simplex munditiis (my favourite quotation); but if you were with me, Southeyopolis would soon be divided into two sects; whilst I should be governing with Plato (correcting a few of Plato's absurdities with some of my own), and almost deifying Alcæus, Lucan, and Milton, you (as visionary as myself) would be dreaming of utopian kings possessed of the virtue of the Antonines, regulated by peers every one of whom should be a Falkland, and by a popular assembly where

every man should unite the integrity of a Cato, the eloquence of a Demosthenes, and the loyalty of a Jacobite.

Yours most sincerely,  
R. S."

For some reason which does not appear, he did not reside during the following term at Balliol, and the latter part of the year was consequently passed at Bristol at Miss Tyler's. Some extracts from his letters will sufficiently illustrate this period.

"For once in my life I rejoiced that Grosvenor Bedford's paper was short, and his letter at the end. To suppose that I felt otherwise than grieved and indignant at the fate of the unfortunate Queen of France was supposing me a brute, and to request an avowal of what I felt implied a suspicion that I did not feel. You seemed glad, when arguments against the system of republicanism had failed, to grasp at the crimes of wretches who call themselves republicans, and stir up my feelings against my judgment."\*

To another of his Westminster friends at Christ Church he writes:—"Remember me to Wynn. . . . I have much for his perusal; perhaps all my writings are owing to my acquaintance with him; he saw the first, and I knew the value of his praise too much to despise it. Wynn will like many parts of my Joan, but he will shake his head at the subject,

\* Oct. 29. 1793.



and with propriety, if I had designed it for publication; but as the amusement of my leisure I heeded no laws but those of inclination. He will be better pleased to hear I have waded through the task of correcting and expunging my literary rubbish. There is something very vain in thus writing of myself, but I know that the regard which Wynn entertains for me, whilst he sees the vanity, will make him pleased with the intelligence."\*

Soon afterwards he again refers to the then all engrossing topic of the day — the French Revolution; the heinous enormities of which were beginning a little to disturb his democratic views. "I am sick of this world, and discontented with every one in it. The murder of Brissot has completely harrowed up my faculties, and I begin to believe that virtue can only aspire to content in obscurity; for happiness is out of the question. I look round the world, and everywhere find the same mournful spectacle—the strong tyrannising over the weak, man and beast; the same depravity pervades the whole creation; oppression is triumphant everywhere, and the only difference is, that it acts in Turkey through the anger of a grand seignior, in France of a revolutionary tribunal, and in England of a prime minister. There is no place for virtue. Seneca was a visionary philosopher; even in the deserts of Arabia, the strongest will be the happiest, and the same rule holds good in Europe and in Abyssinia. Here are you and I theorising upon principles we can never practise, and wasting

\* To Charles Collins, Esq., Bristol, Oct. 30. 1793.

our time and youth — you in scribbling parchments, and I in spoiling quires with poetry. I am ready to quarrel with my friends for not making me a carpenter, and with myself for devoting myself to pursuits certainly unimportant, and of no real utility either to myself or to others.”\*

In a letter to another friend, Horace Bedford, that heavy depression which the objectless nature of his life at this time brought upon him, is painfully shown.

“I read and write till my eyes ache, and still find time hanging as heavy round my neck as the stone round the neck of a drowning dog. . . . Nineteen years have elapsed since I set sail upon the ocean of life, in an ill-provided boat; the vessel weathered many a storm, and I took every distant cloud for land; still pushing for the Fortunate Islands, I discovered that they existed not for me, and that, like others wiser and better than myself, I must be content to wander about and never gain the port. — Nineteen years! certainly a fourth part of my life; perhaps how great a part; and yet I have been of no service to society. Why the clown who scares crows for twopence a day is a more useful member of society; he preserves the bread which I eat in idleness. . . . Yesterday is just one year since I entered my name in the Vice Chancellor’s book. It is a year of which I would wish to forget the transactions, could I only remember their effects;

\* To Grosvenor Bedford, Nov. 11. 1793.

my mind has been very much expanded; my hopes, I trust, extinguished: so adieu to hope and fear, but not to folly." \*

Another letter to the same friend of a few days' later date, is written in a somewhat brighter mood.

*To Horace Walpole Bedford, Esq.*

(With verses.)

"College Green, Bristol, Nov. 13. 1793.

"I lay down Leonidas to go on with your letter. It has ever been a favourite poem with me; I have read it, perhaps more frequently than any other composition, and always with renewed pleasure: it possesses not the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," but there is a something very different from those strong efforts of imagination, that please the judgment and feed the fancy without moving the heart. The interest I feel in the poem is, perhaps, chiefly owing to the subject, certainly the noblest ever undertaken. It needs no argument to prove this assertion.

Milton is above comparison, and stands alone as much from the singularity of the subject as the excellence of the diction: there remain Homer, Virgil, Lucan, Statius, S. Italicus, and V. Flaccus, among the ancients. I recollect no others, and amongst

\* Nov. 3. 1793.

their subjects you will find none so interesting as the self-devoted Leonidas.

Among the moderns we know Ariosto, Tasso, Camoens, Voltaire, and our own immortal Spenser; the other Italian authors in this line, and the Spanish ones, I know not. Indeed, that period of history upon which Glover's epics are founded is the grandest ever yet displayed. A constellation of such men never honoured mankind at any other time, or at least, never were called into the energy of action. Leonidas and his immortal band, — Æschylus, Themistocles, and Aristides the perfect republican, — even the satellites of Xerxes were dignified by Artemisia and the injured Spartan, Demaratus. To look back into the page of history — to be present at Thermopylæ, at Salamis, Plataea — to hear the songs of Æschylus and the lessons of Aristides — and then behold what Greece is — how fallen even below contempt — is one of the most miserable reflections the classic mind can endure. What a republic! What a province!

If this world did but contain ten thousand people of both sexes, visionary as myself, how delightfully would we repeople Greece, and turn out the Moslem. I would turn crusader and make a pilgrimage to Parnassus at the head of my republicans (N.B. only lawful head), and there reinstate the Muses in their original splendour. We would build a temple to Eleutherian Jove from the quarries of Paros — replant the grove of Academus; aye, and the garden of Epicurus, where your brother and I would commence teachers; yes, your brother, for if he would

not comb out the powder and fling away the poultice to embark in such an expedition, he deserves to be made a German elector or a West India planter. Charles Collins should occupy the chair of Plato, and hold forth to the Societas scientium literariorum Studiosorum, (not unaptly styled the 'Society of knowing ones'); and we would actually send for —— to represent Euclid. Now could I lay down my whole plan — build my house in the prettiest Doric style — plant out the garden like Wolmer's, and imagine just such a family to walk in it, — when here comes a rascal by crying 'Hare skins and rabbit skins,' and my poor house, which was built in the air, falls to pieces, and leaves me, like most visionary projectors, staring on disappointment.

. . . . .  
 . . . . . When we meet at Oxford, which I hope we shall in January, there are a hundred things better communicated in conversation than by correspondence. I have no object of pursuit in life but to fill the passing hour, and fit myself for death; beyond these views I have nothing. To be of service to my friends would be serving myself most essentially; and there are few enterprises, however hazardous and however romantic, in which I would not willingly engage.

“It was the favourite intention of Cowley to retire with books to a cottage in America, and seek that happiness in solitude which he could not find in society. My asylum there would be sought for different reasons, (and no prospect in life gives me half the pleasure this visionary one affords); I should

be pleased to reside in a country where men's abilities would ensure respect; where society was upon a proper footing, and man was considered as more valuable than money; and where I could till the earth, and provide by honest industry the meat which my wife would dress with pleasing care — *redeunt spectacula mane* — reason comes with the end of the paper.

Yours most sincerely,  
R. SOUTHEY."

To a proposal from Mr. Grosvenor Bedford to join with him in some publication, something I suppose after the manner of the *Flagellant*, he replies:—

"Your plan of a general satire I am ready to partake when you please. Pope, Swift, and Atterbury, you know, once attempted it, but malevolence intruded into the design, and Martin Scriblerus bore too strong a resemblance to Woodward. Swift's part is more levelled at follies than at vice; establish the empire of justice, and vice and folly will be annihilated together. Draw out your plan and send it me, if you have resolution for so arduous a task, — you know mine.

"I have plans lying by me enough for many years, or many lives. Yours, however, I shall be glad to engage in; whether it be the devil or not I know not, but my pen delights in lashing vice and folly."\*

The following letters will conclude the year. In the latter one we have a curious picture of the mar-

\* Nov. 22. 1793.

vellous industry with which he must have followed his poetical pursuits.

*To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.*

“ Bath, Dec. 14. 1793.

“ The gentleman who brings this letter must occupy a few lines of it. His name is Lovel: I know him but very little personally, though long by report; you must already see he is eccentric. Perhaps I do wrong in giving him this, but I wish your opinion of him. Those who are superficially acquainted with him feel wonder; those who know him, love. This character I hear. He is on the point of marrying a young woman with whom I spent great part of my younger years; we were bred up together I may almost say, and that period was the happiest of my life. Mr. Lovel has very great abilities; he writes well: in short, I wish his acquaintance myself; and, as his stay in town is very short, you will forgive the introduction. Perhaps you may rank him with Duppa, and, supposing excellence to be at 100, Duppa is certainly much above 50. Now, my dear Grosvenor, I doubt I am acting improperly; it was enough to introduce myself so rudely: but abilities always claim respect, and that Lovel has these I think very certain. Characters, if anyways marked, are well worth studying; and a young man of two-and-twenty, who has been his own master since fifteen, and who owes all his knowledge to himself, is so far a respectable character. My knowledge of

Lovel

him, I again repeat, is very confined: his intended bride I look upon as almost a sister, and one should know one's brother-in-law. . . .

“What is to become of me at ordination heaven only knows! After keeping the straight path so long the Test Act will be a stumbling-block to honesty; so chance and providence must take care of that, and I will fortify myself against chance. The wants of man are so very few that they must be attainable somewhere, and, whether here or in America, matters little; I have long learnt to look upon the world as my country.

“Now, if you are in the mood for a reverie, fancy only me in America; imagine my ground uncultivated since the creation, and see me wielding the axe, now to cut down the tree, and now the snakes that nestled in it. Then see me grubbing up the roots, and building a nice snug little dairy with them: three rooms in my cottage, and my only companion some poor negro whom I have bought on purpose to emancipate. After a hard day's toil, see me sleep upon rushes, and, in very bad weather, take out my cassette and write to you, for you shall positively write to me in America. Do not imagine I shall leave rhyming or philosophising, so thus your friend will realise the romance of Cowley, and even outdo the seclusion of Rousseau; till at last comes an ill-looking Indian with a tomahawk, and scalps me, — a most melancholy proof that society is very bad, and that I shall have done very little to improve it! So vanity, vanity will come from my lips, and poor Southey will either be cooked for a Cherokee, or oysterised by a tiger.



“ I have finished transcribing Joan, and bound her in marble paper with green ribbon, and now am about copying all my remainables to carry to Oxford. Thence once more a clear field, and then another epic poem, and then another, and so on, till Truth shall write on my tomb — ‘ Here lies an odd mortal, whose life only benefited the paper manufacturers, and whose death will only hurt the post-office.’

“ Do send my great coat, &c. My distresses are so great that I want words to express the inconvenience I suffer. So as breakfast is not yet ready (it is almost nine o’clock), you shall have an ode to my great coat. Excellent subject, excellent trifler, — or blockhead, say you ; but, Bedford, I must either be too trifling or too serious ; the first can do no harm, and I know the last does no good. So come forth my book of Epistles.”

*To Horace Bedford, Esq.*

“ Dec. 22. 1793.

“ I have accomplished a most arduous task, transcribing all my verses that appear worth the trouble, except letters ; of these I took one list, — another of my pile of stuff and nonsense, — and a third of what I have burnt and lost ; upon an average 10,000 verses are burnt and lost, the same number preserved, and 15,000 worthless. Consider that all my letters \* are excluded, and you may judge what waste

\* Many of his early letters are written in verse ; often on four sides of folio paper.

of paper I have occasioned. Three years yet remain before I can become anyways settled in life, and during that interval my object must be to pass each hour in employment. The million would say I must study divinity; the bishops would give me folios to peruse, little dreaming that to me every blade of grass and every atom of matter is worth all the Fathers. I can bear a retrospect; but when I look forward to taking orders, a thousand dreadful ideas crowd at once upon my mind. Oh, Horace, my views in life are surely very humble; I ask but honest independence, and that will never be my lot. . . . .

“I have many epistolary themes in embryo. Your brother’s next will probably be upon the advantages of long noses, and the recent service mine accomplished in time of need; philosophy and folly take me by turns. I spent three hours one night last week in cleaving an immense wedge of old oaken timber without axe, hatchet, or wedges; the chopper was one instrument, one piece of wood wedged another, and a third made the hammer. Shad \* liked it as well as myself, so we finished the job and fatigued ourselves. I amused myself, after writing your letter, with taking profiles; to-day I shall dignify my own and Shad’s with pasteboard, marbled border, and a bow of green ribbon, to hang up in my collection room. . . . . The more I see of this strange world, the more I am convinced that society requires desperate remedies. The friends I have (and you

\* A servant of his aunt’s, Miss Tyler.

know me to be cautious in choosing them), are many of them struggling with obstacles, which never could happen were man what nature intended him. A torrent of ideas bursts into my mind when I reflect upon this subject; in the hours of sanguine expectation these reveries are agreeable, but more frequently the visions of futurity are dark and gloomy, and the only ray that enlivens the scene beams on America. You see I must fly from thought: to-day I begin Cowper's Homer, and write an ode; to-morrow read and write something else."

## CHAPTER II.

OPINIONS, POLITICAL AND RELIGIOUS. — SCHEMES OF FUTURE LIFE. — FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH MR. COLERIDGE. — PANTISOCRACY. — QUARREL WITH MISS TYLER. — LETTER TO THOMAS SOUTHEY. — A.D. 1794.

So passed the close of 1793. At the latter end of the following January my father was again in residence at Balliol; before, however, we come to the events of the year, it is necessary to make a few preliminary remarks.

The expenses of my father's education, both at school and college, had been defrayed by his uncle, the Rev. Herbert Hill, at that time chaplain to the British Factory at Lisbon, whom he so touchingly addresses in the Dedication to the "Colloquies:"—

"O friend! O more than father! whom I found  
Forbearing always, always kind; to whom  
No gratitude can speak the debt I owe."

And the kindness with which this was done had been the more perfectly judicious, as, although it had been both wished and hoped that my father would take holy orders, his uncle had never even hinted to him that he was educating him with that view. Other friends, however, had not shown the same judgment, and he had up to this time considered himself as "destined for the church"— a

prospect to which he had never reconciled himself, and which now began to weigh heavily upon him.

It is not to be concealed or denied, that the state of my father's mind with respect to religion, and more especially with respect to the doctrines of the Church of England, was very different in very early life from the opinions and feelings which he held in the maturity of his later years. Neither is this much to be wondered at, when we remember the sort of "bringing up" he had received, the state of society at that time, and the peculiar constitution of his own mind. His aunt, Miss Tyler, although possessing many good qualities, could hardly be said to have been a religiously-minded person. He had been removed from one school to another, undergoing "many of those sad changes through which a gentle spirit has to pass in this uneasy and disordered world;"\* and he has said himself, doubtless from his own experience, that such schools are "unfavourable to devotional feelings, and destructive to devotional habits; that nothing, which is not intentionally profane, can be more irreligious than the forms of worship which are observed there; and that at no time has a schoolboy's life afforded any encouragement, any inducement, or any opportunity for devotion."† It must also be borne in mind that the aspect of the Church in this country at that time, as it presented itself to those who did not look below the surface, was very different from that which it now presents. A cloud, as it were, hung over it; if it had not our

\* Life of Cowper, vol. i. p. 6

† Ibid. p. 12.

unhappy divisions, it had not also the spur to exertion, and the sort of spiritual freshness, which the storms of those dissensions have infused into it—good coming out of evil, as it so often does in the course of God's providence.

It is not so strange, therefore, that he should have entertained an invincible repugnance to taking Holy orders. Enthusiastic and visionary in the extreme, imbued strongly with those political views\* which rarely fail to produce lax and dangerous views in religion, as his uncle quietly observes in one of his letters to him — “I knew what your politics were, and therefore had reason to suspect what your religion might be;” viewing the Church only as she appeared in the lives and preaching of many of her unworthy, many of her cold and indolent ministers; never directed to those studies which would probably have solved his doubts, and settled his opinions; and unfortified by an acquaintance with “that portion of the Church's history, the knowledge of which,” as he himself says, “if early inculcated, might arm the young heart against the pestilent errors of these distempered times;”† — it is little to be wondered at if he fell into some of these errors.

His opinions at this time were somewhat unsettled, although they soon took the form of Unitarianism,

\* In the following passage, written with reference to the times of Charles I., my father has evidently in view the causes of his own early republican bias:—“And, at the same time, many of the higher classes had imbibed from their classical studies prejudices in favour of a popular government, which were as congenial to the generous temper of inexperienced youth, as they are inconsistent with sound knowledge and mature judgment.”—*Book of the Church*, vol. ii. p. 356.

† *Book of the Church*; Preface, p. 1.

from which point they seem gradually to have ascended without any abrupt transition, as the troubles of life increased his devotional feelings, and the study of religious authors informed his better judgment, until they finally settled down into a strong attachment to the doctrines of the Church of England. For the present he felt he could not assent to those doctrines, and therefore, although no man could possibly have been more willing to labour perseveringly and industriously for a livelihood, he began to feel much anxiety and distress of mind as to his future prospects, and to make several fruitless attempts to find some suitable profession.

These several projects are best narrated by himself: —

“ Once more am I settled at Balliol, once more among my friends, alternately studying and philosophising, railing at collegiate folly, and enjoying rational society; my prospects in life are totally altered. I am resolved to come out *Æsculapius secundus*. . . . Our society at Balliol continues the same in number. The freshmen of the term are not estimable (as Duppa says), and we are enough with the three Corpus men, who generally join us. The fiddle with one string is gone, and its place supplied with a harpsichord in Burnett’s room. Lightfoot still melodises on the flute, and, had I but a Jew’s harp, the concert would be complete . . . . On Friday next my anatomical studies begin; they must be pursued with attention. Apollo has hitherto only received my devotion as the deity of poets; I must now address him as a physician. I could allege many

reasons for my preference of physic; some disagreeable circumstances must attend the study, but they are more than counterbalanced by the expansion it gives the mind, and the opportunities it affords of doing good. Chemistry I must also attend: of this study I have always been fond, and it is now necessary to pursue it with care.”\*

And again, a few days after, he writes to Mr. Grosvenor Bedford: “I purpose studying physic: innumerable and insuperable objections appeared to divinity: surely the profession I have chosen affords at least as many opportunities of benefiting mankind. . . . In this country a liberal education precludes the man of no fortune from independence in the humbler lines of life; he may either turn soldier or embrace one of three professions, in all of which there is too much quackery. . . . Very soon shall I commence my anatomical and chemical studies. When well grounded in these, I hope to study under Cruikshank to perfect myself in anatomy, attend the clinical lectures, and then commence — Doctor Southey!!!”

He accordingly attended, for some little time, the anatomy school, and the lectures of the medical professors, but he soon abandoned the idea as hastily as he had adopted it; partly from being unable to overcome his disgust to a dissecting-room, and partly because the love of literary pursuits was so strong within him, that, without his being altogether aware of it at the time, it prevented his applying his mind

\* To Horace Bedford, Esq., Jan. 24. 1794.



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sufficiently to the requisite studies. His inclinations pointed ever to literature as the needle to the north; and however he might resolve, and however temporary circumstances led him for some years to attempt other objects and to frame other plans, an *invisible arm* seemed to draw him away from them, and place him in that path which he was finally destined to pursue, for which he had been fitted by Providence, and in which he was to find happiness, distinction, and permanent usefulness, both to his country and to his kind.

Among other schemes, which, at this time, crossed his mind, was the possibility of selling the reversion of some property, which he conceived he should inherit from his uncle, John Southey, of Taunton; and he now requests his friend, Mr. Grosvenor Bedford, to make some inquiries at Doctors Commons on the subject. "The information you may there receive," he writes, "will perhaps have some weight in my scale of destiny; it rests partly on the will of John Cannon Southey, who died in 1760. Hope and fear have almost lost their influence over me. If my reversion can be sold for any comfortable independence, I am sure you would rather advise me to seize happiness with mediocrity than lose it in waiting for affluence. My wishes aspire not above mediocrity. . . . Every day do I repine at the education that taught me to handle a lexicon instead of a hammer, and destined me for one of the drones of society. Add to this, that had I a sufficiency in independence, I have every reason to expect happiness. The most pleasing visions of

domestic life would be realised. . . . When I think on this topic, it is rather to cool myself with philosophy than to indulge in speculation. Twenty is young for a Stoic, you will say; but they have been years of experience and observation. . . . They have shown me that happiness is attainable; but, withal, taught me by repeated disappointments never to build on so sandy a foundation. It will be all the same a hundred years hence, is a vulgar adage which has often consoled me. Now do I execrate a declamation which I must make. O for emancipation from these useless forms, this useless life, these haunts of intolerance, vice, and folly!"\*

Respecting the reversion here mentioned no satisfactory information could be obtained, and he next turned his thoughts towards obtaining some official employment in London. "You know my objection to orders," he writes to Mr. Grosvenor Bedford, "and the obstacles to any other profession: it is now my wish to be in the same office with you. . . . Do, my dear Grosvenor, give me some information upon this topic. I speak to you without apologising; you will serve me if you can, and tell me if you cannot: it would be a great object to be in the same office with you. In this plan of life the only difficulty is obtaining such a place, and for this my hopes rest on Wynn and you; in case of success I shall joyfully bid adieu to Oxford, settle myself in some economical way of life, and, when I know my situation, unite myself to a woman whom I have

\* May 11. 1794.

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long esteemed as a sister, and for whom I now indulge a warmer sentiment. . . . Write to me soon. I am sanguine in my expectations if you can procure my admission. Promotion is a secondary concern, though of that I have hopes. My pen will be my chief dependence. In this situation, where a small income relieves from want, interest will urge me to write, but independence secures me from writing so as to injure my reputation. Even the prospect of settling honestly in life has relieved my mind from a load of anxiety.

“In this plan of life every thing appears within the bounds of probability; the hours devoted to official attendance, even if entirely taken up by business, would pass with the idea that I was doing my duty, and honestly earning my subsistence. If they should not be fully occupied, I can pursue my own studies; and should I be fortunate enough to be in the same office with you, it would be equally agreeable to both. What situation can be pleasanter than that which places me with all my dearest friends?”\*

In reply to this, Mr. Bedford urges upon him all the objections to which such a situation would be liable, and begs him to reconsider his determination with respect to taking Holy orders, probably thinking that a little time might calm his feelings and settle his opinions. His arguments, however, were of no avail; my father repeats his determination not to enter the Church, and continues: “Is it better that I should suffer inconvenience myself, or let my friends suffer

\* May 28. 1794.

it for me? Is six hours' misery to be preferred to wretchedness of the whole twenty-four? . . . . I have only one alternative; some such situation, or emigration. It is not the sally of a momentary fancy that says this; either in six months I fix myself in some honest way of living, or I quit my country, my friends, and every fondest hope I indulge, for ever."

But before many steps had been taken in the matter, an obstacle appeared which had not previously occurred to my father's mind, and which at once put a stop to all further anticipations of the kind. It was evident that, before an official appointment of any kind, however trifling, could be procured, inquiry would be made at Oxford respecting his character and conduct; and, his political opinions once known, all chances of success would be destroyed. His republican views were so strong, and so freely expressed, that there was no possibility of any inquiry being made that would not place an insurmountable obstacle to his obtaining any employment under a Tory ministry. This being once suggested by a friend, was so apparent, that the scheme was as quickly abandoned as it had been hastily and eagerly conceived.\*

"I think ——'s objection is a very strong one," he writes: "my opinions are very well known. I would have them so; Nature never meant me for a negative character; I can neither be good or bad, happy or miserable, by halves. You know me to be

\* June 1. 1794.

neither captious nor quarrelsome, yet I doubt whether the quiet harmless situation I hoped for, were proper for me : it certainly, by imposing a prudential silence, would have sullied my integrity. I think I see you smile, and your imagination turns to a strait waistcoat and Moorfields. *Aussi bien.*

Some think him wondrous wise,  
And some believe him mad.”\*

In the midst of his disappointment at the failure of these plans, upon which he seems to have set his hopes somewhat strongly, his first acquaintance commenced with Mr. Coleridge, and from this sprang a train of circumstances fraught with much importance to the after lives of both.

Mr. Coleridge was, at this time, an undergraduate of Jesus College, Cambridge, where he had entered in February, 1791, and he had already given proofs both of his great talents and his eccentricities. In the summer of that year he had gained Sir William Brown's gold medal for the Greek ode. It was on the slave trade, and its poetic force and originality were, as he said himself, much beyond the language in which they were conveyed. In the winter of 1792-3, he had stood for the University (Craven) Scholarship, with Dr. Keats, the late head master of Eton; Mr. Bethell of Yorkshire; and Bishop Butler, who was the successful candidate. In 1793, he had written without success for the Greek ode on astronomy, a translation of which is among my father's minor poems. In the latter part of this year, “in a moment of despondency and vexation of spirit, occa-

\* To Grosvenor Bedford, Esq., June 25. 1794.

sioned principally by some debts not amounting to 100*l.*, he suddenly left his college and went to London," and there enlisted as a private in the 15th Light Dragoons, under an assumed name bearing his own initials. In this situation, than which he could not by possibility have chosen one more incongruous to all his habits and feelings, he remained until the following April, when the termination of his military career was brought about by a chance recognition in the street. His family were apprised of his situation; and, after some difficulty, he was duly discharged, on the 10th of April, 1794, at Hounslow.\*

In the following June Mr. Coleridge went to Oxford, on a visit to an old school-fellow; and, being accidentally introduced to my father, an intimacy quickly sprung up between them, hastened by the similarity of the views they then held, both on the subjects of religion and politics. Each seems to have been mutually taken with the other. Coleridge was seized with the most lively admiration of my father's person and conversation; my father's impression of him is well told by himself. "Allen is with us daily, and his friend from Cambridge, Coleridge, whose poems you will oblige me by subscribing to, either at Hookham's or Edwards's. He is of most uncommon merit, — of the strongest genius, the clearest judgment, the best heart. My friend he already is, and must hereafter be yours. It is, I fear, impossible to keep him till you come, but my efforts shall not be wanting." †

\* Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*. Biographical Supplement, vol. ii. pp. 336, 337.

† To Grosvenor Bedford, Esq., June 12. 1794.

Must be either some mistake  
of Smith's - or of date for  
STC had not then published  
anything - Most prob. Smith's error  
mistake - Hardy - STC saw <sup>Ke was</sup> <sub>some</sub> <sub>sub</sub> <sub>at</sub>

Specimen

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We have seen that in one or two of his early letters my father speaks of emigration and America as having entered his mind; and the failure of the plans I have just mentioned, now caused him to turn his thoughts more decidedly in that direction, and the result was a scheme of emigration, to which those who conceived it, gave the euphonious name of "Pantisocracy." This idea, it appears, was first originated by Mr. Coleridge and one or two of his friends, and he mentioned it to my father, on becoming acquainted with him at Oxford. Their plan was to collect as many brother adventurers as they could, and to establish a community in the New World upon the most thoroughly social basis. Land was to be purchased with their common contributions, and to be cultivated by their common labour. Each was to have his portion of work assigned him; and they calculated that a large part of their time would still remain for social converse and literary pursuits. The females of the party — for all were to be married men — were to cook and perform all domestic offices; and having even gone so far as to plan the architecture of their cottages, and the form of their settlement, they had pictured as pleasant a Utopia as ever entered an ardent mind.

| —  
| see

The persons who at first entered into the scheme were my father; Robert Lovell, the son of a wealthy Quaker, who had married one of the Misses Fricker; George Burnett, a fellow-collegian, from Somersetshire; Robert Allen, then at Corpus Christi College; and Edmund Seward, of a Herefordshire family, also

a fellow-collegian, for whom my father entertained the sincerest affection and esteem.

Seward, however, did not long continue to approve of the plan; his opinions were more moderate than those of his friends, although he was inclined to hold democratic views, and he was strongly attached to the doctrines of the Church of England, in which he intended to take orders. His letters on the subject of Pantisocracy are indicative of a very thoughtful and pious mind; and he expresses much regret that he should at first have given any encouragement to a scheme, which he soon saw must fail if attempted to be carried out.

He perceived that the two chief movers, my father and Mr. Coleridge, were passing through a period of feverish enthusiasm which could not last; and he especially expresses his fear, that the views on religious subjects held by the party generally, were not sufficiently fixed and practical; and that discussions and differences of opinion on these points would probably arise, which, more than on any other, would tend to destroy that perfect peace and unanimity they so fondly hoped to establish.

These apprehensions, however, were not participated in by the rest of the party. Mr. Coleridge quitted Oxford for a pedestrian tour in Wales; and from Gloucester he writes his *first* letter to my father: — “You are averse,” he says, “to gratitudinarian flourishes, else would I talk about hospitality, attention, &c. &c.; however, as I must not thank you, I will thank my stars. Verily, Southey, I like not Oxford, nor the inhabitants of it. I would



say thou art a nightingale among owls; but thou art so songless and heavy towards night that I will rather liken thee to the matin lark, thy *nest* is in a blighted cornfield, where the sleepy poppy nods its red-cowled head, and the weak-eyed mole plies his dark work; but thy soaring is even unto heaven. Or let me add (for my appetite for similies is truly canine at this moment), that as the Italian nobles their new-fashioned doors, so thou dost make the adamantine gate of Democracy turn on its golden hinges to most sweet music.”\*

The long vacation having commenced, my father went down to his aunt at Bath, and from thence writes as follows:—

*To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.*

“ Bath, July 20. 1794.

“ Grosvenor, I believe nearly three weeks have elapsed since your last letter at Oxford damped my breakfast with disappointment: to see you at all times would be a source of much pleasure; but I should have been particularly glad to have introduced you to Allen and Coleridge; they shared in my disappointment, but that part of human unhappiness is not alleviated by partition. Coleridge is now walking over Wales. You have seen a specimen of Allen’s poetry, but never of his friend’s; take these, they are the only ones I can show, and were written on the wainscot of the inn at Ross, which was once the dwelling-house of Kyrle.”

\* July 6. 1794.

[Here follow the well-known lines to "The Man of Ross."]

"Admire the verses, Grosvenor, and pity that mind that wrote them from its genuine feelings. 'Tis my intention soon to join him in Wales, and then to proceed to Edmund Seward, seriously to arrange with him the best mode of settling in America. Yesterday I took my proposals for publishing Joan of Arc to the printer; should the publication be any ways successful, it will carry me over, and get me some few acres, a spade, and a plough. My brother Thomas will gladly go with us, and, perhaps, two or three more of my most intimate friends; in this country I must either sacrifice happiness or integrity: but when we meet I will explain my notions more fully.

"I shall not reside next Michaelmas at Oxford, because the time will be better employed in correcting Joan, and overlooking the press. If I get fifty copies subscribed for by that time. . . . Grosvenor, I shall inscribe Joan of Arc to you, unless you are afraid to have your name prefixed to a work that breathes some sentiments not perfectly in unison with court principles. Corrections will take up some time, for the poem shall go into the world handsomely — it will be my legacy to this country, and may, perhaps, preserve my memory in it. Many of my friends will blame me for so bold a step, but as many encourage me; and I want to raise money enough to settle myself across the Atlantic. If I have leisure to write there, my stock of imagery will be much increased. . . . My proposals will be printed this evening. I remain here till to-morrow morning for

the sake of carrying some to Bristol. Methinks my name will look well in print. I expect a host of petty critics will buzz about my ears, but I must brush them off. You know what the poem was at Brixton; when well corrected I fear not its success.

“ I have a linen coat making, much like yours ; 'tis destined for much service. Burnett ambulated to Bristol with me from Oxford ; he is a worthy fellow, whom I greatly esteem. We have a wild Welshman, red hot from the mountains, at Balliol, who would please and amuse you much. He is perfectly ignorant of the world ; but with all the honest warm feelings of nature, a good head, and a good heart. Lightfoot is A. B. ; old Balliol Coll. has lost its best inhabitants in him and Seward ; Allen, too, resides only six weeks longer in the University ; so it would be a melancholy place for me, were I to visit it again for residence. My tutor will much wonder at seeing my name\* ; but, as Thomas Howe is half a democrat, he will be pleased. What miracle could illuminate him I know not ; but he surprised me much by declaiming against the war, praising America, and asserting the right of every country to model its own form of government. This was followed by — ‘ Mr. Southey, you won't learn any thing by my lectures, Sir ; so, if you have any studies of your own, you had better pursue them.’ You may suppose I thankfully accepted the offer. Let me hear from you soon. You promised me some verses.

Sincerely yours,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

\* As the author of Joan of Arc.

“ P. S. How are the wasps this year? My dog eats flies voraciously, and hunts wasps for the same purpose. If he catches them, I fear he will follow poor *Hyder*.\* I saved him twice to day from swallowing them like oysters.”

The Pantisocratic scheme seemed now to flourish; all were full of eager anticipation. “ Everything smiles upon me,” says my father; “ my mother is fully convinced of the propriety of our resolution; she admires the plan; she goes with us: never did so delightful a prospect of happiness open upon my view before; to go with all I love; to go with all my friends, except your family and *Wynn*; to live with them in the most agreeable and most honourable employment; to eat the fruits I have raised, and see every face happy around me; my mother sheltered in her declining years from the anxieties which have pursued her; my brothers educated to be useful and virtuous.” †

In the course of this month (*August*), *Mr. Coleridge*, having returned from his excursion in *Wales*, came to *Bristol*; and my father, who was then at *Bath*, having gone over to meet him, introduced him to *Robert Lovell*, through whom, it appears, they both at this time became known to *Mr. Cottle*; and here, also, *Mr. Coleridge* first became acquainted with his future wife, *Sarah Fricker*, the eldest of the three sisters, one of whom was married to *Robert Lovell*, the other having been engaged for some time

\* A dog belonging to *Mr. Bedford's* father, which died from the sting of a wasp in the throat.

† To *Grosvenor Bedford, Esq.*, *August 1. 1794.*

to my father. They were the daughters of Stephen Fricker, who had carried on a large manufactory of sugar pans or moulds at Westbury, near Bristol, and who, having fallen into difficulties, in consequence of the stoppage of trade by the American war, had lately died, leaving his widow and six children wholly unprovided for.

During this visit to Bath, the tragedy entitled "The Fall of Robespierre"\* was written, the history of which is best explained by the following extract of a letter from my father to the late Henry Nelson Coleridge, Esq.:—"It originated in sportive conversation at poor Lovell's, and we agreed each to produce an act by the next evening — S. T. C. the first, I the second, and Lovell the third. S. T. C. brought part of his; I and Lovell, the whole of ours. But L.'s was not in keeping, and therefore I undertook to supply the third also by the following day. By that time S. T. C. had filled up his. A dedication to Mrs. Hannah More was concocted, and the notable performance was offered for sale to a bookseller in Bristol, who was too wise to buy it. Your uncle took the MSS. with him to Cambridge, and there rewrote the first act at leisure, and published it. My portion I never saw from the time it was written till the whole was before the world. It was written with newspapers before me as fast as newspapers could be put into blank verse. I have no desire to claim it now; but neither am I ashamed of it; and, if you think proper to print the whole, so be it."

\* Printed in "Remains of S. T. Coleridge."

From Bath Mr. Coleridge went up to London, apparently with the view of consulting some friend respecting the publication of the "Fall of Robespierre." From thence he thus writes to my father: — "The day after my arrival I finished the first act: I transcribed it. The next morning Franklin (of Pembroke Coll. Cam., a *ci-devant Grecian* of our school — so we call the first boys) called on me, and persuaded me to go with him and breakfast with Dyer, author of "The Complaints of the Poor," "A Subscription," &c. &c. I went; explained our system. He was enraptured; pronounced it impregnable. He is intimate with Dr. Priestley, and doubts not that the Doctor will join us. He showed me some poetry, and I showed him part of the first act, which I happened to have about me. He liked it hugely; it was "a nail that would drive." . . . . . Every night I meet a most intelligent young man, who has spent the last five years of his life in America, and is lately come from thence as an agent to sell land. He was of our school. I had been kind to him: he remembers it, and comes regularly every evening to "benefit by conversation," he says. He says 2000*l.* will do; that he doubts not we can contract for our passage under 400*l.*; that we shall buy the land a great deal cheaper when we arrive at America than we could do in England; "or why," he adds, "am I sent over here?" That twelve men may *easily* clear 300 acres in four or five months; and that, for 600 dollars, a thousand acres may be cleared, and houses built on them. He recommends the Susquehana, from its excessive beauty and its

security from hostile Indians. Every possible assistance will be given us; we may get credit for the land for ten years or more, as we settle upon. That literary characters make *money* there: &c. &c. He never saw a *bison* in his life, but has heard of them: they are quite backwards. The mosquitos are not so bad as our gnats; and, after you have been there a little while, they don't trouble you much."\*

From London Mr. Coleridge returned to Cambridge, and writes from thence, immediately on his arrival, full of enthusiasm for the grand plan:—"Since I quitted this room what and how important events have been evolved! America! Southey! Miss Fricker! . . . Pantisocracy! Oh! I shall have such a scheme of it! My head, my heart, are all alive. I have drawn up my arguments in battle array: they shall have the *tactitian* excellence of the mathematician, with the enthusiasm of the poet. The head shall be the mass; the heart, the fiery spirit that fills, informs, and agitates the whole." And then in large letters, in all the zeal of Pantisocratic fraternity, he exclaims,—“SHAD GOES WITH US: HE IS MY BROTHER!!” and, descending thence to less emphatical calligraphy, “I am longing to be with you: make Edith my sister. Surely, Southey, we shall be frendotatoi meta frendous — most friendly where all are friends. She must, therefore, be more emphatically my sister. . . . C~~X~~, the most excellent, the most Pantisocratic of aristocrats, has been laughing

\* September 6. 1794.

at me. Up I arose, terrible in reasoning. He fled from me, because 'he would not answer for his own sanity, sitting so near a madman of genius.' He told me that the strength of my imagination had intoxicated my reason, and that the acuteness of my reason had given a directing influence to my imagination. Four months ago the remark would not have been more elegant than just: now it is nothing."\*

In the mean time, my father, though not quite so much carried away as Mr. Coleridge, was equally earnest in forwarding the plan as far as it could be forwarded without that which is the sinews of emigration, as well as of war, and without which, though the "root of all evil," not even Pantisocracy could flourish. "In March we depart for America," he writes to his brother Thomas, then a midshipman on board the *Aquilon* frigate, "Lovell, his wife, brother, and two of his sisters; all the Frickers; my mother, Miss Peggy, and brothers; Heath, apothecary, &c.; G. Burnett, S. T. Coleridge, Robert Allen, and Robert Southey. Of so many we are certain, and expect more. Whatever knowledge of navigation you can obtain will be useful, as we shall be on the bank of a navigable river, and appoint you admiral of a cock-boat. . . .

"My aunt knows nothing as yet of my intended plan; it will surprise her, but not very agreeably. Every thing is in a very fair train, and all parties eager to embark. What do your common blue trowsers cost? Let me know, as I shall get two or three pairs for my working winter dress, and as many jackets,

\* September 18. 1794.



STC + J. H. H. H.  
 I believe to have arrived at Bristol Aug 5 or 6th  
 - five weeks ago that is the 9th Sep - but in Sept  
 I had been some time in London (see pp 218-19)

either blue or grey : so my wardrobe will consist of  
 two good coats, two cloth jackets, four linen ones,  
 six brown holland pantaloons, and two nankeen ditto  
 for dress. . . . . *less than four rows (f)*

"My mother says I am mad; if so, she is bit by  
 me, for she wishes to go as much as I do. Coleridge  
 was with us nearly five weeks, and made good use  
 of his time. We preached Pantisocracy and Asphe-  
 terism everywhere. These, Tom, are two new words,  
 the first signifying the equal government of all,  
 and the other the generalisation of individual  
 property; words well understood in the city of  
 Bristol. We are busy in getting our plan and prin-  
 ciples ready to distribute privately. . . . . The  
 thoughts of the day, and the visions of the night,  
 all centre in America. Time lags heavily along till  
 March, but we have done wonders since you left me.  
 . . . . I hope to see you in January; it will then  
 be time for you to take leave of the navy, and become  
 acquainted with all our brethren, the pantisocrats.  
 You will have no objection to partake of a wedding  
 dinner in February."\* . . . .

By the middle of the following month the plan  
 was still progressing favourably, but the main diffi-  
 culty was beginning to occur to them. My father  
 writes again to his brother: — "Our plan is in great  
 forwardness; nor do I see how it can be frustrated.  
 We are now twenty-seven adventurers. Mr. Scott  
 talks of joining us; and if so, five persons will accom-  
 pany him. . . . I wish I could speak as satisfac-  
 torily upon money matters. Money is a huge evil

\* September 20. 1794.

which we shall not long have to contend with. All well.

“ Thank you for the hanger ; keep it for me. You shall not remain longer in the navy than January : live so long in hope ; think of America ! and remember that while you are only thinking of our plan, we are many of us active in forwarding it.

“ Would you were with us ! we talk often of you with regret. This Pantisocratic scheme has given me new life, new hope, new energy, all the faculties of my mind are dilated ; I am weeding out the few lurking prejudices of habit, and looking forward to happiness. I wish I could transfuse some of my high hope and enthusiasm into you, it would warm you in the cold winter nights.” \* . . .

Hitherto all had gone on pretty smoothly, the plan of emigration, as well as my father’s engagement to marry, had been carefully concealed from his aunt, Miss Tyler, who, he was perfectly aware, would most violently oppose both ; and now, when at last she became acquainted with his intentions, her anger knew no bounds. The consequences cannot be more graphically described than by himself.

*To Thomas Southey.*

“ Bath, October 19. 1794.

“ My dear Brother Admiral,

“ Here’s a row ! here’s a kick up ! here’s a pretty commence ! we have had a revolution in the College

\* Bath, October 14. 1794.

Green, and I have been turned out of doors in a wet night. Lo and behold, even like mine own brother, I was penniless: it was late in the evening; the wind blew and the rain fell, and I had walked from Bath in the morning. Luckily my father's old great coat was at Lovell's. I clapt it on, swallowed a glass of brandy, and set off; I met an old drunken man three miles off, and was obliged to drag him all the way to Bath, nine miles! Oh, Patience, Patience, thou hast often helped poor Robert Southey, but never didst thou stand him in more need than on Friday the 17th of October, 1794.

“ Well, Tom, here I am. My aunt has declared she will never see my face again, or open a letter of my writing.— So be it; I do my duty, and will continue to do it, be the consequences what they may. You are unpleasantly situated, so is my mother, so were we all till this grand scheme of Pantisocracy flashed upon our minds, and now all is perfectly delightful.

“ Open war — declared hostilities! the children are to come here on Wednesday, and I meet them at the Long Coach on that evening. My aunt abuses poor Lovell most unmercifully, and attributes the whole scheme to him; you know it was concerted between Burnett and me. But of all the whole catalogue of enormities, nothing enrages my aunt so much as my intended marriage with Mrs. Lovell's sister Edith; this will hardly take place till we arrive in America; it rouses all the whole army of prejudices in my aunt's breast. Pride leads the fiery host, and a pretty kick up they must make there.

“ I expect some money in a few days, and then you shall not want; yet, as this is not *quite* certain, I cannot authorise you to draw on me. Lovell is in London, he will return on Tuesday or Wednesday, and I hope will bring with him some ten or twenty pounds; he will likewise examine the wills at Doctors’ Commons, and see what is to be done in the reversion way. — Every thing is in the fairest train. Favell and Le Grice, two young Pantisocrats of nineteen, join us; they possess great genius and energy. I have seen neither of them, yet correspond with both. You may, perhaps, like this sonnet on the subject of our emigration, by Favell: —

No more my visionary soul shall dwell  
On joys that were; no more endure to weigh  
The shame and anguish of the evil day,  
Wisely forgetful! O’er the ocean swell,  
Sublime of Hope, I seek the cottag’d dell  
Where Virtue calm with careless step may stray,  
And, dancing to the moonlight roundelay,  
The wizard passion wears a holy spell.  
Eyes that have acld with anguish! ye shall weep  
Tears of doubt-mingled joy, as those who start  
From precipices of distemper’d sleep,  
On which the fierce-ey’d fiends their revels keep,  
And see the rising sun, and feel it dart  
New rays of pleasure trembling to the heart.

5 / weave

X

“ This is a very beautiful piece of poetry; and we may form a very fair opinion of Favell from it. Scott, a brother of your acquaintance, goes with us. So much for news relative to our private politics.

“ This is the age of revolutions, and a huge one we have had on the College Green. Poor Shadrack is left there, in the burning fiery furnace of her displeasure, and a prime hot birth has he got of it; he saw me depart with astonishment. — ‘ Why, Sir, you

Convey  
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Chatterton  
Dec 1877  
I 62

X G.H.C. has letter STC to RS  
in STC guide the whole sonnet  
as blissom — (to say the least)

be'nt going to Bath at this time of night, and in this weather! Do let me see you sometimes, and hear from you, and send for me when you are going.'

"We are all well, and all eager to depart. March will soon arrive, and I hope you will be with us before that time.

"Why should the man who acts from conviction of rectitude grieve because the prejudiced are offended? For me, I am fully possessed by the great cause to which I have devoted myself; my conduct has been open, sincere, and just; and though the world were to scorn and neglect me, I should bear their contempt with calmness.

Fare thee well.

Yours in brotherly affection,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

It might have been hoped that this storm would have blown over; and that when Pantisocracy had died a natural death, and the marriage had taken place, Miss Tyler's angry feelings might have softened down; but it was not so, and the aunt and nephew never met again!

One other incident belongs to the close of this year — the publication of a small volume of poems, the joint production of Mr. Lovell and my father. Many of them have never been republished. The motto prefixed to them was an appropriate one: —

Carmine curæ."

"Minuentur atræ

## CHAPTER III.

PANTISOCRACY PROPOSED TO BE TRIED IN WALES.—LETTERS TO MR. G. C. BEDFORD.—DIFFICULTIES AND DISTRESSES.—HISTORICAL LECTURES.—DEATH OF EDMUND SEWARD.—MR. COTTLE PURCHASES THE COPYRIGHT OF JOAN OF ARC.—PANTISOCRACY ABANDONED.—MISUNDERSTANDING WITH MR. COLERIDGE.—LETTER TO MR. G. C. BEDFORD.—MEETING WITH HIS UNCLE MR. HILL.—CONSENTS TO ACCOMPANY HIM TO LISBON.—MARRIAGE.—LETTERS TO MR. BEDFORD AND MR. COTTLE.—1794—1795.

MY father was now a homeless adventurer ; conscious of great resources in himself, but not knowing how to bring them into use ; full of hope and the most ardent aspirations, but surrounded with present wants and difficulties. America was still the haven of his hopes, and for a little while he indulged in the pleasing anticipation, “ Would that March were over ! ” he writes at this time to Mr. Bedford. “ Affection has one or two strong cords round my heart, and will try me painfully — you and Wynn ! A little network must be broken here ; that I mind not, but my mother does ; my mind is full of futurity, and lovely is the prospect ; I am now like a traveller crossing precipices to get home, but my foot shall not slip.”\*

\* Oct. 19. 1794.

The difficulty of raising sufficient funds for their purpose was now, however, becoming daily more and more evident; and it appears to have been next proposed by my father that the experiment of Pantisocracy should be first tried in some retired part of Wales, until some lucky turn of fortune should enable them to carry out their scheme of transatlantic social colonisation. To this Mr. Coleridge at first strongly objects, and sees now more clearly the difficulties of the plan, which the roll of the Atlantic seemed to obscure from their sight. "For God's sake, my dear fellow," he writes in remonstrance to my father, "tell me what we are to gain by taking a Welsh farm? Remember the principles and proposed consequences of Pantisocracy, and reflect in what degree they are attainable by Coleridge, Southey, Lovell, Burnett, and Co., some five men *going partners* together! In the next place, supposing that we have found the preponderating utility of our aspheterising in Wales, let us by our speedy and united inquiries discover the sum of money necessary. Whether such a farm with so very large a house is to be procured without launching our frail and unpiloted bark on a rough sea of anxieties. How much money will be necessary for *furnishing* so large a house. How much necessary for the maintenance of so large a family — eighteen people — for a year at least."

But the plan of going into Wales did not prosper any more than that of genuine Pantisocracy: the close of the year and the beginning of the next found matters still in the same unsatisfactory state. Mr.

Coleridge had kept the Michaelmas Term at Cambridge — the last he kept; and having gone from thence to London, remained there until early in the following January, when he returned to Bristol with my father, who had chanced to go up to town at that time.

The following letters will illustrate this period. In the latter one we have a vivid picture of the distresses and difficulties of his present position.

*To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.*

“Bath, Jan. 5. 1795.

“My dear Grosvenor,

“If I were not very well acquainted with your disposition, I should apprehend, by your long silence, that you are offended with me. In one letter I spoke too warmly, but you know my affections are warm. I was sorry at having done so, and wrote to say so. The jolting of a rough cart over rugged roads is very apt to excite tumults in the intestinal canal; even so are the rubs of fortune prone to create gizzard grumblings of temper.

“Now, if you are not angry (and, on my soul, I believe you and anger to be perfectly heterogeneous), you will write to me very shortly; if you are, why you must remain so for a fortnight: then, it is probable, I shall pass two days in London, on my way to Cambridge; and, as one of them will be purely to be with you, if I do not remove all cause of complaint you have against Robert Southey, you shall punish him with your everlasting displeasure.



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“ From Horace, too, I hear nothing. Were I on the Alleghany Mountains, or buried in the wilds of Caernarvonshire, I could not have less intercourse with you. Perhaps you are weaning me, like a child. And now, Bedford, I shall shortly see G. S.\*, if he be in London or at Trinity. Two days in London: one with you, when I shall call on him; the other with some friends of Coleridge, and correspondents of mine, admirable poets and Pantisocrats. How will G. S. receive me? is he altered? will he be reserved, and remember only our difference? Or is there still the same goodness of heart in him as when we first met? I feel some little agitation at the thought. G. S. was the first person I ever met with, who at all assimilated with my disposition. I was a physiognomist without knowing it. He was my *substance*. I loved him as a brother once: perhaps he is infected with *politesse*; is polite to all, and affectionate to none.

“ Coleridge is a man who has every thing of — but his vices: he is what — would have been, had he given up that time to study, which he consumed you know how lamentably.

“ I will give you a little piece which I wrote, and which he corrected. 'Twas occasioned by the funeral of a pauper, without one person attending it.†

“ I like this little poem, and there are few of mine of which I can say that.

\* A schoolfellow with whom he had once been very intimate.

† Here follows “The Pauper’s Funeral,” printed among my father’s minor poems.

“ Bedford, I can sing eight songs : — 1. The antique and exhilarating Bacchanalian, Back and Sides go Bare. 2. The Tragedy of the Mince Pie, or the Cruel Master Cook. 3. The Comical Jest of the Farthing Rushlight. 4. The Bloody Gardener’s Cruelty. 5. The Godly Hymn of the Seven Good Joys of the Virgin Mary ; being a Christmas Carol. 6. The Tragedy of the Beaver Hat ; or, as newly amended, The Brunswick Bonnet ; containing three apt Morals. 7. The Quaint Jest of the Three Crows. 8. The Life and Death of Johnny Bulan.

“ Now I shall outdo Horace ! . . . Farewell, and believe me always

Your sincere and affectionate  
ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

*To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.* *1795*

“ Bristol, Feb. 8. 1795.

“ I have been reading the four first numbers of ‘ The Flagellant : ’ they are all I possess. My dearest Grosvenor, they have recalled past times forcibly to my mind, and I could almost weep at the retrospect. Why have I not written to you before ? Because I could only have told you of uncertainty and suspense. There is nothing more to say now. The next six months will afford more variety of incidents. But, my dear Bedford, though you will not love me the less, you will shake your head, and lament the effects of what you call enthusiasm. Would to God that we agreed in sentiment ! for then you could enter

into the feelings of my heart, and hold me still dearer in your own.

“ There is the strangest mixture of cloud and of sunshine ! an outcast in the world ! an adventurer ! living by his wits ! yet happy in the full conviction of rectitude, in integrity, and in the affection of a mild and lovely woman : at once the object of hatred and admiration : wondered at by all ; hated by the aristocrats ; the very oracle of my own party. Bedford ! Bedford ! mine are the principles of peace, of non-resistance ; you cannot burst our bonds of affection. Do not grieve that circumstances have made me thus ; you ought to rejoice that your friend acts up to his principles, though you think them wrong.

“ Coleridge is writing at the same table ; our names are written in the book of destiny, on the same page.

“ Grosvenor, I must put your brains in requisition. We are about to publish a magazine on a new plan. One of the prospectuses, when printed, shall be forwarded to you. 'Tis our intention to say in the titlepage, S. T. C. and R. S., Editors ; and to admit nothing but what is good. A work of the kind must not be undertaken without a certainty of indemnification, and then it bids very fair to be lucrative, so the booksellers here tell us. To be called *The Provincial Magazine*, and published at Bristol if we settle here. We mean to make it the vehicle of all our poetry : will you not give us some essays, &c. &c. ? We can undoubtedly make it the best thing of the kind ever published ; so, Bedford, be very wise and very witty. Send us whole essays, hints, good things,

&c. &c., and they shall cut a most respectable figure. The poetry will be printed so as to make a separate volume at the end of the year.

“What think you of this? I should say that the work will certainly express our sentiments, so expressed as never to offend; but, if truth spoken in the words of meekness be offence, we may not avoid it.

“I am in treaty with The Telegraph, and hope to be their correspondent. Hireling writer to a newspaper! 'Sdeath! 'tis an ugly title: but, *n'importe*, I shall write truth, and only truth. Have you seen, in Friday's Telegraph, a letter to Canning, signed Harrington? 'Twas the specimen of my prose.

“You will be melancholy at all this, Bedford; I am so at times, but what can I do? I could not enter the Church; nor had I finances to study physic; for public offices I am too notorious. I have not the gift of making shoes, nor the happy art of mending them. Education has unfitted me for trade, and I must, perforce, enter the muster roll of authors.”

“Monday morning.

“My days are disquieted, and the dreams of the night only retrace the past to bewilder me in vague visions of the future. America is still the place to which our ultimate views tend; but it will be years before we can go. As for Wales, it is not practicable. The point is, where can I best subsist? . . . London is certainly the place for all who, like me, are on the world. . . . London must be the place: if I and Coleridge can only get a fixed salary of 100*l.* a-year

between us, our own industry shall supply the rest. I will write up to 'The Telegraph:' they offered me a reporter's place, but nightly employments are out of the question. My troublesome guest, called honesty, prevents my writing in *The True Briton*. God knows I want not to thrust myself forward as a partisan: peace and domestic life are the highest blessings I could implore. Enough! this state of suspense must soon be over: I am worn and wasted with anxiety; and, if not at rest in a short time, shall be disabled from exertion, and sink to a long repose. Poor Edith! Almighty God protect her!

"You can give me no advice, nor point out any line to pursue; but you can write to me, and tell me how you are, and of your friends. Let me hear from you as soon as possible: moralise, metaphysicise, pun, say good things, promise me some aid in the magazine, and shake hands with me as cordially by letter, as when we parted in the Strand. I look over your letters, and find but little alteration of sentiment from the beginning of '92 to the end of '94. What a strange mass of matter is in mine during those periods! I mean to write my own life; and a most useful book it will be. You shall write the *Paraleipomena*; but do not condole too much over my mistaken principles, for such pity will create a mutiny in my sepulchred bones, and I shall break prison to argue with you, even from the grave. God love you! I think soon to be in London, if I can get a situation there: sometimes the prospect smiles upon me. I want but fifty pounds a-year certain, and can trust myself for enough beyond that. . . . .

Fare you well, my dear Grosvenor! Have you been to Court? quid Romæ facias? O thou republican aristocrat! thou man most worthy of republicanism! what hast thou to do with a laced coat, and a chapeau, and a bag wig, and a sword?

Ah spirit pure  
That error's mist had left thy purged eye!

. . . . .

“Peace be with you, and with all mankind, is the earnest hope of your

R. S.”

My father having ceased to reside at Oxford, and having no longer his aunt's house as a home, was compelled now to find some means of supporting himself; and Mr. Coleridge being in the same predicament, they determined upon giving each a course of public lectures. Mr. Coleridge selected political and moral subjects; my father, history, according to the following prospectus:—

“Robert Southey, of Balliol College, Oxford, proposes to read a course of Historical Lectures, in the following order:—

1st. Introductory: on the Origin and Progress of Society.

2nd. Legislation of Solon and Lycurgus.

3rd. State of Greece from the Persian War to the Dissolution of the Achaian League.

4th. Rise, Progress, and Decline of the Roman Empire.

5th. Progress of Christianity.

6th. Manners and Irruptions of the Northern Nations. Growth of the European States. Feudal System.

7th. State of the Eastern Empire, to the Capture of Constantinople by the Turks; including the Rise and Progress of the Mohammedan Religion, and the Crusades.

8th. History of Europe, to the Abdication of the Empire by Charles the Fifth.

9th. History of Europe, to the Establishment of the Independence of Holland.

10th. State of Europe, and more particularly of England, from the Accession of Charles the First to the Revolution in 1688.

11th. Progress of the Northern States. History of Europe to the American War.

12th. The American War.

Tickets for the whole course, 10s. 6d., to be had of Mr. Cottle, Bookseller, High Street."

Of these lectures I can find no trace among my father's papers. Mr. Cottle states that they were numerously attended, and "their composition greatly admired." My father thus alludes to them at the time in a letter to his brother Thomas:—"I am giving a course of Historical Lectures, at Bristol, teaching what is right by showing what is wrong; my company, of course, is sought by all who love good republicans and odd characters. Coleridge and I are daily engaged. . . . John Scott has got me a place of a guinea and a half per week, for writing in some new work called *The Citizen*, of what kind

I know not, save that it accords with my principles : of this I daily expect to hear more.

“ If Coleridge and I can get 150*l.* a-year between us we purpose marrying, and retiring into the country, as our literary business can be carried on there, and practising agriculture till we can raise money for America — still the grand object in view.

“ So I have cut my cable, and am drifting on the ocean of life — the wind is fair and the port of happiness I hope in view. It is possible that I may be called upon to publish my Historical Lectures ; this I shall be unwilling to do, as they are only splendid declamation.” \*

The delivery of these lectures occupied several months ; but the employment they furnished did not prevent occasional fits of despondency, although his naturally elastic mind soon shook them off. He seems to have purposed paying a visit to his friends at Brixton at this time, but it was not accomplished. To this he refers in the following curious letter : —

*To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.*

“ May 27. 1795.

“ My dear Grosvenor,

“ You and Wynn could not more enjoy the idea of seeing me than I anticipated being with you ; as for coming now, or fixing any particular time, it may not be. My mind, Bedford, is very languid ; I dare not say I will go at any fixed period ; if you knew the fearful anxiety with which I sometimes hide

\* March 21. 1795.



myself to avoid an invitation, you would perhaps pity, perhaps despise me. There is a very pleasant family here, literary and accomplished, that I have almost offended by never calling on. Coleridge is there three or four times in the course of the week; the effort to join in conversation is too painful to me, and the torpedo coldness of my *phizmahogany* has no right to chill the circle; by the by, my dear Grosvenor, if you know any artist about to paint a group of banditti, I shall be very fit to sit for a young cub of ferocity; I have put on the look at the glass so as sometimes to frighten myself. . . .

“ Well, but there is no difficulty in discovering the assiduities of affection; the eye is very eloquent, and women are well skilled in its language. I asked the question. Grosvenor, you will love your sister Edith. I look forward with feelings of delight that dim my eyes to the day when she will expect you, as her brother, to visit us — brown bread, wild Welsh raspberries, heigh ho! this school-boy anticipation follows us through life, and enjoyments uniformly disappoint expectation. . . .

“ Poetry softens the heart, Grosvenor. No man ever tagged rhyme without being the better for it. I write but little. The task of correcting Joan is a very great one; but as the plan is fundamentally bad, it is necessary the poetry should be good. The *Convict*, for which you asked, is not worth reading, I think of sometime rewriting it. If I could be with you another eight weeks, I believe I should write another epic poem, so essential is it to be happily situated.

“ I shall copy out what I have done of Madoc and send you ere long ; you will find more simplicity in it than in any of my pieces, and of course it is the best. I shall study three works to write it—the Bible, Homer, and Ossian. . . .

“ Some few weeks ago I was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Perkins: they were on a visit, and I saw them frequently ; he pleased me very much, for his mind was active and judicious, and benevolence was written in every feature of his face. I never saw a woman superior to her in mind, nor two people with a more rational affection for each other. On their quitting this place, they urged me to visit them at Bradford. A few days ago, I was with my mother at Bath, and resolved to walk over to tea, — it is but six miles distant, and the walk extremely beautiful. I got to Bradford, and inquiring for Mr. Perkins, was directed two miles in the country, to Freshford ; my way lay by the side of the river ; the hills around were well wooded, the evening calm and pleasant ; it was quite May weather ; and as I was alone, and beholding only what was beautiful, and looking on to a pleasant interview, I had relapsed into my old mood of feeling benevolently and keenly for all things. A man was sitting on the grass tying up his bundle, and of him I asked if I was right for Freshford, he told me he was going there. ‘ Does Mr. Perkins live there ? ’ ‘ Yes ; he buried his wife last Tuesday.’ I was thunderstruck. ‘ Good God ! I saw her but a few weeks ago.’ ‘ Ay, Sir, ten days ago she was as well as you are ; but she is in Freshford churchyard now ! ’

“ Grosvenor, I cannot describe to you what I felt ;

67

the man thought I had lost a relation; it was with great difficulty I could resolve on proceeding to see him; however, I thought it a kind of duty and went. — Guess my delight on finding another Mr. Perkins, to whom I had been directed by mistake!

“ You do not know what I suffered under the impression of her death, at the relief I felt at discovering the mistake. Strange selfishness! — this man, too, had lost a wife, a young wife but lately married, whom perhaps he loved; and I — I rejoiced at his loss, because it was not my friend! — yet, without this selfishness, man would be an animal below the orang outang. It is mortifying to analyse our noblest affections, and find them all bottomed on selfishness. I hear of thousands killed in battle — I read of the young, the virtuous, dying, and think of them no more — when if my very dog died I should weep for him; if I lost you, I should feel a lasting affliction; if Edith were to die, I should follow her.

“ I am dragged into a party of pleasure to-morrow\* for two days. An hour's hanging would be luxury to me compared with these detestable schemes. — Party of pleasure! Johnson never wrote a better tale than that of the Ethiopian king. Here is the fire at home, and a great chair, and yet I must be moving off for pleasure. Grosvenor, I will steal Cadman's † long pipe, chew opium, and learn to be happy with the least possible trouble.

\* An account of this party of pleasure is given in Cottle's Reminiscences of Coleridge. Apparently the reality was not more agreeable than the anticipation.

† The name of a mutual acquaintance.

“ Coleridge’s remembrances to you. He is applying the medicine of argument to my misanthropical system of indifference. — It will not do, a strange dreariness of mind has seized me. I am indifferent to society, yet I feel my private attachments growing more and more powerful, and weep like a child when I think of an absent friend.

God bless you.”

A few weeks later he writes again in much affliction at the death of his friend Seward.

*To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.*

“ Bristol, June 15. 1795

“ Bedford — he is dead; my dear Edmund Seward! after six weeks’ suffering.

“ These, Grosvenor, are the losses that gradually wean us from life. May that man want consolation in his last hour, who would rob the survivor of the belief, that he shall again behold his friend! You know not, Grosvenor, how I loved poor Edmund: he taught me all that I have of good. When I went with him into Worcestershire, I was astonished at the general joy his return occasioned — the very dogs ran out to him. In that room where I have so often seen him, he now lies in his coffin!

“ It is like a dream, the idea that he is dead — that his heart is cold — that he, whom but yesterday morning I thought and talked of as alive — as the friend I knew and loved — is dead! When these things come home to the heart, they palsy it. I am

sick at heart; and, if I feel thus acutely, what must his sisters feel? what his poor old mother, whose life was wrapped up in Edmund? I have seen her look at him till the tears ran down her cheek.

“ There is a strange vacancy in my heart. The sun shines as usual, but there is a blank in existence to me. I have lost a friend, and such a one! God bless you, my dear, dear Grosvenor! Write to me immediately. I will try, by assiduous employment, to get rid of very melancholy thoughts. I am continually dwelling on the days when we were together: there was a time when the sun never rose that I did not see Seward. It is very wrong to feel thus; it is unmanly.

God bless you!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

“ P. S. I wrote to Edmund on receiving your last: my letter arrived the hour of his death, four o'clock on Wednesday last. Perhaps he remembered me at that hour.

“ Grosvenor, I am a child; and all are children who fix their happiness on such a reptile as man; — this great, this self-ennobled being called man, the next change of weather may blast him.

“ There is another world where all these things will be amended.

“ God help the man who survives all his friends.”

The passionate grief to which this letter gave utterance did not pass lightly away. In the “ Hymn to the Penates,” first printed in 1796, he alludes touchingly to his dear friend departed; and the fol-

lowing very beautiful poem — which will be read with increased interest in connection with the subject which gave rise to it — was written four years later.

THE DEAD FRIEND.

I.

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my Soul,  
 Descend to contemplate  
 The form that once was dear!  
 The Spirit is not there  
 Which kindled that dead eye,  
 Which throbb'd in that cold heart,  
 Which in that motionless hand  
 Hath met thy friendly grasp.  
 The Spirit is not there!  
 It is but lifeless, perishable flesh  
 That moulders in the grave;  
 Earth, air, and water's ministering particles  
 Now to the elements  
 Resolved, their uses done.  
 Not to the grave, not to the grave, my Soul,  
 Follow thy friend beloved,  
 The spirit is not there!

2.

Often together have we talk'd of death;  
 How sweet it were to see  
 All doubtful things made clear;  
 How sweet it were with powers  
 Such as the Cherubim,  
 To view the depth of Heaven!  
 O Edmund! thou hast first  
 Begun the travel of Eternity!  
 I look upon the stars,  
 And think that thou art there,  
 Unfetter'd as the thought that follows thee.

3.

And we have often said how sweet it were,  
 With unseen ministry of angel power,  
 To watch the friends we loved.  
 Edmund! we did not err!  
 Sure I have felt thy presence! Thou hast given  
 A birth to holy thought,  
 Hast kept me from the world unstain'd and pure.

presented (with the  
 "Edmund") in  
 Anthology 1799

There is a letter to Supper also  
 about Howard's death -  
 See Howard's funeral p 223

Edmund! we did not err!  
 Our best affections here  
 They are not like the toys of infancy;  
 The Soul outgrows them not;  
 We do not cast them off;  
 Oh if it could be so,  
 It were indeed a dreadful thing to die!

## 4.

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my Soul,  
 Follow thy friend beloved!  
 But in the lonely hour,  
 But in the evening walk,  
 Think that he companys thy solitude;  
 Think that he holds with thee  
 Mysterious intercourse;  
 And though remembrance wake a tear,  
 There will be joy in grief.

*Westbury, 1799.*

In the midst of these griefs and perplexities, one bright spot showed itself, in the laying of what I may call, the foundation stone of my father's literary reputation.

His poem of Joan of Arc, as we have seen, had been written in the summer of 1793, and he had for some time ardently desired to publish it; but, for want of means, was unable to do so. Towards the close of the following year it had been announced for publication by subscription; but subscribers came slowly forward, and it seemed very doubtful whether a sufficient number could be obtained. Shortly afterwards, his acquaintance with Mr. Cottle commenced. For the result I will quote his own words, as commemorating, in a very interesting manner, when he had almost arrived at the close of his literary career, that which may be called its commencement, and which was so important an epoch in his troubled early life.

“ One evening I read to him part of the poem, without any thought of making a proposal concerning it, or expectation of receiving one. He, however, offered me fifty guineas for the copyright, and fifty copies for my subscribers, which was more than the list amounted to; and the offer was accepted as promptly as it was made. It can rarely happen, that a young author should meet with a bookseller as inexperienced and as ardent as himself; and it would be still more extraordinary, if such mutual indiscretion did not bring with it cause for regret to both. But this transaction was the commencement of an intimacy which has continued without the slightest shade of displeasure at any time on either side, to the present day. At that time few books were printed in the country, and it was seldom, indeed, that a quarto volume issued from a provincial press. A font of new type was ordered, for what was intended to be the handsomest book that Bristol had ever yet sent forth; and, when the paper arrived, and the printer was ready to commence his operations, nothing had been done towards preparing the poem for the press, except that a few verbal alterations had been made.

“ I was not, however, without misgivings; and, when the first proof sheet was brought me, the more glaring faults of the composition stared me in the face. But the sight of a well-printed page, which was to be set off with all the advantages that fine wove paper and hot pressing could impart, put me in spirits, and I went to work with good will. About half the



first book was left in its original state; the rest of the poem was recast, and recomposed while the printing went on. This occupied six months.”\*

In this work of correction my father was now occupied, having laid aside “Madoc,” which had been commenced in the autumn of the previous year, for that purpose. Meantime, the scheme of Pantisocracy was entirely abandoned, and the arrival from Lisbon of Mr. Hill changed the current of his thoughts. “My uncle is in England,” he writes to Mr. Bedford: “I am in daily expectation of seeing him again. . . . Grosvenor, when next I see you it will not be for a visit: I shall fix my residence near you to study the law!!! My uncle urges me to enter the church; but the gate is perjury, and I am little disposed to pay so heavy a fine at the turnpike of orthodoxy. . . . . On seeing my uncle I shall communicate to him my intentions concerning the law. If he disapproves of them, I have to live where I can, and how I can, for fifteen months. I shall then be enabled to enter and marry. If he approves, why then, Grosvenor, my first business will be to write to you, and request you to procure me lodgings somewhere at Stockwell, or Newington, or any where as far from London, and as near your road, as possible. I cannot take a house till my finances will suffer me to furnish it; and for this I depend upon my Madoc, to which, after Christmas, I shall apply with assiduity, always remembering John Doe and Richard Roe. And now will you permit me, in

\* Preface to Joan of Arc, Collected Edition of the Poems, 1837

a volume of poems which go to the press to-morrow, to insert your 'Witch of Endor,' either with your name or initials, and to be corrector plenipotent? This is an office Coleridge and I mutually assume, and we both of us have sense enough, and taste enough, to be glad of mutual correction. His poems and mine will appear together; two volumes elegant as to type and hot-pressed paper, and for his, *meo periculo*, they will be of more various excellence\* than any one volume this country has ever yet seen. I will rest all my pretensions to poetical taste on the truth of this assertion."†

It does not appear that this idea of publishing conjointly with Mr. Coleridge was carried into effect, probably owing to a temporary estrangement, which now took place between himself and my father, in consequence of the latter being the first to abandon the Pantisocratic scheme. This had greatly disturbed and excited Mr. Coleridge, who was by no means sparing in his reproaches, and manifested, by the vehemence of his language, that he must have felt for the time no common disappointment.

My father's next letter to Mr. Bedford gives an interesting sketch of the progress of his own mind.

\* In one of Mr. Coleridge's letters to my father (Sept. 18. 1794), after some verbal criticism on several of his sonnets combined with much praise, he thus prefaces the quotation of one of his own:—"I am almost ashamed to write the following, it is so inferior. Ashamed! no Southey; God knows my heart. I am *delighted* to feel you superior to me in genius as in virtue." Here was an honourable rivalry of praise!

† August 22. 1795.

*To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.*

“ Bath, October 1. 1795.

“ I have been living over three years and a half in your letters, Grosvenor, with what variety of reflections you may imagine, from the date of the ‘ Flagellant,’ through many a various plan! You asked Collins, when you first saw him after his residence at Oxford, if I was altered, and his ‘ No ’ gave you pleasure. I have been asking myself the same question, and, alas! in truth, must return the same answer. No, I am not altered. I am as warm-hearted and as open as ever. Experience never wasted her lessons on a less fit pupil; yet, Bedford, my mind is considerably expanded, my opinions are better grounded, and frequent self-conviction of error has taught me a sufficient degree of scepticism on all subjects to prevent confidence. The frequent and careful study of Godwin was of essential service. I read, and all but worshipped. I have since seen his fundamental error, — that he theorises for another state, not for the rule of conduct in the present. . . . I can confute his principles, but all the good he has done me remains: ’tis a book I should one day like to read with you for our mutual improvement; when we have been neighbours six months our opinions will accord — a bold prophecy, but it will be fulfilled.

“ My poetical taste was much meliorated by Bowles, and the constant company of Coleridge. . . . .  
 . . . . For religion, I can confute the Atheist, and

baffle him with his own weapons; and can, at least, teach the Deist that the arguments in favour of Christianity are not to be despised; metaphysics I know enough to use them as defensive armour, and to deem them otherwise difficult trifles.

“ You have made me neglect necessary business. I was busy with this huge work of mine, when your letters tempted me, and gave me an appetite for the pen; somehow they have made me low-spirited, and I find a repletion of the lachrymal glands. Apropos: do kill some dozen men for me anatomically, any where except in the head or heart. Hang all wars! I am as much puzzled to carry on mine at Orleans as our admirable minister is to devise a plan for the next campaign. . . . *Pardonnez moi!* my republican royalist! my philanthropic aristocrat.

“ I am obliged to Nares for a very handsome review. It is my intention to write a tragedy; the subject from the Observer, — the Portuguese accused before the Inquisition of incest and murder. Read the story.

“ Madoc is to be the pillar of my reputation; how many a melancholy hour have I beguiled by writing poetry!

. . . . .

. . . . .

“Friday, October 9.

“ I found your letter on my arrival to-day. My uncle writes not to me, and I begin to think he is so displeased at my rejecting a good settlement, for the foolish prejudice I have against perjuring myself, that he gives me up. *Aussi bien!* so be it, any thing but

this terrible suspense. Zounds, Grosvenor, suspense shall be the subject of my tragedy. Indeed, indeed, I have often the heartache. Cannot you come to Bath for a week? I have so much to say to you, and I will never quit Edith: every day endears her to me. I am as melancholy here at Bath as you can imagine, and yet I am very little here; not two days in the week: the rest I pass with Cottle that I may be near her. Cottle offered me his house in a letter which you shall see when we meet, and for which he will ever hold a high place in your heart. I bear a good face, and keep all uneasiness to myself: indeed, the port is in view, and I must not mind a little sickness on the voyage.

Bedford, I have beheld that very identical tiger. There's a grand hexameter for you!

“ Bedford, I have beheld that very identical tiger who stopt the mail coach on the king's highway, not having the fear of *God* and the *king* before his eyes, — no, nor of the *guard* and his *blunderbuss*. What a pity, Grosvenor, that that blunderbuss should be levelled at you! how it would have *struck* a Democrat! Never mind, 'tis only a *flash*, and you, like a fellow whose *uttermost upper grinder* is being torn out by the roots by a mutton-fisted barber, will *grin* and endure it.

“ Gaiety suits ill with me; the above extempore witticisms are as old as six o'clock Monday morning last, and noted down in my pocket-book for you.

“ God bless you! Good night.

" Oct. 10.

" I visited Hannah More, at Cowslip Green, on Monday last, and seldom have I lived a pleasanter day. She knew my opinions, and treated them with a flattering deference ; her manners are mild, her information considerable, and her taste correct. There are five sisters, and each of them would be remarked in a mixed company. Of Lord Orford they spoke very handsomely, and gave me a better opinion of Wilberforce than I was accustomed to entertain. They pay for and direct the education of 1000 poor children ; and for aristocracy, Hannah More is much such an aristocrat as a certain friend of mine.

God love you, my dear friend !

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

The long expected, and perhaps somewhat dreaded meeting with Mr. Hill soon took place ; but there was no diminution of kindness on his part, notwithstanding the great disappointment he felt at his nephew's determination not to enter the church, in which it would have been in his power immediately and effectually to have assisted him. He now seems to have given up all hope of prevailing upon him to change his resolution ; and it was soon arranged that my father should accompany him to Lisbon for a few months, and then return to England, in order to qualify himself for entering the legal profession. Mr. Hill's object in this was partly to take him out of the arena of political discussion into which he had thrown

himself by his lectures, and bring him round to more moderate views, and also to wean him if possible from what he considered an "imprudent attachment." In the former object he partly succeeded; in attempting to gain the latter, he had not understood my father's character. He was too deeply and sincerely attached to the object of his choice to be lightly turned from it; and the similarity of her worldly circumstances to his own would have made him consider it doubly dishonourable even to postpone the fulfilment of his engagement.

This matter, however, he does not appear to have entered into with his uncle. He consented to accompany him to Lisbon, and thus communicates his resolution to his constant correspondent: —

*To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.*

"Oct. 23. 1795.

"And where, Grosvenor, do you suppose the fates have condemned me for the next six months? — to Spain and Portugal! Indeed, my heart is very heavy. I would have refused, but I was weary of incessantly refusing all my mother's wishes, and it is only one mode of wearing out a period that must be unpleasant to me anywhere.

"I now know neither when I go, nor where, except that we cross to Coruña, and thence by land to Lisbon. Cottle is delighted with the idea of a volume of travels. My Edith persuades me to go, and then weeps that I am going, though she would

not permit me to stay. It is well that my mind is never unemployed. I have about 900 lines, and half a preface yet to compose, and this I am resolved to finish by Wednesday night next. It is more than probable that I shall go in a fortnight.

“ Then the advantageous possibility of being captured by the French, or the still more agreeable chance of going to Algiers. . . . Then to give my inside to the fishes on the road, and carry my outside to the bugs on my arrival; the luxury of sleeping with the mules, and if they should kick in the night. And to travel, Grosvenor, with a lonely heart! . . . . When I am returned I shall be glad that I have been. The knowledge of two languages is worth acquiring, and perhaps the climate may agree with me, and counteract a certain habit of skeletonisation, that though I do not apprehend it will hasten me to the worms, will, if it continues, certainly cheat them of their supper. . . . We will write a good opera; my expedition will teach me the costume of Spain.

“ By the bye I have made a discovery respecting the story of the ‘Mysterious Mother.’ Lord O. tells it of Tillotson: the story is printed in a work of Bishop Hall’s, 1652; he heard it from Perkins (the clergyman whom Fuller calls an excellent chirurgeon at jointing a broken soul: he would pronounce the word ‘damn’ with such an emphasis as left a doleful echo in his auditors’ ears a good while after. War-ton-like I must go on with Perkins, and give you an epigram. He was lame of the right hand: the Latin is as blunt as a good-humoured joke need be: —



Dextera quantumvis fuerat tibi manca, docendi  
Pollebas mirâ dexteritate tamen ;

Though Nature thee of thy *right* hand bereft,  
*Right* well thou *writest* with thy hand that's *left* :

and all this in a parenthesis). Hall adds that he afterwards discovered the story in two German authors, and that it really happened in Germany. If you have not had your transcription of the tragedy bound, there is a curious piece of information to annex to it. . . . I hope to become master of the two languages, and to procure some of the choicest authors ; from their miscellanies and collections that I cannot purchase, I shall transcribe the best or favourite pieces, and translate, for we have little literature of those parts, and these I shall request some person fond of poetry to point out, if I am fortunate enough to find one. *Mais hélas ! J'en doute*, as well as you, and fear me I shall be friendless for six months !

“ Grosvenor, I am not happy. When I get to bed, reflection comes with solitude, and I think of all the objections to the journey ; it is right, however, to look at the white side of the shield. The Algerines, if they should take me, it might make a very pretty subject for a chapter in my Memoirs ; but of this I am very sure, that my biographer would like it better than I should.

“ Have you seen the ‘ Mœviad ? ’ The poem is not equal to the former production of the same author, but the spirit of panegyric is more agreeable than that of satire, and I love the man for his lines to his

own friends; there is an imitation of *Otium Divos*, very eminently beautiful. Merry has been satirised too much, and praised too much. . . .

“ I am in hopes that the absurd fashion of wearing powder has received its death-blow; the scarcity we are threatened with (and of which we have as yet experienced only a very slight earnest) renders it now highly criminal. I am glad you are without it. .

God bless you!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

When the day was fixed for the travellers to depart, my father fixed that also for his wedding-day; and on the 14th of November, 1795, was united at Radcliff church, Bristol, to Edith Fricker. Immediately after the ceremony they parted. My mother wore her wedding-ring hung round her neck, and preserved her maiden name until the report of the marriage had spread abroad. The following letters will explain these circumstances, and fill up the interval until his return: —

*To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.*

“ Nov. 21. 1795. Nan Swithin, near St. Columbs.

“ Grosvenor, what should that necromancer deserve who could transpose our souls for half an hour, and make each the inhabitant of the other's tenement? There are so many curious avenues in mine, and so

where to choose my place of rest. I shall soon have enough to place me above want, and till that arrives, shall support myself in ease and comfort like a silk worm, by spinning my own brains. If poor necessity were without hands as well as legs, badly would she be off.

“Lord Somerville is dead,—no matter to me I believe, for the estates were chiefly copyhold, and Cannon Southey minded wine and women too much to think of renewing for the sake of his heirs. . . . Farewell.

“We landed last night at eleven o’clock; left Lisbon on Thursday 5th, and were becalmed south of the rock till breakfast time on Saturday; so that our passage was remarkably good.”

My father’s visit to Lisbon seems chiefly to have been useful to him by giving him an acquaintance with the Spanish and Portuguese languages, and by laying the foundation of that love for the literature of those countries, which continued through life, and which he afterwards turned to good account. These advantages, however, could not be perceived at the time; and, as he returned to England with the same determination not to take orders, the same political bias, and the same romantic feelings, as he left it, Mr. Hill felt naturally some disappointment at the result.

His comments on his nephew’s character at this time are interesting:—“He is a very good scholar,” he writes to a friend, “of great reading, of an astonishing memory: when he speaks he does it with

fluency, with a great choice of words. He is perfectly correct in his behaviour, of the most exemplary morals, and the best of hearts. Were his character different, or his abilities not so extraordinary, I should be the less concerned about him; but to see a young man of such talents as he possesses, by the misapplication of them, lost to himself and to his family, is what hurts me very sensibly. In short, he has every thing you would wish a young man to have, excepting common sense or prudence."

Of this latter quality my father possessed more than his uncle here gives him credit for. In all his early difficulties, (as well as through life) he never contracted a single debt he was unable promptly to discharge, or allowed himself a single personal comfort beyond his means, which, never abundant, had been, and were for many years, greatly straitened; and from them, narrow as they were, he had already begun to give that assistance to other members of his family which he continued to do until his latest years. It is probable, however, that Mr. Hill here chiefly alludes to his readiness to avow his peculiar views in politics and religion.

Immediately on his return, my father and mother fixed themselves in lodgings in Bristol, where they remained during the ensuing summer and autumn. My father's chief employment at this time was in preparing a volume of "Letters from Spain and Portugal" for the press; and also in writing occasionally for the Monthly Magazine. His own letters will describe the course of his occupations, opinions, and prospects during this period. The first of them al-

Southerji Letter to Cottle  
in A. Morrison's Collected

---

works by Cottle. "May 17 97"  
[London]

What news of Coleridge's  
second edition? I want  
an answer to that question  
which is often put to  
me. . . . . We dine  
with Mary Collet's daughter  
(now Gowin) tomorrow.  
Oh he has a foul nose!  
I never see it without  
longing to cut it off.

---

Friday 26<sup>th</sup> May [1797]  
Southampton

Charles Lloyd is going to be  
married . . . to a Miss  
Sophie Pemberton & I am  
astonished to hear it  
with such fate as he has  
as subject to I think him  
very wrong in marrying

---



ludes to the death of his brother-in-law, as well as brother-poet, Mr. Lovel, who had been cut off, in the early prime of youth, during my father's absence abroad. He had been taken ill with a fever while at Salisbury, and travelling home in hot weather before he was sufficiently recovered, relapsed immediately, and died; leaving his widow and one child without any provision. She (who, during my father's life, found a home with him, and who now, at an advanced age, is a member of my household) is the sole survivor of those whose eager hopes once centered in Pantisocracy: one of the last of that generation so fast passing away from us!

*To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.*

“May 27. 1796.

“Poor Lovel! I am in hopes of raising something for his widow by publishing his best pieces, if only enough to buy her a harpsichord. . . . The poems will make a five-shilling volume, which I preface, and to which I shall prefix an epistle to Mary Lovel. Will you procure me some subscribers? . . . Many a melancholy reflection obtrudes. What I am doing for him you, Bedford, may one day perform for me. How short my part in life may be He only knows who assigned it; I must be only anxious to discharge it well.

“How does time mellow down our opinions! Little of that ardent enthusiasm which so lately fevered my whole character remains. I have contracted my

sphere of action within the little circle of my own friends, and even my wishes seldom stray beyond it. A little candle will give light enough to a moderate-sized room; place it in a church, it will only 'teach light to counterfeit a gloom;' and, in the street, the first wind extinguishes it. Do you understand this, or shall I send you to Quarles' Emblems?

"I am hardly yet in order; and, whilst that last word was writing, arrived the parcel containing what, through all my English wanderings, have accompanied me — your letters. Aye, Grosvenor, our correspondence is valuable, for it is the history of the human heart during its most interesting stages. I have now bespoke a letter-case, where they shall repose in company with another series, now, blessed be God, complete — my letters to Edith. Bedford, who will be worthy to possess them when we are gone? 'Odi profanum vulgus;' must I make a funeral pile by my death-bed?

"Would that I were so settled as not to look on to another removal. I want a little room to arrange my books in, and some Lares of my own. Shall we not be near one another? Aye, Bedford, as intimate as John Doe and Richard Roe, with whose memoirs I shall be so intimately acquainted; and there are two other cronies — John a Nokes, and Jack a Styles, always like Gyas and Cloanthus, and the two kings of Brentford hand in hand. Oh I will be a huge lawyer.

Come soon. My 'dearest friend' expects you with almost as much pleasure and impatience as

ROBERT SOUTHEY."



at this time a young friend domesticated with them. Mr. Charles Lloyd, son of a banker at Birmingham, who had been living for some time with Mr. Coleridge at Nether Stowey, in Somersetshire, and who subsequently became known as an author, and coming to reside in Westmoreland, was classed among the lake poets. Here also Mr. Cottle visited them, and here my father first became acquainted with Mr. Rickman (late one of the Clerks of the House of Commons), who will hereafter appear as one of his most constant correspondents and most valued friends.

The surrounding country seems to have afforded him great pleasure, keenly alive as he ever was to all natural beauties, and just at this time doubly inclined to enjoy them, coming from the 'no prospect' of Prospect Place, Newington Butts. The sea he delighted in; the New Forest was near at hand, and "a congregation of rivers, the clearest you ever saw." The only drawbacks were his detested legal studies, and the idea of returning to London.

A few of his letters will fill up the present year. The first of these is addressed to Mr. May, whom he had met during his visit to Lisbon, and with whom he had already formed a friendship, as close as it was destined to be lasting. Mr. May, it seems, had promised to lend him the *Pucelle of Chapelain*.

*To John May, Esq.*

"Burton, June 26. 1797

•                    •                    •                    •                    •  
 "Neither the best friends or the bitterest enemies of Chapelain could have felt more curiosity than I do

to see his poem: good it cannot be, for though the habit of writing satire, as, indeed, the indulgence of any kind of wit, insensibly influences the moral character, and disposes it to sacrifice anything to a good point; yet Boileau must have had some reason for the extreme contempt in which he held this unfortunate production. I am inclined to think it better, however, than it has always been represented. Chapelain stood high in poetical reputation when he published this, the work on which he meant to build his fame. He is said to have written good odes; certainly, then, his epic labours cannot be wholly void of merit; and for its characteristic fault, extreme harshness, it is very probable that a man of genius writing in so unmanly a language should become harsh by attempting to be strong. The French never can have a good epic poem till they have republicanised their language. It appears to me a thing impossible in their metre; and for the prose of Fénelon, Florian, and Betaube, I find it peculiarly unpleasant. I have sometimes read the works of Florian aloud: his stories are very interesting and well conducted; but in reading them I have felt obliged to simplify as I read, and omit most of the similes and apostrophes; they disgusted me, and I felt ashamed to pronounce them. Ossian is the only book bearable in this style; there is a melancholy obscurity in the history of Ossian, and of almost all his heroes, that must please. Ninety-nine readers in a hundred cannot understand Ossian, and therefore they like the book. I read it always with renewed pleasure.

“Have you read Madame Roland’s *Appel à l’im-*

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SELECTIONS  
FROM THE  
LETTERS OF ROBERT SOUTHEY.  
VOL. I.

LONDON:  
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New-street-Square.

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# SELECTIONS

FROM THE

## LETTERS OF ROBERT SOUTHEY,

&c. &c. &c.

EDITED BY HIS SON-IN-LAW

JOHN WOOD WARTER, B. D.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD;

VICAR OF WEST TARRING, SUSSEX.

"Southey's Letters show his true Character."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR,

*MS. Letter to Mrs. Southey, April 28. 1813.*

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.

1856.



## P R E F A C E.

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“FEW things,” writes SOUTHEY to his friend Wade Brown, whilst occupied in reading over the late Dr. Bell’s papers, “are more impressive than to go through, in two or three readings, the hopes and the fears, the projects and disappointments, the good and evil fortune, the joys and the sorrows, of an individual, from the best years of manhood, till the series is closed, after thirty, or forty, or more, years, by a letter in a different hand, on black-edged paper, sealed with black wax. It made me forcibly feel how soon the longest life becomes like a tale that is told.” \*

The above extract from one of SOUTHEY’S own letters seemed no unfit one with which to introduce the present series, and the following prefatory remarks will hardly be considered out of place; —and I use the term “present series” advisedly, because it will be followed up by the Letters of the late Mrs. SOUTHEY and SOUTHEY separately, from their earliest literary communication, in 1818, to the time of their marriage.

My wish was that my brother-in-law, the Rev. CHARLES CUTHBERT SOUTHEY, the editor of the

\* MS. Letter to Wade Brown, Esq., 31st July, 1833.

“Life and Correspondence,” should have made the selection, and carried the work through the press, as the fittest person; but sickness in his family, and a pressure of business consequent on exchange of preferment, left no time on his hands. With the consent, therefore, of the family, on Messrs. LONGMAN and Co.’s request, I was induced, rather than that the work should be left undone (which was the reason I superintended the publication of the Common Place Books), to undertake the task of going over the mass of correspondence from 1790 to 1839; and if, from the perusal of such a collection, I have not risen up a sadder and a better man, the fault must be entirely my own. So much *life*, and so many *lessons*, have seldom or ever been read to any one!

As regards the selection, it was a matter of some difficulty; so great was the accumulation of letters placed at my disposal. The conclusion I came to, after no little consideration, was this, — to show, as far as possible, the growth of SOUTHEY’S mind, and to lay open its leading characteristics. To do this, it was necessary to publish some letters of no other intrinsic value, and so to mingle the grave and the severe, the playful and the sportive, as that the living man, though dead, might yet speak. In the words of HORACE, —

“*Quo fit, ut omnis  
Votivâ pateat veluti descripta tabellâ  
Vita senis.*” \*

Seldom, indeed, was there a man more tried than ROBERT SOUTHEY, or, at times, from the discipline of

\* II. Sat. i. 33.



affliction, a sadder man; but withal, when the heavy hand was lifted up, and the burden taken from his shoulders, he was cheerful as a bird, and his chastened lightheartedness was the best exemplification in the world of that wise proverb: "*All the days of the afflicted are evil; but he that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast.*" \*

What I have said of the early letters is sufficiently illustrated in those to his friend T. PHILIP LAMB. Very characteristic they are of the man, certainly, but of no other value. One might apply to them, without mistake, what JOHNSON wrote of Lord Lyttelton's "Persian Letters," framed after the "*Lettres Persannes*" of MONTESQUIEU: "The letters have something of that indistinct and headstrong ardour for liberty which a man of genius always catches when he enters the world, and always suffers to cool as he passes forward." But what the same sturdy writer says in his "Life of POPE" is *not* applicable here; for, of all men living, when he wrote to his intimate friends, never did any so freely lay open the *secreta cordis* as ROBERT SOUTHEY: "Very few can boast of hearts which they dare lay open to themselves, and of which, by whatever accident exposed, they do not shun a distinct and continued view; and, certainly, what we hide from ourselves, we do not show to our friends. *There is, indeed, no transaction which offers stronger temptations to fallacy and sophistication than epistolary intercourse.* In the eagerness of conversation the first emotions of the mind often burst out before they are considered; in the tumult of busi-

\* Prov. xv. 15.

ness, interest and passion have their genuine effect ; but a friendly letter is a calm and deliberate performance, in the cool of leisure, in the stillness of solitude ; and truly no man sits down to depreciate by design his own character." Shrewd remarks these, beyond a doubt ; but the words here printed in italics apply to men of coarser mould than ROBERT SOUTHEY.

As to SOUTHEY'S opinions, my business in the selection of these letters was clearly not to water them down, or to hide them, or to cross out paragraphs in which they are stated broadly ; but rather to leave them patent to the world in their undisguised reality, and undeniable uprightness of purpose, even when he was mistaken. Points there are upon which many, like myself, would *agree to differ*, but that is no reason for their omission. Thus, it would have been easy to omit many letters in which he expressed himself strongly on the press\* (which might now be not unfitly called, in the poet's words, "*Vasti machina mundi* ;"†) on the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, or on the liberty of the subject, run into license. But, according to my idea, this is not a fair way of dealing with a writer's correspondence. Whatever his opinions were, those opinions should be given. During his own

\* It is a remarkable fact that Southey's memory has nowhere been more justly appreciated than in the articles in the "TIMES" newspaper.

† Smollett's words are still true : — "As for the liberty of the press, like every other privilege, it must be restrained within certain bounds ; for if it is carried to a breach of law, religion, and charity, it becomes one of the greatest evils that ever annoyed the community." — *Humphrey Clinker*, June 2nd. The learned reader will call to mind the remarks of Sir Thomas More.

lifetime, many of SOUTHEY'S were modified, many changed; and it is not impossible that had he lived longer, even greater modifications, and greater changes, would have taken place. At all events, he would have gone hand in hand with rational improvement; and it is to be noted from his "Life and Correspondence," that he, who was supposed to be no Reformer, was the first to suggest and to urge on the greatest reforms of the day for the amelioration of society. On one point only would he have remained immovable to the last, and that is, on the Concessions to the Romish Church as at present constituted, and on this head there are very many now aware of his long-sighted wisdom.

It remains to speak of the letters contributed, and, in one word, to thank all those who have freely placed them at my disposal. Their names I need not recount here, as the heading of each attests its owner. My brother-in-law, the Rev. C. C. SOUTHEY, in sending me all that were in his possession, wrote me word that all his unpublished ones merely related to private family matters, and had no interest for the public generally. The great letter of advice to him is already printed in "THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE," vol. i. p. 363. His ready assistance has been to me of great value.

If it be observed that no very great number of Dr. H. H. SOUTHEY'S letters appear in this collection, the same reason is to be assigned; but never were two brothers more attached\*, and a month scarce elapsed for nearly half a century without an epistolary budget; sometimes two or three letters of *the merest fun* passed be-

\* See Southey's own estimate of his brother in vol. ii. p. 379. of this series.

tween them in a week. It may be noted likewise, that Dr. H. H. SOUTHEY was the usual means of intercourse with the unhappy EDWARD, whose necessities were weekly attended to. It has been thought advisable to add this notice, and so to obviate the remarks of some who never spent *pence* in the nearer charities of life whilst their brothers were constantly spending *pounds*.

The letters which appear in this series to SOUTHEY'S early friend CHARLES DANVERS came into my possession with the MSS. of the late Mrs. SOUTHEY. They are of an early date, and numerous; but these again are much too intimate for the public. The three following extracts will show the love Southey had for his early friend: "I learnt this from DANVERS, who, God bless him! is the friend of all who want a friend, and has as excellent an heart as God ever made to show us what a human heart can be."—*Letter to JOHN MAY, Dec. 10. 1803.* "You cannot imagine how happy he was in this country, and how happy it made me to see him so. God bless him! There is not a better creature on the face of the earth."—*Letter to Capt. T. SOUTHEY, Jan. 1. 1806.* And on his death he thus writes to WYNN: "I have lately received a shock from which it will be long before I shall recover,—the death of DANVERS, with whom I had lived for twenty years in the closest habits of intimacy, and whom I entirely esteemed and loved. It has left me still in that state in which dreams are more distressing than waking thoughts; and when time has seared over the wound, there will always remain a gloom over what used to form the happiest recollections of my life."—*May 15. 1814.*

ELMSLEY'S letters, I regret to say, I have not been

able to recover, and as every enquiry and search was made for me in Oxford by my friend the MASTER OF BALLIOL, and the late Dean of Christ Church, Dr. GAISFORD, it is to be feared they are lost. To him, as is well known, he dedicated the BOOK OF THE CHURCH, as a mark of "respect and friendship;" and in a letter to WYNN, dated *Dec.* 9. 1801, he says, "I shall miss ELMSLEY when he migrates to Edinburgh far more than any other person, for I see him more frequently, and that always with pleasure."

What is here said of the loss of ELMSLEY'S letters may be said of those to his friend BILDERDIJK. Every search has been made for them, but in vain. His son, L. W. BILDERDIJK, now in the army, writes me word, under date 15th October, 1855: "Although I take a deep interest in the publication committed to your care, I feel sorry to say it is altogether impossible to furnish you with the original letters of ROBERT SOUTHEY, the whole of my father's correspondence being destroyed after his decease, and, of course, the letters of ROBERT SOUTHEY likewise." This is much to be regretted. The original letters of BILDERDIJK to SOUTHEY are now before me.

The letters in this series addressed to Miss BARKER were obligingly sent me from France, by her husband, Mr. SLADE. She was an early Portuguese friend, and is the Bhow Begum of the "DOCTOR," &c. The *Senhora* was the name she usually went by at Keswick. She died in France some years ago.

The letters to Mrs. BRAY, of Tavistock, will be read with much interest, both as connected with the name of MARY COLLINS and with the "Borders of the

Tamar and the Tavy," which she wrote at SOUTHEY'S suggestion, and addressed to him in the form of letters.

Of very many of SOUTHEY'S letters, as it appears to me, an improper use has been made, and the interests of the family forestalled; but it is not worth while to press such a subject. Those who are inclined to publish at all adventures, would publish notwithstanding any reasons to the contrary alleged; and although the *law* might touch them, *a sense of justice* never could. It fortunately happens that more than enough remains in the hands of scrupulously upright persons to fill many more such volumes as those now submitted to the public.

A vast and unconnected mass of SOUTHEY'S correspondence must be still, to use an expression of his own to his brother TOM, "kicking to windward," and some communications may be expected here which are not found; but one thing is clear, that all SOUTHEY'S *friends* readily made haste to contribute their stores. I may add that, up to this date, no reply has been received from Mr. LOCKHART'S executors. On making application to Mr. MURRAY, he at once offered *copies* of Southey's letters; but as I had decided upon using *originals* only, I begged to decline them. On a later occasion he courteously wrote thus: — "May 30. 1855. I trust that you have found the series of copies of Mr. SOUTHEY'S letters to my father complete, and that you will not hesitate to apply to me in the event of any being missing."\*

\* Mr. Murray has given me permission to publish one letter of his father's to Mrs. Southey, which does him great credit. It will appear in the series of Southey's and Mrs. Southey's letters.

I have received no reply to my answer, and, of course, make no use of materials on hand, though, from my miscellaneous extracts, I have been able to draw up a most remarkable history of the "QUARTERLY REVIEW," from SOUTHEY'S first communication with WALTER SCOTT on the subject. It would fall like a shell from a mortar of the newest construction.

On applying, March 23. 1855, to Mr. HENRY TAYLOR for any letters he might wish to forward, his answer was, that he had "no contributions to offer; those of the letters in my possession which were conceived suitable for publication having been already published." From a considerable collection of his letters to Mrs. SOUTHEY, and many copies, or rough drafts, of letters addressed to him by SOUTHEY, it occurred to me that possibly he might have found some on reinspection, which he might wish to send, and I therefore wrote again, *July* 31. 1855. His reply was, — "I am unable to return a different answer from that which was contained in my reply to your previous letter." I have no acquaintance whatever with Mr. HENRY TAYLOR, but the Public, judging him to be a friend of SOUTHEY'S, might expect letters from him, and therefore this statement seemed called for.

It does not occur to me, at the present moment, that there is anything else particularly that I ought to mention, unless it be to crave allowance for some apparent repetitions not easily avoidable: I might specify, in passing, several letters relative to "Madoc," but, on examination, I think they will be found to contain differences worth recording.

For the few foot notes I am responsible, and they

are as few as possible, not being myself a convert to the custom of overlaying an author with unnecessary disquisitions, or be-Germanised Excursuses, albeit long ago not unread in German literature of all sorts, especially theological; and from my long residence in Copenhagen, as Chaplain to the Embassy, not unversed in Danish and Swedish lore, and in the exquisitely curious Icelandic Sagas.

In conclusion, I wish to remark that, as far as possible, I have avoided hurting the feelings of *any man living*, and have crossed out all names, the mention of which might give pain, with this exception only, where SOUTHEY'S own name, character, and statements, required the reverse. When this was the case, I had no alternative, and the name remains as written; unwillingly, perhaps, on my part, but as a matter of duty. I had originally marked all *hiatuses* with asterisks, but it seemed to disfigure the page so much that I crossed them out. It will readily be conceived that there must be many omissions in letters of private and friendly intercourse.

I have before quoted our sturdy moralist, SAMUEL JOHNSON, and perhaps I cannot do better than transcribe the following from his "Life of ADDISON":—

"The necessity of complying with the times, and of sparing persons, is the great impediment of biography. History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less, and in a short time is lost for ever. What is known can seldom be immediately told, and when it might be told it is no longer known. The delicate features of the mind, the



nice discriminations of character, and the minute peculiarities of conduct, are soon obliterated; and it is surely better that caprice, obstinacy, frolic, and folly, however they might delight in the description, should be silently forgotten, than that by wanton merriment and unseasonable detection, a pang should be given to a widow, a daughter, a brother, or a friend."

JOHN WOOD WARTER.

WEST TARRING, SUSSEX,  
February 15, 1856.

P.S. By some extraordinary oversight on my part, Benjamin Cubitt, *Esq.*, is left in a note, vol. i. p. 252., for the *Rev.* Benjamin Cubitt.



ourselves, when in a new place, wholly among new faces. I am now domesticated here, and have even more acquaintances than suits with my economy of time.

Perhaps you may wish to know what I have on the stocks. "Madoc" slowly goes on, but altogether to my own satisfaction, which is saying much. A second edition of the little volume of poems is in the press. I am getting ready a tragedy to be called "The Martyrdom of Joan of Arc," to go to press when they are finished; and a new edition of the poems in two pocket volumes, much altered, succeeds that,—so that my printer Biggs is monopolised: all these you will of course receive as soon as they are finished.

Your imprisonment has alarmed all the circle of my acquaintance, and the subsequent history highly interested them. My acquaintances are wonderfully increased; so much is a man esteemed according to the world's opinion of him.

What is somewhat strange, I never had any friends at Bristol till I was left to myself there.

This is a pleasant place: I have half a cottage here, and a maid for the time we stay. We have a spare bed, which I do not love to have empty, and my neighbour, Mr. Biddlecombe, a very agreeable man, can always find me another. Here is fine fishing, fine swimming, pleasant walks, and excellent prospects. We have but one nuisance.

My uncle's addition, as Chaplain to the Staff, is ten shillings a day, besides perquisites. He has sent me drawings of the views we saw on our journey. I wish you were here to see them; it is my intention to have some engraved for the next edition of my Letters, which have, I believe, sold very well. Unluckily, now my name is established, I must have done with it; for to publish whilst studying law would materially injure me. So I assume the name of Walter Tyler, in honour

of my good old uncle, an ancestor of whom I am very proud, and with reason.

Edith's love ; she wishes much to see you. The post will pass us in a minute. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

*To John May, Esq.*

Burton, July 19. 1797.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I sincerely thank you for your letter ; its contents are strange ; and I am inclined to think when my uncle blamed me for not doing my utmost to relieve my family, he must have alluded to my repeated refusal of entering into orders ; a step which undoubtedly would have almost instantly relieved them, and which occasioned me great anguish and many conflicts of mind. To this I have been urged by him and by my mother ; but you know what my religious opinions are, and I need not ask you whether I did rightly and honestly in refusing.

Till Christmas last I supported myself wholly by the profits of my writings. When I left Lisbon I had thirty pounds from my uncle, of which a large part was expended in paying my passage and the journey home. When my determination was made not to enter into the church, I instantly quitted the university, that my uncle might no longer be inconvenienced by me. I applied for a clerk's place in a public office, and my republican principles occasioned my ill success. At this time my acquaintance with Coleridge commenced ; I had all the enthusiasm which a young man of strong feelings and an acute sense of right and wrong can possess, and resolved to go to America and attempt to establish a better system. We hoped to raise a sum sufficient

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amongst us, and I had then expectations that the reversion of a family estate might be sold, which has since proved worth nothing. Wild as the plan was, it wanted not plausibility, and my mother would have gone with us had it taken place. At the end of 1794 I found myself disappointed in this: my aunt, with whom I had previously lived, had turned me out of her doors; and I would not be burdensome to my mother, though my quitting her was against her wishes. I went to Bristol to Coleridge, and supported myself, and almost him, I may say, for what my labours earned were as four to one. I gave lectures, I wrote indefatigably; nor is there a single action of this whole period that I would wish undone.

One friend I had — only one — willing and able to serve me; but he had not the power till he was of age. In the summer of 1795, my uncle, as you know, came to England; he urged me very strongly to take orders. My heart was heavily afflicted; my literary resources were exhausted; and it was yet a year and a half before my friend could assist me; and you will believe me when I say that my spirit could but ill brook dependence. I add to this, that my opinion of — was not what it had been; for by long living with him, I knew much of his character now. I gave him my uncle's letter when it arrived, and told him I knew not what I ought to do. I wrote to my friend: he strongly advised me against the church, and recommended the law when he could enable me to pursue it. After some days I followed this advice. As our finances no longer suffered us to remain at Bristol as we had done, we removed as we had before agreed, — I to my mother; and our arrears were paid with twenty guineas which Cottle advanced as the copyright price of the poems which were published, not till after my return from Lisbon. During all this — was to all appearance as he had ever been towards me; but I

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discovered that he had been employing every possible calumny against me, and representing me as a villain.

My mother's was now my home, but I was more frequently with Cottle; and with a mind agitated by so many feelings did I compose the greater part of "Joan of Arc." When this was nearly completed, my uncle asked me to go abroad with him. I consented, and married the morning of my departure. This too requires some explanation. I had never avowed a long-formed attachment till the prospect of settling in America made me believe it justifiable. I placed Edith during my absence with Cottle's sister, who keeps a school, as one of their family, and it was not proper that she should be supported by me except as my wife. The remainder of what "Joan of Arc" was to produce would defray this expense. On my return I had resolved still to leave her there, and live separately till the Christmas of 1796, when I had no evil to endure but dependence. I returned, however, with the remainder of the 30*l.* — about 18*l.* I believe. I had likewise the matter for my letters, which were only published from necessity. Cottle supplied me in advance with such small sums as I wanted from time to time, which the sale of the first edition of that book would repay, and my own reserved copies of "Joan of Arc" produced me enough with these assistances. By Christmas I had published my poems and letters, and in the course of the following month received the first quarterly payment of an annuity of 160*l.* Had this been without the heavy incumbrance of such obligation, I would have taken a cottage and lived there with my wife and mother, without one wish unsatisfied. As it was, it was my duty to labour till I could do this independently by the law. We had clothes to purchase, some little to discharge, — and a journey to London. With these drawbacks you will easily conceive that at the end of the first half-year nothing could remain.

It is only two days since I have learnt that my mother had any obligations to——, and what that obligation was I knew not till your letter informed me. My uncle wrote to me by Thomas, said he had desired Burn to send me ten pounds, that he would supply me with money from time to time, and requested therefore to know the state of my finances. This surprised me, because I had told him what I expected. On the receipt of this letter, I wrote to my mother, and told her to expect this ten pounds, which I fortunately wanted not. For this purpose I wrote to Burn for it by means of Thomas, explaining to Thomas why I accepted it, that he might not think I was wantonly draining my uncle: this I shall explain in my letter to Lisbon, which fortunately is not yet written.

Thus you may see that the only means I have ever possessed of assisting my mother was by entering the church. God knows I would exchange every intellectual gift which he has blessed me with for implicit faith to have been able to do this. I have urged her to come and live with me. She has a large lodging-house which does not pay its own rent, and my wish is that she would let the remainder of her house upon a reduced rent, and sink a certain little to prevent greater loss. I can then support her.

I care not for the opinion of the world, but would willingly be thought justly of by a few individuals. I labour at a study which I very much dislike to render myself independent; and I work for the booksellers whenever I can get employment, that I may have to spare for others. I sent ten pounds when last in London to Edith's mother, whose wants were more pressing than those of my own. I now do all I can; perhaps I may one day be enabled to do all I wish; however, there is One who will accept the will for the deed. God bless you.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

*To John May, Esq.*

Burton, Sept. 10. 1797.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You will be somewhat surprised to hear that we are about to remove from Burton and take up our abode with my mother for the residue of my reprieve from London. For this I had a strong motive independent of my mother's wish and the inclination I feel to be near a few Bristol friends. I want access to books which I can neither buy nor borrow, and which are almost necessary to elucidate my second edition. Lloyd accompanies us. He will be a boarder of my mother's. But I shall leave Burton with regret. I begin to take root here: novelty is to me less a source of delight than the kind of friendship which I contract with scenery that has interested me repeatedly, and awakened those emotions which defy expression, and which are almost too subtle for remembrance to retain.

I almost wish that I believed in the local divinities of the pagans. But without becoming a pagan or a fool, we may allow imagination to people the air with intelligent spirits and animate every herb with sensation; for wherever there is the possibility of happiness, infinite power and infinite benevolence will produce it. The belief of a creating intelligence is to me a feeling like that of my own existence, an intuitive truth: it were as easy to open my eyes and not see, as to meditate upon this subject and not believe. I know not whether you can follow associations that appear so unconnected upon paper, but the recollection of scenery that I love recalls to me those theistic feelings which the beauties of nature are best fitted to awaken. The hill and the grove would be to me holier places than the temple of Solomon: man cannot pile up the quarried



rock to equal its original grandeur, and the cedar of Lebanon loses all its beauties when hewn into a beam.

My mother is much better since her arrival here. It is somewhat hard that they who wish only for quietness cannot attain to it. Anxieties warp the mind as well as destroy the health, and too frequently misery in this world seems to render the soul less fit for another.

I ought to congratulate you upon the addition to your family. I should do it with more pleasure were it on your own account ; for though the wise man, in a period like this, would perhaps keep himself wholly without a tie, I do not wish either myself or my friend that cold wisdom. I have no idea of single blessedness : if a man goes through life without meeting one with whom he could be happy, I should think strangely ill of him, and if he has not the pumpkin-head, must have the pippin-heart. Young men are sad cattle now, and when I reflect how they are educated it appears wonderful that they are not worse. Young women are somewhat better—that is, they are more to be despised than detested. Domestic happiness is a rare jewel, and thank God I have found it.

Lloyd and my brother set off for the Isle of Wight the morning after you left us. We think of removing about Thursday next. Edith accompanies Tom and my mother ; I and Lloyd shall walk ; and we mean to make a pilgrimage to Stonehenge on the way. Direct your next to 8. Westgate Buildings, Bath. I have laboured hard at revising “Joan of Arc” since you were here, and with success I think. Froissart will give me the information I want for the costume of dress, banquets, &c., and my notes will assume a learned appearance. God bless you.

Yours truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

*To Mr. Thomas Southey, H. M. S. Mars, Plymouth.*

Bath, Nov. 11. 1797.

MY DEAR TOM,

I have been some fortnight at Bristol, with Danvers, where the time passed with most pleasant speed. Last night we returned. I heard complaints that you had not written to Lloyd, and saw your letter: 'twere needless to say with what satisfaction I read the account of your new situation.

Amos Cottle's translation of the Edda is published, and I have brought over a copy for you. You know it was my intencion to write him some lines that might be prefixed, and perhaps sell some half-dozen copies among my friends: you will find them there. The book itself will not interest you; it is only calculated for those who study mythology in general, the antiquities of the north, or who read to collect images for poetry: it happens to suit me in all these points.

We go for London on Monday week. If you do not write sooner, my mother will inform you my town direction as soon as I have one. Do you know that Lloyd has written a novel, and that it is going immediately to the press?

I would I had aught to inform you of: that my mother has found some person to take her house, she must have informed you. For myself — the most important personage in my drama of life (in which drama by the blessing of God I would have very few characters — this is a parenthesis) — for myself, nothing has occurred to me worth pen, ink, and paper to record it, save only that, after having inured myself to all weathers without a great-coat for five years, I have mustered one at last; and now the old gentleman goes out in a bear-skin wrapper to take care of himself. My new edition is in the press; you will stare at the laborious alterations.

Perhaps, Tom, the business and the uncertainty of life may prevent me from ever finishing "Madoc," on which I would wish to build my reputation, and so I would make the others as perfect as I can. My Letters are all sold — more work ! and as the Arabian said, "The work is long, the day is short;" but we shall have prints to the new edition, in the best style of *aqua-tinta* — this is settled. You are on the seas. If at any time the morning or evening appearance of the water strikes you as singularly beautiful or strange, and you should not dislike to register the appearance, do keep some little log-book of this kind for me: tell me its tints at sunrise and at sunset, &c. &c. But long habit has nauseated you of every thing belonging to the sea, and it has now perhaps no beauties for your eyes.

I have learnt to bind books, a great virtue, and moreover it may be useful in those days when a man will be glad of an honest trade. Edith's love, and Lloyd's, and my mother would send hers were she in the room.

Now God bless you, and grant us no very distant meeting.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

My mother is very much better than when you left us.

---

*To Mr. Thomas Southey, H. M. S. Mars, Plymouth.*

12. Lamb's Conduit Street, Jan. 15. 1798.

MY DEAR TOM,

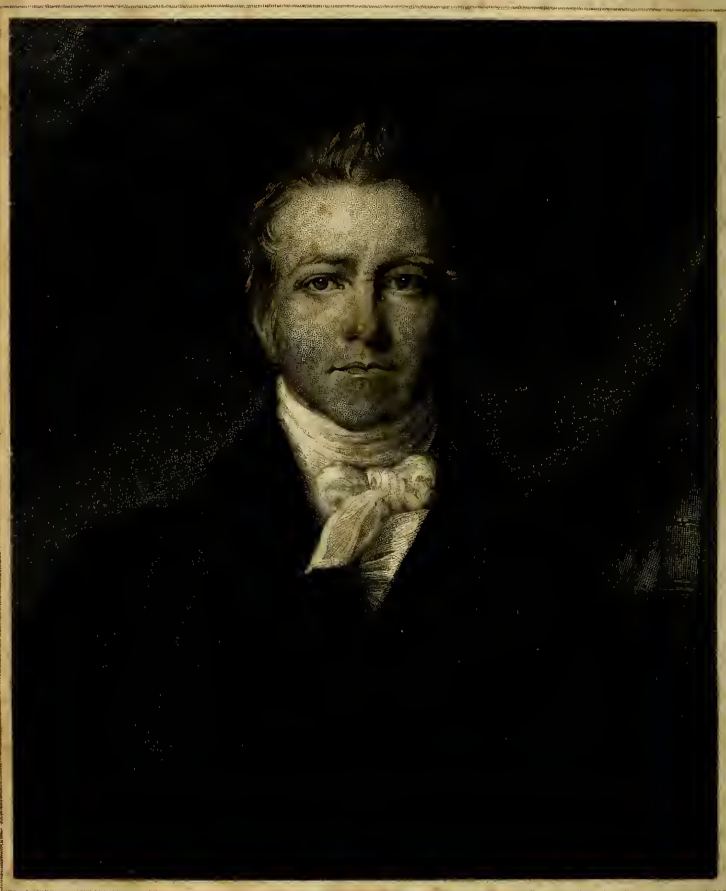
I suppose you would be somewhat angry with me were I to congratulate you on having left the Phœbe before her engagement, and as I cannot in honesty condole with you, I must say nothing. Your

letter did not reach me till some time after the date, owing to the absence of Wynn, who is now in Wales.

You inquire after my new edition. If God had not mixed up a very large portion of patience with the other ingredients of which he composed me, I should let out a great oath at mentioning the printer. To his shame, and my vexation, and Cottle's loss, he has only done three and a half sheets! though, if I rightly remember, the first proof arrived while you were at Bath, according to which expeditious rate the two volumes would be completed in June 1800. But as life is uncertain, Cottle did not like looking to so distant a period, and we have therefore resolved to make another printer print the second volume, which will go to the press as soon as a sheet of the first book is struck off, to serve him for his pattern. I expect the fourth half-sheet from this time to be the pattern, for we are at present not through the analysis of Chapelain; you see therefore that I cannot even guess when the work will be done. I am anxious to wash my hands of it, that I may set to the ninth book, which will be a tough piece of business. The good things of this world are but clumsily distributed. I could make as good use of leisure as any man living, and I have as little.

I have a great desire to publish another volume of poems, and let the profits accumulate with those of the ninth book when separately printed, and of the next edition of my letters (already wanted, and indeed long since), till they amounted to some eighty or a hundred pounds, enough to furnish a house, for I greatly dislike lodgings. This desire has already led me to write sometimes in poetry what perhaps would otherwise have been in prose. I should correct and reprint the "Retrospect." I have a subject, and a very fine one, for a ballad; in short, I have more than a fourth part of the necessary quantity ready, and the subjects for the rest





J Thomson sculp

W. Taylor J<sup>n</sup>

ÆTAT 55. A.D. 1821.

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# A MEMOIR

OF

## THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF THE LATE

# WILLIAM TAYLOR

OF NORWICH,

AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH SYNONYMS DISCRIMINATED;" "AN HISTORIC SURVEY OF GERMAN POETRY," ETC. ETC.

CONTAINING HIS

CORRESPONDENCE OF MANY YEARS WITH THE LATE

ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.,

AND ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT,

AND OTHER EMINENT LITERARY MEN.

COMPILED AND EDITED

BY J. W. ROBBERDS, F.G.S.,

OF NORWICH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1843.

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RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET.



## P R E F A C E.



THIS Memoir was originally undertaken with the design of prefixing it to a new edition of Mr. Taylor's "English Synonyms Discriminated;" but the materials were found too extensive and important to be compressed within such limits. Unseen and almost unknown, he exercised an influence over the public mind of this country, the effects of which are still progressively developing. It was by him that the vast stores of German literature were first laid open before us, and he first infused into our periodical criticism that new spirit which has rendered it the guide of intellect and the ruler of opinion. To show the working of these impulses, to do justice to his philological studies, and to display the varied erudition and bright

conceptions with which for many years he regularly enriched and enlivened our monthly publications,—these alone would have carried the duty of his biographer far beyond the scope of the original plan ; but when I discovered the nature and extent of his correspondence with the late Robert Southey, I felt that the history of two such minds, narrated by themselves, without gloss or varnish, in their freshest, best and most vigorous season, must be much too interesting and instructive to be withheld from the world. Mr. Southey's ready assent to the publication of these letters, his kindness in furnishing me with that portion of them which was in his possession, and the interest with which it will be seen that he regarded the subject, created additional claims upon my attention and perseverance ; and I must ever regret, both that the decline of his health deprived me of the valuable assistance which he had offered, and that he was taken from us before he could see this

memorial of one whose worth and talents he so highly and justly appreciated.

Had the task of arranging and digesting these materials been at first set before me in its entire magnitude, I should have shrunk from the undertaking. Although I had for the space of thirty-five years enjoyed the intimacy and the friendship of William Taylor, the idea that I might one day be his biographer had never entered my mind. Had it occurred to me, I should have availed myself of the frequent opportunities afforded me, to have recorded brilliant sallies of conversational talent, and unpremeditated effusions of genius, such as have rarely shed their lustre over pages like these. Nor could I command the leisure to explore all the sources whence the deficiency might be supplied. Literary pursuits are not my occupation; they are to me only the evening relaxation of days engrossed by the toils and anxieties of busy commercial life. It is needless to enlarge on such disad-

vantages, or on the delays and imperfections which have arisen from them. Still I am willing to hope that these will be leniently judged when I state, that almost every line of this work has been written, revised and corrected for the press, in those hours which all but the reveller and the student give up to repose. Having engaged in it, I have persevered to its completion; not expecting for myself emolument or celebrity, but anxious only to perform an act of justice to the memory of William Taylor, by letting the world know who and what he was. For this purpose alone I have endeavoured to display the excellent qualities of his head and heart, and to plant the standard of his fame before those by whom he was mistaken, or to whom he was misrepresented. If I have attained this object, it is the only reward that I seek for my labours.

J. W. R.

Norwich, August 8th, 1843.

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liary verbs impart every shade of thought and will, with a more familiar ease, with readier application and nicer precision, than all the intricate declensions and conjugations of Greek and Latin. Would the sacrifice of these advantages, if it were even possible, be compensated by the revival of an antiquated style of versification? It was a curious experiment on the part of William Taylor to show, that, if we choose, we can write in hexameters as well as the Germans; the undesirableness of its success was probably the cause of his attempt finding no seconder till the year 1820, when the author of *Thalaba* produced his 'Vision of Judgment.' In the preface to that work, he paid the following well-merited tribute to the talents and character of the friend who had preceded him in attempting this unusual form of composition. "Proofs of the practicability of the hexameter were given about twenty years ago by some translations from the 'Messiah' of Klopstock, which appeared in the Monthly Magazine, and by an eclogue, entitled 'The Showman,' printed in the second volume of the Annual Anthology. These were written by my old friend Mr. William Taylor of Norwich, the translator of Bürger's 'Lenora,' of whom it would be difficult to say, whether he is more deservedly admired by all who know him for the variety of his talents, the richness and ingenuity of his discourse and the liveliness of his fancy,

or loved and esteemed by them for the goodness of his heart." The friendship between Robert Southey and William Taylor did not commence till the year 1798, a period towards which we are now approaching\*.

The subjoined note† contains a list of his papers in the next five volumes of the Monthly

\* So early as in the year 1800, Mr. Southey had projected, in conjunction with Mr. Coleridge, an epic poem in hexameter verse, of which Mahomet was the intended hero. Some detached portions were actually written, but the work was never completed. The fragment, which, with two other short specimens of the same metre, may be found preserved in the second volume of S. T. Coleridge's 'Poems,' appears to have been designed for the opening passage, and was probably all that the indolence of the writer had allowed him to contribute towards his share of so splendid an undertaking.

† To the Second Volume of the Monthly Magazine, he contributed,—

Songs of the Negroes of Madagascar, translated from the French of the Chevalier De Porny.

A Dialogue of the Gods, in imitation of those written by Wieland.

A Translation of Klopstock's Ode, 'Die Choren,' here called 'Sacred Music,' and afterwards inserted in the 'Historic Survey of German Poetry' (vol. i. p. 257), under the literally-rendered title of 'The Choirs.'

Chronological Remarks on Genesis.

Concerning some Apologists of Hero-Worship.

In the Third Volume, the only authenticated communications from his pen are, Chronological Remarks on the time of Solomon; and the comments on the 'Modern Hexameters' of the 'Teutscher Merkur,' which have been already noticed.

There is also, at page 124, another paper on the subject of Hero-Worship, which, from internal evidence, may be safely ascribed to him.



Sept 5. 1798

him in it. This would employ him, and allow him no leisure for his scruples, which arise more from indolence than anything else; and should he at last give up the ministry, he would not be thrown upon the world. I do not think it possible that he could succeed as a physician, and he is totally unfit to struggle with the world.

“ I shall look for Fellowes’s book when I reach home. We have been visiting here for three weeks, and in the course of another shall return. Your chronological researches I can only wonder at; my studies have never been directed that way. Have you seen a volume of Lyrical Ballads, &c. ? They are by Coleridge and Wordsworth, but their names are not affixed. Coleridge’s ballad of <sup>the</sup> ‘The Ancient Mariner,’ is, I think, the clumsiest attempt at German sublimity I ever saw. Many of the others are very fine; and some I shall re-read, upon the same principle that led me through Trissino, whenever I am afraid of writing like a child or an old woman.

“ I get on with Madoc; the sixth book will soon be finished, and I have the whole plan ready. I have also another plan for an Arabian poem of the wildest nature; the title—‘The Destruction of the Dōm Danyel,’ which, if you have read the continuation of the Arabian Nights Entertainments, you will recollect to be a seminary for evil magicians under the roots of the sea.

It will have all the pomp of Mohammedan fable, relieved by scenes of Arabian life, and these contrasted again by the voluptuousness of Persian scenery and manners. There is not room left to send you the outline; however, I shall like to have your remarks, while it is yet easy to profit by them.

“ Pray remember me to your mother, and to all who may inquire for me. I should particularize your *Má*dame Roland.

“ God bless you,—yours truly,

“ ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

*Hereford Sept 5 1798*  
*To Mr William Taylor Surrey St Norwich*  
*William Taylor to Robert Southey.*

“ Norwich, September 26, 1798.

“ You must allow me, my dear Southey, to begin about Burnett: he and his fortunes are uppermost with me just now. He will have told you that his resolution to quit the ministry for medicine is so decisive, as to have induced him to mention his intentions to Mr. Manning. He has indeed determined to stay another year at Yarmouth, but in the spring the congregation are to have notice in form. In correspondence I have said everything dissuasive I could think of, because in giving advice one should always take the cautious side; but I wonder not at all that a man of spirit should dislike a profession, which has nothing progressive in reserve, and

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THE  
LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE  
OF  
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

VOL. II.

LONDON:  
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,  
New-street-Square.





J. Downman.

H. Robinson.

*Edith Southey.*

LONDON. LONGMAN BROWN GREEN & LONGMANS.

THE  
LIFE & CORRESPONDENCE

of the late

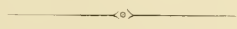
ROBERT SOUTHEY,

*IN SIX VOLUMES.*

EDITED BY HIS SON,

The Rev.<sup>d</sup> Charles Cuthbert Southey.

*VOL. II.*



London:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN & LONGMANS,

1850.





THE

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EDITED BY HIS SON, THE

REV. CHARLES CUTHBERT SOUTHEY, M.A.

CURATE OF PLUMBLAND, CUMBERLAND.

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JODDREY & CO. PRINTERS & ENGRAVERS



again. What with this and my weekly communications with Stuart\*, and my plaguy regimen of exercise, I have actually no time for any voluntary employment. In a few days I hope to breathe a little in leisure.

“ I am sorry it is low water with you, and that we cannot set you afloat. We are heavily laden, and can, with hard work, barely keep above water. I have been obliged to borrow; by and by we shall do better; but we are just now at the worst, and these vile taxes will take twenty pounds from me, at the least.

“ We had an odd circumstance happened to us on Wednesday. Just as we were beginning breakfast, a well-dressed woman, in a silk gown and muff, entered the room. ‘ I am come to take a little breakfast,’ said she. Down she laid her muff, took a chair, and sat down by the fire. We thought she was mad, but she looked so stupid, that we soon found that was not the case. Sure enough, breakfast she did. I was obliged once to go down and laugh. My mother and Edith behaved very well, but Margery could not come into the room. When the good lady had done, she rose, and asked what she had to pay? ‘ Nothing, ma’am,’ said my mother. ‘ Nothing! why how is this?’ ‘ I don’t know how it is,’ said my mother, and smiled; ‘ but so it is.’ ‘ What, don’t you keep a public?’ ‘ No, indeed, ma’am;’ so we had half a hundred apologies, and the servant had a shilling. We had a good morning’s laugh for our-

\* Editor of the Morning Post.

selves, and a good story for our friends, and she had a very good breakfast. I wish you had been here.

“Harry is going to a Mr. Maurice, a gentleman who takes only a few pupils, at Normanston, near Lowestoff, Suffolk. You may, perhaps, know Lowestoff, as the more easterly point of the island. It is a very fortunate situation for him.

“The frost has stopt the pump and the press. My letters are just done, but not yet published. Our bread has been so hard frozen, that no one in the house except myself could cut it, and it made my arm ache for the whole day.

“I do not know where Lloyd is; it is a long time since I have heard from him. Indeed, my own employments make me a vile correspondent.

“The Old Woman of Berkeley cuts a very respectable figure on horseback; and Beelzebub is so admirably done, that one would suppose he had sat for the picture.\* . . . . I know not how you exist this weather. My great coat is a lovely garment, my mother says; and but for it I should, I believe, be found on Durdham Down in the shape of a great icicle. At home the wind comes in so cuttingly in the evenings, that I have taken to wear my Welsh wig, to the great improvement of my personal charms! Edith says, I may say that.

“I shall make a ballad upon the story of your shipmate the marine †, who kept the fifth commandment so well. By the help of the Devil it will do;

\* This engraving was copied from the Nuremberg Chronicle.

† This man persuaded his father to murder his mother, and then turned king's evidence, and brought his father to the gallows.

and there can be no harm in introducing him to the Devil a little before his time. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

“ A happy new year.”

*To C. W. W. Wynn, Esq.*

“ Jan. 9. 1799.

“ My dear Wynn,

“ As for the verses upon Mr. Pitt, I never wrote any. Possibly Lewis may have seen a poem by Coleridge, which I have heard of, but have never seen — a dialogue between Blood, Fire, and Famine, or some such interlocutors.\* Strangers are perpetually confounding us.

“ My Eclogues, varying in subject, are yet too monotonous, in being all rather upon melancholy subjects.

“ I have some play plots maturing in my head, but none ripe. My wish is to make something better than love the mainspring; and I have one or two sketches, but all my plots seem rather calculated to produce one or two great scenes, rather than a general effect. My mind has been turned too much to the epic, which admits a longer action, and passes over the uninteresting parts.

“ The escape of the Pythoness with a young Thesalian seems to afford most spectacle. If you have Diodorus Siculus at hand, and will refer to lib. 16.

\* “ Fire, Famine, Slaughter,” was the title of this poem.

p. 428., you may find all the story, for I know no more than the fact.

“Pedro the Just pleases me best. This is my outline — You know one of Inez’ murderers escaped — Pacheco. This man has, by lightning or in battle, lost his sight, and labours under the agony of remorse. The priest, to whom he has confessed, enjoins him to say certain prayers where he committed the murder. Thus disfigured, he ran little danger of discovery; what he did run, enhanced their merits. A high reward has been offered for Pacheco, and the confessor sends somebody to inform against him and receive it.

“Leonora, his daughter, comes to Coimbra to demand justice. Her mother’s little property has been seized by a neighbouring noble, who trusts to the hatred Pedro bears the family, and their depressed state, for impunity. This, too, may partly proceed from Leonora having refused to be his mistress. A good scene may be made when she sees the king, and he thinks she is going to intreat for her father; but Pedro was inflexibly just, and he summons the nobleman.

“Pacheco is thrown into prison. The nobleman, irritated at the king, is still attached to Leonora. He is not a bad man, though a violent one. He offers to force the prison, deliver Pacheco, and retire into Castille, if she will be his. The king’s confessor intercedes for Pacheco, but his execution is fixed for the day when Inez is to be crowned. At the decisive moment, Leonora brings the children of Inez to intercede, and is successful. She refuses to marry the

noble, and expresses her intention of entering a nunnery after her mother's death.

“This is a half plot—you see capable of powerful scenes—but defective in general interest, I fear.

“I have thought of a domestic story, founded on the persecution under Queen Mary. To this my objection is, that I cannot well conclude it without either burning my hero, or making the queen die very *à propos*—which is cutting the knot, and not letting the catastrophe necessarily arise from previous circumstances. However, the story pleases me, because I have a fine Catholic woman and her confessor in it.

“For feudal times, something may be made, perhaps, of a feif with a wicked lord, or of the wardship oppressions; but what will young Colman's play be? It may forestall me.

“Then I have thought of Sparta, of the Crypteia, and a Helot hero; but this would be interpreted into sedition. Of Florida, and the customary sacrifice of the first-born male: in this case to have a European father, and an escape. Sebastian comes into my thoughts; and Beatrix of Milan, accused by Orombello on the rack, and executed. A Welsh or English story would be better; but, fix where I will, I will be well acquainted with country, manners, &c. God bless you. You have these views as they float before me, and will be as little satisfied with any as myself. Help me if you can.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

*To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.*

" January 21. 1799.

" My dear Grosvenor,

" You ask me why the Devil rides on horseback.\* The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman, and that would be reason enough ; but, moreover, the history doth aver that he came on horseback for the old woman, and rode before her, and that the colour of the horse was black. Should I falsify the history, and make Apollyon a pedestrian ? Besides, Grosvenor, Apollyon is cloven-footed ; and I humbly conceive that a biped — and I never understood his dark majesty to be otherwise — that a biped, I say, would walk clumsily upon cloven feet. Neither hath Apollyon wings, according to the best representations ; and, indeed, how should he ? For were they of feathers, like the angels, they would be burned in the everlasting fire ; and were they of leather, like a bat's, they would be shrivelled. I conclude, therefore, that wings he hath not. Yet do we find, from sundry reputable authors and divers histories, that he transporteth himself from place to place with exceeding rapidity. Now, as he cannot walk fast or fly, he must have some conveyance. Stage coaches to the infernal regions there are none,

\* The allusion here is to the illustration of my father's " pithy and profitable " ballad of the " Old Woman of Berkeley," which is referred to in the last letter but one. It seems that Mr. Bedford, whose humour on such subjects tallied exactly with his own, had questioned the propriety of the portraiture.

though the road be much frequented. Balloons would burst at setting out, the air would be so rarified with the heat ; but horses he may have of a particular breed.

“ I am learned in Dæmonology, and could say more ; but this sufficeth. I should advise you not to copy the ballad, because the volume will soon be finished. I expect to bring it with me on Ash-Wednesday to town. . . . .

“ I am better, but they tell me that constant exercise is indispensable, and that at my age, and with my constitution, I must either throw off the complaint now, or it will stick to me for ever. Edith’s health requires care ; our medical friend dreads the effect of London upon both. When my time is out in our present house (at Midsummer), we must go to the sea awhile. I thought I was like a Scotch fir, and could grow anywhere, but I am sadly altered, and my nerves are in a vile state. I am almost ashamed of my own feelings, but they depend not upon volition. These things throw a fog over the prospect of life. I cannot see my way ; it is time to be in an office, but the confinement would be ruinous. You know not the alteration I feel. I could once have slept with the seven sleepers without a miracle ; now the least sound wakes me, and with alarm. However, I am better. . . . . God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

R. SOUTHEY.”

*To John May, Esq.*

" Jan. 22. 1799.

" My dear Friend,

" Since my last my dramatic ideas have been fermenting, and have now, perhaps, settled — at least, among my various thoughts and outlines there is one which pleases me, and with which Wynn seems well satisfied. I am not willing to labour in vain, and before I begin I would consult well with him and you, the only friends who know my intention. The time chosen is the latter part of Queen Mary's reign: the characters, — Sir Walter, a young convert to the Reformation; Gilbert, the man who has converted him; Stephen, the cousin of Sir Walter, and his heir in default of issue, a bigoted Catholic; Mary, the betrothed of Walter, an amiable Catholic; and her Confessor, a pious excellent man. Gilbert is burnt, and Walter, by his own enthusiasm, and the bigotry and interested hopes of his cousin, condemned, but saved by the Queen's death. The story thus divides itself: — 1. To the discovery of Walter's principles to Mary and the Confessor. 2. The danger he runs by his attentions to the accused Gilbert. 3. Gilbert's death. 4. Walter's arrest. 5. The death of the Queen. In Mary and her Confessor I design Catholics of the most enlarged minds, sincere but tolerating, and earnest to save Walter, even to hastening his marriage, that the union with a woman of such known sentiments might divert suspicion. Gilbert is a sincere but bigoted man, one of the old reformers, ready to suffer death for his opinions, or



to inflict it. Stephen, so violent in his hate of heresy as half to be ignorant of his own interested motives in seeking Walter's death. But it is from delineating the progress of Walter's mind that I expect success. At first he is restless and unhappy, dreading the sacrifices which his principles require; the danger of his friend and his death excite an increasing enthusiasm; the kindness of the priest, and Mary's love, overcome him; he consents to temporise, and is arrested; then he settles into the suffering and steady courage of a Christian. To this I feel equal, and long to be about it. I expect a good effect from the evening hymn to be sung by Mary, and from the death of Gilbert. From the great window, Mary and the Confessor see the procession to the stake, and hear the *Te Deum*; they turn away when the fire is kindled, and kneel together to pray for his soul; the light of the fire appears through the window, and Walter is described as performing the last office of kindness to his martyred friend. You will perceive that such a story can excite only good feelings; its main tendency will be to occasion charity towards each other's opinions. The story has the advantage of novelty; the only martyrdom-plays I know are mixed with much nonsense—the best is Corneille's 'Polyeucte;' in English we have two bad ones from Massinger and Dryden. When I see you I will tell you more; the little thoughts for minute parts, which are almost too minute to relate formally in a letter.

“I come to town the week after next again: the thought of the journey is more tolerable, as I expect relief from the exercise, for very great exercise is

necessary. I do not, and will not, neglect my health, though it requires a very inconvenient attention. My medical guide tells me that, with my habits, the disorder must be flung off now, or it will adhere to me through life. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

My father's health still continued in a very unsatisfactory state, although he was less alarmed about it himself than he had been a short time previously. In reply to some anxious inquiries from his friend William Taylor, who, with a singular misapprehension of his character, tells him that he has a "mimosa sensibility, an imagination excessively accustomed to summon up trains of melancholy ideas, and marshal funeral processions; a mind too fond by half, for its own comfort, of sighs and sadness, of pathetic emotion and heart-rending woe;" he says: — "Burnett has mistaken my complaint, and you have mistaken my disposition. I was apprehensive of some local complaint of the heart, but there is no danger of its growing too hard, and the affection is merely nervous. The only consequence which there is any reason to dread is, that it may totally unfit me for the confinement of London and a lawyer's office. I shall make the attempt somewhat heartlessly, and discouraged by the prognostics of my medical advisers. If my health suffer, I will abandon it at once. The world will be again before me, and the prospect sufficiently comfortable. I have no wants, and few wishes. Literary exertion is almost as necessary to me as meat and

drink, and with an undivided attention I could do much.

“ Once, indeed, I had a mimosa sensibility, but it has long ago been rooted out. Five years ago I counteracted Rousseau by dieting upon Godwin and Epictetus; they did me some good, but time has done more. I have a dislike to all strong emotion, and avoid whatever could excite it. A book like Werter gives me now unmingled pain. In my own writings you may observe I dwell rather upon what affects than what agitates.”\*

Notwithstanding the little encouragement my father found to continuing the study of the law, both from the state of his health, and the peculiar inaptitude of his mind to retain its technicalities, even though, at the time of reading, it fully apprehended them, he still thought it right to continue to keep his terms at Gray’s Inn, and early in May went up to London for that purpose. Here his friends had now become numerous, and he had to hurry from one to another with so little cessation, that his visits there were always a source of more fatigue than pleasure. His great delight was the old book-stalls, and his chief anxiety to be at home again.

“ At last, my dear Edith,” he writes the day after his arrival, “ I sit down to write to you in quiet and with something like comfort. . . . My morning has been spent pleasantly, for it has been spent alone in the library; the hours so employed pass rapidly enough, but I grow more and more homesick like a

\* March 12. 1799.

spoilt child. On the 29th you may expect me. Term opens on the 26th; after eating my third dinner I can drive to the mail, and thirteen shillings will be well bestowed in bringing me home four-and-twenty hours earlier—it is not above sixpence an hour, Edith, and I would gladly purchase an hour at home now at a much higher price. . . . .

My stall-hunting, the great and only source of my enjoyment in London, has been tolerably successful. I have picked up an epic poem in French, on the Discovery of America, which will help out the notes of Madoc; another on the American Revolution, the Alaric, and an Italian one, of which I do not know the subject, for the title does not explain it; also I have got *Astræa*, the whole romance, a new folio, almost a load for a porter, and the print delightfully small—fine winter evenings' work: and I have had self-denial enough—admire me, Edith!—to abstain from these books till my return, that I may lose no time in ransacking the library.

“ I met Stuart one day, luckily, as it saved me a visit. To-morrow must be given up to writing for him, as he has had nothing since I came to town. The more regularly these periodical works are done, the easier they are to do. I have had no time since I left home: in fact I can do nothing as it should be done anywhere else.

“ . . . . . Do not suppose I have forgotten to look out for a book for you; to-day I saw a set of *Florian*, which pleases me, unless a better can be found. . . . .

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Do you know that I am truly and actually learning Dutch, to read Jacob Cats. You will, perhaps, be amused at a characteristic trait in that language: other people say, I pity; but the Dutch verb is, I pity myself."

The two following letters were also written during this absence from home.

*To Mrs. Southey.*

"Brixton, May 9. 1799.

"Your letter, my dear Edith, reached me not till late last evening, and it could hardly have arrived more opportunely, for it was on my return from a visit to Mr. —, that I found it. We had dined there; B., and C., and I, with fourteen people, all of whom were completely strange to me, and most of whom I hope and trust will remain so. There were some blockheads there, one of whom chose to be exposed, by engaging in some classical and historical disputes with me; another gave as a toast General Suwarrow, the man who massacred men, women and children for three successive days at Warsaw, who slew at Ockzakow thirty thousand persons in cold blood, and thirty thousand at Ismael. I was so astonished at hearing this demon's name, as only to repeat it in the tone of wonder; but, before I had time to think or to reply, C. turned to the man who gave the toast, and said he would not drink General Suwarrow, and off we set, describing the man's actions till they gave up all defence, and asked for some substituted

name ; and Carlisle changed him for Count Rumford. It was a hateful day ; the fellows would talk politics, of which they knew nothing. . . .

After being so put to the torture for five hours, your letter was doubly welcome.

“G. Dyer is foraging for my Almanac, and promises pieces from Mrs. Opie, Mr. Mott of Cambridge, and Miss Christall. I then went to Arch’s, a pleasant place for half an hour’s book news: you know he purchased the edition of the Lyrical Ballads; he told me he believed he should lose by them, as they sold very heavily. . . . My books sell very well. Other book news have I none, except, indeed, that John Thelwall is writing an epic poem, and Samuel Rogers is also writing an epic poem; George Dyer, also, hath similar thoughts. . . .

William Taylor has written to me from Norwich, and sent me Bodmer’s Noah, the book that I wanted to poke through and learn German by. He tempts me to write upon the subject, and take my seat with Milton and Klopstock; and in my to-day’s walk so many noble thoughts for such a poem presented themselves, that I am half tempted, and have the Deluge floating in my brain with the Dom Daniel and the rest of my unborn family.

“ . . . . .  
As we went to dinner yesterday a coachful of women drew up to the door at the moment we arrived there; it rained merrily, and Carlisle offered his umbrella, but the prim gentry were somewhat rudely shy of him and me too, for his hair was a little ragged, and

I had not silk stockings on. He made them ashamed of this at dinner. Never did you see anything so hideous as their dresses; they were pink muslin, with round little white spots, waists ever so far down, and buttoned from the neck down to the end of the waist.

Horne Tooke's letter to the Income Commissioners has amused me very much: he had stated his under sixty pounds a year; they said they were not satisfied; and his reply begins by saying he has much more reason to be dissatisfied with the smallness of his income than they have.

“ God bless you.

Yours affectionately,  
ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

My father was now, much to his regret, compelled to quit his house at Westbury; and Burton, in Hampshire, being the place which, next to Bristol, he had found in all respects best suited to him, he went thither to look for a house, and with some difficulty succeeded in procuring one, but not being able to obtain immediate possession, the intervening time, after a short interval, was passed in an excursion into Devonshire. Of these movements the following letters give an account: —

To Grosvenor Bedford, Esq.

“ Bristol, June 5. 1799.

“ My dear Grosvenor,

“ Here is de koele June — we have a March wind howling, and a March fire burning — it is *diabolus diei*. On my journey I learnt one piece of information, which you may profit by : that on Sunday nights they put the new horses into the mail always, because, as they carry no letters, an accident is of less consequence as to the delay it occasions. This nearly broke our necks, for we narrowly escaped an overturn ; so I travel no more on a Sunday night in the mail.

“ . . . . .  
I am the better for my journey, and inclined to attribute it to the greater quantity of wine I drank at Brixton than I had previously done ; therefore I have supplied the place of æther by the grape-juice, and supplied the place of the tablespoon by the corkscrew. I find printer’s faith as bad as Punic faith. New types have been promised from London for some weeks, and are not yet arrived, therefore I am still out of the press. I pray you to send me the old woman who was circularised,



who saw her own back, whose head was like the title-page of a Jew’s prayer-book, who was an emblem of eternity, the omikron of old women. You will make a good ballad of this quaint tale ; it is for subjects



allied to humour or oddity that you possess most power. . . . .

Find such subjects, and you will find pleasure in writing in proportion as you feel your own strength. I will at my first leisure transcribe for you St. Anthony and the Devil.

“ The time of removal is so near at hand, that I begin to wish every thing were settled and over. This is a place which I leave with some reluctance after taking root here for twenty-five years, and now our society is so infinitely mended.

“ Davy, the Pneumatic Institution experimentalist, is a first-rate man, conversable on all subjects, and learnable-from (which, by the by, is as fine a Germanly compounded word as you may expect to see). I am going to breathe some wonder-working gas, which excites all possible mental and muscular energy, and induces almost a delirium of pleasurable sensations without any subsequent dejection.

“ . . . . .

I was fortunate enough to meet Sharpe, of whom you said so much, on the Sunday that I left Brixton. I was with Johnson in the King’s Bench when he came in; I missed his name as he entered, but was quite surprised at the novelty and good sense of all his remarks. He talked on many subjects, and on all with a strength and justness of thought which I have seldom heard; the meeting pleased me much. I wish much to see more of Sharpe; he seems a man whom it would be impossible not to profit by. He talked of Combe, who is in the King’s Bench. You said that Combe wrote books which were not known to be his.

Letter to W. Saylor 25 June - says of Burnside  
 father dead and deaf. He was reputed wealthy  
 and now have left money to S.B. - but her part  
 perhaps all in law & no will - don't know  
 S.B. had enemies at home  
 20<sup>th</sup> Dec 1799

Sharpe mentioned as his, Lord Lyttleton's Letters, many of Sterne's Letters, and Æneas Anderson's Account of China. God bless you!

Yours affectionately,  
 ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To Thomas Southey.

Friday, July 12. 1799.

" My dear Tom,

" I write to you from Danvers's, where we are and have been since we left Westbury. I have been to Biddlecombe's\*, and surveyed Southey Palace that is to be. We shall not get possession till Michaelmas. The place will be comfortable; the garden is large, but unstocked, with a fish-pond and a pigeon-house. My mother is in the College Green. Edith and I are going into Devonshire, first to the north coast, Minehead, the Valley of Stones, and Ilfracombe, the wildest part of the country; perhaps we may cross over to the south on our way to Burton. I wish to see Lightfoot at Kingsbridge, and there would be a likelihood of seeing you.

" My miscellaneous volume, which is to be christened Annual Poems, comes on rapidly; they are now striking off the eleventh sheet.

" Yesterday I finished Madoc, thank God! and thoroughly to my own satisfaction; but I have resolved on one great, laborious, and radical alteration. It was my design to identify Madoc with Mango

\* The name of a friend residing at Christchurch, Hampshire.

Annual Poems

\* 19 letters from S to B. were sold at Paxton Wood - also Feb 1885 C. Pearson - with 13 to B. signed - the 32. for 27-

It is long since I have heard from you. I saw the marriage of, I suppose, one of your sisters announced in the papers. At the time I wished it had been your own; but if the single man be never quite happy, neither can he be ever quite otherwise, — in sickness, in poverty, in death, the evil extends not beyond himself; he is prepared for all the contingencies of life, and its close is not embittered by the grief of the survivors whose happiness or welfare depends upon him. It has always been my wish to die far from my friends, to crawl like a dog into some corner and expire unseen. I would neither give nor receive unavailing pain.

Of the few books with me I am most engaged by the Koran: it is dull and full of repetitions, but there is an interesting simplicity in the tenets it inculcates. What was Mohammed? self-deceived, or knowingly a deceiver? If an enthusiast, the question again recurs, wherein does real inspiration differ from mistaken? This is a question that puzzles me, because to the individual they are the same, and both effects equally proceed from the first Impeller of all motions, who must have ordained whatever he permits. In this train of reasoning I suspect a fallacy, but cannot discover it. But of Mohammed, there is one fact which in my judgment stamps the impostor — he made too free with the wife of Zeid, and very speedily had a verse of the Koran revealed to allow him to marry her. The vice may be attributed to his country and constitution; but the dispensation was the work of a scoundrel imposing upon fools. The huge and monstrous fables of Mohammedanism, his extravagant miracles, and the rabbinical tenets of his followers, appear nowhere in the written book. Admit the inspiration of the writer, and there is nothing to shock belief. There is but one God — this is the foundation; Mohammed is his prophet — this is the superstructure. His followers must have been miserably credulous. They gained a victory over the Koreish

with very inferior numbers, and fought lustily for it. Yet Mohammed says, and appeals to them for the truth of what he says, that not they beat the Koreish, but three thousand angels won the victory for them. The system has been miserably perverted and fatally successful.

Bagdad and Cordova had their period of munificence and literature; all else in the history of the religion is brutal ignorance and ferocity. It is now a system of degradation and depopulation, whose overthrow is to be desired as one great step to general amelioration.

If you could get me Anquetil Du Perron's Zendavesta, I should be very glad. It is not easily met with, but perhaps your bookseller might meet with a copy. If Edith gets better, we shall proceed to Ilfracombe in about ten days; if not, we must return. Should you receive this soon, my direction is at Mr. Alloway's, Minehead, Somersetshire. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

R. SOUTHEY.

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*To Charles Danvers, Esq.\**

MY DEAR DANVERS,

*Tuesday* Bristol, August 20. 1799.

I write to you from Stowey, and at the same table with Coleridge: this will surprise you. . . . However, here I am, and have been some days wholly immersed in conversation. In one point of view Coleridge and I are bad companions for each other. Without being talkative I am conversational, and the hours slip away, and the ink dries upon the pen in my hand.

Edith is very much better. I have seen Ilfracombe,

\* The contents of this letter are so graphic, that I venture to print it as a companion to the one to John May, Esq., in the "Life and Correspondence," vol. ii. p. 22.

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 M. Tue.  
 26 11 27

and find its beauty consists wholly in the shore scenery. The country is wild, open, and naked; so we shall go to the south of Devon at once, and set out on Monday or Tuesday next, to Sidmouth. The Coleridges are going to Ottery, which is only five miles from Sidmouth, so we travel together.

I have seen the Valley of Stones. Imagine a vale, almost narrow enough to be called a coombe, running between two ranges of hills. On the left the hills are covered with turf. The vale is sprinkled with stones among fern, only in one place piled grotesquely, or to any height, yet presenting a singular appearance. The magnificence lies on the northern side; the hills here are without turf or soil, stripped of their vegetable earth, completely naked — the very bones of the earth: here the bare stones assume a thousand strange shapes of ruins. I ascended the highest point. At the summit two huge stones, inclining against each other, formed a portal. In this I lay down—a little platform of level turf, the only piece I saw spread before me, about two yards long,—and then the eye fell immediately upon the sea, a giddy depth. You cannot conceive a spot more strange, more impressive: I never before felt the whole sublimity of solitude!

What could have been the origin of this valley? The valley itself is very high above the sea; but if it be the effect of water—and I can conceive no other possible agent—the same inundation which bared the summit of these heights must necessarily have flooded all the lower lands in the kingdom. But even the opposite hills, to which I could have shot an arrow, are clothed with soil and vegetation. Possibly a water-spout might have produced this effect. As a poet I could form hypotheses in plenty; but, to my shame, I am no naturalist. I could learn no tradition. The people do not even suspect the devil of having had any hand in it.

At the alehouse in the adjoining village, I met with the

father of Lean, your reading-society man. He claimed acquaintance with me on the score of his son's knowing me! I found him a plain, unaffected, intelligent old man. He gave me a good deal of local information, showed me several of the best points of view, and invited me to his home at Wivelcombe: he is a seller of all things, and travels twice or thrice a year round Exmoor with a cart full of goods. These villages, which are shut out from all the world and inaccessible by carriages, have no shops to supply themselves from, and when Lean enters one of them his arrival is proclaimed in form at the church-door.\*

Lymouth, a village about a mile from the Valley of Stones, is a place of unequalled beauty. Excepting the Arrabida and Cintra, I have seen nothing superior to it. Two rivers—you know the down-hill rivers of Devonshire, that make one long waterfall all the way—two rivers from two coombes join at Lymouth, and where they join enter the sea, and the sea makes but one roar with the rivers. The one coombe is richly wooded, the other naked and stony. From the eminence which juts out between them is one of the noblest views I ever saw:—the two coombes and their rivers—their junction—the little village of Lymouth—and the sea, here boundless and with the variety of sea colours. The road down to Lymouth is dreadful—a narrow path, more than a mile in descent on the brink of a precipice with the sea below. A mound of earth about two feet high secures the foot-traveller; but it is gloriously terrific. . . . God bless you. Remember us affectionately to your mother.

Yours truly,

R. SOUTHEY.

\* See fourth series of "Common-Place Book," p. 521. The reader may thank me for referring him to a sweet description of "cunning Isaac," in Mr. Southey's "Solitary Hours," Childhood, p. 35., second edit.

To John May, Esq. *Offery* \*

*Tuesday* Exeter, Sept. 3. 1799. *2*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I wrote to you from Ottery, where I have been uncomfortably detained five days by the impossibility of finding lodgings any where in its neighbourhood. I wish to be as near as possible on Coleridge's account, and additionally so, as there is the probability of seeing you here. To-morrow, however, we go to Exeter, where there can be no doubt of house-room, and eleven miles is a very walkable distance. | \*

I have now seen George Coleridge; his brother and you had taught me to respect him. In many things he reminds me of you; there is the resemblance that two persons who have lived much together, and with attached affections, bear to each other. Something too he reminds me of my uncle — of his equalness and kindness of character; but he is not so cheerful as my uncle, nor has his situation been so favourable. He told me that from the age of eighteen he had never had leisure to read a book through. ✓

There are three classes of people in whose society I find pleasure — those in whom I meet with similarity of opinion, those who from a similarity of feeling tolerate difference of opinion, and those to whom long acquaintance has attached me, who neither think nor feel with me, but who have the same recollections and can talk of other times and other scenes. Accustomed to seclusion, or to the company of those who know me, and to whom I can out with every thought as it rises without the danger of being judged by a solitary expression, I am uncomfortable amongst strangers. A man loses many privileges when he is known to the world. Go where I will, my name has gone before me, and strangers either receive me with expectations that I cannot

gratify, or with evil prepossessions that I cannot remove. It is only in a stage-coach that I am on an equal footing with my companions, and it is there that I talk the most and leave them in the best humour with me.

I have just learnt that you do not visit Devonshire. I, however, have the expectation of seeing you in Hampshire during the winter. George Coleridge has been very friendly towards me, and I feel that his opinion of me had been influenced by you. He has his brother's forehead, but no other resemblance. It is wonderful how the strong feelings induced in composition change the countenance. Strong thought is labour, an exercise essential to the mind's health; and the face of a thinking man, like the legs of a porter and the arms of a blacksmith, indicate how he has been employed.

I thank you for procuring the *Zendavesta*—for so I suppose it to be—which has arrived at Bristol for me: when we meet I will pay you for it. I expect in going through it to derive wisdom from perusing much folly. Something I shall one day build upon the base of Zoroaster, but what I know not. To Mango Capac\* I feel myself pledged; and if I can see the propriety of blending aught supernatural with philosophical narration he shall be brought from Persia. My head is full of plans: it seems as though all that I have yet done is the mere apprenticeship of poetry, the rude work which has taught me only how to manage my tools.

*Tuesday, Sept. 3.*—We are lodged at Mr. Tucker's, Fore-Street-Hill, Exeter. Here we shall remain till Michaelmas, and here then you will direct. Since beginning this letter I bore part in an interesting conversation

\* "It was my design to identify Madoc with Mango Capac, the legislator of Peru: in this I have totally failed, therefore Mango Capac is to be the hero of another poem."—*Life and Corr.* vol. ii. p. 21.



with George Coleridge upon the tendency of Christianity. His brother Edward, who seldom talks much to the purpose, talked only to confuse and misunderstand; but afterwards, when we walked out, he understood us better. We were talking upon the equalitarian doctrines of the gospel, a doctrine which you know. I see there that which is intimately blended with all my opinions and systems,—their foundation, indeed, their life and their soul. I could soon grow unreserved with him, and talk from immediate impulse. We were all a good deal amused by the old lady. She could not hear what was going on, but, seeing Samuel arguing with his brothers, took it for granted that he must have been wrong, and cried out, “Ah, if your poor father had been alive, he’d soon have convinced you!” In Exeter I find a humble imitation of Lisbon filth, but I also find two good sale libraries of old books. You will smile at the catalogue title of a Portuguese book which I bought here; it is an account *das cousas que fizeram os Padres da companhia de Jesus*, in the East Indies and in Africa; and this the catalogue-maker called FIZRAMO’s account, &c.

Edith is better than she has been for many months. I find a sort of health-thermometer in the hair. My own curls crisp and strong in proportion to the state of the whole system, or becomes weak and straightened. Perhaps by and by the connection will be discovered between the colour of the hair, its quality and its crispness, and the constitution. Physiology is yet in its infancy. Have you received the “Annual Anthology?” God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Seymour  
Saturday 21 Sept [1799]

Envelope of R. Southey to Poole  
H. S. has, Southey says — the parcel  
for Coleridge to have been forwarded to  
him. He has returned to Ottery — but  
I have the expectation of seeing him here again

To C. W. William Wynn, Esq.

Exeter, Sept. 24. 1799.

MY DEAR WYNN,

Since last I wrote I have seen something of South Devon, a country which has been so over-praised as completely to disappoint me. Some particular spots were striking, but the character of the whole is bald high hills, with hedges and no trees, and broad views that contained no object on which the eye could fix. I remember with most pleasure a little vale amid high hills, of which one was well wooded; many streams intersected it; and all over the green vale were fine old ash trees, as if a grove had been rooted up and these left standing. The ash is our most *beautiful* tree, not our *finest*, but in a quiet secluded scene our most appropriate, the leaves are so transparently green, and hang with so feathery a lightness, and the bark is more strongly coloured, than that of any other tree. There was a mill in this vale, quite a comfortable dwelling, and a saw-pit by, — just enough of man to enliven the scene, not to spoil it. It pleased me mightily. Near Totness I fell in with a countryman, who talked of the Duke of Somerset (he has a seat near, and had just been at it). He was a strange, foolish sort of young man, he said, who loved to walk about by himself.

Dartmouth is finely situated; but on the whole Devonshire falls very flat upon the eye after the north of Somersetshire, which is truly a magnificent country. I have been much indisposed: unless I take so much exercise as almost to preclude doing anything else, my pulse intermits, and I have the old symptoms. You are mistaken in supposing I play pranks with myself; the gaseous oxyde had been repeatedly tried before I took it, and I took it from curiosity first, afterwards as

ministered, went to utterance of those  
who think otherwise — so the door is shut upon  
me & I have no inclination to knock, even  
if I should then be opened. With my own employment  
of the vicinity of Coleridge &c

*This form letter of the base of which I can make*  
 heard from Burnett an account of his most won-  
 derful discovery, the wonder-working gaseous  
 oxyd of azote,—for it is not yet christened, and  
 the old name must be used. I am affected by a  
 smaller quantity than any person who has yet  
 taken it. It produces first in me an involuntary  
 and idiotic laughter, highly pleasurable and ri-  
 diculous; immediately a warmth and a fullness  
 flow from my head through every limb, and my  
 finger- and toe-tips tingle, and my teeth seem  
 to vibrate with delight. The last symptom is  
 a feeling of strength, and an impulse to exert  
 every muscle. For the remainder of the day it  
 left me with increased hilarity, and with my  
 hearing, taste and smell certainly more acute.  
 I conceive this gas to be the atmosphere of Mo-  
 hammed's Paradise."

*the top of the third page is:*

Sept. 1st, 1799, Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire.

"This letter has been unfinished while I have  
 been rambling over this country,—a country  
 which appears to me to have received more en-  
 comiums than it deserves. After coming from  
 the north of Somersetshire everything appears  
 flat and uninteresting. I am about to house  
 myself at Exeter for a few weeks, till our habi-  
 tation in Hampshire be vacant. \* \* \* With  
 my own employment and the vicinity of Cole-  
 ridge, the want of society is not to be felt. I

*There is a list soc. at Ex. D'Israeli  
 goes to Downman who writes Southey is  
 blank verse - but they are a sort of monster  
 in literature - all furious of manuscript*

*with  
 but  
 in the  
 Collect-  
 -can it  
 in date  
 S. Jap  
 1799  
 Southey  
 has  
 worth  
 out  
 "Stonely  
 the paper  
 any to  
 at  
 of course the  
 above date  
 S. Jap  
 must  
 be  
 wrong*

was to tell you from Coleridge, that a statue of Bürger has been lately erected in some tea-gardens at Göttingen, badly designed and executed, and in a strange place ; but it shows his popularity. If this be worth mentioning in your necrology, and not too late, I will get for you the description of the monument, which has escaped my memory. Coleridge is about to produce the life of Lessing, a subject which will comprehend the literary history of Germany.

“ I am sorry you have abdicated the office of literary Director, for the Republic has need of your services. A good reviewer is the rarest of writers ; for unless he have leisure and inclination, the ablest hands scrawl through it sadly. I have a sort of selfish sorrow too ; for Coleridge and I mean to march an army of hexameters into the country, and it will be unfortunate to have all the strong places in the hands of our enemies. We have chosen the story of Mohammed. N.B.—No reflection on Klopstock. The subject is very fine, and we have squeezed it into a sufficient oneness. But remember this is a secret expedition, till the manifesto accompany the troops. We must bully like generals, but argue somewhat better. Gather me at your leisure a few flowers for the ‘Anthology.’ God bless you ! “ Yours truly,

Robert Southey.  
 Secret to Mr. Tucker's  
 Forest of the Specter. Shakespeare  
 here to Michaelmas.

*William Taylor to Robert Southey.* (No. 12.)

“ Dear Friend, “ Norwich, 18th October, 1799.

“ The ‘Annual Anthology’ was duly received. There is barely cork enough to float the lead, or barely lead enough to make the scum and scoria saleable. Lovell’s two sonnets are good ; so are the ‘Goose’ and the ‘Gooseberry-bush.’ Are these last by Coleridge? I have been less pleased than you with the verses signed D. Except the ‘Song of Pleasure,’ which is brilliant, and a passage here and there, I have not enjoyed them. I discover not those powers of fancy, those inventive capacities, those creative energies, those almightinesses of plastic genius, which because you know the man, and because everybody knows him for a first-rate philosopher, *you* are unavoidably led to associate even with his poetical exertions. I did not recognize you in ‘Abel Shufflebottom.’ In these elegies the first is most effective, yet it is rather too long. The third and perhaps the fourth stanzas might be spared, and again the eighth, which in fact repeats the contiguous one. Accurst, curst, accursed, cursed, occur cursedly currently, as a cursory perusal will convince you. Your ballads of ‘Bishop Bruno,’ ‘Cornelius Agrippa,’ ‘Saint Reyné’s Well,’ and the ‘Pious Painter,’ are all lively, striking, and well told. Many of the comic pieces are comical. I rejoice, how-

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*ms  
y R. S.*

ever, that you adopt the method of publishing anonymously your smaller effusions, as it is certainly most for your reputation to associate your name only with the selecter compositions, and to let those of uncertain value be afterwards concentrated, rendered stimulant by withdrawing the water of deliquescence, be alcoholized, and have their aroma distilled into a quintessential drop of otr. If there be a poetical sin in which you are apt to indulge, it is expatiation, an Odyssey garrulity, as if you were ambitious of exhausting a topic, instead of selecting its more impressive outlines only. In a metrical romance this is probably no evil—some feeble intervals increase the effect of the interstitial splendour; but in the poemets of an Anthology there is no space for oscillation, no leisure to flag.

“ I am obliged by Mr. Coleridge’s intimation concerning the statue of Bürger, although it came too late for my use. The manuscript was already sent to Philips for the ‘Necrology,’ and mentioned an intended monument in the gardens at Göttingen, of which the inscription was not given in the document I followed. I shall be gratified by a communication of the inscription, if it can be come at without much trouble to you or your friend. His life of Lessing may well be made as interesting as Warton on the Genius and Writings of Pope, and is, I presume, to be treated in the same *abbreviated manner*.

*Burke Tuesday Oct 22 1799*

view of making Mango Capac the hero of a poem, and bringing him from among the followers of Zoroaster flying from Mohammedan persecution. A more immediate motive was to gratify old curiosity. Some assistance I may perhaps derive for Thalaba, my Dom Daniel destroyer; and among the many little pieces that I needs must write, it is my intention to write sketches characteristic of the manners and mythologies of different nations. Some of these, relative to the American Indians, you may possibly have seen in the Morning Post.

“ Browne’s Travels disappointed me. That a man should go so far and see so little! And in the Critical there is the puff superlative upon his meagre narrative. Park interested me far more. These African adventurers seem to go foolishly to work; circumcision would save half their dangers. After all, the probability is that Africa will be chiefly explored from the English Cape of Good Hope and from French Egypt.”

*Burnepate!!*

\* \* \* \*

“ A little practice has enabled me to hexametrize with facility: in my next I will send you a specimen. God bless you!

“ Yours truly,

“ ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

*Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 13.)*

*verified 182*

“ Burton, Oct. 27, 1799.

“ You give me a more favourable account of Mackintosh than I have been accustomed to receive. Coleridge has seen much of him at the Wedgewoods. He describes him as acute in argument, more skilful in detecting the logical errors of his adversary than in propounding truth himself,—a man accustomed to the gladiatorship of conversation—a literary fencer, who parries better than he thrusts. I suspect that in praising Jeremy Taylor and in overrating him, he talks after Coleridge, who is a heathen in literature and ranks the old bishop among his demigods. I am not enough conversant with his writings to judge how accurately you appreciate him. The ‘ Holy Living and Dying ’ everybody knows, and it has splendid parts. His ‘ Ductor Dubitantium ’ I procured just before my departure from Bristol, and it lies in my unopened baggage. What Coleridge values in these old writers is their structure of paragraph; where sentence is built upon sentence with architectural regularity, each resting upon the other, like the geometrical stairs at St. Paul’s.

“ In Davy’s verses I see aspirations after genius and powers of language, all that can be expected in so young a writer. Did I promise more? But it is my common fault usually to



Madoc 177

a Welchman of Madoc's company. Some Dane has proved him an Icelander.

“ Yours attachedly,  
“ WILLIAM TAYLOR, Jun.”

*Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 14.)*

*Not in collection  
after Oct 27 1795 - Sept 4 3 Feb 1800*

“ Kingsdown Parade, Bristol,  
Sunday, Dec. 8th, 1799.

“ My dear Friend,

“ Do not from my long silence suspect me of negligence. I have been ill—so reduced by a nervous fever as neither to read nor write. On recovery I repaired to Bristol, to seek relief for a worse complaint. My heart is affected, nervously I *hope*; but pain there, and frequent irregularity in pulsation, convinced me that I ought not to delay obtaining able advice.

“ My hexameters come to you in a ragged state. I meant to have corrected them with care; but as they are, they may serve as a specimen of what I can do in this way, and it would be foolish to wait till I have leisure for correcting. These liberties I have allowed myself—sometimes a superfluous short syllable at the beginning—sometimes the pyrrhic—sometimes the amphimacer. These licences must of course be sparing; and what you will meet with would probably have been altered in correction.

[Here follow 109 hexameter lines from the in-

tended poem on Mohammed, mentioned in the letter of the 1st September.] *20 Sept 1772*

“ Remember, these are apprenticeship lines ; but I think that now I can wield the metre, and that it makes a magnificent mouthful of sound.

“ Thank you for your offer to house Harry ; we however wish once more to see him, and not quite to abandon him in a land of strangers. I wish he were old enough to be placed as pupil at the wonder-working Pneumatic Institution. You visited Bristol too soon, before our luminary had arisen. Davy is a miraculous young man, but his health is injured. Beddoes even apprehends consumption. At present he is in London, and when he returns I hope my residence here will draw him a little from perpetual experiments and the noisome fumes of the laboratory.

“ Don't be daunted by the nonsense and unintelligibility of ‘ Gebir ’ from going through it ; it looked to me like a Norwich-printed book, but that you would have known. Your townsman's ‘ Cupid and Psyche ’ is well done. Where can I find a sketch of the idolatry of the Poles ? I want to make an ode on the sacrifice of their Queen Venda.

“ Yours affectionately,

“ ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

*William Taylor to Robert Southey.* (No. 14.)

“ My dear Friend, “ December, 1799.

“ I was sorry to hear from Mr. Maurice that you are again ill. If health, like the good works of the monks, were a transferable commodity, I would give you some of mine, and incur for your sake many weeks of confinement. As things are, I can only wish you well, and add that I have no confidence in your system of extreme temperance, which produces a valetudinarian, disagreeable health, and by never calling into full action the vessels which secrete sensorial power, occasions their shrivelling into impotence before the natural period.

“ Thanks for your hexameters. I was never before an impartial judge of their practicability in English, having read only my own. I of course associated much of the pleasure of composition with their rhythm, and derived from them a delight which it would be absurd to suppose transferable. I am now satisfied that they will do, but not do wonders. They are less favourable to condensation of thought, and consequently to the highest stimulancy of style, than blank verse. They do abound, as Mr. Böttiger observes, more than ordinary poetry, with *of this* and *to this*. They do not often attain a certain majesty of soundingness, which is frequent in the Latin hexameter. Superfluous short syllables

at the beginnings of lines would to my ear have a still better effect, if the preceding line terminated with a long syllable; *e. g.*

. . . . . ' even the play of his pulse  
Disturbs him, so deep his attention.'

“ I observe you are not solicitous to avoid a structure of line which Klopstock blames as offensive to the ear, because it suggests the idea of a poem written in semi-hexameters, when a dactyl and spondee occur for the second and third foot, as—‘ garment of green, who ’—‘ inaudible words he ’—‘ manner of men await,’ &c. Some of the most dactylic lines have an admirable effect.

. . . . . ' Beneath the hoofs of their horses  
Sparkles the rock of the valley and rises the dust of the desert.'

So has a very emphatic incipient syllable,

' There is a third, aloud replied the son of Abdallah;  
God '—

On the other hand I should prefer—

' Lo the pigeon fled . . . . .  
Spread is the spider's net-work over the entrance,'

to the supernumerary incipient syllable. *Sounds that rüŋ* makes a bad dactyl, nor should we read *wäs thÿ spirit* as if the two first syllables were short.

“ I forget who told me that the ‘ Anthology ’ was not to come out before April, and even that

its continuation was doubtful. I have however completed, with the intention of offering it to you, the English eclogue of which, when here, you transcribed the three or four first lines. The hexameters must excuse the too long description of the view of Paris. If you do not want it for the 'Anthology,' return it to me, as I will in that case send it to the Monthly Magazine. I began a terrific ballad for you on the story of Dr. Faustus, and composed forty or fifty stanzas, but found on a sudden that the catastrophe was so hacknied and the beginning so expectation-exciting, that it would form an anti-climax perfectly ridiculous. Your friend Coleridge wrote to me a few days ago, to ask about the Norwich riots. I told him all I knew, which was very little. I wrote to him for Bürger's epitaph, which he did not possess; and I have obtained his address, of which, when I go to London, I shall avail myself to make his acquaintance.

" Yours,

" WILLIAM TAYLOR, JUN."

The eclogue transmitted in this letter is that entitled 'The Show,' inserted at page 200 of the second volume of the 'Anthology.' It appears from the foregoing correspondence that the following are the contributions from William Taylor's pen to the first volume of that work:—

Page 1. The Topographical Ode (to Keswick Lake), with the signature of Ryalto.

Page 36. A Dirge.

Page 64. Ode to the Burnie Bee ; signed R. O.

Page 201. Ode to the Rainbow ; also signed R. O.

Page 205. Parody on Lines written in the Sixteenth Century.

Page 233. The Seas ; signed Ryalto.

To the first of these compositions the editor deservedly assigned the post of honour, in the van of the collection ; and he has expressed his sense of its excellence in terms, which would give to further comments the character of an obtrusive pedantry.

*keep 20  
ante*

Capac, the legislator of Peru: in this I have totally failed, therefore Mango Capac is to be the hero of another poem; and instead of carrying Madoc down the Marañon, I shall follow the more probable opinion and land him in Florida: here, instead of the Peruvians, who have no striking manners for my poem, we get among the wild North American Indians; on their customs and superstitions, facts must be grounded, and woven into the work, spliced so neatly as not to betray the junction. These alterations I delay. . . . So much for Madoc; it is a great work done, and my brain is now ready to receive the Dom Daniel, the next labour in succession. Of the metre of this poem I have thought much, and my final resolution is to write it irregularly, without rhymes: for this I could give you reasons in plenty; but, as you cannot lend me your ear, we will defer it till you hear the poem. This work is intended for immediate publication.

“My first poems are going to press for a third edition; by the time they are completed, I shall probably have a second volume of the Annual Poems ready; and so I and the printers go merrily on.

“Oh, Tom! such a gas has Davy discovered, the gaseous oxyde! Oh, Tom! I have had some; it made me laugh and tingle in every toe and finger tip. Davy has actually invented a new pleasure, for which language has no name. Oh, Tom! I am going for more this evening; it makes one strong, and so happy! so gloriously happy! and without any after-debility, but, instead of it, increased strength of mind and body. Oh, excellent air-bag! Tom, I am

sure the air in heaven must be this wonder-working gas of delight !

Yours,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

*To John May, Esq.*

"Stowey, August, 1799.

" My dear Friend,

" . . . . .  
 My walk to Ilfracombe led me through Lynmouth, the finest spot, except Cintra and the Arrabida, that I ever saw. Two rivers join at Lynmouth. You probably know the hill streams of Devonshire: each of these flows down a coombe, rolling down over huge stones like a long waterfall; immediately at their junction they enter the sea, and the rivers and the sea make but one sound of uproar. Of these coombes the one is richly wooded, the other runs between two high, bare, stony hills. From the hill between the two is a prospect most magnificent; on either hand, the coombes and the river before the little village. The beautiful little village, which, I am assured by one who is familiar with Switzerland, resembles a Swiss village, — this alone would constitute a view beautiful enough to repay the weariness of a long journey; but, to complete it, there is the blue and boundless sea, for the faint and feeble line of the Welsh coast is only to be seen on the right hand if the day be perfectly clear. Ascending from Lynmouth up a road of serpentine perpendicularity,



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you reach a lane which by a slight descent leads to the Valley of Stones, a spot which, as one of the greatest wonders indeed in the West of England, would attract many visitors if the roads were passable by carriages. Imagine a narrow vale between two ridges of hills somewhat steep: the southern hill turfed; the vale which runs from east to west, covered with huge stones and fragments of stones among the fern that fills it; the northern ridge completely bare, excoriated of all turf and all soil, the very bones and skeleton of the earth; rock reclining upon rock, stone piled upon stone, a huge and terrific mass. A palace of the Preadamite kings, a city of the Anakim, must have appeared so shapeless, and yet so like the ruins of what had been shaped after the waters of the flood subsided. I ascended with some toil the highest point; two large stones inclining on each other formed a rude portal on the summit: here I sat down; a little level platform, about two yards long, lay before me, and then the eye immediately fell upon the sea, far, very far below. I never felt the sublimity of solitude before. . . .

“Of Beddoes you seem to entertain an erroneous opinion. Beddoes is an experimentalist in cases where the ordinary remedies are notoriously, and fatally, inefficacious: if you will read his late book on consumption, you will see his opinion upon this subject; and the book is calculated to interest unscientific readers, and to be of use to them. The faculty dislike Beddoes, because he is more able, and more successful, and more celebrated, than themselves, and because he labours to reconcile the art of

healing with common sense, instead of all the parade of mystery with which it is usually enveloped. Beddoes is a candid man, trusting more to facts than reasonings: I understand him when he talks to me, and, in case of illness, should rather trust myself to his experiments than be killed off *secundem artem*, and in the ordinary course of practice. . . .

“ God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

R. SOUTHEY.”

*To Joseph Cottle.*

“ My dear Cottle,

*Sunday*

“ Exeter, Sept. 22. 1799.

“ You will, I hope, soon have a cargo to send me of your own (for the 2d vol. of the Anthology), and some from Davy. If poor Mrs. Yearsley were well, I should like much to have her name there. . . . As yet, I have only Coleridge’s pieces and my own, amounting in the whole to some eighty or one hundred pages.

“ Thalaba the Destroyer is progressive. There is a poem called ‘ *Gebir*,’ of which I know not whether my review be yet printed (in the Critical), but in that review you will find some of the most exquisite poetry in the language. The poem is such as Gilbert\*, if he were only half as mad as he is, could have written. I would go an hundred miles to see the anonymous author.

\* Author of “ The Hurricane.”

“ My other hard work now is gutting the libraries here, and laying in a good stock of notes and materials, arranged in a way that would do honour to any old batchelor. Thalaba will be very rich in notes. . . . .

“ There are some *Johnobines* in Exeter, with whom I have passed some pleasant days. It is the filthiest place in England; a gutter running down the middle of every street and lane. We leave it on Monday week, and I shall rejoice to taste fresh air and feel settled. Exeter, however, has the very best collection of books for sale of any place out of London; and that made by a man who some few years back was worth nothing: Dyer, — not Woolmer, whose catalogue you showed me. Dyer himself is a thinking, extraordinary man, of liberal and extraordinary talents for his circumstances. I congratulate you on being out of bookselling; it did not suit you. Would that we authors had one bookseller at our direction, instead of one bookseller directing so many authors!

“ My list of title-pages increases. I have lately made up my mind to undertake one great historical work, the History of Portugal; but for this, and for many other noble plans, I want uninterrupted leisure time, wholly my own, and not frittered away by little periodical employments. . . . .

“ God bless you.

Yours affectionately,  
ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

*Sold at Sotheby's 10 Aug 1881*

To S. T. Coleridge.

“ Exeter, Oct. 3. 1799.

“ Bonaparte was remarkably studious, and mathematics his particular study. He associated little, or not at all, with the other officers, and in company was reserved and silent. This is Mrs. Keenan’s account, to whom I looked up with more respect because the light of his countenance had shone upon her. Banfill tells me that the mathematical tutor of Bonaparte is in Exeter — an emigrant. He says that he was an excellent mathematician — in the military branch chiefly — and that he was always the great man, always the first, always Bonaparte. ~~by~~

“ Jackson has taste to a certain extent. . . . His music I take for granted: his pictures are always well conceived, the creations of a man of genius; but he cannot execute; his trees are like the rustic work in a porter’s lodge, sea-weed landscapes, cavern drippings chiselled into ramifications — cold, cramp, stiff, stony. I thank him for his ‘Four Ages.’ A man with a name may publish such a book; but when a book is merely a lounging collection of scraps, the common-place book printed, one wishes it to hold more than half an hour’s turning over, a little turtle soup and a little pine-apple; but one wants a huge-basin of broth and plenty of filberts. . . . I soon talked of Bampfylde\*, and Jackson rose in my

\* I might have hesitated in publishing this melancholy account of poor Bampfylde’s private history, had it not already been related in the Autobiography of Sir Egerton Brydges.

*God bless him, but he disturbs my dreams now, for I can no redemption possible. (in Catalogue)*

esteem, for he talked of him till I saw the tears. I have copied one ode, in imitation of Gray's Alcaic, and nineteen sonnets. After I had done, Jackson required a promise that I would communicate no copy, as he was going to publish them. He read me the preface; it will tell you what a miraculous musician Bampfylde was, and that he died insane; but it will not tell you Bampfylde's history.

“His wish was to live in solitude and write a play. From his former lodging near Chudley, often would he come to town in winter before Jackson was up — and Jackson is an early riser — ungloved, open-breasted, with a pocket-full of music, and poems, to know how he liked them. His *friends* — plague on the word — his relations, I mean, thought this was a sad life for a man of family, so they drove him to London. ‘Poor fellow!’ said Jackson, ‘there did not live a purer creature; and if they would have let him alone, he might have been alive now. In London his feelings took a wrong course, and he paid the price of debauchery.’

“His sixteen printed sonnets are dedicated to Miss Palmer, now Lady Inchiquin, a niece of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Her he was madly in love with. Whether Sir J. opposed this match on account of Bampfylde's own irregularities in London, or of the hereditary insanity, I know not; but this was the commencement of his madness. On being refused admittance at Sir Joshua's, he broke the windows, and was taken to Newgate! Some weeks after, Jackson, on knowing of what had passed, went to London, and inquired

for Bampfylde. Lady B., his mother, said she knew little of him; she had got him out of Newgate; he was in some beggarly place. 'Where?' In King Street, Holborn, she believed, but did not know the number. Away went Jackson, and knocked at every door till he found the right. It was a miserable place. The woman of the house was one of the worst class of women in London. She knew B. had no money, and that he had been there three days without food. Jackson found him with the levity of derangement; his shirt-collar black and ragged — his beard of two months' growth. He said he was come to breakfast, and turned to a harpsichord in the room, literally, he said, to let B. gorge himself without being noticed. He took him away, gave his mother a severe lecture, and left him in decent lodgings and with a decent allowance, earnestly begging him to write. He never wrote. The next news was his confinement, and Jackson never saw him more. Almost the last time they met, he showed him several poems; among others a ballad on the murder of David Rizzio. 'Such a ballad!' said J. He came to J. to dinner, and was asked for copies. 'I burnt them,' was the reply; 'you did not seem to like them, and I wrote them to please you, so I burnt them.' After twenty years' confinement his senses returned, but he was dying in a consumption. He was urged by his apothecary to leave the house in Sloane Street, where he was well treated, and go into Devonshire. 'Your Devonshire friends will be very glad to see you.' He immediately hid his face. 'No, sir,' said he, 'they who

knew me what I was, shall never see me what I am.'

Yours affectionately,

R. S."

*To S. T. Coleridge.*

“Christ Church. [No date.]

“I went to the Chapter Coffee-house Club. A man read an essay upon the comparative evils of savage and civilised society; and he preferred the first because it had not the curses of government and religion! He had never read Rousseau. What amused me was to find him mistaken in every fact he adduced respecting savage manners. I was going to attack him, but perceived that a visitor was expected to be silent. They elected me a member of one of these meetings, which I declined. . . .

“A friend of Wordsworth’s has been uncommonly kind to me — Basil Montague. He offered me his assistance as a special pleader, and said, if he could save me 100 guineas, it would give him more than 100 guineas’ worth of pleasure. I did thank him, which was no easy matter; but I have been told that I never thank anybody for a civility, and there are very few in this world who can understand silence. However, I do not expect to use his offer: his papers which he offered me to copy will be of high service. Tell Wordsworth this.

“I commit wilful murder on my own intellect by

drudging at law; but trust the guilt is partly expiated by the candle-light hours allotted to Madoc. That poem advances very slowly. I am convinced that the best way of writing is, to write rapidly, and correct at leisure. Madoc would be a better poem if written in six months, than if six years were devoted to it. However, I am satisfied with what is done, and my outline for the whole is good. . . .

“God bless you.

R. S.”

*To Thomas Southey,*

*Sylph Brig.*

“Burton, October 25. 1799.

“My dear Tom,

“For these last three weeks you have been ‘poor Tom,’ and we have been lamenting the capture of the Sylph, and expecting a letter from you, dated ‘Ferrol.’ The newspapers said you had been captured and carried in there; and I have written word to Lisbon, and my uncle was to write to Jardine, at Corunna; and my mother has been frightened lest you should have been killed in an action previous to your capture;—and after all it is a lie!

“Five weeks were we at Exeter. I wrote to you, directing Torbay, and I walked round Torbay. You cruised at an unlucky time. However, if you have picked up an hundred pounds, I am glad we did not meet. We are in Hampshire, and shall get into our



palace on Wednesday next. You will direct as formerly — Burton, near Ringwood. So much hope had I of seeing you when I walked down to Dartmouth, and round by Brixham and the bay, that I put the Annual Anthology and the concluding books of Madoc in my knapsack for you.

“ Our dwelling is now in a revolutionary state, and will, I hope, be comfortable. Small it is, and somewhat quaint, but it will be clean; and there is a spare bed-room, and a fish-pond, and a garden, in which I mean to work wonders: and then my book-room is such a room, that, like the Chapter House at Salisbury, it requires a column to support the roof.

“ But you ought to have been taken, Tom; for consider how much uneasiness has been thrown away; and here were we, on seeing your hand-writing, expecting a long and lamentable, true and particular, account of the loss of the Ville de Paris, the lapelles, the new shirts, books, and all the lieutenant paraphernalia; and then comes a pitiful account of a cruise, and 100*l.* prize-money, instead of all these adventures!

“ There was my mother working away to make a new shirt, thinking you would come home shirtless, breechesless, all oil, one great flea-bite, and able to talk Spanish.

“ I have no news to tell, except that we expect Harry home for the Christmas holidays. Concerning my own employment, the Dom Daniel romance is rechristened, anabaptized Thalaba the Destroyer,

and the fifth book is begun ; this I should like to show you. . . . God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

My father had now, as he hoped, fairly settled himself for a time. He had revolutionised two adjoining cottages into a dwelling-house, and, at some inconvenience, had got his books about him, for already he had collected far more than were easily either moved or accommodated, though far fewer than he either wished or required. In this respect, indeed, the old proverb of "a rolling stone" was wholly inapplicable to him ; and the number that accumulated made every new movement more troublesome and more expensive.

But he was not yet destined to find a "rest for the sole of his foot." Hardly was his new home cleared from "the deal shavings and the brick and mortar," than he was laid prostrate by severe illness — "so reduced by a nervous fever as to be able neither to read nor write;" and, on partially recovering from this attack, the uneasy feelings about his heart which he had before experienced, returned with so much force, as to compel him at once to repair to Bristol, for abler advice than the retired neighbourhood of Burton afforded. From thence he writes to Mr. Bedford and Mr. Coleridge.

From a letter of R. Southey to S. T. C.  
sold at Julian Marshall's sale at  
Nesby's June 1884 - Lot 225  
- it was "passed" - 2 pp 4 -  
dated "Dec. 15. 1799 Sunday"

"Savary will take George  
into his bank - if we each become  
security for £ 500. I have written  
to Stuart & requested the Laureatskip  
- that is in February next - this defalcation  
of my way & means must be supplied  
for the ensuing year I look to Thalaba.

In the Anthology I see no advantage  
from method - need is best. Do not  
think of Christabel on that account  
you will want at your time of sus-  
pect more, & much as I should like  
the poem I can do without it & feel  
no inconvenience. If you publish  
your letters you will of course insert  
the Brocken lines - these therefore  
remove from the Anthology bag. Do  
you also insert Homesick &  
the Something Childish? One  
question more - your lines about  
Burns

1950

Burns in the Bristol Paper  
 bore your name — shall  
 retain it . . . Cotta is busy  
 now only add one short  
 piece — ditto George Dyer.  
 Whom God bless for his  
 intentions & forgive for his  
 mode of putting them  
 in practice. Where do  
 you purpose fixing your  
 residence — I remain the  
 winter here.

1956

*To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.*

“Kingsdown, Bristol, Dec. 21. 1799.

“Grosvenor, I think seriously of going abroad. My complaint, so I am told by the opinion of many medical men, is wholly a diseased sensibility (mind you, physical sensibility), disordering the functions, now of the heart, now of the intestines, and gradually debilitating me. Climate is the obvious remedy. In my present state, to attempt to undergo the confinement of legal application were actual suicide. I am anxious to be well, and to attempt the profession: *much* in it I shall never do: sometimes my principles stand in my way, sometimes the want of readiness which I felt from the first — a want which I always know in company, and never in solitude and silence. Howbeit, I will make the attempt; but mark you, if by stage writing, or any other writing, I can acquire independence, I will not make the sacrifice of happiness it will inevitably cost me. I love the country, I love study — devotedly I love it; but in legal studies it is only the subtlety of the mind that is exercised. However, I need not philippicise, and it is too late to veer about. In '96 I might have chosen physic, and succeeded in it. I caught at the first plank, and missed the great mast in my reach; perhaps I may enable myself to swim by and by. Grosvenor, I have nothing of what the world calls ambition. I never thought it possible that I could be a great lawyer; I should as soon expect to be the man

in the moon. My views were bounded — my hopes to an income of 500*l.* a year, of which I could lay by half to effect my escape with. *Possibly* the stage may exceed this. . . . I am not indolent ; I loathe indolence ; but, indeed, reading law is laborious indolence — it is thrashing straw. I have read, and read, and read ; but the devil a bit can I remember. I have given all possible attention, and attempted to command volition. No ! The eye read, the lips pronounced, I understood and re-read it ; it was very clear ; I remembered the page, the sentence, — but close the book, and all was gone ! Were I an independent man, even on less than I now possess, I should long since have made the blessed bonfire, and rejoiced that I was free and contented. . . . .

“ I suffer a good deal from illness, and in a way hardly understandable by those in health. I start from sleep as if death had seized me. I am sensible of every pulsation, and compelled to attend to the motion of my heart till that attention disturbs it. The pain in my side is, I think, lessened, nor do I at all think it was consumption ; organic affection it could not have been, else it had been constant ; and a heart disease would not have been perceived *there*. I must go abroad, and recruit under better skies. Not to Lisbon : I will see something new, and something better than the Portuguese. Ask Duppa about Italy, about Trieste, and the way through Vienna, and say something to him on my part expressive of respect — of a wish one day to see more of him.

“ But of these plans you shall know more when they are more moulded into form. In the meantime

I must raise the supplies, and for this purpose there is Thalaba. My expedition will not be a ruinous one, and it shall be as economical as it ought. I will at least return wiser, if not better.

“ But now for more immediate affairs. The Anthology prospers. Send me something. O for another parody, such as ‘The Rhedycinian Barbers’—a ballad good as ‘The Circular Old Woman.’\* There is a poem called Gebir, written by God knows who, sold for a shilling: it has miraculous beauties; and the Bishop of St. Giles’s said the best poems in the Anthology were by Mrs. Opie and George Dyer! and he writes reviews!

“ I expect to see my brother Henry to-morrow, after twenty months’ absence. He is now sixteen, and promises much. If I go abroad, I shall make every effort to take him with me. Tom is cruising, and, I think, likely to rise in his profession.

Yours, ever the same,  
ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

*To S. T. Coleridge, Esq.*



“ Bristol, Dec. 27. 1799.

“ Geese were made to grow feathers, and farmers’ wives to pluck them. I suspect booksellers and

\* There is no trace of this ballad to be found. Who can tell the history of this mysterious rotundity? See p.18.

authors were made with something of the like first cause. With Thalaba I must make sure work and speedy, for abroad I *must* go. Complaints of immediate danger I have none, but increased and increasing nervous affections threaten much remote. I have rushes of feeling nightly, like fainting or death, and induced, I believe, wholly by the dread of them. Even by day they menace me, and an effort of mind is required to dispel them. . . . So I *must* go, and I *will* go. Now, then, the sooner the better. Some progress is made in the sixth book of Thalaba; my notes are ready for the whole, at least there is only the trouble of arranging and seasoning them. If the bargain were made, it would be time to think of beginning to print, for the preliminaries are usually full of delays, and time with me is of importance. I must have the summer to travel in, and ought to be in Germany by the beginning of June. Treat, therefore, with Longman, or any man, for me.

“The W.’s\* are at Clifton: if they saw the probable advantages of a journey to Italy, — of the *possible reach* to Constantinople, the Greek Islands, and Egypt, — in a light as strong as I do, they would, I think, wish to delay the new birth of Lessing: but this is, on your part, a matter of feeling; and when I spoke of your joining us, it was with the conviction that it was a vain wish, but it is a very earnest one. Together we might do so much; and we could leave the women for excursions — now into Hungary, now

\* The Messrs. Wedgewood.



into Poland, and see the Turks. Zounds! who knows but, like Sir John Maundeville, we might have gone where the Devil's head is always above ground! Go I must, but it would be a great satisfaction to have a companion. . . .

“But Lessing's life — and I half wish he had never lived — how long after the first of April (an ominous day) will that confine you? Or if you come here to do it, cannot I raise mortar and carry bricks to the edifice? . . . For Stuart I *must* make out another quarter. I have huge drains, like the Pontic marshes — a leech hanging on every limb. . . .

“God bless you.

Yours,

R. SOUTHEY.”

*To G. C. Bedford, Esq.*

“Bristol, Jan. 1. 1800:

“We shall be very glad to see you, my dear Grosvenor, if you can come. There is a bed in the house, and I am of necessity an idle man, and can show you all things worth seeing, and get you a dose of the beatifying gas, which is a pleasure worth the labour of a longer journey. . . .

“I have often thought of the Chancery line. . . . — did not seem to like it: he is ambitious for me, and perhaps hardly understands how utterly I am without that stimulus. I shall write to him a serious

letter about it. Do not suppose that I feel burthened or uneasy ; all I feel is, that were I possessed of the same income in another way, I would never stir a finger to increase it in a way to which self-gratification was not the immediate motive, instead of self-interest. It is enough for all my wants, and just leaves motive enough not to be idle, that I may have to spare for my relatives. This, Grosvenor, I do feel ; practically I know my own wants, and can therefore speculate upon them securely.

“ Come to Bristol, I pray and beseech you. Winter as it is, I can show you some fine scenes and some pleasant people. You shall see Davy, the young chemist, the young everything, the man least ostentatious, of first talent that I have ever known ; and you may experimentalise, if you like, and arrange my Anthology papers, and be as boyish as your heart can wish, . . . . and I can give you Laver for supper. O rare Laver ! . . . .

“ Perhaps the closest friendships will be found among men of inferior intellect, for such most completely accord with each other. There is scarcely any man with whom the whole of my being comes in contact ; and thus with different people I exist another and yet the same. With —, for instance, the school-boy feelings revive ; I have no other associations in common with him. With some I am the moral and intellectual agent ; with others I partake the daily and hourly occurrences of life. You and I, when we would see alike, must put on younger spectacles. Whatever is most important in society, appears to us under different points of view. The man in

Xenophon blundered when he said he had two souls,  
—my life for it he had twenty! God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

*To S. T. Coleridge, Esq.*

“ Jan. 8. 1800.

“ My dear Coleridge,

“ I have thought much, and talked much, and advised much about *Thalaba*, and will endeavour to travel without publishing it: because I am in no mood for running races, and because I like what is done to be done so well, that I am not willing to let it go raggedly into the world. Six books are written, and the two first have undergone their first correction.

“ I have the whim of making a Darwinish note at the close of the poem, upon the effects produced in our globe by the destruction of the *Dom Daniel*. *Imprimis*, the sudden falling in of the sea’s roots necessarily made the maelstrom; then the cold of the north is accounted for by the water that rushed into the caverns, putting out a great part of the central fire; the sudden generation of steam shattered the southern and south-east continents into archipelagos of islands; also the boiling spring of *Geyser* has its source here, — who knows what it did not occasion!

“ *Thomas Wedgewood* has obtained a passport to go to France. I shall attempt to do the same, but am not very anxious for success, as Italy seems cer-

tainly accessible, or at least Trieste is. Is it *quite impossible* that you can go? Surely a life of Lessing may be as well written in Germany as in England, and little time lost. I shall be ready to go as soon as you please: we should just make a carriage-full, and you and I would often make plenty of room by walking. You cannot begin Lessing before May, and you allow yourself ten months for the work. Well, we will be in Germany before June; at the towns where we make a halt of any time, something may be done, and the actual travelling will not consume more than two months; thus three months only will be lost, and it is worth this price: we can return through France, and, in the interim, Italy offers a society almost as interesting. Duppa will fortify me with all necessary directions for travelling, &c.: and Moses\* will be a very mock-bird as to languages; he shall talk German with you and me, Italian with the servants, and English with his mother and aunt; so the young Israelite will become learned without knowing how.

“ . . . . .  
 Beddoes advertised, at least six weeks ago, certain cases of consumption, treated in a cow-house; and the press has been standing till now, in expectation of—what think you? only waiting till the patients be cured! This is beginning to print a book sooner than even I should venture. Davy is in the high career of experience, and will soon new-christen (if the word be a chemical one), the calumniated azote.

\* This appellation was given to Hartley Coleridge in his infancy and childhood.

They have a new palsied patient, a complete case, certainly recovering by the use of the beatifying gas.

“ Perhaps when you are at a pinch for a paragraph \*, you may manufacture an anti-ministerial one out of this passage in Bacon’s Essays : —

“ ‘ You shall see a *bold fellow* many times do Mahomet’s miracle. Mahomet made the people believe that he would call a hill to him, and from the top of it offer up his prayers for the observers of his law. The people assembled ; Mahomet called the hill to come to him again and again, and when the hill stood still, he was never a bit abashed, but said, If the hill will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the hill. So these men, when they have promised great matters and failed most shamefully, yet (if they have the perfection of *boldness*), they will but slight it over, make a turne, and no more adoe.’

“ I am glad I copied the passage, for, in so doing, I have found how to make this a fine incident in the poem. †

“ Maracci’s Refutation of the Koran, or rather his preliminaries to it, have afforded me much amusement, and much matter. I am qualified in doctrinals to be a Mufti. The old father groups together all the Mohammedan miracles : some, he says, are nonsense ; some he calls lies ; some are true, but then the Devil did them ; but there is one that tickled his fancy, and he says it must be true of some Christian saint, and so stolen by the Turks. After this he

\* For the Morning Post, to which Mr. C. was then a contributor.

† See p. 48.

gives, by way of contrast, a specimen of Christian miracles, and chooses out St. Januarius's blood and the Chapel of Loretto! God bless you.

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

It has already been mentioned, that during my father's residence at Burton, in Hampshire, he had made the acquaintance of Mr. Rickman, at that time residing there. This had soon ripened into an intimacy, and a friendship and correspondence had now commenced, which continued through life; Mr. Rickman being not only, as Mr. Justice Talfourd well names him, "the sturdiest of jovial companions,"\* and, as Charles Lamb equally well describes him, "fullest of matter with least verbosity," but also a man of vast and varied practical knowledge upon almost all subjects, of the kindest heart, and unwearied in offices of friendship.

Two men more different in most respects than Mr. Rickman and my father could hardly be found, — and yet the points of agreement proved stronger than the points of difference, — both were preeminently *straightforward* men; and they had what is perhaps the closest bond of real friendship, — a high respect for each other's talents, an admiration of each other's character, and a similarity of opinion on almost all the leading questions of the day. Mr. Rickman had, however, been cast in somewhat the rougher mould of the two, and was made of "sterner stuff," and consequently sympathised less with his friend in his "poetic fancies" than on other subjects;

\* Final Memorials of Charles Lamb, vol. ii. p. 206.

and, in now writing to urge him to take up a subject in which he had always felt much interested, he commences by a recommendation which was acted upon fully to his satisfaction in after-years. I quote the greater part of this letter, that the reply to it may be the better understood:—

“Poetry has its use and its place, and, like some human superfluities, we should feel awkward without it; but when I have sometimes considered, with some surprise, the facility with which you compose verse, I have always wished to see that facility exerted to more useful purpose. The objects I propose for your investigation are, therefore, the employment and consequent amelioration of womankind, the consequences on the welfare of society, and some illustration of the possibility of these things. You think it too good an alteration to be expected,—and so do I, from virtue; but if the vanity of any leading women could be interested, it might become *fashionable* to promote certain establishments for this purpose, and then it might go down. Besides, the glory of the *proposal* will remain; and if Mary Wolstonecroft had lived, she would have recommended something like this to the world. *Magnis tamen excidit ausis!* Are you aware that female *fraternities* exist (or did exist) in all the great towns of Holland and Flanders, called *Beguinages*? Employment enough would be found for females: I would take upon me to furnish you with an ample list. Any dry deductions on the head of political economy which might occur, I would also attempt in the service. This is my

favourite study, and nothing could there operate more beneficially than an increased utility of the fair half of our species. You like women better than I do; therefore I think it likely that you may take as much trouble to benefit the sex, as I to benefit the community by their means. For all this, I have been in love these ten years. . . . .

“How do you and Bonaparte agree at present? I never liked the Corsican, and now he has given me new offence by his absurd misnomers, which go to confound all the fixed ideas of consuls, tribunes, and senate. . . . .

“I begin to be almost tired of staying in this obscure place so long; I imagine I was born for better purposes than to vegetate at Christchurch. . . . . I long to see you in prose; I think your conscience would keep you careful, and your imagination make you rapid, and consequently easy and fluent, in composition. I suppose you are in the enjoyment of much enlightened society at Bristol. I do not understand your taste for retirement; no man’s contemplation can be so spirited as when encouraged by the information and applause of literary friends.”\* . . . .

*To John Rickman, Esq.*

“Bristol, Jan. 9. 1800.

“The subject of your letter is important. I had considered it cursorily, for my mind has been more occupied by the possible establishment of a different

\* J. R. to R. S., Jan. 4. 1800.



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state of society, than by plans for improving the present. To my undertaking the work you propose, I wish there were no obstacles, but a very important one exists in the nature of my own powers. The compositions in which I have indulged have encouraged rapidity of feeling, a sudden combination of ideas, but they have been unfavourable to regular deduction and methodical arrangement. Another objection arises from my present plans . . . . However, I am impressed by your letter, and should much like to talk with you upon the subject, and map out the country before us. Have you not leisure for a visit to Bristol? . . .

“Poetry does not wholly engross my attention; the history of Spanish and Portuguese literature is a subject on which I design to bestow much labour, and in which much useful matter may be conveyed. But poetry is my province, and at present no unimportant one; it makes its way where weightier books would not penetrate, and becomes a good mental manure.

“I shall be selfishly sorry if you leave Christchurch: the prospect of having you my neighbour, considerably influenced me in taking the Burton House. However, if I recover my health, London must be my place of residence; and you probably will be drawn into that great vortex,—a place which you and I see with widely different eyes. Much as I enjoy society, rather than purchase it by residing in that huge denaturalised city, I would prefer dwelling on Poole Heath. Bristol allows of country enjoyments and magnificent scenery, and an open *sky view*,

for in London you neither see earth, air, or water, undisguised. We have men of talent here also, but they are not gregarious, at least not regularly so as in Norwich and London. I mingle among them, and am in habits of intimacy with Davy, by far the first in intellect: with him you would be much pleased. . . . Certainly this place has in my memory greatly advanced; ten years ago, Bristol man was synonymous with Bœotian in Greece, and now we are before any of the provincial towns.

“ The Corsican has offended me, and even his turning out the Mamelukes will not atone for his rascally constitution. The French are children, with the physical force of men; unworthy, and therefore incapable, of freedom. Once I had hopes; the Jacobins might have done much, but the base of morality was wanting, and where could the cornerstone be laid? They have retarded our progress for a century to come. Literature is suspected and discouraged; Methodism, and the Catholic system of persecution and slavery, gaining ground. Our only hope is from more expeditions, and the duke commander; new disgrace and new taxes may bring the nation to their senses, as bleeding will tame a madman. Still, however, the English are the first people, the only men. Buonaparte has made me Anti-Gallican; and I remember Alfred, and the two Bacons, and Hartley, and Milton, and Shakespeare, with more patriotic pride than ever.

“ The Beguines I had looked upon as a religious establishment, and the only good one of its kind. When my brother was a prisoner at Brest, the sick

and wounded were attended by nuns, and these women had made themselves greatly beloved and respected. I think they had been regularly professed, and were not of the lay order. I think I see the whole importance of your speculation. Mary Wollstonecroft was but beginning to reason when she died; her volume is mere feeling, and its only possible effect to awaken a few female minds more excitable than the common run. The one you propose, would go on different grounds and enter into detail: the more my mind dwells upon it, the stronger interest it takes; I could work under your directions, and would work willingly at least, if not well. Come, I pray you, to Bristol; talk over the plan, and map it out, and methodise my rambling intellect. I will submit to any drilling that shall discipline it to good purpose. . . . .

Farewell.

Yours with respect and esteem,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

The two following months were passed in lodgings at Bristol, in a very unsettled state as to his future movements. Meantime he was engaged in editing another volume of the Annual Anthology, in pursuing the composition of Thalaba with unabated ardour, and in making various attempts in English hexameters. In this measure he had contemplated a "long and important poem," Mohammed the subject, of the plan of which he thus speaks at this time in one of his published letters to Mr. William Taylor,

to whom he had sent a portion for his criticism:—  
 “From Coleridge I am promised the half, and we divided the book according as the subject suited us, but I expect to have nearly the whole work! His ardour is not lasting, and the only inconvenience that his dereliction can occasion will be that I shall write the poem in fragments, and have to seam them together at the last. The action ends with the capture of Mecca; the mob of his wives are kept out of sight, and only Mary, the Egyptian, introduced. Ali is of course my hero; and if you will recollect the prominent characters of Omar and Abubeker and Hamza, you will see variety enough. Among the Koreish are Amrou and Caled. From Maracci’s curious prolegomena to his Refutation of the Koran I have collected many obscure facts for the narrative. Still, however, though the plan is well formed and interesting, I fear it would not give the hexameters a fair chance. A more popular story, and one requiring not the elevation of thought and language which this demands, would probably succeed better; a sort of pastoral epic, which is one of my boy-plans yet unexecuted.”\*

A fragment only of “Mohammed” was ever written, which may be found in the *latest* edition of the Poems.

My father’s health still continuing in a most unsatisfactory state, and change of climate being both the prescription of his physician (Dr. Beddoes) and the remedy in which he had himself the greatest faith,

\* Feb. 3. 1800.

he was very desirous of again visiting Lisbon, and had written to his uncle on the subject, whose residence there, and his own desire to collect materials for a History of Portugal, combined to fix his choice. To this, as well as to other subjects of interest, he alludes in the following letter.

*To John May, Esq.*

“ Feb. 18. 1800.

“ My dear Friend,

“ Your last letter entered into an interesting subject. A young man entering into the world is exposed to hourly danger—and what more important than to discover the best preservative? To have a friend dear enough, and respectable enough, to hold the place of a confessor, would assuredly be the best; and if the office of confessor could always be well filled, I would give up half the Reformation to restore it. In my moments of reverie I have sometimes imagined myself such a character—the obscure instrument in promoting virtue and happiness, but it is obvious that more evil than good results from the power being, like other power, often in improper hands. I have wandered from the subject. It is not likely I shall ever gain the confidence of my brothers to the desired extent: whatever affection they may feel for me, a sort of fear is mixed with it; I am more the object of their esteem than love: there has been no equality between us; we have been rarely domesticated together, and when that has been the case, they have been

accustomed, if they were faulty, to understand my silent disapprobation.\* No; — will never intrust his feelings to me: and as to precepts of warning, indeed I doubt their propriety; I doubt lest, from the strange perverting power of the mind, they should be made to minister to temptation. Indirect admonition, example,—are not these better means? Feelings almost romantically refined were my preservation, and with these I amalgamated afterwards an almost stoical morality.

“ My health fluctuates, and the necessity of changing climate is sadly and sufficiently obvious, lest, though my disease should prove of no serious danger, the worst habits of hypochondriasm fasten upon me and palsy all intellectual power. I look with anxiety for my uncle’s letter; and think so much of Lisbon, that to abandon the thought would be a considerable disappointment. It would highly gratify me to see my uncle, and I have associations with Lisbon that give me a friendship for the place—recollected feelings and hopes, pleasures and anxieties—all now mellowed into remembrances that endear the associated scenes. But that my uncle should approve,—that is perhaps little probable; a few weeks will de-

\* In later life, in his intercourse with his children, to whom he was indeed “the father, teacher, playmate,” his own beautifully expressed wish was fully realised:—

“ And should my youth, as youth is apt I know,  
 Some harshness show,  
 All vain asperities I day by day  
 Would wear away,  
 Till the smooth temper of my age should be  
 Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.”

*The Holly Tree*: Poems, p. 129.

cide; and if I do not go to Portugal, I have no choice but Italy, for Madeira is a prison, and the voyage to the West Indies of a terrifying length. This detestable war! if they would make peace upon motives as light as they made war, there would be cause enough, because I want to cross from Dover to Calais: it would save me some sea-sickness, and the wealth and blood of the nation into the bargain.

“I have busied myself in idleness already in the History of Portugal, and the interest which I take in this employment will make me visit the field of Ourique and the banks of Mondeyo and the grave of Inez. The Indian transactions are too much for an episode, and must be separately related. The manners and literature of the country should accompany the chronological order of events. I should disturb the spiders of the Necessidades, and leave no convent library unransacked. Should Italy be my destination, no definite object of research presents itself: the literature of that country is too vast a field to be harvested by one labourer; the history split into fifty channels; the petty broils of petty states infinitely perplexed, infinitely insignificant.

“You have heard me mention Rickman, as one whose society was my great motive for taking the cottage at Burton. He is coming to Bristol to assist me in an undertaking which he proposed and pressed upon me,—an essay upon the state of women in society; and its possible amelioration by means, at first, of institutions similar to the Flemish beguinages. You will feel an interest in this subject. I shall be little more than mason in this business, under the

master architect. Rickman is a man of uncommon talents and knowledge, and political economy has been his favourite study: all calculations and facts requiring this knowledge he will execute. The part intended to impress upon the reader the necessity of alleviating the evil which he sees enforced, will be mine; for Rickman would write too strictly and too closely for the public taste. You probably know the nature of the beguinages; they were female fraternities, where the members were engaged in some useful employments, and bound by no religious obligations. The object is to provide for the numerous class of women who want employment the means of respectable independence, by restoring to them those branches of business, which the men have mischievously usurped, or monopolised, when they ought only to have shared.

“O! what a country might this England become, did its government but wisely direct the strength, and wealth, and activity of the people! Every profession, every trade, is overstocked; there are more adventurers in each, than possibly can find employment; hence poverty and crime. Do not misunderstand me as asserting this to be the sole cause, but it is the most frequent one. A system of colonisation, that should offer an outlet for the superfluous activity of the country, would convert this into a cause of general good; and the blessings of civilisation might be extended over the deserts that, to the disgrace of man, occupy so great a part of the world! Assuredly, poverty and the dread of poverty are the great sources of guilt. . . . That country cannot be well regulated where marriage is imprudence, where children



are a burthen and a misfortune. A very, very small portion of this evil our plan, if established, will remove; but of great magnitude if separately considered. I am not very sanguine in my expectations of success, but I will do my best, in examining the evil and proposing a remedy. God bless you!

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

In the course of the following month a letter from his uncle reached him, cordially approving of his wish to try the effect of Lisbon air, and urging him to leave England as soon as possible. His arrangements were quickly completed, and in the following letter to Mr. Coleridge he provides against all possible contingencies: —

*To S. T. Coleridge, Esq.*

"Bristol, April 1. 1800.

"My dear Coleridge,

"The day of our departure is now definitely fixed. We leave Bristol next week, on Thursday. I do not wish to see you before we go; the time is too short, and, moreover, the company of a friend who is soon to be left for a long absence is not desirable. A few words upon business. For the Third Anthology Davy and Danvers will be my delegates: should you be in Bristol, of course the plenipotentiaryship is vested in you. The Chatterton subscription will not fill in less than twelve months: if illness or aught

*This was  
written  
by Tobin  
see 297*

more cogent detain me beyond that period, I pray you to let that duty devolve upon you; there will be nothing but the task of arrangement. Danvers has a copy of Madoc. The written books of Thalaba will be left with Wynn. A man when he goes abroad should make his will; and this is all my wealth: be my executor, in case I am summoned upon the grand tour of the universe, and do with them, and with whatever you may find of mine, what may be most advantageous for Edith, for my brothers Henry and Edward, and for my mother.

“There is not much danger in a voyage to Lisbon; my illness threatens little, and faith will probably render the proposed remedy efficacious. In Portugal I shall have but little society; with the English there I have no common feeling. Of course I shall enjoy enough leisure for all my employments. My uncle has a good library, and I shall not find retirement irksome.

“Our summer will probably be passed at Cintra, a place which may be deemed a cool paradise in that climate. I do not look forward to any circumstance with so much emotion as to hearing again the brook which runs by my uncle’s door. I never beheld a spot that invited to so deep tranquillity. My purposed employments you know. The History will be a great and serious work, and I shall labour at preparing the materials assiduously. The various journeys necessary in that pursuit will fill a journal, and grow into a saleable volume. On this I calculate: this is a harvest which may be expected; perhaps also a few mushrooms may spring up.

“ If peace will permit me, I shall return along the south of Spain and over the Pyrenees. Edith little likes her expedition ; she wants a female companion, but this cannot be had, and she must learn to be contented without one: moreover, there is at Lisbon a lady of her own age, for whom I have a considerable regard, and who will not be sorry to see once more an acquaintance with more brains than a calf. She will be our neighbour. My uncle also is a man for whom it is impossible not to feel affection. I wish we were there; the journey is troublesome, and the voyage shockingly unpleasant, from sickness and the constant feeling of insecurity: however, if we have but mild weather, I shall not be displeased at one more lesson in sea scenery.

“ I should willingly have seen Moses again: when I return he will be a new being, and I shall not find the queer boy whom I have been remembering. God bless him! We are all changing; one wishes sometimes that God had bestowed upon us something of his immutability. Age, infirmities, blunted feelings, blunted intellect, these are but comfortless expectancies! but we shall be boys again in the next world.

Horby

“ Coleridge, write often to me. As *you* must pay English postage, write upon large paper; as *I* must pay Portuguese by weight, let it be thin. My direction need only be, with the Rev. Herbert Hill, Lisbon; he has taken a house for us. We shall thus govern ourselves, and the plea of illness will guarantee me from cards and company and ball-rooms! No!

no! I do not wear my old cocked hat again! it cannot, certainly, fit me now.

“ I take with me for the voyage your poems, the Lyrics, the Lyrical Ballads, and Gebir; and, except a few books designed for presents, these make all my library. I like Gebir more and more; if you ever meet its author, tell him I took it with me on a voyage.

. . . . .  
“ God bless you!

Yours affectionately,

R. S.”

## CHAPTER VII.

## LETTERS FROM PORTUGAL.

VOYAGE AND ARRIVAL. — VISITS. — ANECDOTES. — DESCRIPTION OF LISBON. — ROMISH CUSTOMS. — DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTRY, PROCESSIONS, ETC. — ACCOUNT OF A BULL-FIGHT. — PROPOSED MONUMENT TO FIELDING. — THALABA FINISHED. — LETTERS FROM CINTRA. — LENT PLAYS. — WINE. — LAWS. — MONASTIC SUPERSTITIONS. — BAD ROADS. — ADVICE TO HIS BROTHER HENRY AS TO HIS STUDIES. — ATTACHMENT TO CINTRA. — ACCOUNT OF MAFRA ; ITS CHURCH, CONVENT, AND LIBRARY. — PESTILENCE AT CADIZ. — DESCRIPTION OF CINTRA ; SCENERY, ETC. — DIRECTIONS FOR THE PUBLICATION OF THALABA. — PROJECTED HISTORY OF PORTUGAL. — EXCURSION TO COSTA. — FISHERMEN. — IMAGE BY THE ROADSIDE. — JOURNEY TO POMBAL. — TORRES VEDRAS, ETC. — ENGLISH POLITICS. — THALABA. — MADOC. — KEHAMA. — PROBABLE INVASION OF PORTUGAL. — ACCOUNT OF JOURNEY TO FARO. — 1800, 1801.

My father had at one time intended to publish a second volume of “Letters from Spain and Portugal;” and, among some fragmentary preparations for these, I find a description of his embarkation and voyage, with which the following series of letters may be fitly prefaced. They are so complete in themselves as to render any remarks on my part needless.

“ My dear T.,

“ I parted from you at Liskeard with a heavy heart. The thought of seeing you upon the way was a plea-

sure to look on to when we took our departure from Bristol; but having left you, we had taken leave of the last friend before our voyage. Falmouth was not a place to exhilarate us: we were in the room where I met poor Lovel on my former journey; he was the last person with whom I shook hands in England as I was stepping into the boat to embark, and the first news on my return, when, within three hours, I expected to have been welcomed by him, was, that he was in his grave. Few persons bear about with them a more continual feeling of the uncertainty of life, its changes and its chances, than I do. Well! well! I bear with me the faith also, that though we should never meet again in this world, we shall all meet in a better.

“ Thanks to the zephyrs, Capt. Yescombe was yet in the harbour. I went on board, chose our berths, passed the custom-house, and then endeavoured to make poor Time as easy as he could be upon the rack of expectation. Six days we watched the weather-cock, and sighed for north-easterns. I walked on the beach, caught soldier-crabs, and loitered to admire the sea-anemones in their ever-varying shapes of beauty; read Gebir, and wrote half a book of Thalaba. There was a sight on the Monday, but the rain kept me within doors: six boys eat pap for a hat, and six men jumped in sacks for a similar prize; in the evening there was an assembly, and the best dancer was a man with a wooden leg. A short account of six days; — if, however, I were to add the bill, you would find it a long one!

“ We embarked at four on Thursday afternoon,

As we sailed out of the harbour, the ships there and the shore seemed to swim before my sight like a vision. Light winds and favourable, but we were before the wind, and my poor inside, being obliged to shift every moment with the centre of gravity, was soon in a state of insurrection. There is a pleasure in extracting matter of jest from discomfort and bodily pain; a wholesome habit if it extends no further, but a deadly one if it be encouraged when the heart is sore. I lay in my berth, which always reminded me of a coffin whenever I got into it, and, when any one came near me with inquiries, uttered some quaint phrase or crooked pun in answer, and grunted in unison with the intestinal grumbling which might have answered for me. . . . .  
 . . . . . We saw the Berlings\* on Tuesday night: on Wednesday, Edith and I went on deck at five o'clock; we were off the rock, and the sun seemed to rest upon it for a moment as he rose behind. Mafra was visible; presently we began to distinguish the heights of Cintra and the Penha Convent: the wind blew fresh, and we were near enough the shore to see the silver dust of the breakers, and the sea-birds sporting over them in flocks. A pilot boat came off to us; its great sail seemed to be as unmanageable as an umbrella in a storm; sometimes it was dipped half over in the water, and it flapped all ways, like a woman's petticoat in a high wind. We passed the church and light-house of Nossa Senhora de Guia †, the Convent of St. An-

\* Some rocks on the coast of Portugal.

† I find some verses upon this light-house, translated from Vieira, the painter, which were intended to go in a note to this letter:—

tonio with a few trees behind it, and the town of Cascaes. Houses were now scattered in clusters all along the shore; the want of trees in the landscape was scarcely perceived, so delightful was the sight of land, and so cheerful does every thing look under a southern sun.

“ Our fellow-traveller was much amused by the numerous windmills which stood in regiments upon all the hills. A large building he supposed to be an inn, and could see the sign and the great gateway for

---

“ Now was the time, when in the skies,  
 Night should have shown her starry eyes;  
 But those bright orbs above were shrouded,  
 And heaven was dark and over-clouded.  
 And now the beacon we espied,  
 Our blessed Lady of the Guide;  
 And there, propitious, rose her light,  
 The never-failing star of night.  
 The seaman, on his weary way,  
 Beholds with joy that saving ray,  
 And steers his vessel, from afar,  
 In safety o'er the dangerous bar.  
 A holy impulse of delight  
 Possess'd us at that well-known sight;  
 And, in one feeling all allied,  
 We blest Our Lady of the Guide.  
 ‘ Star of the sea, all hail ! ’ we sung,  
 And praised her with one heart and tongue;  
 And, on the dark and silent sea,  
 Chaunted Our Lady's Litany.”

*From a letter to Lieut. Southey, July 11. 1808.*

The reader may perhaps be reminded of Sir Walter Scott's beautiful impromptu on a similar subject:—

“ PHAROS *loquitur*.

“ Far in the bosom of the deep,  
 O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep,  
 A ruddy gem of changeful light,  
 Bound on the dusky brow of Night;  
 The seaman bids my lustre hail,  
 And scorns to strike his timorous sail.”

*Lockhart's Life of Scott, vol. ii. p. 184.*



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- 109 SOUTHEY (Robert) A. L. s. "Robert Southey," 3½ pp. 4to, closely written, *Lisbon, Mayday, Thursday (post-mark, May 17, 1800),* addressed "To Mr. Coleridge, Bristol"

"Here then we are, thank God! alive & recovering from dreadful sickness. I never suffered so much at sea, & Edith was worse than I was—we scarcely ate or slept at all—but the passage was very fine and short—five days and a half brought us to our port, with light winds the whole of the way. The way was not, however, without alarms. On Monday morning, between five & six, the Captain was awakened with tidings that a Cutter was bearing down upon us, with English colours indeed, but apparently a French vessel. We made a signal which was not answered—we fired a gun—she did the same, & preparations were made for action. We had another Lisbon packet in company mounting six guns—our own force was ten—the Cutter was a match and more for us both, but we did not expect to be taken. You may imagine Edith's terror, awakened on a sick bed. The Captain advised me to surround her with mattresses in the cabin, but she would not believe herself in safety there, so I lodged her in the cock pit, & took my station on the quarter deck with a musket. How I felt I can hardly tell—the hurry of the scene—the sight of grape shot, bar shot, & the other ingenious implements of this sort—the novelty of my fighting—made an undistinguishable mixture of feelings. I was going to fight without any one motive but that of taking my share in the business—my cloaths were of no adequate value to the risk, & they were insured—and if I had had the choice I should certainly far rather have entered Coruna as a prisoner than have proceeded to Lisbon, because four hundred miles land travelling would have been infinitely pleasanter than the continued voyage. The Cutter bore down between us—I saw the smoke from her matches, we were so near—and not a man on board had the least idea but that an immediate action was to take place. We hailed her—she answered in broken English and passed on—"tis over!" cried somebody—not yet said the Captain—and we expected she was coming round us, or about to attack our comrade vessel. She was English, however, manned chiefly from Guernsey, & this explained her frenchified language. You will easily imagine that my sensations at this ending the business were very defineable—one honest, simple joy that I was in a whole skin! I laid the musket in the chest with considerably more pleasure than when I took it out. I am glad this took place—it has shown me what it is to prepare for action.—Four years absence from Lisbon have given everything the varnish of novelty, & this, with the revival of old associations makes me pleased with everything. My Uncle, poor Manuel, too is as happy as man can be to see me once more. It even amused me to renew my acquaintance with the fleas, who opened the campaign immediately on the arrival of a foreigner. We landed yesterday about ten in the morning, & took possession of our house the same night. Our house is very small & thoroughly Portuguese—little rooms, all doors & windows—odd, but well calculated for coolness. From one window we have a magnificent view over the river, Almada Hill, & the opposite shores of Alentejo, bounded by hills.....The work before me is almost of terrifying labour—folio after folio to be gutted, & the immense mass of collateral knowledge which is indispensable—but I have leisure & inclination. ....Thelaba will soon be finished. Here I shall have no time for trifles. Thelaba finished, all my poetry, instead of being wasted in rivulets & ditches, shall flow into the great Madoc-Mississippi river.....Edith's spirits are mending—a handful of roses has just made her forgive the stink of Lisbon, & the green peas, the oranges, &c. &c. are reconciling her to a country for which Nature has done so much. We are transported into your Midsummer—your most luxurious Midsummer. God bless you! write to me, & some long letters—and send me your Christobell & your three Graves, & finish them on purpose to send them. I reach a long arm & shake hands with you across the seas."

\* \* This fine letter is in excellent condition. With it are a *proof portrait and view of his residence.*

- 110 STERNE (Laurence) A. L. s. "L. Sterne," 2 pp. 4to, *endorsed 1760,* addressed "To Mr. Berenger, Suffolk Street"

"You bid me tell you all my wants.—What the Devil in Hell can the fellow want now?—By the Father of the Sciences (you know his name) I would give both my ears (if I was not to lose my credit by it) for no more than ten strokes of Howgarth's witty chissel, to clap at the Front of my next Edition of Shandy.

- 105 GODWIN (William) father of the last, A. L. s. "William Godwin," 1 p. 4to, Dec. 28, 1831, addressed to "Charles Ollier, Esq." *fine state, proof portrait*

"I did not start this morning, perhaps the best argument in my favour. If Messrs. C. & B. do not force the pen from my hand, & prevent the work from ever being finished, I shall be entitled in April next to £150."

\* \* Mentions his celebrated novels "Caleb Williams" and "Fleetwood."

- 106 SMOLLETT (Tobias) A. L. s. "Ts. Smollett,"  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 8vo, *Chelsea, Novr. 24, 1756*, addressed "To Dr. Macaulay, at his House in Poland Street," *in nice condition*

"I think I may now with confidence beg your interposition with Mr. Maclure about Hamilton's Note, as the Farce which is coming on immediately will undoubtedly enable me to discharge that obligation. I just now received an intimation from him requiring immediate Payt., which is as much out of my power as the imperial Crown of England. I need say no more."

\* \* Letters of Smollett are of great rarity. Also a 4to letter of his wife, not in good condition, signed "Anne Smollett," and dated *Leghorne, Sept. 23, 1783* (Smollett died at Leghorne), thanking her correspondent for

"the trouble you have taken for the benefit of one of the most Unfortunate of Women." (2)

- 107 SOUTHEY (Robert) A. L. s. "Robert Southey,"  $3\frac{1}{4}$  pp. folio, addressed to "R. Duppa," *in good condition. Portrait*

"Poor Seward! I write to you, Duppa, with a strange sinking of the heart. He introduced me to you—he purified & strengthened my heart—and he has left a vacancy there which will not easily be supplied. Of my Joan of Arc—the bookseller who has purchased the copyright will have a frontispiece, & he talks of about thirty guineas as the expence of designing & engraving. Will you get this done for me? You can enter into the character & conceive my ideas. These are the lines as narrated by the Maid."

Here follow thirty-six lines, commencing :—

"Last evening, lorn in thought, I wandered forth,

The poem is in the press & will be delivered on the first of January. I am anxious for its success, & a good deal is for Cottle's sake, the bookseller—a liberal, worthy man. Type & paper are splendid—for the poetry I could say much myself. Direct to me at M<sup>rs</sup>. Sawiers, No. 25, College Street, Bristol."

- 108 SOUTHEY (Robert) A. L. s. "Robert Southey," 1 p. 4to, *Keswick, 13 Nov. 1826, in fine condition*

"The poem with which you have recently been pleased is not of a nature to please the majority of readers, but when it meets with a heart in accord it will be liked well, & I trust that it is one of those works which "will be found after many days." I have never pandered to the vices of the age—I have never flattered its prepossessions, nor in any one respect conformed to its tastes in opposition to my own sense of what was right. The wonder is, therefore, not that my poems should have a circumscribed sale in comparison with those of others, but that they have had the degree of success which they have obtained. Lord Byron did himself more injury than he could do me by his hatred. That he may have supposed me to be a knave is very likely, for he had not virtue enough in himself to make him capable of understanding a course of life like mine; but when he abused my poems he belied his own heart, for, to my certain knowledge, he had praised them in the highest terms both in conversation & by letter."

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he stage-coaches: the glass enabled him to find out that it was a convent door, with a cross before it. An absence of four years had freshened every object to my own sight, and perhaps there is even a greater delight in recollecting these things than in first beholding them. It is not possible to conceive a more magnificent scene than the entrance of the Tagus, and the gradual appearance of the beautiful city upon its banks.

“The Portuguese say of their capital,

*‘Quem naõ ha visto Lisboa  
Naõ ha visto cousa boa.’*

‘He who has not seen Lisbon, has not seen a fine thing.’

“It is indeed a sight, exceeding all it has ever been my fortune to behold, in beauty and richness and grandeur. Convents and Quintas, gray olive-yards, green orange-groves, and greener vineyards; the shore more populous every moment as we advanced, and finer buildings opening upon us; the river, bright as the blue sky which illuminated it, swarming with boats of every size and shape, with sails of every imaginable variety; innumerable ships riding at anchor far as eye could reach; and the city extending along the shore, and covering the hills to the farthest point of sight.”

*To S. T. Coleridge, Esq.*

“Lisbon, May-day, 1800.

“Here, then, we are, thank God! alive, and recovering from dreadful sickness. I never suffered so

\* Sold at Sotheby's Jul 9/78  
3 1/2 pp 4 s  
\* sold Sotheby's Mar 21/90

much at sea, and Edith was worse than I was; we scarcely ate or slept at all: but the passage was very fine and short; five days and a half brought us to our port, with light winds the whole of the way. The way was not, however, without alarm. On Monday morning, between five and six, the captain was awakened with tidings that a cutter was bearing down upon us, with English colours, indeed, but apparently a French vessel; we made a signal, which was not answered; we fired a gun, she did the same, and preparations were made for action. We had another Lisbon packet in company, mounting six guns; our own force was ten; the cutter was a match, and more, for both, but we did not expect to be taken. You may imagine Edith's terror, awakened on a sick bed — disturbed I should have said — with these tidings! The captain advised me to surround her with mattresses in the cabin, but she would not believe herself in safety there, and I lodged her in the cockpit, and took my station on the quarter-deck with a musket. How I felt I can hardly tell; the hurry of the scene, the sight of grape-shot, bar-shot, and other ingenious implements of this sort, made an undistinguishable mixture of feelings. . . . The cutter bore down between us; I saw the smoke from her matches, we were so near, and not a man on board had the least idea but that an immediate action was to take place. We hailed her; she answered in broken English, and passed on. 'Tis over! cried somebody. Not yet! said the captain; and we expected she was coming round as about to attack our comrade vessel. She was English, however, manned chiefly from Guernsey,

and this explained her Frenchified language. You will easily imagine that my sensations, at the ending of the business, were very definable, — one honest simple joy that I was in a whole skin! I laid the musket in the chest with considerably more pleasure than I took it out. I am glad this took place; it has shown me what it is to prepare for action.

“ Four years’ absence from Lisbon have given everything the varnish of novelty, and this, with the revival of old associations, makes me pleased with everything. Poor Manuel, too, is as happy as man can be to see me once more; here he stands at breakfast, and talks of his meeting me at Villa Franca, and what we saw at this place and at that, and hopes that whenever I go into the country he may go with me. It even amused me to renew my acquaintance with the fleas, who opened the campaign immediately on the arrival of a foreigner. We landed yesterday about ten in the morning, and took possession of our house the same night. Our house is very small, and thoroughly Portuguese; little rooms all doors and windows,—odd, but well calculated for coolness: from one window we have a most magnificent view over the river, — Almada hill, and the opposite shore of Alentejo, bounded by hills about the half mountain height of Malvern. . . . .

“ To-day is a busy day; we are arranging away our things, and seeing visitors: these visits must all be returned; there ends the ceremony, and then I may choose retirement. I hurry over my letters, for the sake of feeling at leisure to begin my employments.

The voyage depriving me of all rest, and leaving me too giddy to sleep well, will, with the help of the fleas, break me in well for early rising. The work before me is almost of terrifying labour; folio after folio to be gutted, for the immense mass of collateral knowledge which is indispensable: but I have leisure and inclination.

“Edith, who has been looking half her time out of the window, has just seen ‘really a decent-looking woman;’ this will show you what cattle the passers-by must be. She has found out that there are no middle-aged women here, and it is true; like their climate, it is only summer and winter. Their heavy cloaks of thick woollen, like horsemen’s coats in England, amuse her in this weather, as much as her clear muslin would amuse them in an English winter.

“Thalaba will soon be finished. Rickman is my plenipotentiary with the booksellers for this. Pray send me your Plays. . . . Thalaba finished, all my poetry, instead of being wasted in rivulets and ditches, shall flow into the great Madoc Mississippi river. I have with me your volume, Lyrical Ballads, Burns, and Gebir. Read Gebir again: he grows upon me.

“My uncle’s library is admirably stocked with foreign books. . . . My plan is this: immediately to go through the chronicles in order, and then make a skeleton of the narrative; the timbers put together, the house may be furnished at leisure. It will be a great work, and worthy of all labour.

“I am interrupted momentarily by visitors, like fleas, infesting a new-comer! Edith’s spirits are

mending: a handful of roses has made her forgive the stink of Lisbon; and the green peas, the oranges, &c., are reconciling her to a country for which nature has done so much. We are transported into your midsummer, your most luxuriant midsummer!—Plague upon that heart-stop, that has reminded me that this is a voyage of prescription as well as of pleasure. But I will get well; and you must join us, and return with us over the Pyrenees, and some of my dreams must be fulfilled!

“God bless you! Write to me, and some long letters; and send me your Christabell and your Three Graces, and finish them on purpose to send them. Edith’s love. I reach a long arm, and shake hands with you across the seas.

Yours,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

*To Lieutenant Southey, H. M. S. Bellona.*

“Lisbon, May 8. 1800.

“The English, when strangers here, are so suspicious of the natives as to be very rash in misinterpreting them. A young man, whom I knew, fired at the watch one night when they accosted him: the ball passed through the watchman’s hat; he was seized and confined, and it required interest and money to excuse him for what was inexcusable. My uncle, walking one night with a midshipman, was stopt by persons bearing a young man who had been run through the body by a lieutenant; they

had stopt him, seeing his companion's uniform, but, knowing my uncle, suffered him to pass after telling the circumstances. The lieutenant was drunk; the young man was a gentleman, who, seeing him staggering about the streets, took him by the arm to lead him home; the Englishman did not understand what he said, and ran him through.

“As yet we have not done receiving all our visits of ceremony. We are going, the first night we are at liberty, to the Portuguese play. The court have shown a strange caprice about the Opera: they permitted them to have a few female singers, and the proprietors of the Opera sent to Italy for more and better ones. They came. No! they would not license any more; the present women might act, but not the new comers. You must not expect me to give you any reason for this inconsistency; 'tis the sheer whim of authority; but an odd reason was assigned for permitting two, who still act — one because she is very religious, the other because she is Portuguese and of a certain age.

“On Sunday a princess was christened. In the evening the guns fired a signal for all persons to illuminate. It was a pleasing sight from our window: the town all starred, and the moving lights of the shipping. . . . But the river, seen by moonlight from hence, is a far finer spectacle than art can make. It lies like a plain of light under the heaven, the trees and houses now forming a dark and distinct foreground, and now undistinguishable in shade as the moon moves on her way; — Almada stretching its black isthmus into the waters, that shine like mid-



him best, appreciated the motives of his curiosity, and were satisfied that they comported with the utmost kindness of heart and the highest rectitude of principle. The manifestation of these qualities in the unreserved confidence of his epistolary intercourse with Robert Southey may now make him better known to others; and when they see how the distinguished individual to whom these letters were addressed preserved to the last his friendship for the writer, it will be well if they participate, however faintly, in those feelings which kept alive his esteem and regard, undiminished by the avowal of opinions so adverse to those which he has recorded in his own published works. During the latter years of William Taylor's life, Robert Southey was one day dining at his table; it was the last time, I believe, that they ever met; after dinner the host made many attempts to engage his guest in some theological argument, which the latter parried for some time very good-humouredly, and at last put an end to them by exclaiming, "Taylor, come and see me at Keswick. We will ascend Skiddaw, where I shall have you nearer heaven, and we will then discuss such questions as these."

Of the correspondence with Coleridge, mentioned in the preceding pages, the following is the only letter now extant.

*S. T. Coleridge to William Taylor.*

“ London, January 25th, 1800.

“ My dear Sir,

“ I thank you for your kind attention to my letter. That ‘ extract of a letter from Norwich ’ was given in to the Morning Post by Sheridan himself, who *knew* the whole account to be a tissue of atrocious falsehoods. Jacobinism evinces a gross and unthinking spirit; but the Jacobins as men are heroes in virtue, compared with Mr. Fox and his party. I know enough of them to know, that more profligate and unprincipled men never disgraced an honest cause. Robert Southey was mistaken—it was merely an account in a letter from Göttingen of a ridiculous statue. I will transcribe the passage. ‘ A statue has lately been put up in Ulric’s garden in honour of Bürger the poet. It represents the Genius of Germany weeping over an urn. The Genius, instead of being eight faces high, is only five; nor is there anything superhuman about it, except perhaps its position, in which it is impossible for man, woman or child to stand. But notwithstanding all this, you must own, there is something very sylvanly romantic in seeing the monument of a great poet put up in the garden of an alehouse.’ If I were in time to get a frank, here I should conclude; but I cannot endure to make you pay postage

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for half a sheet of almost vacant paper. I will transcribe therefore a passage or two from some letters which passed between me and Wordsworth in Germany (I should say from Wordsworth, for I have no copies of my own) respecting the merits of Bürger.

“ ‘ We have read ‘ Leonora ’ and a few little things of Bürger ; but upon the whole we were disappointed, particularly in ‘ Leonora,’ which we thought in several passages inferior to the English translation. ‘ *Wie donnerten die Brücken,* ’ —how inferior to

‘ The bridges thunder as they pass,  
But earthly sound was none, &c., &c.’ ”

“ I admitted in my reply, that there are more passages of poetry in your translation, but affirmed that it wanted the *rapidity* and *oneness* of the original and that in the beauty quoted the idea was so striking, that it made me *pause, stand still* and *look*, when I ought to have been driving on with the horse. Your choice of metre I thought unfortunate, and that you had lost the spirit of quotation from the Psalm-book, which gives such dramatic spirit and feeling to the dialogue between the mother and daughter, &c., &c.

“ *Answer.*—‘ As to Bürger, I am yet far from that admiration of him which he has excited in you ; but I am by nature slow to admire ; and I am not yet sufficiently master of the language to

understand him perfectly. In one point I entirely coincide with you, in your feeling concerning his versification. In 'Lenore' the concluding double rhymes of the stanza have both a delicious and *pathetic* effect—

‘ Ach! aber für Lenoren  
War Gruss und Kuss verloren.’

I accede too to your opinion that Bürger is always the poet; he is never the mobbist, one of those dim drivellers with which our island has teemed for so many years. Bürger is one of those authors whose book I like to have in my hand, but when I have laid the book down I do not think about him. I remember a hurry of pleasure, but I have few distinct forms that people my mind, nor any recollection of delicate or minute feelings which he has either communicated to me, or taught me to recognise. I do not perceive the presence of character in his personages. I see everywhere the character of Bürger himself; and even this, I agree with you, is no mean merit. But yet I wish him sometimes at least to make me forget himself in his creations. It seems to me, that in poems descriptive of human nature, however short they may be, character is absolutely necessary, &c. : incidents are among the lowest allurements of poetry. Take from Bürger's poems the *incidents*, which are seldom or ever of his own in-

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vention, and still much will remain ; there will remain a manner of relating which is almost always spirited and lively, and stamped and peculiarized with genius. Still I do not find those higher beauties which can entitle him to the name of a *great* poet. I have read 'Susan's Dream,' and I agree with you that it is the most perfect and Shaksperian of his poems, &c., &c. Bürger is the poet of the animal spirits. I love his '*Tra ra la*' dearly ; but less of the horn and more of the lute—and far, far more of the pencil.'

“ So much of my dear friend Wordsworth. Our controversy was continued, not that I thought Bürger a great poet, but that he really possessed some of the excellences which W. denied to him ; and at last we ended in metaphysical disquisitions on the nature of character, &c., &c. My dear Sir, I feel a kind of conviction that one time or other we shall meet. Should choice or chance lead you to London, I have house-room for you, and, as far as loving some who dearly love you may entitle me to say so, heart-room too. I meet here a number of people who say, unconscious that they are lying, that they know you—for a regiment of whom neither you nor I care twopence.

“ Yours with unfeigned esteem,

“ S. T. COLERIDGE.”

We now resume our extracts from the correspondence with Robert Southey.

*Robert Southey to William Taylor.* (No. 15.)

“ My dear Friend,

“ Feb. 3rd, 1800.

“ I thank you for your eclogue. With the beginning I have often been pleased, and the remainder pleases me not less. Some lines will not scan: ‘ Men who against kings,’ &c., is a foot short; ‘ Surely the dome of the Invalides,’ a foot too long; and ‘ We poor Jews when it went,’ has the same fault. I have scanned these lines so often as to be satisfied the error is not in my toning. In hexameters of a loftier tone I should object to the placing a word like ‘ *batter*’ at the end of one line and the ‘ *down*’ at the beginning of the next, as it is almost splitting a word; but in this place the effect is rather good than otherwise. I think you estimate rightly the power of the metre; perhaps no other is so well adapted for the sort of domestic poetry, if the term be understandable, in which, I believe, Voss has written his ‘ Louise.’ I have sometimes thought ‘ Mohammed’ too high a subject for the metre, and Robin Hood a better hero for a hexametrical poem. The second ‘ Anthology’ is very far advanced, eleven sheets being printed; the sooner therefore you send me the correction

*Southery to Taylor Feb 3 1800*

and you must not forget that they are the apprenticeship verses. It is evident that their perceptible harmony is obtained by no forced accent or unnatural construction of language. They would very soon become to me as easy and as wieldable as blank verse; and when 'Thalaba' is finished, I shall certainly give them the trial of a long and important poem. Whether Mohammed be a hero likely to blast a poem in a Christian country is doubtful; my Mohammed will be, what I believe the Arabian was in the beginning of his career, sincere in enthusiasm; and it would puzzle a casuist to distinguish between the belief of inspiration and the actual impulse. From Coleridge I am promised the half, and we divided the books according as their subjects suited us, but I expect to have nearly the whole work. His ardour is not lasting; and the only inconvenience that his dereliction can occasion will be, that I shall write the poem in fragments and have to seam them together at last. The action ends with the capture of Mecca; the mob of his wives are kept out of sight, and only Mary, the Egyptian, introduced. Ali is, of course, my hero; and if you will recollect the prominent characters of Omar and Abubeker and Hamza, you will see variety enough. Among the Koreish are Amron and Caled. From Maracci's curious prole-

gomena to his refutation of the Koran I have collected many obscure facts for the narrative; still, however, though the plan is well formed and interesting, I fear it would not give the hexameters a fair chance. A more popular story, and one requiring not the elevation of thought and language which this demands, would probably succeed better,—a sort of pastoral epic, which is one of my boy-plans yet unexecuted. There is no need to make enemies to the poem, when the metre will have so many. Give me your judgement upon this point, which it is almost time to decide, for a few weeks will finish ‘Thalaba.’ I should have been glad of your ‘Dr. Faustus.’ In general these Beelzebub stories require a mixture of the ludicrous with the terrific, which it is difficult, if possible, to avoid. I have been reprehended for writing such tales, because they encouraged superstition:—an idle remark; for surely making free with the devil is not the way to preserve his respectability.

“ You probably learnt from Coleridge’s letter the rascally conduct of Sheridan about your Norwich riots. At Bristol we have always something new in the way of chemical experiment. Davy has been very busy in examining the effects of the different gases in respiration, and the oxygen-mania must, I think, be ex-

*-ploded by them.*



not how he can be better, or, indeed, otherwise situated than where he is.

My mother will remain with her sister. I wished her to have passed the summer at Burton, where she might easily have found some acquaintance to have accompanied her, and shared her housekeeping expenses. She is never happy with her sister—a miserable woman, with whom no one can be happy. Nothing unpleasant but this recollection will accompany me.

My worldly affairs, in case of death, are easily arranged. A copy of "Madoc" is in the possession of my friend Charles Danvers; incorrect as it now is, should I be summoned to another state of existence, its value will be considerably more than you imagine. Coleridge would edit this, and whatever else I may leave worth editing. The produce you would dispose of as might best serve Edith, and my mother; but, if my mother will not live with Edith, the little annuity that may be raised must not be lessened by the smallest part going into the College Green. My two younger brothers have uncommon talents; I trust I shall live to bring them forward so as to see them hold honourable and useful stations in society. If it be ordered otherwise, the name they bear will continue—or procure them friends; and their abilities remain, a better inheritance than wealth.

Thus much for all that is of importance. We purpose setting off for Falmouth on the Thursday in the next week; but it is possible that I may not receive the money for my journeys, &c. by that time. It passes through Wynn's hand, and he may not then be in London. Edith is unwell; and I think of a journey to Falmouth, on that account, with unpleasant forebodings. I believe a good climate is almost as essential to her health as my own.

In a few days, you will receive the second "Annual Anthology," and with it the papers respecting Chatterton. Should the subscription fill sufficiently during my absence, I can transfer my papers to Coleridge, and leave him to oversee the publication. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,  
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To Charles Danvers, Esq.\**

Lisbon, June, 1800.

MY DEAR DANVERS,

I have an especial postman to Bristol, and leisure only for one letter, to which you have most claim. On Thursday last we saw the long-looked-for procession of the "Body of God." I give the English name, that I may not throw a Portuguese cloak over the naked nonsense of blasphemy. The Pix is empty in all other processions, but in this it contains the wafer—so it was the Real Presence. On the preceding night, the streets through which it is to pass are cleaned and strewn with sand, the most miraculous thing I have ever yet witnessed of the Host. The houses are hung with crimson damask from top to bottom; they are high, very handsome, and perfectly regular, and the street rather longer than Redcliff Street. The soldiers lined the way: their new uniforms were put on, and their appearance very respectable. Every window and balcony was crowded. The Portuguese were all in full dress; and of the finery of Portuguese full dress you can have but very inadequate ideas: not a jewel in Lisbon but was displayed; rainbows and peacocks are quaker

\* The variety of this letter entitles it to publication. A similar one will be found in vol. ii. p. 83. of the "Life and Correspondence."

comparisons. The banners of the city and its various corporate trades led the way. I never saw banners so clumsily carried; they were stuck out with rods, instead of being suffered to play freely and wave with the wind, and roll out their beauties in light and shade. Sticks were stuck at right angles in the poles to carry them by; nothing could be more awkward or more laborious for the bearers; they were obliged to walk *round* the first, some backwards like lobsters, others crabsidling along, and all toiling with a waste of exertion. Then came a champion in complete armour, carrying a flag. I pitied him. The armour was a heavy load, and the attitude painful, both hands holding the flag, so that his horse was led. I saw St. George, also, who followed him—a wooden *Portuguese* St. George; his legs stiff, striding like the notch of a bootjack, a man walking on each side to hold him on by the feet.\* He lives in the Castle, and on his way to the procession calls at the Duke of Caaval's, where they dress his hat with all the jewels of the family: on his return he calls again and leaves them. When the late King was dying he had St. George put to bed to him: he sent for all the Saints in Lisbon, and a palace full there was; but the consultation produced no effect. Scarcely any part of the procession was more beautiful than a number of fine led horses, their saddles covered with rich emblazonments. The brotherhood then walked, an immense train, red cloaks and grey cloaks out of number, and all the frairs; some of these indeed were “more fat than friars beseemed.” But there were some that filled me with respect and pity,—old men grey-headed, thin as austerity could make old age, so pale, so hermit-like, of such a bread-and-water appearance, that of their

\* Little children, at Warwick May fair, were held on by their feet, in 1855. This is from an eye-witness,—my sister-in-law, Mrs. Hill.

sincerity no doubt could be entertained. They quite made me melancholy to see uprightness of intention and energy so misapplied. Though temperate for June, the day was hot, and I pitied the shaven heads glistening under the fierce noon sun. Their breviaries, their bands, handkerchiefs, and cowls were held up ineffectually. Two years ago, some of these people are said to have died, struck by the sun in this procession. At that time an accident happened, which gave the Irish friars an opportunity of showing they had not degenerated in a foreign land. A stranger dropped with a *coup de soleil*: he was dead to all appearances. The Irish friars got him up, and carried him off to be buried. The coffin is always kept open during the service, and before it was finished, the man moved. What do you suppose the Wild Honeys did? They could not bury him then, they agreed; but they locked him in the church, instead of sending for assistance: the next day the man was dead enough, and they finished their job.

The concluding part was wonderfully fine,—the knights of the various orders, the patriarchal Church dressed most superbly, the nobles, and the ugly prince, all following the Wafer. I never saw aught finer than this, nor, indeed, to be compared with it — the crowd closed behind, the music, the blaze of the dresses, the long street thronged, flooded with people. Had this been well-managed, it would have been one of the finest imaginable sights; but they moved so irregularly, and with such gaps, that it was a long procession broken into a number of little pieces. It ought, also, to be seen with Catholic eyes, not with the eye of a philosopher. I hate this idolatry as much as I despise it; for I know the bloody and brutalising spirit of Popery. Next day St. Anthony had a puppet-show; two negro saints carried by negroes formed the most striking feature. They made me smile by reminding me of old Flavel, and

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what black angels they must make. In the course of a conversation upon these processions I said to a lady who remembered the *auto-da-fés*, "How dreadful the day of one of these damnable sacrifices must have been to the English residents!" "No," she said, "not at all; it was, like these raree-shows, expected as a fine sight; and the English by whose windows the procession passed kept open houses as now, and gave entertainments." The execution was at midnight indeed, but they ought to have shut up their houses. No English eye ought to have seen so cursed a spectacle. I never saw the Inquisition, quiet as it is, without longing to join a mob in as glorious a day as the 14th of July. What is it that has put a stop to these barbarities? I cannot satisfactorily discover: the court is as bigoted as madmen and folly can be, the mob as unenlightened as ever, and the circumstance of Pombal having prohibited them would, after his disgrace, only have been a motive for reviving them. I imagine that it is the effect of infidelity, — that the cold water of scepticism has put out their fires — God grant for ever. The helpless priests are, must be, infidels; so are the nobles chiefly. Perhaps Voltaire has saved many a poor Jew from these Catholic bonfires.

Our Bristol man here has done his native place no credit: he received a leg of mutton from Falmouth — it was very fine, — and by an effort of generosity he gave it away, but at the same time sent a message that when they had done with it he should be obliged to them to send him back what was left. I pick up a number of half-acquaintances here: there is a gentleman of Cardiff who knows Maber, and whose brother has the great iron-works at Merthyr. He knows all the wild acquaintances of my boyhood. And I have found the Liverpool man who gave me an invitation in the Southampton stage this time twelvemonth; and there is a girl here who knows Charlotte Smith, and has seen

Coleridge, and Godwin, and Mary Hays, &c. &c.,—a fine, lively, goodnatured girl, with a head brimful of brains.

*Mrs. Barker*  
*the "Bhow"*  
*begun*

My spirits continue very good, otherwise I am very little better; but this is a great point, and must wholly be owing to climate. Edith has been twice in a great mob—commonly called a private assembly; and she liked them well enough to stay cruelly late. We speedily move to Cintra: you will continue to direct here. From my other friends I only hope for letters, from you I expect them with certainty. To-day I finished the tenth book of "Thalaba." You shall have the four last on their way to Wynn, as soon as they are written; and I mean to go on galloping. Our love to Mrs. D. I wish we could transport her here: our Sunday window would afford her ample amusement. When the "Alfred" comes, I wish Cottle would send me three or four quires of the paper on which the "Anthology" is printed, the same as my copy of "Thalaba" is written on. I have not got enough to finish it, and, besides, I may perhaps bring home half another poem. God bless you.

Yours truly,  
R. S.

We send Edith's letter to you, not knowing where to direct it. Another packet! and a letter from Rickman. I have not yet heard from Coleridge. Remember me to Davy. I will soon write to him, but it is an expense of time, and I am avaricious.

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*To Lieutenant Thomas Southey, H. M. S. Bellona.*

Lisbon, Saturday, May 3. 1800.

MY DEAR TOM,

Here then we are, thank God. We sailed on Thursday evening, the 24th, at five. Our weather all

elsewhere than in Portugal, I might reconcile myself to its continuance. I shall look out for the Tagus.

Mr. Worthington tells me the books are directed to him. The advantage of sending by Yescombe is that they are landed without difficulty or examination. Warden goes on board as soon as the packet arrives, and takes on shore unexamined all army parcels. I am certainly better: my heart continues its irregularities, but I am less disturbed at night, and less alarmed, and my spirits suit the climate, which is more than half the battle. Edith desires to be remembered. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To Charles Danvers, Esq.*

Cintra, July 25. 1800.

I HAVE in my life received so many letters to disturb and distress me, that I never open one without some kind of fear. Poor Peggy! her disease I thought incurable, but still it was intermitting, and its long intervals might be intervals of enjoyment. She would always be dependent; but I am looking on to better days, and trusted that at some, no very remote time, I should be able to settle her as I wished. This intelligence will haunt and hurt me. Recovered as I am, still my mind is in a state of childish weakness. My uncle was ill lately with a sick head-ache. I was not aware that he is subject to them, and lay awake the whole night listening to hear him breathe; the consequence was that the startings and head-seizures returned. It was not merely climate that I wished to seek as medicinal,—it was the plunging into new scenes, the total abandonment of all irksome thoughts and employments. It has succeeded. My spirits have been as my letters exhi-

bited them. The loss of a Miss Barker here damped me for some days, and they will not now soon recover their tone. The death of Patty Cottle I expected as certain. Mr. Morgan's, too, I thought inevitably near. These have happened — and I have only been three months in Portugal! Thank God you give us no bad accounts of your mother. I have many friends in England, but none whom I hope more earnestly to see again. But to change the subject. As the post brought me no letters from Bristol we were vexed, angry with all our friends, but wondering that Danvers had not written; and indeed I had sent to Lisbon to have particular inquiry made at the office, thinking there certainly must be a letter from you. The packet reached me this morning. I pray you remember that, and take pattern. I am among *acquaintance*, and cannot hear too frequently from my friends. We had a delightful companion for a short time here — a Miss Barker, brimful of everything that was good. She is returned to England, but we do not lose her acquaintance. Coleridge has never written to me: where no expectation existed there can be no disappointment. Wynn sent me Sir Herbert Croft's Letter, now printed separately: woe to him when the "Chatterton" is printed! He cannot irritate me, and I can therefore chastise him with cool and just severity. I am busy in correcting "Thalaba," to send over for the press. The copying-machine never came: Bedford manages everything badly. "Thalaba" does not monopolise me in the way poor Cottle seems to be monopolised. The latter books will soon reach you on their way to Wynn. It is a good job done, and so I have thought of another, and another, and another; but my books are in England, and I cannot begin to build without having the bricks and mortar at hand.

We are enjoying Cintra, a place that wants only fresh butter and genial society to make it an earthly



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no very well shaped leg—we were led to a hut in the garden, round which all the children in the neighbourhood and the whole household had assembled in expectation. The door was opened, and there was the shoemaker! It was a figure large as life, an old man sewing at his trade, a hideous old woman by him spinning, a boy hammering the sole, and another behind beating a tambourine, all moved by turning a wheel behind: and this is the admiration of the country and the masterpiece of Portuguese mechanism! The Marquis has bought another house in the neighbourhood, and there he is about to remove this jewel: it is said also that he means to have a tailor made.

My uncle has been robbed of his hat lately. . . . Some of them attacked him. It was in sight of many people, and this was probably the cause that he escaped so well. A Portuguese officer, passing by just after, inquired what was the matter, and when it was over coolly remarked “people must live,” and walked on. A ship was cut out of the river lately, of great value, and it was at first believed by Portuguese. The remark made by a company of these people, when they heard the circumstances, was, that “the times were very hard.” You can have no idea of a more total anarchy than exists here as to all rational purposes of government. There is actually no security whatever for persons or property: if a rascal is taken up for robbery or murder, after a few days’ imprisonment he is let out again without trial or punishment. A priest in one of the new streets was stopped by the watch lately, who robbed him of his purse, and his watch, and his buckles. He returned home, which was very near, put on his servant’s clothes, took a pistol and a knife under his cloak, returned to the same street, and met the same watchmen. They stopped him, questioned him, searched him, found the knife and pistol, and carried him before

a magistrate. Then he told his story, recovered all he had lost, and had the satisfaction of seeing the rascals sent to prison.

Do not forget to make Cottle send me three quires of the wove foolscap with Alfred. My mother says Bill has a parcel to send to me. What can he mean? I pray you take care to make no blunder, and send anything of weight by post. A magazine sent that way would cost me ten guineas. Wynn sent me a bundle of letters from the Secretary of State's office, like a blockhead, and they cost me fourteen shillings. The way the plays came, through Yescombe, is the only way. The plays are done so as only Coleridge could have done them. I recognise him also in the Essay on Schiller, and the prelude of "Wallenstein's Camp," advertised in the newspaper as in the press. Remember me to all who inquire for me — Mr Rowe in particular. To Cottle and Davy, if time permit, I shall write by this packet. Pray, pray write often. Tell Charles Fox I might as well look for Persian MSS. in Kamschatka as in Lisbon. Flower-seeds would be useless here. I have no friend; and gardens require too much labour in watering to be used here as in England. God bless you. Edith's love.

Yours truly,  
R. S.

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*To John Rickman, Esq.*

Cintra, Sept. 13. 1800.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

The "King George" sails on Monday without "Thalaba." The captain, to whom I could have entrusted it, did not come this voyage, and I know no passenger; the parcel, therefore, must remain for the

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*Southey to Taylor Lisbon Nov 26/1800*  
 the rains; should these only suspend the contagion, if it breaks out again in the spring, it must inevitably reach Lisbon, and I shall then think of my own safety.

“ From England nothing has reached me but the unhappy ‘Alfred’ of poor Cottle. I laboured hard and honestly to suppress its birth, and am thrown into a cold sweat by recollecting it. Coleridge ought to be upon the Life of Lessing; he ought also to write to me, and I have my fears lest the more important business should be neglected like the other. George Burnett has not written to me, nor have I done my duty towards him. My Bristol accounts of his going on are such as have pained me. The Anti-Jacobin is, as you know, appointed our envoy; and, like everybody else, I must make my formal visit. I hear he has all the coxcombry of an Etonian, and the most I retain of Westminster is an Etonophobia, confirmed by seeing them at Oxford. Frere, however, is undoubtedly a man of genius. Pray write to me: I am in an illiterate land, only among acquaintance. Your letters will be weighed among your good works. God bless you!

“ Yours,

“ ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

*in letter not in  
 Collection D*

*William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 20.)*

“ Norwich, February 1st, 1801.

“ Your letter of the 26th November has been long unanswered ; but it was useless to trouble you with statements of perplexities, when it was impossible to wait for the aid of your opinion. Some chronicle of what has passed is due to you.

“ About the time you wrote, Henry was receiving a proposal from his uncle, Mr. Hill, to emigrate from Normanston to Oxford and devote himself to the church of England. The educational prejudices of Maurice’s pupil bristled of course at so shocking a proposal. Henry a priest—O sacrilege ! He wrote however to consult me. I advised him in a very eloquent epistle to go into the church. If he has kept the letter and shows it you some day, you will perceive I missed my aim, from ignorance of his having a younger brother. Indeed no other respectable reason can be given for Henry’s refusing this splendid offer, than his unwillingness to intercept the portion of Edmund, and I firmly believe it was the most operative one. If the interests of the family imperiously require that he should accept his uncle’s proffered preferment, I am convinced he is not inexorable ; he

charge of Edith and three ladies; a doctor at Alvea da Cruz, of whom we besought house room one night in distress, told us, with more truth than politeness, that four women were a mighty inconvenience. We did not find them so; they made our chocolate in the morning, laughed with us by day, enjoyed the scenery, packed our provisions basket, and at night endured flea-biting with a patience that entitles them to an honourable place in the next martyrology. All Lisbon, I believe, thought us mad when we set out; and they now regard our return with equal envy, as only our complexions have suffered. To detail the journey would be too long. We asked at Santarem if they had rooms for us,—they said plenty: we begged to see them; they had two rooms,—four men in bed in one, one fellow in bed in the other. At Pombal, Waterhouse and I slept in public, in a room that served as a passage for the family. Men and women indiscriminately made the ladies' beds; one night we passed through a room wherein eight men were sleeping, who rose up to look at us, something like a picture of the resurrection. These facts will enable you to judge of the comforts and decencies of the Portuguese. They once wanted us, four women and two men, to sleep in two beds in one room. Yet, bad as these places are, the mail coach has made them still worse; that is, it has rendered the people less civil, and made the expenses heavier.

“ We crossed the Zezere, a river of importance in the history of Portugal, as its banks form the great protection of Lisbon; it is the place where a stand

might most effectually be made against an invading army; the river is fine, about the width of our Avon at Rownham, and flowing between hills of our Clifton and Leigh height that are covered with heath and gum-cistus; the water is beautifully clear, and the bottom sand: like all mountain streams, the Zezere is of irregular and untameable force. In summer, horsemen ford it; in winter, the ferry price varies according to the resistance of the current, from one vintem to nine,—that is, from a penny to a shilling. It then enters the Tagus with equal waters, sometimes with a larger body; for, as the rains may have fallen heavier east or north, the one river with its rush almost stagnates the other.

“ At Pombal we saw Our Lady’s oven, where annually a fire is kindled, a wafer baked, and a man, the Shadrach of the town, walks round the glowing oven and comes out unhurt and unsinged by special miracle of Our Lady of Cardal. At Thomar is a statue of St. Christofer on the bridge: three grains of his leg, taken in a glass of water, are a sovereign cure for the ague; and poor St. Christofer’s legs are almost worn out by the extent of the practice. Torres Vedras is the place where Father Anthony of the wounds died — a man suspected of sanctity. The pious mob attacked his body, stripped it naked, cut off all his hair, and tore up his nails to keep for relics. I have seen relics of all the saints, — yea, a thorn from the crown of crucifixion, and a drop of the Redemption blood. All this you shall hereafter see at length in the regular journal.

“ A more interesting subject is our return. My

uncle will, I think, return with us; or, at least, speedily follow. We look forward to the expulsion of the English as only avoidable by a general peace, and this so little probable, that all preparations are making for removal. My uncle is sending away all his books; and I am now in the dirt of packing. In May, I hope to be in Bristol; eager enough, God knows, to see old friends and old familiar scenes; but with no pleasant anticipation of English taxes, and English climate, and small beer, after this blessed sun, and the wines of Portugal. My health has received all the benefit I could and did expect: a longer residence would, I think, render the amendment permanent; and, with this idea, the prospect of a return hereafter, to complete the latter part of my History, is by no means unpleasant.

“God bless you and keep you from the north seas. I have written in haste, being obliged to write many letters on my return. Edith’s love. I know not when or where we shall meet; but, when I am on English ground, the distance between us will not be so impassable. Farewell!

Yours truly,  
ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

*To C. W. W. Wynn, Esq.*

“Lisbon, Feb. 21. 1801.

“My dear Wynn,

“Your letter gave me the first detail of the great news. A passage of four days made it as fresh as possible, and we are here cursing winds and water

that we must wait a fortnight before another mail can reach us. What will happen? the breach is made; and this lath and plaster cannot long keep out the weather. Will the old administration be strong enough to force their plans upon the crown? Possibly. Equally so, that the art of alarming, in which they were so proficient, may now be turned successfully against them. Yet, on this point, the whole body of Opposition is with them, and the whole intellect of the country. I rather expect, after more inefficient changes, the establishment of Opposition — and peace. The helm requires a strong hand.

“Decidedly as my own principles lead to toleration, I yet think in the sufferance of converts and proselytism it has been carried too far. You might as well let a fire burn or a pestilence spread, as suffer the propagation of popery. I hate and abhor it from the bottom of my soul, and the only antidote is poison. Voltaire and such writers cut up the wheat with the tares. The monastic establishments in England ought to be dissolved; as for the priests, they will, for the most part, find their way into France; they who remain should not be suffered to recruit, and would soon die away in peace. I half fear a breach of the Union, perhaps another rebellion, in that wretched country.

“I do not purpose returning till the year of my house-rent be complete, and shall then leave Lisbon with regret, in spite of English-house comforts, and the all-in-all happiness of living among old friends and familiar faces. This climate so completely changes my whole animal being, that I would ex-



change every thing for it. It is not Lisbon ; — Italy, or the south of Spain or of France, would, perhaps, offer greater inducements, if the possibility of a foreign settlement existed.

“ On my History no labour shall be spared. Now, I only heap marble : the edifice must be erected in England ; but I must return again to the quarry. You will find my style plain and short, and of condensed meaning, — plain as a Doric building, and, I trust, of eternal durability. The notes will drain off all quaintness. I have no doubt of making a work by which I shall be honourably remembered. You shall see it, and Elmsly if he will take the trouble, before publication. Of profit I must not be sanguine ; yet, if it attain the reputation of Robertson, than whom it will not be worse, or of Roscoe and Gibbon, it will procure me something more substantial than fame. My price for *Thalaba* was, for 1000 copies, 115*l.*, twelve copies being allowed me ; the booksellers would have bargained for a quarto edition also, but it would have been ill-judged to have glutted the public.

“ I expect, in the ensuing winter, to be ready with my first volume : to hurry it would be injudicious, and historic labour will be relieved by employing myself in correcting *Madoc*. My intention is therefore to journey through North Wales next summer to the Lakes, where Coleridge is settled, and to pass the autumn (their summer) there. For a Welsh map of the roads, and what is to be seen, you must be my director ; perhaps, too, you might in another way assist *Madoc*, by pointing out what manners or

superstition of the Welsh would look well in blank verse. Much may have escaped me, and some necessarily must. Long as this poem (from the age of fourteen) has been in my head, and long as its sketch has now lain by me, I now look on at no very distant date to its publication, after an ample revision and recasting. You will see it and scrutinise it when corrected.

“Thalaba is now a whole and unembarrassed story; the introduction of Laila is not an episode, it is so connected with the murder of Hodeirah and the after actions of Thalaba, as to be essentially part of the tale. Thalaba has certainly and inevitably the fault of *Samson Agonistes*, — its parts might change place; but, in a romance, epic laws may be dispensed with; its faults now are verbal: such as it is, I know no poem which can claim a place between it and the *Orlando*. Let it be weighed with the *Oberon*; perhaps, were I to speak out, I should not dread a trial with *Ariosto*. My proportion of ore to dross is greater: perhaps the *Anti-Jacobin* criticasters may spare Thalaba; it is so utterly innocent of all good drift; it may pass through the world like *Richard Cromwell*, notwithstanding the sweet savour of its father's name. Do you know that they have caricatured me between *Fox* and *Norfolk* — worshipping *Bonaparte*? Poor me — at *Lisbon* — who have certainly molested nothing but *Portuguese spiders*! Amen! I am only afraid my company will be ashamed of me; one at least, — he is too good for me; and, upon my soul, I think myself too good for the other.

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“ The Spanish ambassador trundled off for Madrid this morning—he is a bad imitation of a hogshead in make : all is alarm here ; and I sweat in dreadfully cold weather for my books, creditors, alas for many a six-and-thirty ! We have two allies, more faithful than Austria the honest or Paul the magnanimous, — famine and the yellow fever ; but the American gentleman is asleep till summer, and, as for famine, she is as busy in England as here. I rejoice in the eventual effects of scarcity — the cultivation of the wastes ; the population bills you probably know to be Rickman’s, for which he has long been soliciting Rose, and the management is his of course and compliment. It is of important utility.

“ Of the red wines I spoke in my last. Will you have Bucellas as it can be got ? It should be kept rather in a garret than a cellar, a place dry and warm ; but ample directions shall be sent with it. You may, perhaps, get *old* now, when so just an alarm prevails ; *new* is better than none, because it will improve even in ideal value, should Portugal be closed to England ; its price will little, if at all, differ from Port or Lisbon ; it is your vile taxes that make the expense ; and, by the by, I must vent a monstrous oath against the duty upon foreign books. *Sixpence per pound weight* if bound ; it is abominable !

Farewell, and God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

R. SOUTHEY.”

*To S. T. Coleridge, Esq.*

“Lisbon, March 28. 1801.

“The sight of your hand-writing did not give me much pleasure; 'twas the leg of a lark to a hungry man—yet it was your hand-writing. . . .

“I have been more than once tottering on the brink of a letter to you, and more than once the glimpse at some old Spaniard, or the whim of a walk, or an orange, or a bunch of grapes, has tempted me either to industry or idleness. I return rich in materials: a twelvemonth's work in England will produce a first volume of my History, and also of the Literary History. Of success I am not sanguine, though sufficiently so of desert; yet I shall leave a monument to my own memory, and perhaps, which is of more consequence, procure a few life-enjoyments.

“My poetising has been exclusively confined to the completion of *Thalaba*. I have planned a Hindoo romance of original extravagance, and have christened it ‘*The Curse of Keradon*;' but it were unwise to do anything here which were as well done in England; and indeed the easy business of hunting out everything to be seen has taken up no small portion of my time. I have ample materials for a volume of miscellaneous information; my work in England will be chiefly to arrange and tack together; here, I have been glutting, and go home to digest. In May we return; and, on my part, with much reluctance. I have formed local attachments and not personal ones:

This letter 3 1/2 pp 4<sup>o</sup> was sold with  
Julian Marshall's Collection to  
Sotherby's June 1884 - Lot 226.

It contains the following passage  
deleted in this volume: -

*When  
was in  
the house  
to write  
this*

Poor Huck! & poor Amos  
Cottle! & Joseph - one can hardly  
now allude to Alfred the Long & the  
quaintest of all possible similes  
of the Contundia of which I only  
know the meaning. I thought I  
had exterminated a whole  
thousand Nonsense - & Co! they  
are rose again - stuck into  
print in my absence - & stared  
me in the face which is more  
than poor Joseph could do when  
he read them. I read & stamped  
& swore & fretted & sweated "....  
he he

and again! - Wm Taylor you see  
is making quaint theories of the Old  
Testament - poor Joseph Holm-  
-burn.

Handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is mostly illegible due to blurriness and fading.

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this glorious river, with its mountain boundaries, this blessed winter sun, and the summer paradise of Cintra. I would gladly live and die here. My health is amended materially, but I have seizures enough to assure me that our own unkindly climate will blight me, as it does the myrtle and oranges of this better land; howbeit, business must lead me here once more for the after-volumes of the History. If your ill-health should also proceed from English skies, we may perhaps emigrate together at last. One head full of brains, and I should ask England nothing else.

“Meantime my nearer dreams lay their scenes about the Lakes.\* Madoc compels me to visit Wales; perhaps we can meet you in the autumn: but for the unreasonable distance from Bristol and London, we might take up our abiding near you. I wish you were at Allfoxen†, — there was a house big enough: you would talk me into a healthy indolence, and I should spur you to profitable industry.

“ . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 We are threatened with speedy invasion, and the critical hour of Portugal is probably arrived. No alarm has been so general; they have sent for transports to secure us a speedy retreat; nor is it impossible that all idlers may be requested to remove before the hurry and crowd of a general departure. Yet I doubt the reality of the danger. Portugal *buys respite*; will they kill the goose that lays golden eggs?

\* Mr. Coleridge was at this time residing at Keswick.

† A house in Somersetshire, where Mr. Wordsworth resided at one time.

Will Spain consent to admit an army through that will shake her rotten throne? Will Bonaparte venture an army where there is danger of the yellow fever? to a part whence all plunder will be removed, where that army will find nothing to eat after a march of 1000 miles, through a starved country? On the other hand, this country may turn round, may join the coalition, seize on English property, and bid us all decamp; this was apprehended; and what dependence can be placed upon utter imbecility? Were it not for Edith, I would fairly see it out, and witness the whole boderation. There is a worse than the Bastile here, over whose dungeons I often walk . . .

But this is not what is to be wished for Portugal, — this conquest which would excite good feelings against innovation; if there was peace, the business would probably be done at home. England is now the be-darkening power; she is in politics, what Spain was to religion at the Reformation. Change here involves the loss of their colonies; and an English fleet would cut off the supplies of Lisbon. . . .

The monastic orders will accelerate revolution, because the begging friars, mostly young, are mostly discontented, and the rich friars everywhere objects of envy. I have heard the people complain of monastic oppression, and distinguish between the friars and the religion they profess. I even fear, so generally is that distinction made, that popery may exist when monkery is abolished.

“ In May I hope to be in Bristol; and if it can be so arranged, in September at the Lakes. I should



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like to winter there; then I might labour at my History; and we might perhaps amuse ourselves with some joint journeyman work, which might keep up winter fires and Christmas tables. Of all this we will write on my return. I now long to be in England; as it is impossible to remain and root here at present. We shall soon and inevitably be expelled, unless a general peace redeem the merchants here from ruin. England has brought Portugal into the scrape, and with rather more than usual prudence, left her in it; it is understood that this country may make her own terms, and submit to France without incurring the resentment of England. When the Portuguese first entered this happy war, the phrase of their ministers was, that they were going to be pallbearers at the funeral of France. Fools! they were digging a grave, and have fallen into it.

“Of all English doings I am quite ignorant. Thomas Dermody, I see, has risen again; and the Farmer’s Boy is most miraculously overrated. The Monthly Magazine speaks with shallow-pated pertness of your Wallenstein; it interests me much; and what is better praise, invited me to a frequent reperusal of its parts: will you think me wrong in preferring it to Schiller’s other plays? it appears to me more dramatically true. Max may, perhaps, be overstrained, and the woman is like all German heroines; but in Wallenstein is that greatness and littleness united, which stamp the portrait. William Taylor, you see, is making quaint theories of the Old Testament writers; how are you employed? Must Lessing wait for the Resurrection before he receives a new life?

“ So you dipped your young Pagan\* in the Derwent, and baptized him in the name of the river! Should he be drowned there, he will get into the next edition of Wanley’s Wonders, under the head of God’s Judgments. And how comes on Moses, and will he remember me? God bless you!

Yours,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

*To Mrs. Southey.*

“Faro, April 17. 1801.

“ By the luckiest opportunity, my dear Edith, I am enabled to write and ease myself of a load of uneasiness. An express is about to leave Faro, otherwise till Tuesday next there would have been no conveyance. We are at Mr. Lempriere’s, hospitably and kindly received, and for the first time resting after ten days’ very hard labour. At Cassillas our letter to Kirwan was of no use, as he was absent. For mules they asked too much, and we mounted burros to Azectão; there no supply was to be found, and the same beasts carried us to Setubal, which we did not reach till night. The house to which we had an introduction was deserted, and we lost nothing by going to an excellent estalagem. Next day it rained till noon, when we embarked, and sailed through dull and objectless shores to Alcacere: mules to Evora, the distance nine leagues; at the end

\* The Rev. Derwent Coleridge, Principal of St. Mark’s College, Chelsea.

of the first it set in a severe rain, and the coldest north wind we ever experienced: the road was one infinite charreca, a wilderness of gum-cistus. We would have stopped anywhere; about six in the evening we begged charity at a peasant's house, at the Monte dos Moneros, three leagues short of Evora, dripping wet and deadly cold, dreading darkness, and the effects of so severe a wetting, and the cold wind; we got admittance, and all possible kindness; dried ourselves and baggage, which was wet also; supped upon the little round curd cheeses of the country, olives, and milk; and slept in comfort. The morning was fine, but the same wind continued till yesterday, and has plagued us cruelly by day and by night.

“At Evora we remained half a day; there our night sufferings began; from thence till we reached Faro we have never slept in one ceiled room; all tiled so loosely, that an astrologer would find them no bad observatories; and by no possible means could we keep ourselves warm. Waterhouse I taught, indeed, by Niebuhr's example in Arabia, to lie with his face under the sheets, but it suffocated me. From Evora we took burros to Beja, — a day and a half; we slept at Villa Ruina: from Viana to that little town is a lovely track of country, and, except that little island of cultivation, we have seen nothing but charrecas till we reached Tavira. The bishop gave us cheese and incomparable wine, and a letter to Father John of the Palm at Castro: to Castro a day's journey: on the road there was a monumental cross, where a man had been eat by the wolves. John

of the Palm is a very blackguard priest, but he was useful. We had a curious party there of his friends, drinking wine with us in the room, or rather between the four walls where we were pounded, not housed, for the night; a deputy judge, with a great sword, old as the Portuguese monarchy, smoking, and handing round his cigar out of his own mouth to the rest of the company; our muleteer, that was to be, hand and glove with the priest and the magistrate; and another pot companion. Next day across the field of Ourique, and seven long leagues of wilderness; there was no estalagem; in fact, we were in the wilds of Alentejo, where hardly any traveller has penetrated; we were again thrown on charity, and kindly received: this was Tuesday. On Wednesday we crossed the mountains to Tavira, seven leagues, — in the bishop's language, — long leagues, terrible leagues, — infinite leagues: the road would be utterly impassable were it not that the Host is carried on horseback in these wilds, and therefore the way must be kept open. As we passed one ugly spot, the guide told us a man broke his neck there lately. This day's journey, however, was quite new; wherever we looked was mountain, — waving, swelling, breasting, exactly like the sea-like prints of the Holy Land which you see in old Travels. At last the sea appeared, and the Guadiana, and the frontier towns Azamonte and Castro Marini; we descended, and entered the garden, the Paradise of Algarve here our troubles and labour were to end; we were out of the wilderness. Milk and honey, indeed, we did not expect in this land of promise, but we ex-

pected every thing else. The sound of a drum alarmed us, and we found Tavira full of soldiers; the governor examined our pass, and I could not but smile at the way in which he eyed Roberto Southey, the negociante, of ordinary stature, thin and long face, a dark complexion, &c., and squinted at Waterhouse's lame legs. For a man in power he was civil, and sent us to the Corrigidor, to get our beasts secured; this second inspection over, we were in the streets of Tavira, to beg a night's lodging, — and beg hard we did for some hours; at last, induced by the muleteer, whom she knew, and by the petition of some dozen honest people, whom our situation had drawn about us, a woman, who had one room unoccupied by the soldiers, turned the key with doubt and delay, for her husband was absent, and we wanted nothing but a ceiling. Yesterday we reached Faro; and to-day remain here to rest. . . . .

“ Our faces are skinned by the cutting wind and sun: my nose has been roasted by a slow fire — burnt alive by sunbeams; 'tis a great comfort that Waterhouse has no reason to laugh at it; and even Bento's\* is of a fine carbuncle colour. Thank God you were not with us; one room is the utmost these hovels contain; the walls of stone, unmortared, and the roofs what I have described them.

“ Yet we are well repaid, and have never faltered either in health or spirits. At Evora, at Beja, at the Ourique field, was much to interest; and here we are in a lovely country, to us a little heaven. . . .

\* His servant.

. . . . . I have hurried over our way that you may know simply where we have been, and where we are; the full account would be a week's work. You will be amused with the adventures of two Irish, and one Scotch, officers, who came from Gibraltar to Lagos, with a fortnight's leave of absence, to amuse themselves; they brought a Genoese interpreter, and understood from him that it was eleven leagues to Faro, and a good *turnpike* road. I write their own unexaggerated account:—they determined to ride there to dinner, and they were three days on the way, begging, threatening, drawing their swords to get lodged at night,—all in vain; the first night they slept in the fields; afterwards they learnt a humbler tone, and got, between four of them, a shelter, but no beds; here they waited six weeks for an opportunity of getting back; and one of them was paymaster at Gibraltar; they were utterly miserable for want of something to do—billiards eternally—they even bought birds, a cat, a dog, a fox, for playthings; yesterday embarked, after spending a hundred pieces here in six weeks, neither they nor any one else knowing how, except that they gave six testoons apiece for all the Port wine in the place. . . . .

“God bless you! I have a thousand things to tell you on my return, my dear Edith.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

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and salts, and the Gray's Inn little-man proposition. He is, — yes, Grosvenor, — Monchique — I called him so in memory of his native mountain — Monchique is uglier than SNIVEL.\* I promise you a serious letter by the next packet. Meantime, God bless you.

R. S.

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*To Charles Danvers, Esq., Bristol.*

May 6. 1801.


MY DEAR DANVERS,

You will be expecting me, and will be disappointed at receiving only a letter. I cannot yet depart. In about a month we shall set off, earlier or later by some ten days, as may suit a ship, if we find one.

Your letter must have been lost, and it leaves me in the dark about some things alluded to in that which has just reached me. I know not why Davy has left Bristol, and shall bitterly miss him; indeed, the doubt where to settle annoys me much. Except you and your mother, I have no attachment at Bristol; all else are mere acquaintance — a common, cold-lip intercourse, neither gratifying the affections nor the intellect. In London, I neither can nor will live. I must be where the sun, and moon, and stars, and He who created them are visible. As for Coleridge, he is at the end of the world. Bristol suits me best; and a house about Ashton, or Leigh, or over the down, would strongly tempt me, or in your row; but not yet: my autumn must be in Wales and Cumberland; and I have to work hard to recover my expenses here, and raise enough for furniture. The little I saw of King much pleased me, but Humphry Davy is an unreplacable companion. For society, of all places I have ever seen,

\* The name of Mr. Bedford's dog.

will probably be Palermo—if peace comes, as likely to any of the other states—and as willingly. Ultimately I look to Lisbon, and certainly to a long absence from England.

“ To the other part of your letter—a visit to Norwich would promise much pleasure. But look at the map, and there is a wretched distance between. Besides, my time is otherwise allotted. I am going to Keswick, to pass the autumn with Coleridge—to work like a negro, and to arrange his future plans with my own. He is miserably ill, and must quit England for a warmer climate or perish. I found letters announcing his determination to ship himself and family for the Azores; this I have stopped, and the probability is that he will accompany me abroad. <sup>2</sup> see next page - top 

“ There I am to work—but on what, Messrs. Longman and Rees are now deciding. I have proposed to them, either ‘ Madoc ’ or a Hindoo romance, to be ready for the press in six months. Of the Hindoo tale, as the plan is complete and the materials ready, I consider the hardest half done. ‘ Madoc ’ in its crude state has been sleeping two whole years. I can do either, and am so equally inclined to either, that the power of choice is best in other hands. Of Portugal I could publish much, but dare not shut the door of the archives against my future researches.

\* The only spot his finances could reach



2

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John Estlin will have one sister with her to reconcile her to an abandonment of the rest — I shall have with me

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ÆTAT. 27.

OF ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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the man, to do as well as the wife, and I am now of six years my heart has changed with most affection, despite even of its own efforts.

CHAPTER VIII.

RETURN TO ENGLAND. — THINKS OF GOING DOWN TO CUMBERLAND. — LETTER FROM MR. COLERIDGE, DESCRIBING GRETA HALL. — THOUGHTS OF A CONSULSHIP. — THE LAW. — LYRICAL BALLADS. — CONSPIRACY OF GOWRIE. — MADOC. — DIFFICULTY OF MEETING THE EXPENSE OF THE JOURNEY TO KESWICK. — LETTER TO MR. BEDFORD. — UNCHANGED AFFECTION. — GOES DOWN TO KESWICK. — FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE LAKES. — EXCURSION INTO WALES. — APPOINTMENT AS PRIVATE SECRETARY TO MR. CORRY. — GOES TO DUBLIN. — LETTERS FROM THENCE. — GOES TO LONDON. — ACCOUNT OF HIS OFFICIAL DUTIES. — 1801.

IN the course of the following June my father and mother returned to England, and for a short time again took up their residence at Bristol. His sojourn abroad had in all respects been a most satisfactory as well as a most enjoyable one: the various unpleasant and, indeed, alarming symptoms under which he had previously laboured, had proved to be rather of nervous than of organic origin; and as they seemed to have owed their rise to sedentary habits and continued mental exertion, they had readily given way, under the combined influence of change of scene and place, a more genial climate, and the healthful excitement of travel in a foreign land, and scenes full alike of beauty and of interest. He had not, indeed, been idle the while, for he had laid up large stores for his projected His-

tory of Portugal (never, alas! destined to be completed); and he had finished *Thalaba*, a transcript of which had been sent to England, and its publication negotiated for with the Messrs. Longman, by his friend Mr. Rickman. He had now entirely abandoned all idea of continuing the study of the law, and his thoughts and wishes were strongly turned towards obtaining some appointment, which would enable him to reside in a southern climate. In the mean time, having no especial reason for wishing to remain in Bristol, he had for some time contemplated a journey into Cumberland, for the double purpose of seeing the Lakes and visiting Mr. Coleridge, who was at this time residing at Greta Hall, Keswick; having been tempted into the north by the proximity of Mr. Wordsworth, and to whom he had written concerning this intention some months before leaving Lisbon. Mr. Coleridge's answer waited his return, and a portion of it may not unfitly be transcribed here, describing, as it does, briefly yet very faithfully, the place destined to be my father's abode for the longest portion of his life — the birth-place of all his children (save one), and the place of his final rest.

STL \_\_\_\_\_  
*To Robert Southey, Esq.*

“ Greta Hall, Keswick; April 13. 1801.

“ My dear Southey,

“ I received your kind letter on the evening before last, and I trust that this will arrive at Bristol just in time to rejoice with them that rejoice. Alas! you will have found the dear old place sadly *minused* by

the removal of Davy. It is one of the evils of long silence, that when one recommences the correspondence, one has so much to say that one can say nothing. I have enough, with what I have seen, and with what I have done, and with what I have suffered, and with what I have heard, exclusive of all that I hope and all that I intend—I have enough to pass away a great deal of time with, were you on a desert isle, and I your *Friday*. But at present I purpose to speak only of myself relatively to Keswick and to you.

“ Our house stands on a low hill, the whole front of which is one field and an enormous garden, nine-tenths of which is a nursery garden. Behind the house is an orchard, and a small wood on a steep slope, at the foot of which flows the river Greta, which winds round and catches the evening lights in the front of the house. In front we have a giant’s camp—an encamped army of tent-like mountains, which by an inverted arch gives a view of another vale. On our right the lovely vale and the wedge-shaped lake of Bassenthwaite; and on our left Derwentwater and Lodore full in view, and the fantastic mountains of Borrodale. Behind us the massy Skiddaw, smooth, green, high, with two chasms and a tent-like ridge in the larger. A fairer scene you have not seen in all your wanderings. Without going from our own grounds we have all that can please a human being. As to books, my landlord, who dwells next door\*, has a very respectable library, which he has put with mine; histories, encyclopædias,

\* Greta Hall was at this time divided into two houses, which were afterwards thrown together.

and all the modern gentry. But then I can have, when I choose, free access to the princely library of Sir Guilfred Lawson, which contains the noblest collection of travels and natural history of, perhaps, any private library in England; besides this, there is the Cathedral library of Carlisle, from whence I can have any books sent to me that I wish; in short, I may truly say that I command all the libraries in the county.

“Our neighbour is a truly good and affectionate man, a father to my children, and a friend to me. He was offered fifty guineas for the house in which we are to live, but he preferred me for a tenant at twenty-five; and yet the whole of his income does not exceed, I believe, 200*l.* a year. A more truly disinterested man I never met with; severely frugal, yet almost carelessly generous; and yet he got all his money as a common carrier\*, by hard labour, and by pennies and pennies. He is one instance among many in this country of the salutary effect of the love of knowledge—he was from a boy a lover of learning. . . . The house is full twice as large as we want; it hath more rooms in it than Allfoxen; you might have a bed-room, parlour, study, &c. &c., and there would always be rooms to spare for your or my visitors. In short, for situation and convenience,—and when I mention the name of Wordsworth, for society of men of intellect,—I know no place in which you and Edith would find yourselves so well suited.”

The remainder of this letter, as well as another of

\* This person, whose name was Jackson, was the “master” in Mr. Wordsworth’s poem of “The Waggoner,” the circumstances of which are accurately correct.

later date, was filled with a most gloomy account of his own health, to which my father refers in the commencement of his reply.

*To S. T. Coleridge, Esq.*

“Bristol, July 11. 1801.

“Yesterday I arrived, and found your letters; they did depress me, but I have since reasoned or dreamt myself into more cheerful anticipations. I have persuaded myself that your complaint is gouty; that good living is necessary, and a good climate. I also move to the south; at least so it appears: and if my present prospects ripen, we may yet live under one roof.

• • • • •  
“You may have seen a translation of Persius, by Drummond, an M.P. This man is going ambassador, first to Palermo and then to Constantinople: if a married man can go as his secretary, it is probable that I shall accompany him. I daily expect to know. It is a scheme of Wynn’s to settle me in the south, and I am returned to look about me. My salary will be small — a very trifle; but after a few years I look on to something better, and have fixed my mind on a consulship. Now, if we go, you must join us as soon as we are housed, and it will be marvellous if we regret England. I shall have so little to do, that my time may be considered as wholly my own: our joint amusements will easily supply us with all expenses. So no more of the Azores; for we will see the Great

Turk, and visit Greece, and walk up the Pyramids, and ride camels in Arabia. I have dreamt of nothing else these five weeks. As yet every thing is so uncertain, for I have received no letter since we landed, that nothing can be said of our intermediate movements. If we are not embarked too soon, we will set off as early as possible for Cumberland, unless you should think, as we do, that Mahomet had better come to the mountain; that change of all externals may benefit you; and that bad as Bristol weather is, it is yet infinitely preferable to northern cold and damp. Meet we must, and will.

“ You know your old Poems are a third time in the press; why not set forth a second volume? . . . . Your *Christabel*, your *Three Grades*, which I remember as the very consummation of poetry. I must spur you to something, to the assertion of your supremacy; if you have not enough to muster, I will aid you in any way — manufacture skeletons that you may clothe with flesh, blood, and beauty; write my best, or what shall be bad enough to be popular; — we will even make plays *à-la-mode* Robespierre. . . . Drop all task-work, it is ever unprofitable; the same time, and one twentieth part of the labour, would produce treble emolument. For *Thalaba* I received 115*l.*; it was just twelve months’ *intermitting* work, and the after-editions are my own.

“ I feel here as a stranger; somewhat of Leonard’s feeling. God bless Wordsworth for that poem!\* What

\* “ *The Brothers* ” is the title of this poem.

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tie have I to England? My London friends? There, indeed, I have friends. But if you and yours were with me, eating dates in a garden at Constantinople, you might assert that we were in the best of all possible places; and I should answer, Amen: and if our wives rebelled, we would send for the chief of the black eunuchs, and sell them to the Seraglio. Then should Moses learn Arabic, and we would know whether there was anything in the language or not. We would drink Cyprus wine and Mocha coffee, and smoke more tranquilly than ever we did in the Ship in Small Street.

*Handley*

“ Time and absence make strange work with our affections; but mine are ever returning to rest upon you. I have other and dear friends, but none with whom the whole of my being is intimate — with whom every thought and feeling can amalgamate. Oh! I have yet such dreams! Is it quite clear that you and I were not meant for some better star, and dropped, by mistake, into this world of pounds, shillings, and pence?

. . . . .  
 “ God bless you!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

*To S. T. Coleridge, Esq.*

“ July 25.

“ In about ten days we shall be ready to set forward for Keswick; where, if it were not for the rains, and the fogs, and the frosts, I should, probably,

be content to winter; but the climate deters me. It is uncertain when I may be sent abroad, or where, except that the south of Europe is my choice. The appointment hardly doubtful, and the probable destination Palermo or Naples. We will talk of the future, and dream of it, on the lake side. . . .

. . . . . I may calculate upon the next six months at my own disposal; so we will climb Skiddaw this year, and scale Etna the next; and Sicilian air will keep us alive till Davy has found out the immortalising elixir, or till we are very well satisfied to do without it, and be immortalised after the manner of our fathers. My pocket-book contains more plans than will ever be filled up; but whatever becomes of those plans, this, at least, is feasible. . . . .

Poor H——, he has literally killed himself by the law; which, I believe, kills more than any disease that takes its place in the bills of mortality. Blackstone is a needful book, and my Coke is a borrowed one; but I have one law book whereof to make an auto-da-fé; and burnt he shall be: but whether to perform that ceremony, with fitting libations, at home, or fling him down the crater of Etna directly to the Devil, is worth considering at leisure.

“ I must work at Keswick; the more willingly, because with the hope, hereafter, the necessity will cease. My Portuguese materials must lie dead, and this embarrasses me. It is impossible to publish any thing about that country now, because I must one day return there,—to their libraries and archives;



otherwise I have excellent stuff for a little volume ; and could soon set forth a first vol. of my History, either civil or literary. In these labours I have incurred a heavy and serious expense. I shall write to Hamilton, and review again, if he chooses to employ me.

It was Cottle who told me that your Poems were reprinting in a *third* edition: this cannot allude to the Lyrical Ballads, because of the number and the participle present. . . . I am bitterly angry to see one new poem smuggled into the world in the Lyrical Ballads, where the 750 purchasers of the first can never get at it. At Falmouth I bought Thomas Dermody's Poems, for old acquaintance sake ; alas ! the boy wrote better than the man ! . . . . .

STC  
Love

. . . . . Pyes Alfred (to distinguish him from Alfred the pious\*) I have not yet inspected ; nor the wilful murder of Bonaparte, by Anna Matilda ; nor the high treason committed by Sir James Bland Burgess, Baronet, against our lion-hearted Richard. Davy is fallen stark mad with a play, called the Conspiracy of Gowrie, which is by Rough ; an imitation of Gebir, with some poetry ; but miserably and hopelessly deficient in all else : every character reasoning, and metaphorising, and metaphysicking the reader most nauseously. By the by, there is a great analogy between hock, laver, pork pie, and the Lyrical Ballads,—all have a *flavour*, not beloved by those who require a *taste*, and utterly unpleasant to dram-drinkers, whose diseased palates can only *feel*

\* This alludes to Mr. Cottle's "Alfred."

pepper and brandy. I know not whether Wordsworth will forgive the stimulant tale of Thalaba,—’tis a turtle soup, highly seasoned, but with a flavour of its own predominant. His are sparagrass (it ought to be spelt so) and artichokes, good with plain butter, and wholesome.

“ I look on Madoc with hopeful displeasure ; probably it must be corrected, and published now ; this coming into the world at seven months is a bad way ; with a Doctor Slop of a printer’s devil standing ready for the forced birth, and frightening one into an abortion. . . . .

Is there an emigrant at Keswick, who may make me talk and write French ? And I must sit at my almost forgotten Italian, and read German with you ; and we must read Tasso together. . . . .

“ God bless you !

Yours,  
R. S.”

*To S. T. Coleridge, Esq.*

“ Bristol, August 3. 1801.

“ Following the advice of the Traumatic Poet \*, I have been endeavouring to get money—and to get it

\* The “Traumatic Poet” was a Bristol acquaintance of my father’s and Mr. Coleridge, who somewhat overrated his own powers of poetical composition ; two choice sonnets of his, on “Metaphor” and “Personification,” were printed in the first volume of the Annual Anthology.

— Jennings

honestly. I wrote to —, and propounded to him Madoc, to be ready for the press in six months, at a price equivalent to that of Thalaba, in proportion to its length; and I asked for fifty pounds *now*, the rest on *publication*. — writes to beat down the price. . . . . And I have answered, that the difference about terms sets me at liberty from my proposal.

“ And so, how to raise the wind for my long land voyage? Why, I expect Hamilton’s account daily (for whom, by the by, I am again at work!), and he owes me I know not what; it may be fifteen pounds, it may be five-and-twenty: if the latter, off we go, as soon as we can get an agreeable companion in a post-chaise; if it be not enough, why I must beg, borrow, or steal. I have once been tempted to sell my soul to Stuart for three months, for thirteen guineas in advance; but my soul mutinied at the bargain . . . . Madoc has had a miraculous escape! it went against my stomach and my conscience—but *malesuada fames*.

“ Your West India plan is a vile one. Italy, Italy. I shall have enough leisure for a month’s journey. Moses, and the young one with the heathenish name, will learn Italian as they are learning English, — an advantage not to be overlooked; society, too, is something; and Italy has never been without some great mind or other, worthy of its better ages. When we are well tired of Italy, why, I will get removed to Portugal, to which I look with longing eyes, as the land of promise. But, in all sober seriousness, the plan I

propose is very practicable, very pleasant, and eke also very *prudent*. My business will not be an hour in a week, and it will enable me to afford to be idle — a power which I shall never wish to exert, but which I do long to possess. . . . .  
 Davy's removal to London extends his sphere of utility, and places him in affluence; yet he will be the worse for it. Chameleon like, we are all coloured by the near objects; and he is among metaphysical sensualists: he should have remained a few years longer here, till the wax cooled, which is now passive to any impression. I wish it was not true, but it unfortunately is, that experimental philosophy always deadens the feelings; and these men who 'botanise upon their mothers' graves,' may retort and say, that cherished feelings deaden our usefulness; and so we are all well in our way.

“ . . . . .  
 Do not hurry from the baths for the sake of meeting me; for when I set out is unpleasantly uncertain; and as I suppose we must be Lloyd's guests a few days, it may as well or better be before your return. My mother is very unwell, perhaps more seriously so than I allow myself to fully believe. If Peggy\* were — what shall I say? — released is a varnishing phrase; and death is desirable, when recovery is impossible. I would bring my mother with me for the sake of total change, if Peggy could be left, but that is impossible; recover she cannot, yet may, and I believe will, suffer on till winter. Almost I pre-feel

\* His cousin, Margaret Hill, to whom he was greatly attached, then dying in a consumption.

that my mother's illness will, at the same time, recall me. . . . .

The summer is going off, and I am longing for hot weather, to bathe in your lake; and yet am I tied by the leg. Howbeit, Hamilton's few days cannot be stretched much longer; and when his account comes I shall draw the money, and away. God bless you!

R. SOUTHEY."

A letter from Mr. Bedford, containing some reproaches for a much longer silence than was his wont, called forth the following reply:—

*To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.*

" August 19. 1801.

" My dear Grosvenor,

" The tone and temper of your letter left me in an uncomfortable mood;—certainly I deserved it—as far as negligence deserves reproof so harsh;—but indeed, Grosvenor, you have been somewhat like the Scotch judge, who included all rape, robbery, murder, and horse-stealing under the head of sedition; so have you suspected negligence of cloaking a cold, and fickle, and insincere heart. Dear, dear Grosvenor, if by any magic of ear you could hear how often your name passes my lips! or could you see how often I see your figure in my walks—the recollections—and the wishes—but what are these? A hundred times should I have begun a letter if there had been enough to fill it,—if I could have sent you the

exquisite laugh when I again saw St. Augustine and his load, — or the smile when I read Saunders' death in the newspaper; — but these are unwriteable things — the gossip, and the playfulness, and the boyishness, and the happiness: — I was about to write, however, — in conscience and truth I was — and for an odd reason. I heard a gentleman imitate Henderson; and there was in that imitation a decisiveness of pronounciation, a rolling every syllable over the tongue, a force and pressure of lip and of palate, that had my eyes been shut I could have half believed you had been reading Shakspeare to me, — and I was about to tell you so, because the impression was so strong.

“ With Drummond it seems I go not, but he and Wynn design to get for me — or try to get — a better berth; — that of Secretary to some Italian Legation, which is permanent, and not personally attached to the minister. Amen. I love the south, and the possibility highly pleases me, and the prospect of advancing my fortunes. To England I have no strong tie; the friends whom I love live so widely apart that I never see two in a place; and for acquaintance, they are to be found everywhere. Thus much for the future; for the present I am about to move to Coleridge, who is at the Lakes; — and I am labouring, somewhat blindly indeed, but all to some purpose, about my ways and means; for the foreign expedition that has restored my health, has at the same time picked my pocket; and if I had not good spirits and cheerful industry, I should be somewhat surly

and sad. So I am — I hope most truly and ardently for the last time — pen-and-inking for supplies, not from pure inclination. I am rather heaping bricks and mortar than building; hesitating between this plan and that plan, and preparing for both. I rather think it will end in a romance, in metre Thalabian, — in mythology Hindoo, — by name the Curse of Kehama, on which name you may speculate; and if you have any curiosity to see a crude outline, the undeveloped life-germ of the egg, say so, and you shall see the story as it is, and the poem as it is to be, written piece-meal.

“ Thus, then, is my time employed, or thus it ought to be; for how much is dissipated by going here and there, — dinnering, and tea-taking, and suppering, traying, or eveninging, take which phrase of fashion pleases you, — you may guess.

“ Grosvenor, I perceive no change in myself, nor any symptoms of change; I differ only in years from what I was, and years make less difference in me than in most men. All things considered, I feel myself a fortunate and happy man; the future wears a better face than it has ever done, and I have no reason to regret that indifference to fortune which has marked the past. By the by, it is unfortunate that you cannot come to the sacrifice of one law book — my whole proper stock — whom I design to take up to the top of Mount Etna, for the express purpose of throwing him down straight to the devil. Huzza, Grosvenor! I was once afraid that I should have a deadly deal of law to forget whenever I had

done with it; but my brains, God bless them, never received any, and I am as ignorant as heart could wish. The tares would not grow.

“You will direct to Keswick, Cumberland. I set off on Saturday next, and shall be there about Tuesday; and if you could contrive to steal time for a visit to the Lakes, you would find me a rare guide.

“If you have not seen the second volume of Wordsworth’s Lyrical Ballads, I counsel you to buy them, and read *aloud* the poems entitled The Brothers, and Michael; which, especially the first, are, to my taste, excellent. I have never been so much affected, and so *well*, as by some passages there.

“God bless you. Edith’s remembrance.

Yours as ever,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

My father’s first impression of the Lake country was not quite equal to the feelings with which he afterwards regarded it; and he dreaded the climate, which, even when long residence had habituated him to it, he always considered as one of the greatest drawbacks to the north of England. “Whether we winter here or not,” he writes immediately on his arrival at Keswick, “time must determine; inclination would lead me to, but it is as cold as at Yarmouth, and I am now growling at clouds and Cumberland weather. The Lakes at first disappointed me, — they were diminutive to what I expected, — the mountains little, compared to Mon-



70 May 26. 7. 01  
 ready for the press by the end of the winter, but requesting a part of the payment now, an offer to which he doubtless will accede. On this I should have lived and sequestered my quarterly remittances to you. But for these demands I am in deep water; but I can swim, and happily there is land in sight.

You will ask why I treat for a poem rather than for the materials which, with so much cost and labour, I have procured in Portugal. To Portugal I must one day return, to correct those materials when they are digested, and to gather what remains. It is even possible that I may one day hold an official situation in that country. To publish any thing now would be barring the doors of the archives against me: my first volume must touch popery to the quick. Thus have I a year's labour lying dead. These, then, are my plans. I am about soon to visit Coleridge at Keswick; his house will hold us, and there I shall devote myself to labour as unremitting as will be consistent with health and prudence.

I look with anxiety for Lisbon news. Should my uncle return to England, as I hope and expect, it will relieve me from a weight of much anxiety. He is much pleased with the prospects which are opening upon me. If they only gave me a prudent opportunity of seeing Italy, that were much; but they also afford rational expectations of opulence, while they bestow immediate independence.

You have not mentioned your sister, and I inquire for her with hesitation and fear.

We move for Cumberland as soon as my business is transacted with Longman, and my affairs here settled. In the autumn it is possible that I shall pass a few weeks with Wynn, in Wales, and take my long-intended journey in the steps of "Madoc." I dream of Sicily, — of reading Theocritus, and taking a peep down the

crater of Mount Etna. Direct to me as before. I would thank you for Harry, if the language of thankfulness were not so scanty. There are not bells enough to ring a change. I hope he will do well: he has made his own choice, and must make his own way. Edith desires to be remembered. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq. M.P.*

Bristol, Aug. 29. 1801.

MY DEAR WYNN,

I know not *ubi Diabolis* to direct to you. Losing the chance of netting you at Oswestry, I have been in hopes of hearing from you; but doubtless you have in the same manner lost sight of me. I move, the end of this week, for Keswick, where you will direct.

Ellis's book made me angry that he had incorporated the whole of his former volume instead of leaving it untouched. New extracts could have been made with little trouble, and very many might have been better. Of Quarles he is strangely ignorant, as, indeed, of all the poets of that day with whom I am acquainted. His historical sketch is very good, and must have cost great labour.

It is a serious evil that no man of adequate talents will take the Welsh antiquities in hand, and that no encouragement is given those who do. Owen has translated "Llywarc Hen" badly, that is evident; yet his version is better than none, and eminently useful to all who want information either in old history or our old manners. I wish that the Literary Society, as they call themselves, would employ their fund better. They

have taken place between us. It is Mr. Worldly Wisdom. My residence there will not now be long, it *cannot* be many weeks, or I would not have stripped myself of all comfort by coming alone—perhaps it will not exceed a fortnight; but I will write to you again from thence, if only to give you a direction, that you may send me my signed and sealed pardon. At Christmas *we* shall certainly be in London. When you are married I trust you will feel what comfort there is in the use of that plural pronoun. Shall we have a chance of seeing you?

In my way through Chester I saw your name in a circulating library catalogue: unhappily I had no time to see more. Here, at Parkgate, I have been asking for a Welsh story, and can get nothing but the news that your sister had been here this summer. As this proves you love writing, shall I tell how I would wish you to write? in what new manner you might honourably distinguish yourself? It is by becoming the historian of manners; fixing the tale of your story in what distant period best pleases you, and making it characteristic of the manners, and, what is more difficult, the habits of feeling and thought, prevalent at that time, and in that scene. There exists no tale of romance that does not betray ignorance, gross and unpardonable ignorance. Horace Walpole's, indeed, is an exception, but even he discovers no knowledge. Such a work would do your own mind good by the necessary reading, and the train of thoughts that would inevitably follow. It would be useful, because it would impart knowledge, though the book itself should want any other merit, which I will not suspect, because I remember my companion at Cintra. England is the best scene, not only because the information is contained in your own language, but because the scenery is before you, and nature never can be painted from books.

*To Miss Barker Oct 10/01*

I was well off with one companion — even when he had done his dinner, he could not talk without my assistance; but now, enter three Irishmen, fresh from ship-board, and I am at their mercy.

Coleridge remembered you, not merely as one with whom he had been pleased, but also as a snuff-taker. As I have written a reasoning defence of snuff-taking, you will not look upon this as censure. But for the annoyance of these men, I would gossip through the rest of the paper. These lonely situations are what women never endure — to be utterly alone — no human being within a hundred miles who knows or cares for you. A savage receives you in his hut with kindness; but kindness is not a purchasable commodity. I ring the bell, and what I want is brought me, and put in the bill; but I am accustomed to the hourly company of those who look at me, to prevent a wish.

God bless you, Miss Barker. My next will, I trust, be written among better externals, and in a more pleasurable state of mind. Edith is not in good health; and what more vexes me is, that my absence will at least prevent amendment by affecting her spirits. It is not often that a man practises self-denial in pursuing his worldly advancement. Farewell! and believe me

Yours, with respect and truth,


R. SOUTHEY.

*To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.*

Dublin, Oct. 20. 1801.

MY DEAR GROSVENOR,

I expect to see you soon, in less than three weeks, as soon as distance by land and by water, allowing for an



up to Keswick, will permit. Mr. Corry and I have only passed through the preliminaries of a bow and a take by the hand ; for he is moving off in such a hurry that I do not receive livery and seisin of the secretarian pen till we reach London.

Grosvenor, if you should think of writing a book as Ovid has done, concerning metamorphoses, probably my transformation into a man of business may find a place there. I am reconciled to my lot, inasmuch as the neighbourhood of Dublin is very lovely, and in John Rickman's society I feel little want of any other. He and I, like a whale and a man, are of the same genus, though with great specific differences. If he lives long enough, I expect to see him one of the greatest and most useful men our country has produced. He bends every thing to practice. His very various knowledge is always brought to bear upon some point of general importance ; and his situation will now give him the power of producing public benefit.

I have spent the first days of my new era characteristically and to my satisfaction. As, on my arrival, Mr. Corry was absent, what did I but open "Madoc," and commenced the great labour of rebuilding it. When Mr. Corry returned, and I found myself at leisure, I went on with my work, so that I have done something in Ireland.

Howbeit, Grosvenor, to all that my situation requires I am equal. Punctuality is my pride, method almost my hobby-horse, and I am not deficient in activity. Leisure enough will be left me ; and though my invitation runs only for a year — if I may believe John Rickman — I am in the road to fortune, a *clear* road, Gros-

venor, and not a very long way. Hurra! I have had my ups and downs upon this ocean of the world, and have no objection to cast anchor in port.

For the first year my income will not be increased. It will amount about to the same as my usual receipts, augmented by my own brain-breeding; but my shoulders are lighter, Grosvenor. Look at the picture in the Pilgrim's Progress! What happened to Christian when he saw the cross? *He* put nothing in his pocket either.

Am I not in right healthy spirits? and yet they will mend when I get home. It is not good for man to be alone; and though it were good, it would not be agreeable.

Oh! — I had almost forgotten two points of antiquity. It is the opinion of Coleridge that the Irish are descended from certain aboriginals who escaped the deluge in a cock-boat that rested upon Mount Taurus. My own idea is that they are of Cretan race — the descendants of Pasiphae.

R. SOUTHEY.

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*To Miss Barker.*

Lisbon, 1801, and Dublin, Oct. 21. 1801.

WHAT shall I say—what will you say—of my long and abominable silence? Will two long journeys, much sight-seeing abroad, and a roomful of folios at home, help me out in my defence? or is it not better to plead guilty, and throw myself on your mercy? At last I am writing, and it is of the greatest consequence to me that the letter should reach England safely—because I am going in the packet with it. We have been three weeks in a state of wash-and-wear preparation, and

“ Did I send, in my last, the noble bull that Rickman heard? He was late in company, when a gentleman looked at his watch, and cried, ‘ It is *to-morrow morning!*—I must wish you good *night.*’

“ I have bought no books yet, for lack of money. To-day Rickman is engaged to dinner, and I am to seek for myself some ordinary or chop-house. This morning will clear off my letters; and I will make business a plea hereafter for writing fewer,—’tis a hideous waste of time. My love to Coleridge, &c., if, indeed, I do not write to him also.

“ Edith, God bless you!

Yours affectionately,  
ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

*To S. T. Coleridge, Esq.*

“ Dublin, Oct. 16. 1801.

“ Dear Coleridge,

“ The map of Ireland is a beautiful map—mountains, and lakes, and rivers; which I hope one day to visit with you. St. Patrick’s Purgatory and the Giant’s Causeway lie in the same corner. Where ‘ Mole, that mountain hoar,’ is, I cannot find, though I have hunted the name in every distortion of possible orthography. A journey in Ireland has, also, the great advantage of enabling us to study savage life. I shall be able to get letters of introduction, which, as draughts for food and shelter in a country where whiskey-houses are scarce, will be invaluable.

This is in the distance: about the present, all I know has been just written to Edith; and the sum of it is, that I am all alone by myself in a great city.

“ From Lamb’s letter to Rickman I learn that he means to print his play, which is the lukewarm John \*, whose plan is as obnoxious to Rickman as it was to you and me; and that he has been writing for the Albion, and now writes for the Morning Chronicle, where more than two thirds of his materials are superciliously rejected. Stuart would use him more kindly. Godwin, having had a second tragedy rejected, has filched a story from one of De Foe’s novels for a third, and begged hints of Lamb. . . .

Last evening we talked of Davy. Rickman also fears for him; something he thinks he has (and excusably, surely) been hurt by the attentions of the great: a worse fault is that vice of metaphysicians—that habit of translating right and wrong into a jargon which confounds them; which allows everything, and justifies everything. I am afraid, and it makes me very melancholy when I think of it, that Davy never will be to me the being that he has been. I have a trick of thinking too well of those I love, better than they generally deserve, and better than my cold and containing manners ever let them know: the foibles of a friend always endear him, if they have coexisted with my knowledge of him; but the pain is, to see beauty grow deformed—to trace disease from the first infection. These scientific men are,

\* The name of this play is “John Woodvil.”

*This was before  
asked  
to the Post*



indeed, the victims of science; they sacrifice to it their own feelings, and virtues, and happiness.

“ Odd and ill-suited moralisings, Coleridge, for a man who has left the lakes and the mountains to come to Dublin with Mr. Worldly Wisdom! But my moral education, thank God, is pretty well completed. The world and I are only about to be acquainted. I have outgrown the age for forming friendships. . . . .

“ God bless you!

R. SOUTHEY.”

My father’s presence seems only to have been required in Dublin for a very short time; and after rejoining my mother at Keswick, they went at once to London, Mr. Corry’s duties requiring his residence there for the winter portion of the year. Here, when fairly established in his “scribe capacity,” he appears to have experienced somewhat of the truth of the saying, “When thou doest well to thyself, men shall speak good of thee.” “I have been a week in town,” he writes to Mr. William Taylor, “and in that time have learnt something. The civilities which already have been shown me, discover how much I have been abhorred for all that is valuable in my nature; such civilities excite more contempt than anger, but they make me think more despicably of the world than I could wish to do. As if this were a baptism that purified me of all sins—a regeneration; and the one congratulates me, and the other visits me, as if the author of Joan of Arc and of

Thalaba were made a great man by scribing for the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer.

“ I suppose,” he continues, “ my situation, by all these symptoms, to be a good one ;—for a more ambitious man, doubtless very desirable, though the ladder is longer than I design to climb. My principles and habits are happily enough settled ; my objects in life are, leisure to do nothing but write, and competence to write at leisure ; and my notions of competence do not exceed 300*l.* a year. Mr. Corry is a man of gentle and unassuming manners ; fitter men for his purpose he doubtless might have found in some respects, none more so in regularity and despatch.”\* . . . . .

These qualities, however, which my father might truly say he possessed in a high degree, were not called into much exercise by the duties of his secretaryship, which he thus humorously describes :—

*To John Rickman, Esq.*

“ London, Nov. 20. 1801.

“ The chancellor and the scribe go on in the same way. The scribe has made out a catalogue of all books published since the commencement of '97 upon finance and scarcity ; he hath also copied a paper written by J. R., containing some Irish alderman's hints about oak bark ; and nothing more hath the scribe done in his vocation. Duly he calls at the chancellor's door ;

\* Nov. 11. 1801.

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“ What think you of the Pope’s coming to Rheims to anoint Bonaparte? The antigallicans are turning liberty-men from antijacobins, as they were, and the liberty-men are turning antigallicans. Does not this forebode the nationalization of liberty-politics at home? Shall we not see the Mackintoshes archimages of Hindostan, and the admirers of Babœuf chancellors of the exchequer?

“ Yours,  
“ WILLIAM TAYLOR, Jun.”

*Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 22.)*

“ London, Thursday, November 19, 1801.

“ My dear Friend,

“ I have perhaps and probably enough interest in the Critical Review to insert any puff of decent praise and brevity, but there my interest ends. Once I attempted to introduce a friend there, who would have been a very Goliath or Samson, but no notice was taken of my application.

“ Supposing a new Review were set on foot, would you like to amuse your leisure by assisting it? I could, I think, present such a list of names as would encourage any bookseller to the adventure, if there were but an approvable conductor. It is one of the schemes upon which

Coleridge and I have speculated in conversation, and it made the distinguishing character of our scheme, that authors should be allowed to give an account of their own works first, limited to a certain length, and produce extracts themselves. A little attention to decency would secure it a decided advantage over the existing journals: Davy would be our chemist; for financial, commercial, and agricultural subjects, I think Rickman might be put down, a most original-minded and strong-headed man, who is quite my oracle; here too we might find a niche for poor Burnett. A manager seems the stumbling-block, and it is one which I cannot remove. Phillips would at once start it, but that would involve it with the Aikin family, and we are oil and vinegar; all the shaking possible could never amalgamate two particles. This scheme is not uppermost in my head, and yet I could take an interest in its success.

“ If reviewing were, as it ought to be, merely analytical, or according to any fair and written canons of criticism, I should be glad to see Henry so employed; as it is, I doubt his knowledge, and should scruple to introduce a boy of eighteen to such an employment, if it were in my power,—a foolish scruple perhaps, when the work is so foolishly done. If he can make anything by writing, of course it would please me:

*Witch  
(said  
ms)*

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*To John Rickman, Esq.*

25. Bridge Street, Westminster,  
Nov. 27. 1801.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

This morning I called on Burnett, whom I found recovering from a bilious flux, and in the act of folding up a letter designed for you. He then, for the first time, showed me your letter, and his reply. I perceived that the provoking blunder in Lamb's direction affected the tone of yours, and that the seventeen shillings' worth of anger fell upon George. Your caustic was too violent. It eat through the proud flesh, but it has also wounded the feeling and healthy part below. The letter, which I have suppressed, was in the same style as his last. I prevailed on him to lay it up in his desk, because it was no use showing you the wound you had inflicted. Your time would be better any how employed than in reading full pages that were not written with the design of giving pleasure. That your phrases were too harsh I think, and Lamb and Mary Lamb think also. 'Twas a horse-medicine, a cruel dose of yellow-*gamboodge* (though I do not mean to insinuate that it occasioned his diarrhoea).

What I foresaw, or rather hoped would take place, is now going on in him. He begins to discover that hackneying authorship is not the way to be great — to allow that six hours' writing in a public office is *better* than the same number of hours' labour for a fat publisher — that it is more certain, less toilsome, quite as respectable. I have even prevailed on him to attend to his handwriting, on the possibility of some such happy appointment, and doubt not ere long to convince him, in his own way, of the moral fitness of writing strait lines and distinct letters, according to all the laws of mind. He *wishes* to get a tutor's place. In my judgment a clerk's

would suit him better, for its permanence. Nothing like experience ! He would not think its duties beneath him; and if he were so set at ease from the daily bread-and-cheese anxieties that would disorder a more healthy intellect than his, I believe that passion for distinction which haunts him, would make him, in the opinion of the world, the booksellers, and himself, a very pretty historian, quite as good as any of the Scotch breed. It puzzles me how he has learnt to round his sentences so ear-ticklingly. He has never rough-hewn anything, but he finishes like a first journeyman.

Write to him some day, and lay on an emollient plaister; it would heal him, and comfort him. A very active man we shall never have, but as active as nature will let him he soon will be, and quite enough for daily official work. If you could set him in the land of potatoes, we should, I believe in conscience, see the historian of the twelve Cæsars become a great man. A more improbable prophecy of mine about the wretched Alfred has been fulfilled.

Mr. Corry and I have met once since my last, and no mention was made about Egypt: the silence satisfied me, because Portugal is a better and far more suitable subject. It is odd that he has never asked me to dine with him, and not quite accordant with his general courtliness of conduct. Seeing little of him, I have not formed so high an opinion of his talents or information as you had led me to conceive; doubtless in his own department he possesses both, but on all other ground I am the better traveller; and he hardly knows the turnpike when I have beat through all the by-ways, and windings, and cross-roads. I found it expedient to send him my sundry books, in compliance with a hint to that effect. He called to thank me; and this dropping a card has been the extent of personal and avoidable civility. To my great satisfaction, I have entire leisure; that is to

my *present* comfort — for it does not promise much for the future. I had nearly forgotten to ask you about the transfer to the library.

Your friend Vaughan Griffiths has got a few steps up the ladder. I do not mean the ladder which such-like honest gentlemen sometimes ascend. He has taken Remnant the German bookseller's stock, and announces a catalogue of foreign books. The Magazine exists — I certify its existence, having seen one for this month in a window: the spirit having left it, I suspect *vampirism* in its present life.

Coleridge is in town. You should commute your "Star" for the "Morning Post," in which you will see good things from him, and such occasional verses as I may happen to evacuate. The "Anthology" is reviviscent under the eye of Blind Tobin, to whom all the honour, and glory, and papers are transferred. There will be enough of the old leaven to keep up a family likeness to its half-brothers. "Madoc" is on the anvil — slow and sure. I expect my Porto papers this evening with my mother, and shall return with new appetite to my dear old folios. So give Burnett a line. Your letter was too hard, and you would do a kind action by easing him of resentment. Edith's remembrances. Farewell.

Yours truly,  
R. SOUTHEY.

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*To Charles Danvers, Esq.*

London, Dec. 21. 1801.

MY DEAR DANVERS,

I am very desirous to see the catalogue, because my uncle has bought so many books since my return, that now, when a work comes in my way, I do not venture at the hap-hazard to purchase it. My inclina-

tions more and more lead me towards history ; and that pursuit again is continually stimulating me, by its abundant subject, to poetry. I have a treaty on foot to write in the " Courier "—and, if I can, so add two guineas or two and a half weekly to my income : it will be very convenient. In that case, as of course I shall get a paper, I will send it daily to you. In one of my beloved old Spaniards I found a wild story the other day, which I am half-disposed to stitch up into a play for the stage. Happily my dreaming does not keep me idle ; it only amuses the intervals from employment.

Miss Barker is at last settled in town for the winter with Charlotte Smith, whom I like very much ; though it gave me an uncomfortable surprise to see her look so old and broken down. I like her manners. By having a large family, she is more humanised, more akin to common feelings, than most literary women. Though she has done more and done better than other women writers, it has not been her whole employment—she is not looking out for admiration and talking to show off. I see in her none of the nasty little envies and jealousies common enough among the cattle. What she likes, she likes with judgment and feeling, and praises warmly. Lamb and his sister see us often : he is printing his play, which will please you by the exquisite beauty of its poetry, and provoke you by the exquisite silliness of its story. Godwin, who often visits him, has a trick of always falling asleep for some *hour* after supper. One night Lamb was at Godwin's, with the Mr. Fell whose dull " Tour through the Batavian Republic " I saw at your house, when the philosopher was napping there as usual ; they carried off his rum, brandy, sugar, picked his pockets of every thing, and made off in triumph. Godwin is in a way to marry a widow with one child ; he has also another work in hand, the

Fell  
Lamb  
Godwin



“History of the Life and Times of Geoffery Chaucer.” Burnett is soon going down to pass a month with his mother. I have the hope that Rickman will settle him in Dublin.

This is a wretched place for books; buy indeed you can, but there is no other way of procuring them, and buying by wholesale does not suit a retail purchaser. At Bristol your society and your library ticket procured me a tolerable supply; here I have only the book-stalls and my own stores,—enough, indeed, to occupy me—but the interest is always in proportion to the capital. Davy supped with me on Saturday—his only visit; he has been, and is, and will be usefully busied. Coleridge will go down to the Wedgewoods, and he talks of returning to pass some months in London. I see him but seldom. His dislike to London is only when he is obliged to work in it, or when he is away; otherwise he certainly likes the perpetual stimulation of company, which he cannot procure elsewhere. We expect an important addition to our circle when Miss Seton arrives, which will be soon. The B.’s asked me to dine one day, which I declined; my reason was the unconscionable distance. Since then, I met them in the street, and they gave a general invitation for all Sundays, which happily spares the trouble of any particular refusal. I don’t like the breed. On Wednesday I am to dine with Longman, “to meet a few literary friends.” They will probably be new to me, and may furnish some amusement,—at least, I love to see all odd people.

I often wish to see King, for his own sake; and now I have at times certain symptoms that give me a more selfish motive. Has he done frog-massacring yet? Remember me to him, to Mr. Rowe, to the male and female Foxes, if, indeed, they have not quitted the Ark. Mrs. Danvers will, like me, rejoice at the thaw. Perhaps, if severe weather returns, she may find serious benefit from

what Carlisle advises my mother to wear—a waistcoat with sleeves of leather—thin washing leather—worn under the gown. It preserves the body more equally warm than any other substance.

I wish I could hear of anything that could serve your brother John. I shall inquire and watch, not the less attentively for the little prospect there is of my succeeding. My mother and Edith send their remembrances. As for myself, if I could go, like my letter, for seven-pence, it should not be the journey that should deter me from seeing you. God bless you.

R. SOUTHEY.

*To John King, Esq., Pneumatic Institution, Hotwells,  
Bristol.\**

London, March 16. 1802.

MON AMI,

C'est ne pas facile pour un homme que ne sçait parler ni écrire François, écrire une lettre dans cette langue sans grammaire et sans dictionnaire. Eh bien ! il faut que j'apprens, et si vous voulez vous ennuier en lisant lettres les plus barbares, me voici, votre correspondant. Vous savez que je n'aime pas la langue Française, elle ni a la mollesse de l'Italienne ni la délicatesse de la Portugaise, ni la majesté de l'Espagnole. La poesie Française, à mon gout est detestable ; pour l'epigramme pour le chanson, il vaut assez bien, pour l'epique, pour tragede, sacre Dieu ! quelle harmonie avec bouche affreuse et bizarre, il faut faire la pro-

\* These, and other letters of the same sort, are printed to show the playfulness of Southey's disposition. The French is like the French he used to talk on his travels. He talked it boldly, and shrugged his shoulders *à la merveille*. I have not altered one grammatical error,—the specimen is complete.

*R. S. was  
sent to  
the  
manuscript  
of  
the  
specimen  
is complete.*

nunciation ! Un homme de genie, tel comme Voltaire, ou le plus grand Rousseau, vaincra la langue. En effet, pour faire son ouvre, bon ouvrier vaut mieux que bonnes instrumentes. Vous sçavez l'arrangement pour les ouvres de Chatterton que j'ai fait chez Messrs. Longman et Rees. Mon ami Rickman a dessiné pour la vignette une vue de l'Eglise de St. Marie Redclift. Elle sera une belle estampe, mais il faut une autre pour l'autre tome, et M. Duppa, un sçavant artist, (peut-etre vous avez ouie de les lettres qu'il a publié tirées de le dernier jugement de Miche Ange) a sugesé a moi que le meilleure sujet, serait la vue de l'interieure de l'apartment, dans laquelle les supposés MSS., furent depositées: j'ose vous prier faire la dessein. Il n'est pas necessaire m'excuser en mendiant une acte qu'on peut appeller charitable. Je pense que l'antique chambre \*, et le vieux coffre peuvent faire une vignette assez jolie et fort approprié. Le climat de ma patrie est si execrable que aujourd'hui, dans le printemps, ma main tresails, tant il fait froid, nonobstant que je suis si pres du feu, que mes jambes sont bien roties. Croyez moi, mon ami, que j'ai reçu avec la plus grande et veritatable satisfaction, l'espoir de vous avoir pour mon compagnon dans mon exile en l'Irlande. Demeurer dans une terre sauvage, parmi gens les plus bizarres et barbares et sans un seul ami, ce vue de futurité fut fort affreuse. Curiosité meme ne peut longtemps subsister sans un compagnon. J'avais medité un tour à Killarney et au Nord pour voir les roches celebres dans les Geants, dans lequel Rickman devoit etre mon associé du voyage. Je ne me plaindrai de l'exchange si je peux voyager avec vous. Les montagnes et les torrens de Wicklow ne valent ceux de votre terre sublime, ne de les Isles Fortunées que vous avez

\* The drawings here alluded to were engraved, and are the frontispieces to Vols. I. and II.

visité. Mais je crois qu'ils sont dignes de votre pinceau. Malheureusement pour la science du Galvani St. Patric ne laissait pas une de ces — Ah que je suis bête ignore! comment se sont nommes? Votre amis, les pauvres animals, si plats et de sang froid naturel, de quelles vous avez meurtrie tant milles avec votre sang froid scientifique? Tout le venom de l'Isle depuis cet age a passe dans les habitants humaines. Si vous avez un de ces gens-la dans votre laboratoire vous ne pouviez lui analiser qui en ses BATATES et sa WHISKEY, — ces sont les elements primaires. Coleridge a supposé qu'ils sont une race veritablement anti-diluvienne de quels les ancetres, ne voulaient entrer dans l'Arc avec Noe, mais effuyaient dans une petite barque, que abordait sur le mont Tauré. Pour moi, j'ai une autre theorie plus favorable à la vanite de la nation. Je crois qu'elles sont d'une origine plus noble que les autres peuples de la monde, parceque tous les autres sont descendues de les reins de Noe — parbleu il ne vaut rien dans cette langue exécration — parcequ'—je veux dire. "Because other people spring from the loins of Noah, and they from the sirloins of Pasiphaes' paramour." Voilà une descente fort aristocratique.

Le Traité Definitif est attendu chaque jour, chaque heur je peux dire, un ami qui pendant quelques semaines a cherche inutilment une passeport pour France, reçut ce matin l'intelligence à bureau des — qu'il pourra aller dans peu de jours sans restrictions. Avez-vous lisé le tragedi de Schiller sur Jeanne d'Arc? On dit qu'il y a fait de la Pucelle une sorciere enamoré d'un officier Anglois! M. Cottle, le grand Poete, qui premierement enflait la trompe epique et depuis la trompe Judaique, au present est imprimant a son propre imprimerie une poeme nouvelle sur un sujet qui n'est pas si nouvelle et qu'il a deja traité. C'est un sermon rhymé preché par Jean le Baptist. Elle sera une etude desirable quel-

x  
 M. Cottle

*Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 23.)*

“ 35 Strand, Saturday, February 6, 1802.

“ My dear Friend,

“ I did not till yesterday receive your note, at an hour too late to answer it. I have been confined to the house, therefore not able to look for my letters, and Corry, being himself unwell, neglected to send them. A letter which I wrote this day week to Harry explained my delay in setting off for Norwich: I hope to see you in the course of the following week. Your letter is a very kind one; almost I could find fault with some part of it for its too much civility. John May sends by me some cigars and two glass pipes of the last fashion; they tempt me to learn to smoke.

“ Perhaps you know not the news of Burnett: he had been only a week with Lord Stanhope when his two pupils eloped, enticed away by an elder sister, who avows what she has done; and affirms that Lord Stanhope's groom, who was the go-between, is rewarded with a place under government. The father is severely afflicted; I think more so than becomes a philosopher. He appears attached to Burnett, has taken him aside, and said that his situation must not be at an end. He hopes to recover the youngest boy; and if not, 'I hope,' said he, 'Mr. Burnett, it

will be a very long time before you leave me : I never make promises, but rather like to perform.' George was in town upon this business.

“Our news is that the King wishes obstinately to retire from all public business, and that this has been the cause of the frequent adjournments. Two Cornish men are in town to procure a patent for a carriage driven by steam : as it succeeds in Cornwall, Bonaparte may bespeak some for his next march across the Alps. Davy and Sir Joseph Banks between them have found out that the Terra Japonica is pure tannine : I fear this will not lessen the price of shoe-leather, though it must make the fortune of the first tanners who profit by it. I will put ‘Madoc’ in my trunk, that you may see it in its crude state and advise me about the bear before I lick him into shape. History employs most of my time, and that very delightfully : the easy idleness of research suits me well ; silk-worm-like, I prefer eating to spinning.

“Godwin is married,—to a widow with one child : I am not disposed to be pleased with a second Mrs. Godwin. He is about the ‘History of the Life and Times of Geoffry Chaucer,’ for Phillips. A great metaphysical book is conceived and about to be born. Thomas Wedgewood the Jupiter whose brain is parturient—Mackintosh the man-midwife—a preface on the

history of metaphysical opinions promised by Coleridge. This will perhaps prove an abortion, and be bottled up among other rarities in the moon. It has, however, proceeded so far as to disturb the spiders, whose hereditary claim to Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus had not been disputed for many a year before. Time and Space are the main subjects of speculation. I am afraid the book will add nothing to what I have already learnt from the clocks and the milestones. God bless you!

*Robert Southey* “Yours thankfully and truly,

“ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

*Robert Southey to William Taylor.* (No. 24.)

“My dear Friend, “35 Strand, Feb. 26, 1802.

“Last night John May transmitted to me your letter: as it is now on its way back, I infer that an answer from me will reach you one day sooner than it could from him, and hope delayed I know by experience to be among the damnabilia,—the Ahriman-works of this world. So Harry gets his first passport, and I wish him well through the toll-gates of Mr. Martineau and the Secretary of State. Just at his age I had planned a week’s amusement in France, and actually embarked twice from Rye; the wind prevented my voyage, and this is one of the very

few circumstances in my life which I remember with regret.

“ I long to show you the *λέοντες μέγιστοι* of my catalogue,—Davy and Coleridge and Rickman, whom we expect in town.

“ Thank you for helping a lame dog over a stile in the Monthly Magazine ; and thank you, William Taylor, for your kindness to Harry, as warmly and truly and affectionately as he himself can do it.

“ God bless you !

“ ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

“ N.B. Cigars in the cupboard. Whatever I may deserve on this head, *exit in fumum* will be the end of it, I hope.”

*William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 25.)*

“ Norwich, March 1, 1802.

“ There are objections, my dear Robert, to your brother’s *accompanying* me to Paris ; I have some commercial matters to mind, and may be detained on the road, which would be a mere loss of time to him. I do not very well know on what sort of footing I shall be at Paris, how pleasantly introduced and the like ; and think it more convenient to feel out my way alone, and afterwards to avail myself of my acquaintances in his favour, than to impose two attentions in the first instance. From my cousin John Dyson, who



at the Museum, copying unpublished poems of Chatterton, the which forthwith go to press. Soon I go with Edith to pass two or three days at Cheshunt; and, by the close of next month, I make my bow and away for my holydays to Bristol, that I may be as near Danvers and his mother as possible: my strongest family-like feeling seems to have grown there.

“ . . . . .  
 I wish I were at Bath with you; 'twould do me good all over to have one walk over Combe Down. I have often walked there, before we were both upon the world. . . . .

Oh! that I could catch Old Time, and give him warm water, and antimonial powder, and ipecacuanha, till he brought up again the last nine years! Not that I want them all; but I do wish there was a house at Bath wherein I had a home-feeling, and that it were possible ever again to feel as I have felt returning from school along the Bristol road. *Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume!* The years may go; but I wish so many good things did not go with them, the pleasures, and the feelings, and the ties of youth. Blessings on the Moors, and the Spaniards, and the Portuguese, and the saints! I yet feel an active and lively interest in my pursuits. I have made some progress in what promises to be a good chapter about the Moorish period; and I have finished the first six reigns, and am now more than half way through a noble black letter chronicle of Alonso the XIth, to collate with the seventh. The Life of the Cid will be a fit frame for a picture of the manners of his time, and a curious picture it will be: putting all

that is important in my text, and all that is quaint in my notes, I shall make a good book.

“ Ride, Grosvenor, and walk, and bathe, and drink water, and drink wine, and eat, and get well, and grow into good spirits, and write me a letter.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

In this letter my father speaks of passing his holydays in Bristol. A very short time, however, only elapsed before he emancipated himself altogether from the trammels of his official duties. Mr. Corry, it seems, having little or no employment for him as secretary, wished him to undertake the tuition of his son; but as this was neither “in the bond,” nor at all suited to my father’s habits and inclinations, he resigned his appointment, losing thereby, to use his own words, “a foolish office and a good salary.” I may add, however, that this circumstance only somewhat hastened his resignation, for a situation which was “all pay and no work” was by no means suited either to his taste or his conscience.

He now took up his abode once more in Bristol. “Here,” he writes to Mr. Coleridge, “I have meantime a comfortable home, and books enough to employ as much time as I can find for them; my table is covered with folios, and my History advances steadily, and to my own mind well. No other employment pleases me half so much; nevertheless, to other employment I am compelled by the most cogent of all reasons. I have a job in hand for Longman and Rees, which will bring me in 60*l.*, a possibility of 40*l.*, and a chance of a farther 30*l.*;

this is an abridgement of Amadis of Gaul into three duodecimos, with an essay, — anonymously and secretly : if it sell, they will probably proceed through the whole library of romance. . . . .

In poetry I have, of late, done very little, some fourscore lines the outside ; still I feel myself strong enough to open a campaign, and this must probably be done to find beds, chairs, and tables for my house when I get one.”\*

But the various works here alluded to, are not the only ones upon which my father had been lately engaged. A native of Bristol himself, he had always taken a strong interest in Chatterton’s writings and history, —

. . . . . “The marvellous boy,  
That sleepless soul that perish’d in his pride :” †

so much so, that the neglect of his relatives, who were in distressed circumstances, forms the subject of some indignant stanzas in one of his earliest unpublished poetical compositions ; and, during his last residence in Bristol, his sympathies had been especially enlisted by Mr. Cottle in behalf of Mrs. Newton, Chatterton’s sister.

Some time previously, Sir Herbert Croft had obtained possession from Mrs. Newton of all her brother’s letters and MSS. under promise of speedily returning them ; instead of which, some months afterwards, he incorporated and published them in a pamphlet entitled “Love and Madness.” At the use

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\* July 25. 1802.

† Wordsworth.

thus surreptitiously made of her brother's writings, Mrs. Newton more than once remonstrated; but, beyond the sum of 10*l.*, she could obtain no redress. Mr. Cottle and my father now took the matter up, and the former wrote to Sir H. Croft, pointing out to him Mrs. Newton's reasonable claim, and urging him, by a timely concession, to prevent that publicity which otherwise would follow. He received no answer; and my father then determined to print by subscription all Chatterton's works, including those ascribed to Rowley, for the benefit of Mrs. Newton and her daughter. He accordingly sent proposals to the "Monthly Magazine," in which he detailed the whole case between Mrs. Newton and Sir Herbert Croft, and published their respective letters. The public sympathised rightly on the occasion, for a handsome subscription followed. Sir Herbert Croft was residing in Denmark at the time these proposals were published, and he replied to my father's statement by a pamphlet full of much personal abuse.

It was now arranged that a new edition of Chatterton's works should be jointly edited by Mr Cottle and my father; the former undertaking the consideration of the authenticity of Rowley, the latter the general arrangement of the work. It was published, in three vols. octavo, at the latter end of the present year (1802); and the editors had the satisfaction of paying over to Mrs. Newton and her daughter upwards of 300*l.*, a sum which was the means of rescuing them from great poverty in their latter days.

look at the table, just to see what will happen before the end of the year, — not to the world in general, nor to Europe, nor to Napoleon, nor to King George, but to the centre to which these great men and these great things are very remote radii, — to my own microcosm; — hang the impudence of that mock-modesty phrase! — 'tis a megalocosm, and a megistocosm, and a megistatocosm too to me; and I care more about it than about all the old universe, with Mr. Herschell's new little planets to boot.

Vale, vale, mi sodales.

R. S."

*To S. T. Coleridge, Esq.*

"Bristol, Aug. 4. 1802.

"In reply to your letter there are so many things to be said that I know not where to begin. First and foremost, then, about Keswick, and the pros and cons for domesticating there. To live cheap, — to save the crushing expense of furnishing a house; — sound, good, mercantile motives! Then come the ghosts of old Skiddaw and Great Robinson; — the whole eye-wantonness of lakes and mountains, — and a host of other feelings, which eight years have modified and moulded, but which have rooted like oaks, the stronger for their shaking. But then your horrid latitude! and incessant rains! . . . . .  
and I myself one of your greenhouse plants, pining for want of sun. For Edith, her mind's eyes are

squinting about it; she wants to go, and she is afraid for my health. . . . .

Some time hence I must return to Portugal, to complete and correct my materials and outlines: whenever that may be, there will be a hindrance and a loss in disposing of furniture, supposing I had it. Now, I am supposing that this I should find at Keswick, and this preponderance would fall like a ton weight in the scale.

. . . . .  
As to your Essays, &c. &c., you spawn plans like a herring; I only wish as many of the seed were to vivify in proportion. . . . .

. . . . .  
Your Essays on Contemporaries I am not much afraid of the imprudence of, because I have no expectation that they will ever be written; but if you were to write, the scheme projected upon the old poets would be a better scheme, because more certain of sale, and in the execution nothing invidious. Besides, your sentence would fall with greater weight upon the dead: however impartial you may be, those who do *not* read your books will think your opinion the result of your personal attachments, and that very belief will prevent numbers from reading it. Again, there are some of these living poets to whom you could not fail of giving serious pain; Hayley, in particular, — and everything about that man is good except his poetry. Bloomfield I saw in London, and an interesting man he is — even more than you would expect. I have reviewed his Poems with the express object of serving him; because if his fame keeps up

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to another volume, he will have made money enough to support him comfortably in the country : but in a work of criticism how could you bring him to the touchstone? and to lessen his reputation is to mar his fortune.

“ We shall probably agree altogether some day upon Wordsworth’s Lyrical Poems. Does he not associate more feeling with particular phrases, and you also with him, than those phrases can convey to any one else? This I suspect. Who would part with a ring of a dead friend’s hair? and yet a jeweller will give for it only the value of the gold: and so must words pass for their current value.

“ I saw a number of notorious people after you left London. Mrs. Inchbald, — an odd woman, but I like her. Campbell . . . who spoke of old Scotch ballads with contempt! Fuseli . . . Flaxman, whose touch is better than his feeling. Bowles . . . Walter Whiter, who wanted to convert me to believe in Rowley. Perkins, the Tractorist\*, a demure-looking rogue. Dr. Busby, — oh! what a Dr. Busby! — the great musician! the greater than Handel! who is to be the husband of St. Cecilia in his seraph state, . . . and he set at me with a dead compliment! Lastly, Barry, the painter: poor fellow! he is too mad and too miserable to laugh at.

“ Heber sent certain volumes of Thomas Aquinas to your London lodgings, where peradventure they

\* This alludes to Perkins’s magnetic Tractors.

still remain. I have one volume of the old Jockey, containing quaint things about angels; and one of Scotus Erigena; but if there be any pearls in those dunghills, you must be the cock to scratch them out, — that is not my dunghill. What think you of thirteen folios of Franciscan history? I am grown a great Jesuitophilist, and begin to think that they were the most enlightened personages that ever condescended to look after this ‘little snug farm of the earth.’ Loyola himself was a mere friar . . . but the missionaries were made of admirable stuff. There are some important questions arising out of this subject. The Jesuits have not only succeeded in preaching Christianity where our Methodists, &c., fail, but where all the other orders of their own church have failed also; they had the same success everywhere, in Japan as in Brazil. . . . My love to Sara, if so it must be . . . however, as it is the casting out of a Spiritus Asper — which is an evil spirit — for the omen’s sake, Amen! Tell me some more, as Moses says, about Keswick, for I am in a humour to be persuaded,—and if I may keep a jackass there for Edith! I have a wolfskin great-coat, so hot, that it is impossible to wear it here. Now, is not that a reason for going where it may be useful?

Vale.

R. S.”

The following month, September, was marked by the birth of his first child, a daughter, named after her paternal grandmother, Margaret; and, ardently

*David  
Rings*





*Manuscript No 30 1802 notes collection*  
 opportunity the 'Variety of Things, 1594,' with  
 the necessary apology for the delay. Coleridge,  
 or your Mr. May, sent me down the Morning  
 Post containing his new 'Ode against the Inva-  
 sion of Switzerland by France': the first and  
 last stanzas are for my taste too disconnected  
 and vague; but there is else a Miltonic swell of  
 diction and eleutherism of sentiment which have  
 an habitual claim to admiration.

"Dr. Sayers has just published a third edi-  
 tion, the notes extended and the 'Cyclops' of  
 Euripides added.

" Yours,

" WILLIAM TAYLOR, JUN."

*Manuscript No 30 1802 notes collection*  
 William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 28.)

*Manuscript No 30 1802 notes collection*  
 " Norwich, December 3, 1802.

" Dear Robert Southey,

" I have rather the wish than the hope, that  
 you deign to waste a thought on settling here as  
 editor of a Norfolk and Norwich weekly news-  
 paper: the trouble, as soon as advertisements  
 begin to pour in, will be trifling. I am now  
 permitted to offer it to you by the printer: he  
 rates the trouble at a guinea and half weekly; I  
 am of opinion, that if you offer to undertake it  
 at two guineas weekly, your proposal would be  
 accepted. The place shall be kept open till I

have your answer: I shall myself conduct the paper willingly for three or four months, if it does not suit you to come hither before the spring. It is to be started the first Saturday in January, if the printing-office can get everything ready by that time, as is expected. The difficulty of finding a fit editor is considerable, and the printer very impatient for the result of an inquiry I undertook to make at Bristol, without however naming you to him: the sooner you can offer or prescribe a remedy for our distress the better.

“ Yours,

“ WILLIAM TAYLOR, Jun.”

*Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 26.)*

“ My dear Friend,      “ Bristol, December 6, 1802.

“ I thank you for your offer and the wish which occasioned it, and if there were not some thousand and one objections, I should heartily like to be your neighbour. If I should not settle at Maes Gwyn, as is my hope and design, Hereford would probably become my home, because my uncle has a house there which is likely to become vacant, and he wishes to have me and all our joint books housed there till he comes over to join us: at any rate I would not remove to an unreachable distance from Herefordshire,

*Bristol Jan 11 1803*

When you write to him, if you mention the subject at all, say of me that I am sorry he has done thus ; that I utterly deny any intentional disrespect (God knows I never felt it), and that at any time I shall rejoice to take him by the hand. I am still unsettled : disappointed of Maes Gwyn, and looking out for some country dwelling within reach of Bristol. You are unhappily too far east ; too far from all other friends, and from all chances of seeing them by the accidents of life ; else—with enough common opinions and mutual regard to form a fit base for intimacy, and with enough dispathy always to keep conversation wakeful—you and I should be good neighbours, and, in the best and sacrest sense of the word, good friends. There is yet another bar to the possibility of this. I am but loosely attached to English ground, and will strike as few roots into it as I can. Here in the west the intercourse with Portugal is far easier. There I must go in about two years, and there if possible I would willingly fix my final abode, and spend my life speaking Portuguese and writing English.

“ Weak eyes still annoy me and keep me idle. I can only write poetry, which is hard when prose pleases me better. ‘ Madoc ’ is on the anvil for the last time ; probably I must publish it next winter. With an Odyssey fault of structure it will be a good poem : of that I feel most prophe-

tic assurance. I am correcting it with merciless vigilance,—shortening and shortening, distilling wine into alcohol. The Edinburgh Review is well done. Their principles of poetry thoroughly false, but ably pleaded. Their account of the story of ‘Thalaba’ very false; not so likely to be misrepresented wilfully as from negligence, for they misstate the events so grossly, that they cannot have read it with attention. I am well pleased to be abused with Coleridge and Wordsworth; it is the best omen that I shall be remembered with them; yet it is odd enough that my fellow-conspirator, Wordsworth, should be almost a stranger to me,—a man with whom I have scarcely had any intercourse, not even of common acquaintanceship. God bless you! In spite of Norfolk weather I am in good health; the spirits always stand at the same point.

“Yours,

“ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

“My name has got into the papers as translator of ‘Amadis;’ I am endeavouring still to conceal the truth. John Southwell, Esq., will claim the book and explain the mistake.”

*William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 29.)*

“Norwich, January 17th, 1803.

“Your letter of the 11th came to hand on

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*Wrestle Jan 23. 1803*

*12* "Your prospectus has the mark of the beast.

I should have known it to be yours had it been for a York or an Exeter paper; and excellently good it is. Success to you! I wish I had advertisements to send you, or anything else. I am reviewing for Longman,—reviewing for Hamilton,—translating; perhaps about again to versify for the Morning Post,—drudge, drudge, drudge. Do you know Quarles's emblem of the soul that tries to fly, but is chained by the leg to earth? For myself I could do easily, but not easily for others; and there are more claims than one upon me. But in spite of your prospectus, and all the possible advantages of a party newspaper in a county where parties are nearly equal, I cannot be satisfied that William Taylor should be a newspaper editor; that he, who should be employed in preparing dishes for the daintiest palates, should be making wash for the swine. Few men have his talents, fewer still his learning, and perhaps no other his leisure joined to these advantages. From him an *opus magnum* might—ought to be expected. Coleridge and I must drudge for newspapers from necessity, but it should not be your choice. I remember Edward Taylor as a fine open-faced boy,—Stephen Weaver Browne as one who had always a good-humoured laugh on demand. Pray send me your 'Iris': I care so little about news, that to have it regularly once a week will be adding to my stock of know-

ledge. Besides, I would have your amber-shrined gnats in my cabinet.

“ ‘Thalaba’ shall be severely corrected. Yet am I a dull dog if the story be obscure, and can only say with Coleridge, ‘intelligibilia, non intellectum affero,’ which, I pray you, quote for me to those who do not understand it. Metrical faults I confess in all abundance; but my ‘ands,’ my *μενς* and *δες*, have their uses; they soften the abruptness of lyrical transition, and connect the parts. The garden of Iram history has been long condemned; so has all in Book IX. after the chain of ‘Thalaba is loosed.

“ I will endeavour to find leisure from so many employments to send you ‘Madoc’ book by book as it proceeds, that you may find faults in time. It is now fourteen years since I fixed upon the subject. In 1792 I began to collect materials, in 1794 began the poem, recommenced it 1797, finished it 1799, and am now pulling it down and building a better edifice on the same ground. I am ambitious of your praise, and of that of men like you who judge feelingly and knowingly, and of the praise of those who judge feelingly without knowledge. But for the *tiers état*, the middle class who want feeling and only pretend to knowledge,—it would not be easy to express the indifference with which their praise or their censure affects me.

“ Your letter gave me the first intimation of

Dr. Sayers's book : thank him for me. It is now just ten years since I bought the 'Dramatic Sketches,' the first book I was ever master of money enough to order at a country bookseller's. The Runic mythology will come under my hands in its turn : of the Celtic, there is not enough recoverable to afford materials. Perhaps Dr. Sayers has not chosen his subjects well : the tale of 'Moina' would have done equally well for a Hindoo or a Peruvian drama.

"Farewell! We are still house-hunting: 'foxes have holes,' &c.—you know the text—but I cannot find a den. This vexes me : however, the rising or falling of my spirits is never very perceptible to others. I can keep the equal countenance and almost the equal mind. I expect Coleridge here this week on his way to France and Italy with Thomas Wedgewood, that is, if W. lives to go, or keeps his mind till March. God bless you !

" ROBERT SOUTHEY."

*William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 30.)*

" Norwich, February 6, 1802. 3

" My dear Friend,

" I am perfectly convinced at heart that you are right about Burnett, but being miff with him myself, I would not plead against him in the

metaphysics of the Berkeleyan sort, and am very curious to know in what manner they get over my radical argument as stated at the foot of the essay. The only good metaphysical book of our own times which I have met with is Thomas Cooper's Tracts: he reasons far more closely than Locke, against whose reputation, if he was not a Whig, I should be inclined to cast many stones: I perceive not on which of his writings one can hang an apology for those who have thought highly of him. There is no judging of 'Madoc' book by book: a part of the merit of parts is their proportion to the whole; the best of episodes may be a blemish because it outshines the main narrative. Farewell!

“WILLIAM TAYLOR, JUN.”

*Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 29.)*

*not in collection*  
 “My dear Friend, “Bristol, February 14, 1803.

“I was thinking over the ‘Iris’ and whether or no I was not bound in conscience to the effort of a letter upon the subject, when yours arrived and turned the scale,—the matter so pleased me, and the manner so offended me. There, the murder is out, and now I will say what for a long while I have thought,—that you have ruined your style by Germanisms, Latinisms and Greekisms, that you are sick of a surfeit of knowledge, that your learning breaks out like



*Southey to Taylor Bristol Feb 14. 18.*  
 scabs and blotches upon a beautiful face. I am

led by indolence and by good-nature always rather to feel dislike than to express it; and if another finds the same faults that have displeased me in your writings, I have always defended them more zealously than if they had been my own: but faults they are,—faults anywhere, and tenfold aggravated in a newspaper. How are plain Norfolk farmers—and such will read the ‘Iris’—to understand words which they never heard before, and which are so foreign as not to be even in Johnson’s farrago of a dictionary? I have read Cowper’s ‘Odyssey’ and ‘Trissino,’ to cure my poetry of its wheyishness; let me prescribe the ‘Vulgar Errors’ of Sir Thomas Browne to you for a like remedy. You taught me to write English by what you said of Bürger’s language and by what I felt from your translations,—one of the eras in my intellectual history; would that I could now in my turn impress you with the same conviction! Crowd your ideas as you will, your images can never be too many; give them the stamp and autograph of William Taylor, but let us have them in English—plain, perspicuous English—such as mere English readers can understand. Ours is a noble language, a beautiful language. I can tolerate a Germanism for family sake; but he who uses a Latin or a French phrase where a

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pure old English word does as well, ought to be hung, drawn and quartered for high treason against his mother-tongue.

“ Had I been at Norwich, I would have besought you not to undertake an office so inadequate and so unsuited to your powers. You are incurring all the disadvantages of that public authorship which till now you had wisely avoided. Everybody knows that William Taylor edits the ‘Iris’; even here I have heard it: but is William Taylor to learn that detraction is the resource and the consolation of inferiority? that every-one of his acquaintance who feel themselves inferior, will gladly flatter themselves by dwelling upon and magnifying every error or semblance of an error that he may commit? The world always expect more than they can find, and to this evil you are peculiarly subject, because you have hitherto kept yourself back. I doubt whether precipitancy be so dangerous as such withholding. What ought not to be expected from him who kept the ‘Lenore’ so many years unpublished? But you are in so far, that good-luck be with you! is the best thing I can now say.

“ The metaphysical work talked of as the Orion progeny of Wedgewood, Mackintosh and Coleridge was only talked of; nor was Coleridge to have done anything more than preface the

work with a sketch of the history of metaphysics. He does project a work upon that subject, of which the first part,—if he ever have health and stability enough to produce anything,—will be the death-blow of Hobbes, Locke and Hume, for the two latter of whom in particular he feels the most righteous contempt. I am grieved that you never met Coleridge: all other men whom I have ever known are mere children to him, and yet all is palsied by a total want of moral strength. He will leave nothing behind him to justify the opinion of his friends to the world; yet many of his scattered poems are such, that a man of feeling will see that the author was capable of executing the greatest works.

“The sonnets you speak of are not mine: nothing of mine has yet appeared in the Post except the ballad of Bishop Athendius. You will always distinguish me by the subject, and by the omission of common faults, rather than the appearance of peculiar merit. In April I have some prospect of visiting London, for the purpose of getting at certain books in the Museum: if I get so far on the way, my conscience and inclination will lead me on to pass a week with you at Norwich. We are still houseless: indeed it is not an easy thing to find a house in the country without land, and near enough a town to be within convenient reach of its mar-

ket. We will yet go to Keswick if it be possible. I begin to hunger and thirst after Borrowdale and Derwentwater. You undervalue lakes and mountains; they make me happier and wiser and better, and enable me to think and feel with a quicker and healthier intellect. Cities are as poisonous to genius and virtue in their best sense, as to the flower of the valley or the oak of the forest. Men of talent may and will be gregarious, men of genius will not; handicraft-men work together, but discoveries must be the work of individuals. Neither are men to be studied in cities, except indeed, as students walk the hospitals, you go to see all the modifications of disease. Rickman is not gone to Paris, nor going; he will be my host in London. Your paper upon Berkeley I shall look for. Burnett is still dreaming of what he will do; how he will show himself and outdo all the authors of the day, which he says is no difficult matter. Lord Stanhope, he says, will take care of him; I wish it may be so. God bless you!

“ Yours affectionately,

“ ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

*William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 31.)*

“ Dear Friend,

“ Norwich, June 21, 1803.

“ I thank you for your abuse,—the more of it the better; were it more specific it would be still

which they suspect: they would have accused me of plagiarism where they could have remembered the original hint; but they affirm that all is thus borrowed, — without examining, when all that belongs to another is subtracted, what quantity of capital remains. This is dishonest, for there is no hint to be found elsewhere for the best parts of the poem, and the most striking incidents of the story.

“ The general question concerning my system and taste is one point at issue; the metre, another. These gentlemen who say that the metre of the Greek choruses is difficult to understand at a first reading, have, perhaps, made it out at last, else I should plead the choruses as precedent, and the odes of Stolberg in German, and the Ossian of Cesarotti in Italian; but this has been done in the M. Magazine’s review of Thalaba. For the question of taste, I shall enter into it when I preface Madoc. I believe we are both classics in our taste; but mine is of the Greek, theirs of the Latin school. I am for the plainness of Hesiod and Homer, they for the richness and ornaments of Virgil. They want periwigs placed upon bald ideas, a narrative poem must have its connecting parts; it cannot be all interest and incident, no more than a picture all light, a tragedy all pathos. . . . The review altogether is a good one, and will be better than any London one, because London reviewers always know something of the authors who appear before them, and this inevitably affects the judgment. I, myself, get the worthless poems of some good-natured person whom I know; I am aware of what review-

phrases go for, and contrive to give that person no pain, and deal out such milk-and-water praise as will do no harm: to speak of smooth versification and moral tendency, &c. &c., will take in some to buy the book, while it serves as an emollient mixture for the patient. I have rarely scratched without giving a plaister for it; except, indeed, where a fellow puts a string of titles to his name, or such an offender as — appears, and then my inquisitorship, instead of actually burning him, only ties a few crackers to his tail.

“ But when any Scotchman’s book shall come to be reviewed, then see what the Edinburgh critics will say. . . . Their philosophy appears in their belief in Hindoo chronology! and when they abuse Parr’s style, it is rather a knock at the dead lion, old Johnson. A first number has great advantages; the reviewers say their say upon all subjects, and lay down the law: that contains the Institutes; by and by they can only comment.

God bless you!

R. S.”

In the meantime my father’s pleasant anticipations of living in Wales were suddenly all frustrated; for, just as the treaty was on the point of being concluded, it occurred to him that some small additions were wanting in the kitchen department, and this request the landlord so stoutly resisted, that the negotiation was altogether broken off in consequence.

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Upon this slight occurrence, he used to say, hinged many of the outward circumstances of his future life ; and, much and deeply as he afterwards became attached to the lakes and mountains of Cumberland, he would often speak with something like regret of Maes Gwyn and the Vale of Neath.

Meanwhile his literary labours were proceeding much in their usual course, notwithstanding the complaint in his eyes. " I am reviewing for Longman," he says at this time ; " reviewing for Hamilton ; translating, perhaps about again to versify for the Morning Post : drudge — drudge — drudge. Do you know Quarles's emblem of the soul that tries to fly, but is chained by the leg to earth ? For myself I could do easily, but not easily for others, and there are more claims than one upon me."\*

From some cause or other, his correspondence seems somewhat to have diminished at this time ; the few letters, however, that I am able to select relating to this period are not devoid of interest.

*To John Rickman, Esq.*

" My dear Rickman, *Bristol* " Jan. 30. 1803.

" . . . . .  
" . . . . .  
" . . . . .

I am rich in books, considered as plain and poor Robert Southey, and in foreign books considered as

\* To William Taylor, Esq., January 23. 1803.

an Englishman; but, for my glutton appetite and healthy digestion, my stock is but small, and the historian feels daily and hourly the want of materials. I believe I must visit London for the sake of the Museum, but not till the spring be far advanced, and warm enough to write with tolerable comfort in their reading-room. My History of Monachism cannot be complete without the Benedictine History of Mabillon. There is another book in the Museum, which must be noticed literally, or put in a note, — the Book of the Conformities of St. Francis and Jesus Christ! I have thirteen folios of Franciscan history in the house, and yet want the main one, Wadding's Seraphic Annual, which contains the original bulls.

“ Of the Beguines I have, as yet, found neither traces nor tidings, except that I have seen the name certainly among the heretic list; but my monastic knowledge is very far from complete. I know only the outline for the two centuries between Francisco and Luther, and nothing but Jesuit history from that period.

“ Do not suspect me of querulousness; labour is my amusement, and nothing makes me growl, but that the kind of labour cannot be wholly my own choice; — that I must lay aside old chronicles, and review modern poems; instead of composing from a full head, that I must write like a school-boy upon some idle theme on which nothing can be said or ought to be said. I believe the best thing will be as you hope, for, if I live and do well, my History shall be done, and that will be a fortune to a man



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economical from habit, and moderate in his wants and wishes from feeling and principle.

“ Coleridge is with me at present ; he talks of going abroad, for, poor fellow, he suffers terribly from this climate. You bid me come with the swallows to London ! I wish I could go with the swallows in their winterly migration. . . . .

. . . . .

Yours affectionately,  
R. S.”

*To S. T. Coleridge, Esq.*

“ Bristol, March 14. 1803.

“ Dear Coleridge,

“ It is nearly a week now since Danvers and I returned from Rownham ; and now the burthen will soon fall off my shoulders, and I shall feel as light as old Christian when he had passed the directing post : forty guineas’ worth of reviewing has been hard work. . . . .

. . . . .

The very unexpected and extraordinary alarm brought by yesterday’s papers may, in some degree, affect my movements, for it has made Tom write to offer his services ; and if the country arm, of course he will be employed. But *quid Diabolus* is all this about ? Stuart writes well upon the subject, yet I think he overlooks some circumstances in Bonaparte’s conduct, which justify some delay in yielding Alexandria and Malta : that report of Sebastiani’s was almost a declaration that France would take Egypt

as soon as we left it. You were a clearer-sighted politician than I. If war there must be, the St. Domingo business will have been the cause, though not the pretext, and that rascal will set the poor negroes cutting English throats instead of French ones. It is true, country is of less consequence than colour there, and these black gentlemen cannot be very wrong if the throat be a white one; but it would be vexatious if the followers of Toussaint should be made the tools of Bonaparte.

“Meantime, what becomes of your scheme of travelling? If France goes to war, Spain must do the same, even if the loss of Trinidad did not make them inclined to it. You must not think of the Western Islands or the Canaries; they are prisons from whence it is very difficult to escape, and where you would be cut off from all regular intercourse with England: besides, the Canaries will be hostile ports. In the West Indies you ought not to trust your complexion. When the tower of Siloam fell, it did not give all honest people warning to stand from under. How is the climate of Hungary? Your German would carry you there, and help you there till you learnt a Slavonic language; and you might take home a profitable account of a country and a people little known. If it should be too cold a winter residence, you might pass the summer there, and reach Constantinople or the better parts of Asia Minor in the winter. This looks like a tempting scheme on paper, and will be more tempting if you look at the map; but, for all such schemes, a companion is almost necessary.

“ The Edinburgh Review will not keep its ground. It consists of pamphlets instead of critical accounts. There is the quantity of a three-shilling pamphlet in one article upon the Balance of Power, in which the brimstone-fingered son of oatmeal says that wars now are carried on by *the sacrifice of a few useless millions and more useless lives*, and by a few sailors fighting *harmlessly* upon the barren ocean : these are his very words. . . . He thinks there can be no harm done unless an army were to come and eat up all the sheep’s trotters in Edinburgh. If they buy many books at Gunville\*, let them buy the English metrical romances published by Ritson ; it is, indeed, a treasure of true old poetry : the expense of publication is defrayed by Ellis. Ritson is the oddest, but most honest, of all our antiquarians, and he abuses Percy and Pinkerton with less mercy than justice. With somewhat more modesty than Mister Pinkerton, as he calls him, he has mended the spelling of our language, and, without the authority of an act of parliament, changed the name of the very country he lives in into Engleland. The beauty of the common stanza will surprise you.

“ Cowper’s Life is the most pick-pocket work, for its shape and price, and author and publisher, that ever appeared. It relates very little of the man himself. This sort of delicacy seems quite groundless towards a man who has left no relations or connections who could be hurt by the most explicit biographical detail. His letters are not what one does expect, and yet what one

\* The seat of Mr. Wedgewood.

ought to expect, for Cowper was not a strong-minded man even in his best moments. The very few opinions that he gave upon authors are quite ludicrous; he calls Mr. Park

. . . . 'that comical spark,  
Who wrote to ask me for a Joan of Arc.'

'One of our best hands' in poetry. Poor wretched man! the Methodists among whom he lived made him ten times madder than he could else have been. . . . .

God bless you!

R. S."

*To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.*

"Bristol, April 3. 1803.

"I have been thinking of Brixton, Grosvenor, for these many days past, when more painful thoughts would give me leave. An old lady, whom I loved greatly, and have for the last eight years regarded with something like a filial veneration, has been carried off by this influenza. She was mother to Danvers, with whom I have so long been on terms of the closest intimacy. . . . .

Your ejection from Brixton has very long been in my head as one of the evil things to happen in 1803, though it was not predicted in Moore's Almanack. However, I am glad to hear you have got a house, . . . . . and still more, that it is an old house,

*Southey to Taylor*

23 June 1803

he has used me somewhat uncivilly in not inserting. His application to you twelve months after I had mentioned you to him, and almost six months after he applied to me for your direction, is very much in character. If he has not lost the article, I will turn it over to A. Aikin. It cannot want abridgement; he requested long articles from me, because he was short of matter.

“ Why refashion ‘ Drayton ’? In the first place, you could write a better poem than the old Michael; in the next place, instead of making the poets of Elizabeth’s day talk as they do now, you would do better to make the poets under his most gracious majesty George III. talk as they did in Elizabeth’s day. It is an article in my creed, that from the days of John Milton English poetry has gone on from bad to worse. We have had froth and flummery imposed upon us,—contortions of language that passed for poetry because they were not prose, and phrases that have been admired by faith, never being designed to be understood. Coleridge and I have often talked of making a great work upon English literature; but Coleridge only talks, and, poor fellow! he will not do that long, I fear; and then I shall begin in my turn to feel an old man,—to talk of the age of little men, and complain like Ossian. It provokes me when I hear

*by God!*

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subject. I am thus stocked with certain associates : for Saxon and Welsh, Sharon Turner, who has found out that he writes badly ; for early voyages and all science thereunto appertaining, Captain Burney ; for old surgery, Carlisle ; for Roger Bacon, Rickman. At present I do not look beyond the subjects of the first volume. The schoolmen I hope Coleridge will take. There remain poets, romancers, lawyers, theologians and historians : the latter down to the Conquest fall under Turner's knowledge. Will you help me, and bring your stock of northern knowledge and of theology to bear upon the history of English literature ? What I would ask from you is, to write upon the progress of the language, upon the history of our popular superstitions, upon the English history of religion : a little more covertly this last than you do for the Magazine, for you go beyond heterodoxy there. The first volume may perhaps come down to Mary or Elizabeth : think upon English literature down to that period, and tell me what you should like to write ; for that you will help me I have little doubt. I would have you examine what I and what Turner write, and add thereto and annotate thereupon. You, who have seen a reviewer's account, know how lines are reckoned up into pages, and that the fragments being gathered up, nothing is lost.

“ We think of getting a first part—that is, a half volume—ready by Christmas 1804. I go to reside near London for this express purpose. There can be no difficulty in getting out a volume yearly, and as little of the success of the book, if well managed. I shall remove to Richmond, where John May has already obtained for me the refusal of a house.

“ The review of Mrs. ——’s poem perished in what Hamilton calls ‘the late tremendous fire, which destroyed the whole of my extensive premises.’ It would be too late for A. Aikin, for I was too late to notice a Greek poem upon Bonaparte; but you can send it again to the Critical.

“ My politics are, that France calculated upon the weakness of our most miserable ministers, and was carrying on a system of insult and injury to which it would have been utter ruin to have submitted,—that Bonaparte is drunk with success,—that Malta was a bad ground for quarrel, the worst that could have been selected, because of least general or national concern, but that there was cause enough for war. My belief is that invasion will be attempted, but that ‘the Christ of the Lord’ (oh, curse his blasphemous soul!) will not adventure himself: my hope is that he may. The landing is a chance, and the chances are against it: if they land they will perhaps reach London, but not a man of them

will return to France, and we shall have such a monument as the Swiss reared to Charles of Burgundy. Our victory by land or sea turns the scale, and the northern powers, who have more reason to hate France than England, will then join us: then Holland will be free, and Switzerland and Italy made independent of France, and the peace of Europe established for a century to come. But first Bonaparte must go to the devil, and perhaps our national debt too; but I have not a fear for England,—the country was never so united, and therefore never so strong.

“ Let me hear from you soon. God bless you!

“ ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

*Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 32.)*

“ Bristol, August 24, 1803.

“ My dear Friend,

“ This will arrive in time to change the direction of the next ‘Iris.’ We hope to leave Bristol on Friday morning for Keswick. My poor child was buried yesterday, and we are quitting a place where everything reminds us of the loss. Poor Edith is almost heart-broken. The disease was hydrocephalus with teething. I have gone through more suffering than I ever before experienced, for I was fond of her even to foolish-



ness. Direct to me with Coleridge, Greeta Hall, Keswick.

“ I have heard nothing from Harry for many months : I expected he would have acknowledged the receipt of ‘ Amadis.’ God bless you !

“ ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

*William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 33.)*

*Not in collection* “ Norwich, August 27, 1803.

“ My dear Friend,

“ I am sorry for your loss ; it is accompanied but with one consolation, that those who grow to maturity, notwithstanding water in the head, have their faculties very imperfect, their intellects paralytic.

“ Henry is become a volunteer, and is learning to drill : I should have done the same ; but as the offers of service here exceed all expectation, so that government will not accept anything like the number disposed for military employ, I thought it needless, either for example or utility, to undertake a trouble I dislike ; I have therefore subscribed £25 to equip the more active part of the community, in commutation for individual attendance on the parade.

“ Your ‘ Bibliotheca Britannica ’ will, I doubt not, answer your expectations and the bookseller’s. If I understand the plan, it is to be a critical catalogue of every British publication,

arranged in the order of time, and distributed in the order of matter, if I may (for parallelism's sake) use this Gallicism. It will require the constant use of a very complete old English library, such as the British Museum. I have no black-letter books, and am little wandered in early reading, so that I do not foresee the probability of my being any way useful; but when I see the *modus operandi*, the nature of the task and the shape of the performance, perhaps I may join the gleaners now and then without conscious impertinence. My beat is Turner's—to whose 'History of the Anglo-Saxons' I could add many things. He has the fault of all our antiquaries, to equivaue the noble and the rabble of authorities: he should cultivate a more aristocratic taste, and not count the dunce and the genius by the head; he will else incur the reputation of pedantry and not of erudition. He has another fault,—that of being what Porson calls *behind-hand* with his subject; Schlötzer's 'Northern History' had settled forty years ago many points about which he is at a loss.

“Theology is a pleasant study to me, and we have no ecclesiastical historian of much value; it has been customary to make biographies of the priests, and to omit the literature which made the sects. But the older theology of the reformers is so gone by, and the controversies prior

to illuminism (if I may lump by that name the modern criticisms of the Scriptures) so uninstruc- tive, that I should despair of the patience to didle\* in their mud for pearl-muscles. I find no department that I ought to think of under- taking.

“ You are more sanguine about the war than I am, thinking with Mr. Fox that it will not lead to a better peace than the last. The substance of my creed is, that, of all our party-leaders, he alone is fit to govern us, and that his mono- cracy would do all for us that can be done to im- prove our internal condition and acquire a con- tinental popularity. I am not so violently of- fended as you at Bishop Cambaceres for calling Bonaparte ‘ the Christ of Providence.’ He is not the *anointed of birth*, but of *event*; and religion considers every event as the disposition of Pro- vidence. He is not a more cruel desolator than Cyrus, to whom this denomination is by very high authorities applied; and his elevation has in like manner been conducive to the establish- ment and extension of the religion of the Bible.

“ Yours,

“ WILLIAM TAYLOR, JUN.”

“ P.S. Until I was folding my letter for direc- tion, it did not occur to me where you are: remem-

\* A provincial term for *dredge*.

ber me to your friend Coleridge ; we once interchanged a letter, and I took great pains to find him up in London the first time I went thither after,—he was just gone into Westmoreland : I inquired concerning him of Mrs. Clarkson, who was here a day or two ago. Has he read Kotzebue's 'Gustavus Vasa' ? It is one of the best tragedies of the Germans. Schiller is most colossal, but Kotzebue most natural."

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For some time after this, the removal of Henry Southey from Norwich to Edinburgh engrossed the correspondence of the two friends. William Taylor's warmth of affection and considerate kindness were never more strongly manifested than on this occasion : no father, preparing to fix a favourite son at the university, could have acted with a more provident care. These attentions endeared him in an equal degree to both the brothers ; and although (as some of their more recent letters have shown) a sensible divergence of opinions was now taking place between him and the elder of them, it had not the effect of weakening their attachment or estranging their hearts. Generous minds know how to differ with forbearance : while the versatility of human passions and the wavering of popular movements are continually altering the state and condition of society, it is foolish to expect that

landed, it must have sailed at the rate of three knots in a day and night ; it was picked up 209 days after the post set off. More letters should be thrown over-board about the same latitude ; and then, when we have charts of all the currents, some dozen centuries hence, that particular one shall be called Southey's Current.

The news is all pacific, and I fully expect you will be paid off ere long. All goes on as usual here. Margaret screams as loud as the parrot, that talent she inherited.

“ God bless you !

R. SOUTHEY.”

*To Lieutenant Southey, H. M. S. Galatea.*

“ Bristol, May 30. 1803.

“ Why, Tom ! you must be mad, stark staring mad, jumping mad, horn mad, to be lying in port all this time ! For plain or stark madness I should prescribe a simple strait-waistcoat ;—staring madness may be alleviated by the use of green spectacles ;—for jumping madness I have found a remedy in a custom used by the Siamese : when they take prisoners, they burn their feet to prevent them from running away ;—horn madness is, indeed, beyond my skill : for that, Doctor's Commons is the place. I am vexed and provoked for you to see prizes brought in under your nose.

My books have had an increase since you left. I have

bought a huge lot of Cody, tempted by the price; books of voyages and travels, and the Asiatic Researches. The Annual Review is not yet published. Amadis still goes on slowly, but draws near an end.

. . . . . Do you see—and if you have seen the Morning Post, you will have seen—that a poem upon Amadis is advertised? This is curious enough. It seems by the advertisement that it only takes in the first book. If the author have either any civility or any brains, he will send me a copy; the which I am not so desirous of as I should be, as it will cost me twenty shillings to send him one in return. However, I shall like to see his book; it may make a beautiful poem, and it looks well that he has stopt at the first book, and avoided the length of story: but, unless he be a very good poet indeed, I should prefer the plain dress of romance.

“ I have been very hard at history, and have almost finished, since your departure, that thick folio chronicle which you may remember I was about skin-deep in, and which has supplied me with matter for half a volume. This war terrifies and puzzles me about Portugal. I think of going over alone this next winter, while I can. I have fifteen quartos on the way from Lisbon; and, zounds! if they should be taken! . . . . . Next month I shall go to London. The hard exercise of walking the streets will do me good. My picture in the Exhibition\* pleases everybody, I hear; I wish you had seen it.

“ . . . . .  
Remember my advice about all Dutch captains in

\* This picture was by Opie, and is the one engraved in this work.

your cruise: go always to the bottom in your examination; tin cases will sound if they be kicked, and paper will rustle; to you it may be the winning a prize: the loss is but a kick, and that the Dutchman gains. Do you know that I actually must learn Dutch! that I cannot complete the East Indian part of my history without it. Good bye.

R. S.”

*To C. W. W. Wynn, Esq.*

“June 9. 1803.

“I have just gone through the Scottish Border Ballads. Walter Scott himself is a man of great talent and genius; but wherever he patches an old poem, it is always with new bricks. Of the modern ballads, his own fragment is the only good one, and that is very good. I am sorry to see Leyden’s good for so little. Sir Agrethorn is flat, foolish, Matthewish, Gregoryish, Lewisish. I have been obliged to coin vituperative adjectives on purpose, the language not having terms enough of adequate abuse. I suppose the word Flodden-Field entitles it to a place here, but the scene might as well have been laid in El-dorado, or Tothill Fields, or the country of Prester John, for anything like costume which it possesses. It is odd enough that almost every passage which Scott has quoted from Froissart should be among the extracts which I had made.

“In all these modern ballads there is a modernism

of thought and language-turns, to me very perceptible and very unpleasant, the more so for its mixture with antique words—polished steel and rusty iron! This is the case in all Scott's ballads. His *Eve of St. John's* is a better ballad in story than any of mine, but it has this fault. Elmsley once asked me to versify that on the *Glenfinlas*—to try the difference of style; but I declined it, as waste labour and an invidious task. Matthew G. Lewis, Esq., M. P., sins more grievously in this way; he is not enough versed in old English to avoid it: Scott and Leyden are, and ought to have written more purely. I think if you will look at *Q. Orraca* you will perceive that, without being a canto from our old ballads, it has quite the ballad character of language.

“ Scott, it seems, adopts the same system of metre with me, and varies his tune in the same stanza from iambic to anapæstic *ad libitum*. In spite of all the trouble that has been taken to torture Chaucer into heroic metre, I have no doubt whatever that he wrote upon this system, common to all the ballad writers. Coleridge agrees with me upon this. The proof is, that, read him thus, and he becomes everywhere harmonious; but expletive syllables, en's and y's and e's, only make him halt upon ten lame toes. I am now daily drinking at that pure well of English undefiled, to get historical manners, and to learn English and poetry.

“ His volume of the *Border Songs* is more amusing for its prefaces and notes than its poetry: the ballads themselves were written in a very unfavourable age and country; the costume less picturesque than chi-

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valry, the manners more barbarous. I shall be very glad to see the *Sir Tristram* which Scott is editing: the old Cornish knight has been one of my favourite heroes for fifteen years. Those Romances that Ritson published are fine studies for a poet. This I am afraid will have more Scotch in it than will be pleasant; I never read Scotch poetry without rejoicing that we have not Welsh-English into the bargain, and a written brogue.

“ . . . . .

Rickman tells me there will be no army sent to Portugal; that it is understood the French may overrun it at pleasure, and that then we lay open Brazil and Spanish America. If, indeed, the Prince of Brazil could be persuaded to go over there, and fix the seat of his government in a colony fifty times as large, and five hundred fold more valuable, than the mother country, England would have a trade opened to it far more than equivalent to the loss of the Portuguese and Spanish ports. But if he remains under the protection of France, and is compelled to take a part against England, any expedition to Brazil must be for mere plunder. Conquest is quite impossible.

“ Most likely I shall go up to town in about a week or ten days. God bless you!

R. S.”

*To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.*

“ June 12. 1803.

“ Why, Grosvenor, that is an idle squeamishness of yours, that asking a previous leave to speak. Where my conscience becomes second to your challenge, the offence shall be amended; where we differ, mine is the voice potential. But, in truth, I will tell you that I am out of humour with Kehama, for half a hundred reasons: historical composition is a source of greater, and quieter, and more continuous pleasure; and that poem sometimes comes into my head with a —shall I sit down to it? and this is so easily turned out again, that the want of inclination would make me half suspect a growing want of power, if some rhymes and poemets did not now and then come out and convince me to the contrary. . . .

Abuse away *ad libitum*.

“If Cumberland must have a Greek name, there is but one that fits him—Aristophanes—and that for the worst part of his character. If his plays had any honest principle in them, instead of that eternal substitution of honour for honesty, of a shadow for a substance—if his novels were not more profligate in their tendency than Matthew Lewis’s unhappy book—if the perusal of his Calvary were not a cross heavy enough for any man to bear who has ever read ten lines of Milton—if the man were innocent of all these things, he ought never to be forgiven for his

attempt to blast the character of Socrates. Right or wrong, no matter, the name had been canonised, and, God knows, wisdom and virtue have not so many saints that they can spare an altar to his clumsy pickaxe. I am no blind bigot to the Greeks, but I will take the words of Plato and greater Xenophon against Richard Cumberland, Esq.

“ . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 The Grenvilles are in the right, but they got right by sticking in the wrong: they turned their faces westward in the morning, and swore the sun was there; and they have stood still and sworn on, till, sure enough, there the sun is. But they stand upon the strong ground now, and have the argument all hollow; yet what is to come of it, and what do they want—their country asks that question. War? They have it; every man in the country says Amen, and they whose politics are most democratic say Amen most loudly and most sincerely. In spite of their speeches, I cannot wish them in; and, when change of ministry is talked of, cannot but feel with Fox, that, little as I may like them, ten to one I shall like their successors worse, and sure I am that worse war ministers than the last cannot curse this country. .

. . . . .  
 These men behaved so well upon Despard’s business, and have shown such a respect to the liberties and feelings of this country, that they have fully won my good will. I believe they will make a sad piecemeal patchwork administration. . . . . It does seem that, by some fatality, the best talents of the

kingdom are for ever to be excluded from its government. Fox has not done well, not what I could have wished; but yet I reverence that man so truly, that whenever he appears to me to have erred, I more than half suspect my own judgment.

“ I am promised access to the King’s library; by Heber; and, indeed, it is a matter of considerable consequence that I should obtain it. Morning, noon, and night, I do nothing but read chronicles, and collect from them; and I have travelled at a great rate since the burthen of translating and reviewing has been got rid of: but this will not last long; I must think by and by of some other job-work, and turn to labour again, that I may earn another holyday.

“ I call Margaret, by way of avoiding all commonplace phraseology of endearment, a worthy child and a most excellent character. She loves me better than any one except her mother; her eyes are as quick as thought, she is all life and spirit, and as happy as the day is long: but that little brain of hers is never at rest, and it is painful to see how dreams disturb her. A Dios!

R. S.”

Soon after the date of the letter, my father paid a short visit to London, the chief purpose of which was to negotiate with Messrs. Longman and Rees respecting “the management of a Bibliotheca Britannica upon a very extensive scale, to be arranged chronologically, and made a readable book by biography, criticism, and connecting chapters, to be published like the Cyclopædia in parts, each volume

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800 quarto pages." "The full and absolute choice of all associates, and the distribution of the whole," to be in his hands. And, in order to be near the publisher, as well as for the convenience of communicating with the majority of those whom he hoped to associate with him in the work,— of whom the chief were Mr. Sharon Turner, Mr. Rickman, Captain Burney, Mr. Carlisle\*, Mr. William Taylor, Mr. Coleridge, Mr. Duppa, and Mr. Owen,—he purposed removing very shortly to Richmond, where, indeed, he had already obtained the refusal of a house.

+

Upon concluding his agreement with Messrs. Longman and Rees, he seems to have communicated at once with Mr. Coleridge, whose letter in reply the reader will not be displeased to have laid before him, containing, as it does, the magnificent plan of a work almost too vast to have been conceived by any other person. Alas! that the plans of such a mind should have been but splendid dreams.

*S. T. Coleridge to R. Southey.*

" Keswick, July, 1803.

" My dear Southey,

" . . . . .

I write now to propose a scheme, or rather a rude outline of a scheme, of your grand work. What harm can a proposal do? If it be no pain to you to reject it, it will be none to me to have it rejected. I would have the work entitled Bibliotheca Britannica,

\* Afterwards Sir Anthony Carlisle.

see Southey  
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CPS

or an History of British Literature, bibliographical, biographical, and critical. The two *last* volumes I would have to be a chronological catalogue of all noticeable or extant books ; the others, be the number six or eight, to consist entirely of separate treatises, each giving a critical biblio-biographical history of some one subject. I will, with great pleasure, join you in learning Welsh and Erse : and you, I, Turner, and Owen, might dedicate ourselves for the first half year to a complete history of all Welsh, Saxon, and Erse books that are not translations, that are the native growth of Britain. If the Spanish neutrality continues, I will go in October or November to Biscay, and throw light on the Basque.

“ Let the next volume contain the history of *English* poetry and poets, in which I would include all prose truly poetical. The first half of the second volume should be dedicated to great single names, Chaucer and Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton and Taylor, Dryden and Pope ; the poetry of witty logic, — Swift, Fielding, Richardson, Sterne : I write *par hazard*, but I mean to say all great names as have either formed epochs in our taste, or such, at least, as are representative ; and the great object to be in each instance to determine, first, the true merits and demerits of the *books* ; secondly, what of these belong to the age — what to the author *quasi peculium*. The second half of the second volume should be a history of poetry and romances, everywhere interspersed with biography, but more flowing, more consecutive, more bibliographical, chronological, and complete. The third volume I would have

dedicated to English prose, considered as to style, as to eloquence, as to general impressiveness; a history of styles and manners, their causes, their birth-places and parentage, their analysis. . . . .

“ These three volumes would be so generally interesting, so exceedingly entertaining, that you might bid fair for a sale of the work at large. Then let the fourth volume take up the history of metaphysics, theology, medicine, alchemy, common, canon, and Roman law, from Alfred to Henry VII.; in other words, a history of the dark ages in Great Britain. The fifth volume—carry on metaphysics and ethics to the present day in the first half; the second half, comprise the theology of all the reformers. In the fourth volume there would be a grand article on the philosophy of the theology of the Roman Catholic religion. In this (fifth volume), under different names, — Hooker, Baxter, Biddle, and Fox,—the spirit of the theology of all the other parts of Christianity. The sixth and seventh volumes must comprise all the articles you can get, on all the separate arts and sciences that have been treated of in books since the Reformation; and, by this time, the book, if it answered at all, would have gained so high a reputation, that you need not fear having whom you liked to write the different articles — medicine, surgery, chemistry, &c. &c., navigation, travellers, voyagers, &c. &c. If I go into Scotland, shall I engage Walter Scott to write the history of Scottish poets? Tell me, however, what you think of the plan. It would have one prodigious advantage: whatever accident stopped the work, would only prevent the future good, not

mar the past; each volume would be a great and valuable work *per se*. Then each volume would awaken a new interest, a new set of readers, who would buy the past volumes of course; then it would allow you ample time and opportunities for the slavery of the catalogue volumes, which should be at the same time an index to the work, which would be, in very truth, a pandect of knowledge, alive and swarming with human life, feeling, incident. By the by, what a strange abuse has been made of the word encyclopædia! It signifies, properly, grammar, logic, rhetoric, and ethics and metaphysics, which last, explaining the ultimate principles of grammar — log., rhet., and eth. — formed a circle of knowledge. . . . To call a huge unconnected miscellany of the *omne scibile*, in an arrangement determined by the accident of initial letters, an encyclopædia, is the impudent ignorance of your Presbyterian bookmakers. Good night!

God bless you!

S. T. C."

*To S. T. Coleridge, Esq.*

"Bristol, Aug. 3. 1803.

"Dear Coleridge,

"I meant to have written sooner; but those little units of interruption and preventions, which sum up to as ugly an aggregate as the items in a lawyer's bill, have come in the way. . . .

. . . . .



Your plan is too good, too gigantic, quite beyond my powers. If you had my tolerable state of health, and that love of steady and productive employment which is now grown into a necessary habit with me, if you were to execute and would execute it, it would be, beyond all doubt, the most valuable work of any age or any country ; but I cannot fill up such an outline. No man can better feel where he fails than I do ; and to rely upon you for whole quartos ! Dear Coleridge, the smile that comes with that thought is a very melancholy one ; and if Edith saw me now, she would think my eyes were weak again, when, in truth, the humour that covers them springs from another cause.

“ For my own comfort, and credit, and peace of mind, I must have a plan which I know myself strong enough to execute. I can take author by author as they come in their series, and give his life and an account of his works quite as well as ever it has yet been done. I can write connecting paragraphs and chapters shortly and pertinently, in my way ; and in this way the labour of all my associates can be more easily arranged. . . . .

And, after all, this is really nearer the actual design of what I purport by a bibliotheca than yours would be,—a book of reference, a work in which it may be seen what has been written upon every subject in the British language : this has elsewhere been done in the dictionary form ; whatever we get better than that form — *ponemus lucro*.

“ The Welsh part, however, should be kept com-

pletely distinct, and form a volume, or half a volume, by itself; and this must be delayed till the last in publication, whatever it be in order, because it cannot be done till the whole of the Archæology is printed, and by that time I will learn the language, and so, perhaps, will you. George Ellis is about it; I think that, with the help of Turner and Owen, and poor Williams, we could then do everything that ought to be done.

“ The first part, then, to be published is the Saxon; this Turner will execute, and to this you and William Taylor may probably both be able to add something from your stores of northern knowledge. The Saxon books all come in sequence chronologically; then the mode of arrangement should be by centuries, and the writers classed as poets, historians, &c., by *centuries*, or by *reigns*, which is better. . . .

Upon this plan the Schoolmen will come in the first volume.

“ The historical part of the theology, and the bibliographical, I shall probably execute myself, and you will do the philosophy. By the by, I have lately found the book of John Perrott the Quaker, who went to convert the Pope, containing all his epistles to the Romans, &c., written in the Inquisition at Rome; for they allowed him the privilege of writing, most likely because his stark madness amused them. This fellow (who turned rogue at last, wore a sword, and persecuted the Quakers in America to make them swear) made a schism in the society against

George Fox, insisting that hats should be kept on in meeting during speaking, (has not this prevailed?) and that the Friends should not shave. His book is the most frantic I ever saw, quite Gilbertish; and the man acted up to it. . . .

God bless you!

R. S."

## CHAPTER X.

DEATH OF HIS LITTLE GIRL.—ARRIVAL AT KESWICK.—POSTPONEMENT OF THE BIBLIOTHECA BRITANNICA.—STAGNATION OF TRADE.—MADOC.—SCENERY OF THE LAKES.—HISTORY OF PORTUGAL.—HASLITT'S PICTURES OF MR. COLERIDGE AND MR. WORDSWORTH.—WANTS INFORMATION CONCERNING THE WEST INDIES.—LITERARY OCCUPATIONS AND PLANS.—THE ANNUAL REVIEW.—POLITICS.—THE YELLOW FEVER—NEW THEORY OF SUCH DISEASES.—DESCRIPTION OF SCENERY REFLECTED IN KESWICK LAKE.—SPECIMENS OF ENGLISH POETS PROJECTED.—COURSE OF LIFE AT KESWICK.—VISIT FROM MR. CLARKSON.—HABITS OF MIND.—MADOC.—MR. COLERIDGE AND MR. GODWIN.—DIRECTIONS TO MR. BEDFORD ABOUT SPECIMENS.—REGRET AT MR. COLERIDGE LEAVING ENGLAND.—MODERN CRITICS.—MR. COLERIDGE'S POWERS OF MIND.—LETTER TO MR. BEDFORD ON HABITS OF PROCRASTINATION.—LITERARY EMPLOYMENTS.—SPECIMENS OF ENGLISH POETS.—GOES TO LONDON.—LETTERS FROM THENCE.—RETURN.—SPANISH BOOKS.—THE MABINOGION.—SIR H. DAVY.—MR. SOTHEY.—WILLIAM OWEN, ETC.—CHANGE OF ADMINISTRATION.—PROGRESS OF HISTORICAL LABOURS.—1804.

SUCH were my father's plans at the commencement of the month, — to take up his abode at Richmond, and to devote himself almost wholly to this great work; and, had nothing interfered to prevent this scheme being carried into effect, his future life would probably have taken, in some respects, a very

went to his own closet, where, to avoid company coming to him, he retired to his *garde-robe*, and set himself upon the close-stool in a very sullen and melancholy posture." The French cannot caricature, else what a subject!

I shall like to know what you think of Despard and the conspiracy. Wynn, who was at the trial, thought it had deeper roots than were discovered, and that the accomplices were many. The evidence rather made me imagine that Despard had been amusing himself with talking treason, of planning what might be treasonable castle-building,—that he had been playing with a halter till he was caught in the noose. I could have found him guilty as a fool, not as a traitor.

William Taylor is editing a Norwich newspaper, which will annoy Mr. Wyndham. He wanted me to live there and undertake the office; but if I ever chose drudgery of that kind, it should not be for a country paper.

In a week I clear off my reviewing; in three more finish "Amadis;" and as soon after as may be will come up to finish my preface, carry home my work, and receive my wages. If you look in the "Morning Post," you will sometimes see sundry indifferent verses, value one guinea per hundred, according to the print-reckoning of six score. There are some notions floating about in my brain, which may perhaps come to something good of that kind. In Hamilton's fire, I lost—a whole sheet of invaluable criticism! consumed, as he told me, "in the late tremendous fire which destroyed the whole of my extensive premises." What is worse, I was going to ask for my account, he being my debtor some thirty guineas. I am sorry for him, and, like the Dutchman, I do pity myself! Farewell.

Yours truly,  
R. S.

To John May, Esq.

Bristol, 1803.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

If I am not greatly deceived, the Scotch Review may be answered satisfactorily wherever it forms a specific objection. It is stated as an inconsistency that Thalaba should be saved when his family was destroyed, because the stars appointed that hour for his danger. Okba began at the wrong end. He knew not which was the destroyer, and the moment of danger past. It must be remembered that the most absolute fatalism is the main-spring of Mohammed's religion, and therefore the principle is always referred to in the poem. The same objection is made to the declaration of Azrael, that one must die, Laila or Thalaba: if you remember the dogma, that also is clear. Allah, like Pope's deity,

“Binding nature fast in fate,  
Left free the human will.”

The simoon kills Abdaldar in spite of the ring. Is providential interposition inconsistent with my story?

“Sint licet expertes vitæ sensûsque capessunt,  
Jussa tamen superûm venti.”

The Destroyer's arrow cannot kill Lobaba, but does kill Alaadin's bird. Whoever has read the Arabian Tales must know that the talisman gives magical powers. Any human hand may destroy a talisman — it is brittle and destructible. Lobaba is “knocked down by a shower of sand of his own rising!” My dear friend, you have incautiously admitted ridicule as the test of truth; for the whole force of this review consists only in the apt use of ridicule. Could you or can you perceive anything of the absurdity implied in this particular instance, when you read that,

“Driven by the breath of God,  
A column of the desert met his way?”

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“Thalaba is enabled to read the unintelligible letters on the ring by the help of some other unintelligible letters on a locust.” Look at the poem and you will see that this is falsely stated. The reviewer does not understand how Thalaba knows he has been commissioned to destroy his father’s murderers; he had only looked over the poem to find faults which he might abuse. Had he read it with honest attention, this objection could not have been invented. The spirit in the tent told him, “We knew from the race of Hodeirah the destined destroyer should come.” What other of that race was left?

I was more pleased than praise usually can please me, when you told me that you liked “Thalaba,” because it is of approbation like yours that I am most desirous. Do not misunderstand this as a flattering compliment. It was not as a critical reader to whose critical opinion I could defer that I looked for your approbation, but as a man who would read with no nine-and-thirty Articles to fetter his free judgment, and who, if the poem itself pleased him, would say so without caring whether it was written after the laws of Aristotle. If the book were the patchwork piece of absurdity that this reviewer represents it, could it possibly have pleased you? If gross misrepresentation be detected in any part of the review, may you not fairly suspect unfair disposition in the writer’s mind? Some instances of such misrepresentation I have already pointed out; there remains enough other such. Because I have imitated one passage (and that a most beautiful one) from Bishop Taylor, he says the poem is made up of scraps of old sermons! Because, with a very wise feeling of pride as well as honesty, I gave in my notes all the hints and traditions of which I had availed myself, he says I have versified the common-place book, and allows me no invention, never noticing what of the story is wholly original, nor that the structure of the whole is so.

Now I will avow myself confident enough to ask you

if you know any other poem of equal originality except the "Fairy Queen," which I regard almost with a religious love and veneration?

With regard to that part of the review which relates to Wordsworth, it has obviously no relation whatever to "Thalaba," nor can there be a stronger proof of want of discernment, or want of candour, than in grouping together three men so different in style as Wordsworth, Coleridge, and myself, under one head. The fault of Coleridge has been a too-swelling diction; you who know his poems know whether they ought to be abused for mean language. Of "Thalaba," the language rises and falls with the subject, and is always in a high key. I wish you would read the Lyrical Ballads of Wordsworth; some of them are very faulty; but, indeed, I would risk my whole future fame on the assertion that they will one day be regarded as the finest poems in our language. I refer you particularly to "The Brothers," a poem on "Tintern Abbey," and "Michael." Now, with Wordsworth I have no intimacy\*; scarcely any acquaintance. In whatever we resemble each other, the resemblance has sprung, not, I believe, from chance, but because we have both studied poetry—and indeed it is no light or easy study—in the same school,—in the works of nature, and in the heart of man.

My dear friend, I have a full and well founded faith in the hope you express, that my reputation will indeed stand high hereafter. Already I have enough, but it will be better *discriminated* hereafter. Upon

\* There can be no impropriety in inserting here the opinion of our first living writer, WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

"Wordsworth, whom you first praised, and first thoroughly understood, is often excellent; but his richest veins have a vast quantity of stuff between them which is neither mineral nor mould, but stiff, coarse-grained slag. Then, his inventions are clumsy. What is worse, he will always make you see both the before and the behind of his subject." — *MS. Letter to R. S.*, Nov. 4. 1839.

Landor  
W.S.



“Madoc” I am exercising severe revision. You will see “Thalaba” corrected whenever it be reprinted. My time is unhappily frittered away in little money-getting employments of silent and obscure exertion. “Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus,” &c.\* Howbeit, I am contented;—that is too poor a word—I am pleased and satisfied with my lot. In a profession I might have made a fortune. I shall yet make what will be a fortune to me, and that in a way obedient to the call and impulse of my own nature, and best adapted to develope every moral and intellectual germ implanted in me. How I must by many be regarded as an improvident man, squandering talents that might have made him opulent and raised him to a high rank! Upon their views I confess the charge; but it is a virtue for which I already receive the reward of my own applause, and shall receive the highest rewards as the feelings and truths which I shall enforce produce their effect age after age, so long as our language and our literature endure.

I have had an unpleasant affair with my publishers. I engaged to make a version of “Amadis of Gaul” anonymously, for which I have 60% ; 40% more on the sale of the edition, and 30% on the sale of a second edition. They, very incautiously, though certainly with no mean motive, mentioned my name, and it got into the newspaper. I have been, therefore, obliged to make a new agreement,—to avow the work, receive 100% instead of the 60% ; 50% when the edition is sold, and half the profit of all after editions. God bless you, my dear friend.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

P. S. Robert Lovell has no claim to the freedom of London; his father was a Quaker of Bristol. Coleridge is with me, and I believe going abroad for his health, which suffers dreadfully from this climate.

\* Juv. Sat. iii. 164.

see Lot  
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Jan 30

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Bristol, June 9. 1803.

So!

So!!

So!!!

So!!!!

So!!!!!

So, Mr. Grosvenor Charles Bedford, there are to be Cabinets among my friends, and I am not to be of the Cabinet Council! And there are to be authors among my friends, and I am not to have a presentation copy! There are to be secrets, and slights, and neglects, and incivilities, and I am not to be affronted. Mr. Grosvenor Charles Bedford! Mr. Grosvenor Charles Bedford! but I will be affronted. In the first place, ZOUNDS! And I will have a presentation copy, Mr. Grosvenor Charles Bedford, or else — you Mr. Upholsterer, or Joiner, or Cabinet Maker — or else — or else —

Are not you now a pretty fellow— a *formosus homo*— a *καλὸς ἀνὴρ*, — aye, and a gallows *ἀήνηρ*, to serve me such a trick? But give me leave to tell you, Mr. Bedford, that the secrets of Cabinets are not so inscrutable as you Cabinet Ministers may suppose. The secrets of Mr. Addington's Cabinet get abroad, and the proceedings of Mr. Bonaparte's Cabinet get into the newspapers, and there are ways and means whereby the secrets of Mr. Bedford's Cabinet reach the ears of Mr. Bedford's friends.

My address is No. 12. St. James's Place, Kingsdown, Bristol; and the Bristol coaches all call at the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, and will safely convey the members of the Cabinet to, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

*To Lieutenant Southey, H. M. S. Galatea.*

Bristol, July 13. 1803.

DEAR TOM,

. . . . . I have settled every thing with Longman, and am to manage a Bibliotheca Britannica, of which this is the design :—To give an account, chronologically arranged, of all the books in all the British languages, with biography, criticism, and connecting chapters, so as to form a connected history of English literature; each volume 800 pages in quarto, each page 40 lines : terms, 150*l.* per volume to me, as editor, and manager-in-chief, and absolute director; four guineas per sheet for what is written, five where the subject-author has written in Saxon, Welsh, or Latin. The work will be published in half-volumes, like the Cyclopædia, and we talk of having the first part out by Christmas 1804. So far is settled, and somewhat farther; for I have got the refusal of a house at Richmond, which will be vacant in November, and have arranged with Longman and Rees, that they shall advance me 150*l.* to furnish it; and, still farther than this, I have got half-a-dozen help-mates already: Turner, for the Welsh and Saxon; Carlisle, for the surgery; Captain Burney, for the voyages; Rickman, for Roger Bacon, and what else he may like; Duppa, for books of art. Everybody likes the scheme, which is the most important that has ever been undertaken in this country. I calculate upon writing a quarter part of each volume, upon the average, and thus clearing 250*l.* by each.

I met Pace in London: he is looking for employment, and cannot get it.

Yesterday, Charles and I returned. You may suppose I am busy enough, what with letter-writing, &c.; and now this Bibliotheca business makes it necessary that

I should write to several persons whom I never wrote to before. 'Tis a huge work, but I like it, and can live upon it while I finish my History, and get credit by it into the bargain. If you can command a boat, you can get at Biddlecombe, and home by night, if the weather be fixed and fair: it would be better a month hence, when Rickman will be there. Are you to board the ship for the purpose of pressing men? If so, that is, at any rate, better than lying at Spithead.

God bless you. You shall have a long letter next time; but I must into town. All well. Margery has three teeth.

Yours affectionately,

R. SOUTHEY.

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*To John May, Esq.*

Kingsdown, Bristol, July 20. 1803.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The more I think and talk of the house at Richmond the more I am disposed to have the bargain concluded; that is, if the inside be tolerably convenient, which there should seem little reason to doubt. The taxes, indeed, are very high, but they must bear nearly the same proportion to rent every where in the neighbourhood of London. If you can get sight of the premises, and find them comfortably habitable, as doubtless they must be, I shall be very glad to take it for a term, and have every thing settled. The sooner the better; that, if any unforeseen circumstance prevents us from getting this, we may lose no time in looking out for another.

I was heartily glad to reach home, after the labour of perambulating London every day for a fortnight. That fortnight seems longer than the twelve months which pre-

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ceeded it, and I relapse right gladly to my regular everyday uniformity of scene, society, and action. But this is lazy weather, too hot to go abroad, and almost to do any thing at home. I feel very much like a Portuguese, and could make a *siesta* of all day long. It would be an improvement to live like the owls, by night, at this season. All Bristol is up in arms and volunteering—cool sport for the dog-days. The Duke of Cumberland is to be here to-day, to form a camp upon Leigh Down: luckily, there is the river between, but that camp will spoil the loveliest walks in this neighbourhood, or, perhaps, in this country. All this, however, is very necessary. A few weeks more, and England will be in a formidable state of preparation, if they arm the people as is talked of. I think I can foresee much good to arise out of the present evil—a system more favourable to the morals, and security, and liberties of the country, than that of militias and standing armies.

The letter you sent me contained little more than a message and a note of introduction to the Duke of Bedford, which would have been of no use had it arrived before my departure.

On my return I had a formidable campaign of letter-writing to commence, chiefly *de Bibliothecâ*—to announce the plan and seek associates. This labour, which of all others is the most unprofitable and the least pleasurable, is by no means over yet. The plan becomes daily more methodised in my head, and I recollect and discover more sources of information than at first occurred. I perceive that the great art of my generalship will be to do nothing beneath my commandership's dignity,—to make others pioneer and work in the trenches, and to waste no toil upon what may be executed quite as well, and in all probability better, by my sergeants and corporals. This is particularly the case with regard to examining manuscripts. After I had

mastered the difficulty of decyphering their characters, the expence of time and eye-sight would be more than I ought to afford. My business must be to make others hew in the quarry, and erect the building myself. My old and ugly stall-gleanings are all now turning to account: I call them my ducks—dirty, but good. In turning over these venerables, you would be surprised to see how much I find that bears upon biography, or the general history of manners and science. It delights me to think of resetting the pearls that have lain so long in the dunghill. Shall I not have a claim upon the Humane Society for recovering smothered authors to life?

Your god-daughter had cut three teeth during my absence, at the expence of some indisposition. I wish she slept more, and dreamt less: her little brain is never at rest. All day she is full of life and good humour, but at night the least sound wakes her. Edith is very well, though she grumbles at the hot weather, which seems to agree with none but me and the Salamanders. You will be soon setting out for Wiltshire and the sea. I shall envy you the bathing. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To John Rickman, Esq.*

Bristol, July 27. 1803.

THE *Estrado* is not exactly the *Dais*, though, had I recollected that word, it would have been better than the original. The *dais* is the raised part of great halls; the *estrado* was in every room, and is often used *plurally*. I cannot tell what it was. In Portugal it is *still* not the common custom to use chairs; the female

peasantry and servants usually squat down like the Moors, very sensibly; for in houses that have no fire-places, and doors and windows that never shut close, the petticoats thus keep the feet warm. There are round mats sold for them to squat upon; they puzzled me for some time, seeing them in the shops. In that part of Portugal which was last Moorish, the beds are laid upon a square platform, about half a foot high: this is perhaps something like the old *estrado*; — once, and once only, I saw it reach across a room like a *dais*. Some such platform in days of dirt, when the floors were strewn with rushes, was probably placed for the gentle dames and damsels to squat upon. You will allow it to have been very necessary at one period, when knights, lords, and kings lived in such hourly dangers that they kept their horses ready saddled in their bed-chambers.

Are you right in imputing inconsistency to the character of Lisuaste? He is always proud, but while his pride is well exerted it is not seen to be a vice. Suspicion is a part of his character which does not appear in the first book, but which is no way incompatible with the qualities which do appear. It opens upon you indeed, unawares — as the door is to do upon the bed-chamber that is fit for a bishop. The thing existed, though it had not been laid open. The best preserved character is Oriana's, interesting, yet full of sexual littleness, and true woman to the last.

What a picture of female morals is that book! every good damsel her friend's bawd! The most important corollary which I extract from the book goes to lessen still farther the little merit of Henrique, the patron of discovery; for the notion of finding out unknown islands was common when "Amadis" was written. The lack of Latin is Montalvo's, not Lobeira's.

The main fault in the story certainly is the want of

an equal enemy — of a peer with whom Amadis may be tried; for Arcalaus is a *poor* villain, and *Patin* only a *gander*. Yet there is a great variety of incident, a wonderful change of tones produced from a single string; and the battles are the best I know. They must be good if you can extract a system of armour from them. I shall be glad of it for a better purpose than a frontispiece to “Amadis;” it will help my History. I often found my armorial vocabulary scant, and was obliged to give the straightforward meaning of the thing, having no name for it; but I did give everything scrupulously.

The “Arcadia” is the work of a noble intellect, almost Shaksperian in its powers of language; yet it is too intricate in story, too tangled with episodes. You like it better than “Amadis,” because, with all its trickery of thought, there is a pomp of fancy and a power of words in the narration peculiar to England, and to the summer-season of English genius; but the character of Amadis is naked narration—the plain fact plainly told with little variety of phrase. I scarcely know any book so completely *prose*. But Sidney was a poet, a great and admirable poet. Though he wrote bad *verses* and worse *metre*, yet some of his sonnets have a fine and knight-like flow of *thought* and feeling.

You and Turner puzzle me by your Nicostrata, which is indeed no wonder; for I have scarcely any documents yet for the Gothic period of Spanish history, nor, indeed, except in the laws, shall I enter at all minutely upon that period. That black court-hand cannot be what he introduced; that must be the *French* or *Roman* letter introduced by authority when the poor Gulfilans were ejected.

Pray, pray set at Malthus. Put some stones into my sling to knock down that clumsy Goliath of the *philosophistuli* of the day. Send me what you will. I

Malthus



shall not scruple at plain language. It is my heart's desire to put his rascally book to death and damnation. Farewell.

R. S.

P. S. Our market folk this day unanimously refuse to take the small bank of England bills. Bristol paper they receive without hesitation.

*To John Rickman, Esq.*

Bristol, July 31. 1803.

I HAVE long been in daily expectation of the works of Ambrosio Morales, the *Resendius*, the classical antiquary of Spain. When that arrives, I shall look with some confidence for news of Nicostrata. But may not the lines \* refer to the original *invention* of the Roman letters in Etruria, not to their introduction into Spain? "We Latins" would be the boastful expression of a Vandal-Gothic-Alano-Suevo Roman bishop, writing such Latin verse. The Roman alphabet everywhere followed their conquest, and the written hand of their conquerors would be preserved by the clergy till Eugenius's time, that is, till the Moorish conquest. Then the Arabic language had well-nigh won the victory. The bishops used to complain that their clergy were *critics* in Hebrew and Arabic, and could not read Latin. As late as A. D. 1100, some of the royal wills are written

\* The lines alluded to are as follow : —

Primus *Hebræas* Moses exaravit *litteras*,  
 Mente *Phænices* Sagaci condiderunt *Atticas*,  
 Quas *Latini* scriptitamus, edidit Nicostrata.  
 Abraham *Syras*, et idem repperit *Chaldaicas*,  
 Isis arte non minori protulit *Egyptias*,  
*Gulfila* prompsit *Getorum*, quas videmus ultimas.

in Arabic. The Roman (or French it is called) letter was introduced by force, when the Gothic ritual and the alphabet of Ulphilas were abolished together by the influence of a French queen.

Is there not a confusion between two bishops of that name — the Ulphilas who was bishop of the Visigoths in the reign of Valens, who converted and Arianised them, and the latter author of the Silver MSS.?<sup>\*</sup> The Danes were not Christians till after their power declined, — till after our Norman Conquest; but the Arian bishop was certainly the likeliest man to teach writing with religion; and so, with the Visigoths, it went into Spain; and Eugenius must speak of him before the existence of anything like a manuscript in Denmark. The *ὁμοιοτέλευτα* have in their physiognomies a sort of episcopal pedigree. They would first be used for inscriptions upon tombs, crucifixes, and over church doors; thence all their angles, — and when they were transferred to parchment, a pretty running hand they made! These patterns were accessible to everybody, where one book served half-a-dozen convents.

You scandalise Vasco Lobeira upon grounds too metaphysical — upon the “could not be” species of proof: all romances draw the same picture. Amadis presents an improved morality, as simple seduction is better than adultery. In the Round Table Romances the two best knights intrigue, one with king Mark’s wife (his own uncle), the other with Q. Guenevor; the one seasoning his amusement with what was thought incest, the other with treason. History proves the truth of this picture: high-born bastards were always generally

\* It being contrary to my notions to overload a book with notes, I say nothing of the discussion of names here broached; but, on the mention of the *CODÆX ARGENTEUS*, I cannot omit to state the delight with which I examined it on the spot, nor fail to remember the courtesy with which it was showed to me, many years ago.

acknowledged and ennobled. The fact is, that when kings were christened, they kept what pagan customs they liked best, and polygamy was not soon rooted out; and when it was, the plea of consanguinity allowed them to gratify their passions by a succession of wives. This familiarised concubinage to the higher class of women, as it was to the middle ranks by the sort of left-hand marriages, — the wives by courtesy of the clergy before the great point of celibacy was determined. I can find more causes. Women would not keep strictly what they were always in danger of losing. Every country was then the scene of war, and rape has been always the amusement of soldiers, — the *bonus* granted by all generals down to the days of Edward Mortier and Bonaparte.

All this was yet further helped by their religion; a promise of marriage was marriage *bonâ fide*, and only required a form of confirmation. There were half a score ceremonies for the great: first, the *palabras de futuro*, the future-tense espousals of two children; then the present tense, the *palabras de presente*, from when they were fourteen—well, even this might be set aside, when the young king grew older, if he changed his mind; and then, at last, came a regular church marriage. *Catholicé* Amadis and Oriana are married in the forest.

So much for the causes of lax morals; and as I see what I have been writing are memorandums for history, I may as well go on, and look for the palliations. Religion *imprimis*—that made chastity a virtue *quoad* mortification; but the main antidote seems to have been that general feeling of propriety and convenience which usually actuates the great majority of mankind. The worst plague never decimated Constantinople; so in the plague-period of morality, I take it, that the healthy have always far out-numbered the tainted.

The high and the low classes may both be extremely depraved, while the middle is out of temptation. It is said that there was formerly no middle class; it would be more accurate to say there was no such class as what we mean by the low class—no poor, none who were made vicious by want. No middle class! What were the yeomen, the franklins, the traders?—for traders there have always been in every part of Europe since it was civilised by the Romans. The assertion is only true politically, as it regards loans, elections, &c.; it means that there were no traders who rode in a coach—no monied aristocracy. Coleridge says there has never been a single line of common-sense written about the dark ages. He was speaking of the knowledge and philosophy of that period; and I believe his assertion is true in a more extensive sense.

I have written all this in the idleness of disquietude—too uneasy to settle to any thing. Margaret is suffering sadly with teething, and we cannot employ the means that would benefit her, because they produce such passion, and fear, and agitation as more than counteract the good effect. Her spirits and her appetite are gone, and she loses flesh daily. Poor King, who is our bleeder and purger in ordinary, keeps house with his wife, who is, I fear, past all hope in a childbed fever; so that, instead of having him to help us, I am obliged to go and look after him, and find a far worse house than that I leave at home. So you have the history why I have written a long letter; and I have been so taken up thus that I have let slip the opportunity of sending the books to Captain Burney by Tom.

Tom sails at last for the Cove of Cork, the best of the home stations. Farewell.

R. S.

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*To John May, Esq.*

Bristol, Aug. 19. 1803.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

We are in heavy affliction: my poor child is dying of hydrocephalus, and we have only to pray to God speedily to remove her. She is quite insensible, and that is our main consolation. Edith is suffering bitterly. I myself am recovering, perfectly resigned to the visitation, perfectly satisfied that it is for the best, perfectly assured that the loss will be but for a time.

Never man enjoyed purer happiness than I have for the last twelve months. My plans are now all wrecked. Your letter was matter of some little relief to me. Longman's fears wish to delay the Bibliotheca, and I am rejoiced to have no fetter upon me at present. As soon as it shall please God to remove this little object, I shall, with all speed, set off for Cumberland. Edith will be nowhere so well as with her sister Coleridge. She has a little girl, some six months old, and I shall try and graft her into the wound, while it is yet fresh.

God bless you, my dear friend.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

*To Miss Barker.*

Keswick, Sept. 8. 1803.

SEND me your ink receipt, and without loss of time, for look what a vile mulatto composition is here, and all kickman-jiggery of manuscripts must be at a stand till I get something better. This, being of the first importance, comes first. In the same letter, tell me when you will set forward for these lakes and mountains. God bless them! I look with something like awe and

envy at their unchangeableness. It is but two years since I left them, and I would give two *ears* to wake and find it all but a dream, and that I was as in September 1801; but one's dreams are not at our own disposal. By day, I am the great autocrat of my own thoughts and feelings, and could, I am sure, utter jokes and quiddities upon the rack; but by night, the poor brain gets loose. I and the Blue Devils battle, like the Persian gods, with alternate victory in light and darkness. By day I beat him; but the cowardly Indigo Beelzebub gets at me when I am asleep; and it is but poor consolation to abuse him thus in the morning, after a night's suffering.

Edith cannot sleep, and till she *overgets* this, she cannot be better; opiates take no good effect upon her. She bore the journey well, and we arrived safe and sound yesterday, the third evening.

We took such excellent care of our baggage, that we have great reason to be GLAD, —  
Having lost nothing but my old great coat, and a bundle of dirty linen in its pockets, and Edith's new green PLAID!

So I made this poem, and then, you know, could laugh by way of consolation!

I have to thank you for all the kind attentions we received at Congreve. Edith was certainly the better for being there. She is at first somewhat more dispirited here, as I expected; indeed, the sight of the little Sara, and her infantine sounds, produce in me more shootings of recollection than are good. Coleridge had taught me to expect something beautiful in her: she is a fine child, but, like other fine children, my poor Margaret was the little wonder of every one who beheld her. Sometimes I feel as if it were fit that she should grow up an angel. Few men have had more of these weanings of the heart from earth than have been dealt to me. All who were about my infancy are gone; I have no friends left but those of my own making. All

the faces that I first learnt to love have been taken away, and all prematurely. As far as survivorship gives the feeling, I am old already; but this has been the heaviest blow, and has gone the deepest.

COME! If I twisted language into every possible form of invitation it could not mean more. I shall hardly have enough power over myself to quit the fire-side till you go with me into the fells and valleys. Tell me that you will come, and I will write full directions where to stop, &c. You must see this country once, and when could you see it so well? I have no fixture-feeling about me, no symptoms of root-striking here. Alas! what am I but a feather driven by the wind! God knows where the wind may drive me next. When I so far forget ten years' experience as to form a plan or unduly a hope, my heart goes to Portugal. This is a wonderful country here; it does every thing to the mind except gladden it: but there is a life and joy-giving power in the very air of Portugal,—even to breathe was a pleasure there. I would give one eye to blind Fortune if she would let me look on the Tagus with the other. N. B. She should have the sore one, though. Farewell.

R. S.

P. S. Edith left her silver knife at Congreve. Remember us all thankfully to your sister. I am indebted, also, to Mr. Lewis.

Our direction is "Keswick, Cumberland." Coleridge likes to have "Greta Hall" prefixed.

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*To John May, Esq.*

Keswick, Sept. 22. 1803.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You will, perhaps, have been wondering that I had not earlier written; and earlier I certainly should

have written had there been any thing pleasant to communicate. Here we are, after a long and wearying journey, little short of the whole length of England. On the way, we stayed five days with our friend Miss Barker, whom you saw with us in London. This halt was every way desirable, for Edith was in wretched health when we left Bristol, hardly recovered from a very sharp attack of fever; but she was impatient to be gone. I could tell you what feelings came upon me at leaving the house wherein I had been so happy and so afflicted; but it would be folly not to suppress thoughts that end only in pain.

Nothing in England can be more beautiful than the site of this house. Had this country but the sky of Portugal, it would leave me nothing to wish for. I shall make the experiment this winter; and, if my health bear up well till the next summer, shall look for no other home. But, in truth, my expectations have been so often blighted, that when I think of any plans for the future, it is with the same sort of incredulity that I recollect a dream. Meantime, I make myself as comfortable as I can: to be away from my books is a sore evil. I have sent enough by the waggon to employ me till the experiment of climate be fairly tried; and if it should succeed, can then, without imprudence, collect my scattered sheep. My head, too, is happily well stored with raw materials, which will not be soon exhausted by the manufactory,—and Coleridge is company enough. For one whose habits are so sedentary as mine, and whose inclinations cling so obstinately to the hearth-stone, it is of some consequence to be in a country that tempts him to exercise. I have been round the Lake, and up Skiddaw, and along the river Greta, and to Lodore. If air and exercise were the *panacea*, here I must needs be well.

I wish it were in my power to give you a good account



of Edith ; she is very unwell, and at present incapable of any enjoyment. It has been a heavy blow upon us. My own mind is active even to restlessness, and it has now been exerted to its force, — still the effect is deeper and will be more lasting than I expected. I cannot shut out the shooting recollections that flash upon me. If I yielded to my inclination, it would keep me sauntering in solitude—dreaming of the other world, and the state of the dead. I trust, however, to give you a good sum of my winter's work.

My baggage is arrived—as few books as possible, though enough for many a hard week's occupation. The Chronicle of K. Emanuel, in two great divisions, will alone be a long employment. You know I separate the European and Asiatic history. Look at Neufville or La Clide, where they are chronologically carried on cheek-by-jowl, and you will be satisfied of the necessity of unravelling the two clues. For primary authorities, I have Damian de Goes, and Castanheda in part—the two reprinted volumes. The whole work is so very costly, as to be quite out of my reach. Joam de Barros, from his opportunities and research, deserves also as much credit almost as a contemporary writer. Osorius may possibly elucidate and facilitate arrangement, but I do not expect to glean any facts from him. Mafæus Manoel Faria and San Roman I have left for after collation. It is my plan always to go first to the first sources, and compare my own narration with the compilers afterwards. Zurita is my best Castilian guide, from the period when Arragon lost its individual existence as a kingdom, and the tyranny of the throne and the priesthood were established. Besides these, I have the Chronicle of the Jesuits in Portugal, the life of S. Francisco Xavier, and sundry documents for the history of their mission in Abyssinia. The “ Annual Review,” too, will force me to work. I expect a cargo from that quarter shortly. Have you seen the first

volume? almost the whole of the statistic department is William Taylor's work, most of the Travels mine, but not all; and I hope the difference is manifest. Among sundry miscellaneous articles of my doing, there is an amusing one upon El Tesoro Español, and one of deeper interest upon the Baptist Mission in Hindostan, which I wrote with serious feeling. This subject I shall renew in the next volume, upon the Mission to Otaheite, and it is my intention to belabour the Methodists with a hearty goodwill.

I hope to hear a good account of Mrs. May and your little boy. You are a soldier by this time. I, too, shall fire away at Bonaparte, and perhaps hit him, for he reads the "Morning Post." God bless you.

R. S.

P. S. Direct with S. T. Coleridge, Greta Hall, Keswick, Cumberland.

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*To John King, Esq.*

Keswick, Sept. 28. 1803.

DEAR KING,

A letter to Danvers is a letter to you, and *vice versa*. This duality comprises all my correspondents, and indeed all with whom I have any business in Bristol, as I have no acquaintance with the master of my poor friend Cupid.\*

Charles told me that Mrs. King was better; still I was in hopes that you would have told me so. You do not, sure, suppose that I am indifferent to news concerning her, because I have not written directly to solicit

\* "I have accepted a little whelp, that he may not be drowned, of the rough, black-brindled, dandy-grey-russet colour, and his name is Cupid."—*MS. Letter to G. C. Bedford*, July 13. 1795.

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it. In plain truth, King, the task of writing letters anywhere, and particularly to Bristol, is that of all others to which I am least equal. We are both of us as you would expect: Edith always thinking upon what we never speak of, and I, by hard work or active conversation, driving away recollections which get the better of me in my dreams. My eyes continue very troublesome. I have found relief by fomenting them with warm water,—but then only alleviation. Now I take the sulphate of iron, to put the whole machine in tone. Except for this, I may say that I am well.

What a country is this Land of Lakes, for a man who loves mountains as devoutly as though he were a true-born Swiss! I would try to give you the situation of this house if I could find words enough for the combination of beautiful sights in the panorama which it commands. One of its good effects on me will be to force me often to long walks. We purpose setting out for a three days' ramble, as soon as my eyes and Coleridge's flying gout will let us be tolerably comfortable. Sad news from Lisbon. In that unhappy packet I had, as I expected, a whole cargo of books, the very books most wanted, and for which I had been twelve months waiting. Poor Yescombe, the captain, had his thigh broke in the action, and the wound was supposed to be mortal. By the same letter I learn that Yescombe had sent off (it must be two months ago) a parcel of books for me from Falmouth, directed to me with the wise title of author of "Joan of Arc"—what devil put such an idea into his head the devil best knows—and that he addressed a letter to me, announcing their off-set, in like manner. I went repeatedly to the waggon-warehouse to inquire for this parcel, though, as you may suppose, by no such address. Now, do beg Danvers to lose no time in inquiring again; and if no tidings can be found let him write to the Falmouth waggoner, paying the postage.

The value of the books is about eleven guineas. No doubt they may be recovered by such application.

I may as well go on with commissions. Tell Charles to ship me off six dozen of port by a Liverpool vessel, directed here by way of Whitehaven. It will be forwarded as regularly as by a waggon. And in the hamper or box, let him put in a quarter of a pound or half a pound of the crystallised lemon-juice which you use, for no lemons are to be had here, and Edith is so fond of vegetable acids that I am sure they do her good.

Since our arrival, I have finished the book of "Madoc" whereof you saw the beginning: that which is to follow will be of less easy execution. I do not see the plan of it before me; but, however, faith does wonders. These things with me are like the Quaker's inspiration; when I sit down the thoughts come and flow fluently enow, if the state of the ink permit. I have also done some little history, about as much as will take a printer, travelling at his usual rate, the same time to imprint. My reading has been more assiduously pursued, somewhat extravagantly in regard to the winter stock of books before me. You would be pleased at seeing some of the odd things I fell in with in these excellent old Chroniclers, if I were near enough to avail myself of your ears. Poor young Emmet! I knew much of him from many conversations with his most intimate friend at Dublin. He was an admirable man. God Almighty seldom mixes up so much virtue and so much genius in one, or talents as ennobled. In the last rebellion he escaped by excavating a hiding-place under the study in his father's house. There he lived six weeks, having food, books, and a light, by night going out into the Park for exercise. And thus he continued till he found means for escaping. And now, — the stony hearts and the leaden heads that manage this poor world! as if the fear of death ever

deterred any man from treason who could make treason dangerous! I would send Wm. Taylor this story of his hiding-place, for he, I know, will write his Eulogium in the "Iris;" but it must not be published lest some other poor fellow may now be in the same asylum. To have spared that young man's life would have indeed strengthened the government. Had they said to him, "Promise to plot no more and you shall be free," such a man would have been as safe under such a promise as in the grave. But so it is; the king has no heart for pardon: he wants goodness, and his counsellors want understanding. If they mean to extirpate disaffection in Ireland by the gallows, they must sow the whole island with hemp.

A relation of Wordsworth's here, a liquor-merchant, has applied to Coleridge for help, and he applies to you. By accident he has mixed two gallons of brandy with sixty gallons of gin, and so spoiled the colour as to render it unsaleable. God bless you, Sir Basileus! I once thought of a ballad wherein the personage was to be a little old man who had the power of extending any part of his body to any length. If I had that gift myself, I would crane out my neck over the three hundred miles between the Greta and the Avon, and look in at your window. But, upon calculation, it would be tedious work talking when the lungs were so far off the larynx! Remember me to Mrs. King, and write me a speedy letter. I wish to think of you as being once again at ease and happy. You, and I, and Danvers have had our share of evil since last March — one after the other. Vale.

R. S.

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*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M.P.*

Keswick, Sept. 28. 1803.

DEAR WYNN,

I am thinking, or rather trying to think, about a song for you; and if I can make a good one you shall have it; but motions of the brain are not like motions of the bowels, though Dryden, by his remedy of stewed prunes, seemed to think them so.

My reviewing work lies before me, like a holyday's task; but an ugly job left till the very last. "Owen Cambridge," whom you so much admire, is among the prisoners, and a great volume of the "History of Maritime Discovery" by Stanier Clarke, which said Clarke I am breaking upon the wheel for the crimes of pedantry, stupidity, jackassness, and pickpocketry. "Maddoc" goes on, and if my poor eyes allow, you shall have a good spell of books for a Christmas dish. But still, history suits me best. Do you know that the Portuguese got at Timbuctoo? Now, as they did get there, and yet say nothing particular about it, it is a very fair corollary that Timbuctoo is not very much better than the other collections of negro-sties which are called cities in Africa. The state of society in Negroland puzzles me. We read of cities, and courts, and palaces, and kings—and kings they are to all intents and purposes; yet when we think of one of these King Toms, with a captain's old coat, a pair of Monmouth-street red breeches, a tye-wig, playing with his brass buttons, or with a rattle, one wonders how the devil they came by the forms of a regular government. They look to me like a degraded race, as if they had been civilised once, and had sunk into the dotage, the second childhood, of society.

Your wine is ordered: as I gave no directions for the payment, the merchant has drawn upon the gentleman to whom it is assigned. I have had a grievous loss:

a whole cargo of books, for which I had been waiting and my uncle searching two years, taken in the King George packet. Among them was the oldest poem about the Cid, and the oldest Gothic codes. Surely, in time of war, our packets ought to be armed, vessels or frigates. We give our mail-coach a guard, and yet leave our foreign mails to the mercy of every French privateer.

My eyes are very bad again. This is a sore evil, and I fear it will cling to me. In other respects I am well, and should be sufficiently happy were it not for the stinging recollection how much happier I have been. In company, I am not less alive and cheerful than ever, but when alone, I feel myself sadly different from what I was. As if the roots which attach me to earth were all loosened my head does not teem with plans and hopes as it used to do. I go to "Madoc" and my History with a feeling that when I have finished them my work will be done. This feeling makes me regard them with deeper interest, and proceed more perseveringly, lest they should not be finished. God bless you.

R. S.

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*To Charles Danvers, Esq.*

Keswick, Oct. 1803.

DEAR DANVERS,

Since my last I have taken very vigorous exercise, and am the better for it. One morning round the Lake, a ten or twelve miles' walk, — only disagreeable as being solitary. Yesterday with Coleridge to the top of Skiddaw, the work of four and a half hours, that is, there and back; but the descent is mere play. Up hill a man's wind would fail him, though his lungs were as capacious as a church-organ, and the legs would ache though the calves were full-grown bulls. The panorama

from the summit is very grand, — not indeed equal to what I have seen from Monchique, neither in height nor in its whole beauty, but in some certain features certainly of unequalled interest, — the Lakes Keswick and Bassenthwaite lying below us, and seeming each to fill its vale; for the shores are merged in the mountains, and quite lost as you look down, whereas the water, lying all in light, is seen in its full extent. The summit is covered with loose stones split by the frosts, and thus gradually are they reduced to a very rich soil, and washed down to the glens, so that, like old women, Skiddaw must grow shorter. For some little distance below, nothing but moss grows — for it is bitter bleak there, next-door to heaven. To-day I have been tracking the river Greta, which, instead of *Great A*, ought to have been called *Great S*; but its name hath a good and most apt meaning, “The loud Lamerter.” It is a lovely stream. I have often forded such among the mountains of Algarve, and lingered to look at them with a wistful eye, — if I may so express myself, with a feeling that it was the only time I was ever to behold the scene before me, so beautiful! That feeling has often risen in me when gazing upon the permanent things of nature which I am beholding but for a time. God knows I often looked upon my poor child with the same melancholy, as though to impress more deeply in remembrance a face whose beauties were certainly to change, and perhaps to pass away. How glad shall I be to show you these things, and to make you confess that if he who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb should brace me up to the climate, this is the best place for my sojourn! We had, indeed, a gloomy and comfortless parting. Your comforts had been more deeply rooted up than mine; and yet the axe cut deep at mine. Edith continues as you would expect — silently and deeply affected. I have not yet been able to get her out of the house, though our weather has been uncommonly fine; and



without exercise the tonics which she takes under Doctor Southey (!) will be of little avail. Last night, indeed, we went to see a set of strollers play "She stoops to conquer." Nothing could be worse,—and that, you know, was the merit we desired. But it made me melancholy to see such a set of wretches collected together,—one of them an old man, I am sure little short of fourscore, lean and lantern-jawed, and so ripe for the grave, that his face was as striking a *memento mori* as ever glared in gold letters under the skull and thigh bones of a tombstone.

Moses\* grows up as miraculous a boy as ever King Pharaoh's daughter found his namesake to be. I am perfectly astonished at him; and his father has the same sentiment of wonder and the same forefeeling that it is a prodigious and an unnatural intellect,—and that he will not live to be a man. There is more, Danvers, in the old woman's saying, "he is too clever to live," than appears to a common observer. Diseases which ultimately destroy, in their early stages quicken and kindle the intellect like opium. It seems as if death looked out the most promising plants in this great nursery, to plant them in a better soil. The boy's great delight is to get his father to talk metaphysics to him,—few *men* understand him so perfectly;—and then his own incidental sayings are quite wonderful. "The pity is,"—said he one day to his father, who was expressing some wonder that he was not so pleased as he expected with riding in a wheelbarrow,— "the pity is that *I*'se always thinking of my thoughts." The child's imagination is equally surprising; he invents the wildest tales you ever heard,—a history of the Kings of England, who are to be. "How do you know that this is to come to pass, Hartley." "Why you know it must

\* Poor Hartley Coleridge's nick-name.

be something, or it would not be in my head ;” and so, because it had not been, did Moses conclude it must be, and away he prophesies of his King Thomas the Third. Then he has a tale of a monstrous beast called the Rabzeze Kallaton, whose skeleton is on the outside of his flesh ; and he goes on with the oddest and most original inventions, till he sometimes actually terrifies himself, and says, “ *I*’se afraid of my own thoughts.” It may seem like superstition, but I have a feeling that such an intellect can never reach maturity. The springs are of too exquisite workmanship to last long. . . . . God bless you. I miss you, and King, and Cupid, and my books, and sometimes James the bookseller. Would to God that was all that I missed ! but that God’s will is best has been at all times present to my heart and reason.

R. S.

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*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M. P.*

Keswick, Oct. 28. 1803.

DEAR WYNN,

If a Lieutenant-Colonel, who has all the volunteers of two huge counties to command, can find leisure for those researches which entitle him to the degree of F. A. S., he may help out a poem, which certainly ought to entitle me to the Poet Laureatship of the Principality.

What was the dress of the Welsh ? I have given Ririd at a venture a shirt of fine linen, a tunic, an embroidered girdle, a mantle bordered with fur, and a fur cap, and he looks very well in it. Supposing that they had assimilated to Saxon decency, I would have given him breeches ; but neither breeches, small-clothes, indescribable pantaloons, nor galligaskins could be put in English verse. Stockings may have been in use then, but could not when the king *had a pedifer* to chafe his feet as he sat at table.

I am going to carry Madoc to Bardsey, if you have Powell or Warrington at hand to tell me which of the old kings were buried there. Owen Gwynedd and his father Gryffith were buried at Bangor. I could make a swelling and sonorous passage about the old gentlemen and their worthinesses, if I knew them. The extracts which I made at Wynnstay from the Royal Tribes and the Gwydir History are becoming very useful. It was unfortunate that we did not visit Bardsey; I feel it now. This Welsh part of the poem will be very Odyssey-like. I am weaving into it all the collectable circumstances of the time and manners of the people in this order:—Journey to Mathraual; the Hirlas Horn; the Grave of Jorwerth at Pennant Melangle; the Meeting of the Bards; Dinevawr and the Embassy of Gwgan\* of Caer Einion from the Royal Tribes. Thus far is done. Then come Bardsey and Llewelyn; the Child of Hoel; the Excommunication of Owen Cyveilioc at Bangor for not crusading; and the Priest detected by Madoc in digging a hole from his father's grave through into the churchyard to eject his body, he having died under the censure of the church (from Giraldus and your friend Mr. Yorke). This will tell well; and Madoc shall carry over the bones of Owen to America. I shall then try my strength with Camoens and Valerius Flaccus (who was a man of far more genius) in the embarkation scene. I can find a place for only one picture, and that will be taken from the Llanberris scenery—about the village, not the lake. Dinevawr is such mere English scenery that I have but hinted at it, to contrast it with glens and mountains; but the Tivey † had beavers in the days of Giraldus; and I have shown Madoc one poor hermit,—one to put him in

\* Or "Goagan." See note, Poems, p. 346. (one vol. edit.)

† So "Teivi" is written, in Giraldus Cambrensis, for the Towy. See Poems, p. 345.

mind of his own countrymen. I wish your brother would colonise the Dee with some of the old Welshmen. There is something to me very affecting in the extirpation of so interesting an animal.

*Hei mihi!* that I have written no song! Whether it be that "Madoc" has monopolised my whole stock of ideas, or that my gift is in singing songs, not writing them, my feelings when I have been trying are either the contempt that would make "vile ballads of mockery," or a forefeeling of triumph ready to break out into prophetic hymns of victory. I begin to fear they will not attempt invasion.

This war with Portugal affects me in both senses of the word. Of course it will drive my uncle to England, and so somewhat influence my choice of an abiding place. It cuts off all supply of books, reducing me to feed upon the charity of great men's libraries; for I have no resource but in Lord Bute; and it ruins the pleasantest hope I entertained—that of speedily crossing over to the land I love. God-a-mercy, that a fellow whelped in Corsica, and living in France, should interfere with the studies of a poor historian by the side of Lake Derwentwater!

God bless you. I am well and active, both in body and mind. *Hæret lateri!* Yet am I the better for it. It seems to have connected me with the other world, given me new relations to it, and loosened my roots here.

R. S.

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*To John King, Esq.*

Keswick, Nov. 19. 1803.

DEAR KING,

I could find in my heart to begin this letter in hearty good anger, if there was not a good reason

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for beginning it with something else. It will be delivered to you by Mr., once the Reverend Thomas, Clarkson, a man whose name will hold an honourable place in the history of England, who began \* the discussions concerning the Slave Trade in this country, and who, by the indefatigable and prodigious exertions which he made, well nigh ruined his health as well as his fortunes. His wife is a woman of superior understanding, from the neighbourhood of Norwich. God grant that Beddoes may save her life. Clarkson has renounced his cloth from scruples of conscience, and now inclines to the Quaker principles: he is writing a book about them. Danvers gives me but sad accounts of Mrs. King, though they come with the word better. She has had a dreadful period of suffering, and yours must have been even worse, for one makes up a sort of comfort from enduring bodily pain bravely. The last news I saw of you was in Beddoes's pamphlet, how you have a new institution on the Quay. By this time you have probably seen and detected William Taylor's articles in the "Annual Review." I am hard at work for my next year's *quantum*, killing and slaying, or rather, in your way, anatomising the dead. One most complete scoundrel has been by God's judgment consigned over to my tribunal, some fellow, who writes under the assumed name of Peter Bayley, Jun., Esq. He has stolen from Wordsworth in the most wholesale way and most artfully, and then at the end of his book thinks proper to abuse Wordsworth by name. I mean to prove his thefts one by one, and then call him rascal. Godwin's "Life of Chaucer," is to be sent me. A book of Bristol printing is come to me, which you should read,

\* There is no need to jostle two good names one against the other, to the injury of either; but what is stated by Southey is strictly correct. The exertions of Clarkson preceded those of Wilberforce.

—Davis's "Travels in America." It should rather have been called, *Memoirs of his Life in America*. He is a vain man, and I should distrust his moral feelings, but most undoubtedly a man of great talents: by all means read his book; it will affect you in parts, and you will easily pardon the faults of a self-taught man, struggling with poverty, and consoling himself by pride. My brother Harry is removed to Edinburgh, where I suppose he will soon blaze as the comet of the Medical Society. He will be a shining man, having great talents and as much emulation as possible, — a very good thing in the way of the world and for making way in the world, but a very bad thing in every other point of view. I recollect nothing in the history of my own feelings with more satisfaction than the complacency with which I let many a dull fellow stand above me in my form, and the perfect resignation with which I wrote Latin worse than anybody who could not write Latin at all. A coxcomb Etonian was once fawning about Coleridge at Cambridge, on occasion of some prize, *blarneying* (Mrs. King will explain the word), and assuring him that he must get it, till Coleridge growled out at last, "No, Mr. F., the boot fits you; I can't get my leg in." Coleridge is now in bed with the lumbago. Never was poor fellow so tormented with such pantomimic complaints; his disorders are perpetually shifting, and he is never a week together without some one or other. He is arranging materials for what, if it be made, will be a most valuable work, under the title of "Consolations and Comforts," which will be the very essential oil of metaphysics, fragrant as otto of roses, and useful as wheat, rice, port wine, or any other necessary of human life. For my own proceedings, Danvers will have told you how "Madoc" comes on. I have since taken a spell of history, and shall now again return to the poem, and run my race. My last

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labour has been the discovery of India, and the first proceedings of the Portuguese there, to the amount of about the quarter of a quarto volume. This is a very interesting period of history, and the facts related by the contemporary historians lead to some curious collaries, which will justify a view of society in those ages somewhat different from what has heretofore been presented. I see prodigious mischief produced by the Portuguese conquests, much consequent barbarism, and perhaps the very preservation of earlier society thus wrought, and only thus possible. If it were not for my unhappy eyes I should have no bodily grievance to complain of: they tease me, though now better than when last I wrote. I have this day been staining paper with an infusion of tobacco, to render candlelight writing more tolerable. Remember me kindly to Mrs. King. God bless you.

R. S.

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*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M. P.*

Keswick, Nov. 24. 1803.

DEAR WYNN,

I have received yours with its contents this evening.

Last night I finished my Bardsey book, and very much to my own satisfaction. With local and particularising scenery of course nothing could be done, for I have not been able to find any account whatever of the island. I have found out a fine description of a fine autumn day with shore objects, and made good use of my Catholic knowledge in a service for the dead. Then, too, Llewelyn is introduced in a coracle. My mountaineering recollections are to come in the next book; some images I learnt by Llanberris. The best

is one which came to me at Wynnstay,—there where the Dee has some outlandish name,—where we saw the French duke drawing after all the objects of sight. I shall turn to those of sound, which always affect me very much, and, having dwelt on them, add, “A blind man would have loved that lovely spot.” Your Dee, certes, is a most lovely river between Llangollen and Corwen,—there where it rolls over amber-coloured rocks. But the finest river scenery we saw in Wales was before Llanrwst, in that wild valley where the river so often rested in dark dead pools; what the Spaniards call the *remansos* of the river. Oh, I could show you such a mountain river here in our Greta,—“the Loud Lamerter,” which is the plain English of its Norse name! (by-the-by *gritar* is the Portuguese word to lament aloud)—and such a famous bridge, over which Peter Elmsley could no more pass, with his load of flesh and blood, than the heaviest can get over the razor-edged bridge leading to Paradise over Hell.

I am reviewing a history of the Methodists, a plain matter-of-fact book, which none but Methodists read now, but which will be consulted by the historians of England. I will blow the trumpet. God bless you.

R.S.

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*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M. P.*

Keswick, Dec. 1803.

DEAR WYNN,

My thanks to Lady Cunliffe. I shall try her prescription.

I have been writing an account of Methodism for the “Annual Review,” which (pardon my modesty) is I think excellently done. Indeed, it almost tempted me to extend the thing to a pamphlet, and publish it under



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some *nom de guerre*, with a dedication to the Archbishop of Canterbury; and if A. Aikin should object to it as too pamphleteering for his works, I have desired him to return it for that purpose. The danger is of far greater extent than you are aware; they are, literally and precisely speaking, an Ecclesiastical Corresponding Society — a set of United Methodists. They have a system of confession more fatal in its moral consequences than the Popish; and they have increased above 38,000 in the last ten years. I speak on the authority of one of their own writers. My aim has been to blow the trumpet and to turn alarmist; but if I ever enlarge upon the subject I should enter on the state of the Church Establishment also, and use the probe and the lancet with friendly severity. Wm. Taylor has reviewed "Thalaba" in the "Critical," which I wish to see; the poor book will now have had its full counterpoise of praise.

To-morrow I go for a day or two to Sir Wilfred Lawson's, induced by the fame of his library, of which he is Heberishly liberal; but, unlike Heber, he knows nothing about their contents. You ask me when you are to see me in London. *Dios es que sabe!* or, in plain English, God knows!—for I have neither wish, prospect, nor intention of that kind. Here I must of necessity stay for some months till Edith can travel; nor have we then any motive for removal to any place. If the printing "Madoc," should require my presence I shall prefer Edinburgh to London; but that will not take place for many months. I live cheaply here. I delight in the country (certainly my study commands *the finest view* in England), and society is to me like claret, a luxury which I enjoy when it falls in my way, but which I never want. As yet the climate has agreed quite marvellously with me; if a house to suit me were to offer, *almost* I think I should send for my books, and

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look forward to a freehold resting-place in Crossthwaite Churchyard. God bless you.

R. S.

*To H. Southey, Esq.*

Keswick, Jan. 23. 1804.

DEAR HARRY,

My last letter crost yours upon the road, and had noticed its most material contents. I look daily for letters from Lisbon, which will say something concerning you, and enable us to make your future supplies regular and certain.

T.'s pamphlet has this day reached Keswick, as a present to Coleridge. He has written very foolishly, and in a very foolish spirit, but the impression which the pamphlet leaves upon one's mind is that he is a blockhead. I see by it that my "Amadis" has been reviewed; tell me in your next in what manner, that is, whether so as by its tone to assist or depress the sale. Wm. Taylor wrote the reviewal of "Thalaba," which I have not yet seen. It gave me pleasure to learn by your letter, as indeed I have thought perceptible in the "Iris," that my abuse of his jaw-breakers, as Tom calls them, has not been without effect. He wants nothing but a purer style. No human being has more fancy, and scarcely any so much information. Coleridge and Rickman are the only two men in my knowledge who equal him, in the whole of their minds, each possessing something which he does not, and each in some respect his inferior. They make my Trinity of living greatness.

I have applied to Arthur Aikin to give you some employment in the third "Annual," with what success is yet to be seen. My work for the second is not yet over, another parcel being promised me by the next carrier.

The book has been very successful, 1200 of 2000 sold, and the demand still unabated; yet if Wm. Taylor's article had been withdrawn, it had been but a heavy piece of business! I take too little pleasure and too little pride in such work, to do it well; what there is good in my articles are the mere eructations from a full stomach. Their honesty is their best part.

There came a young man here, some months ago, who boasted of some connection with the "Edinburgh R.," after I had called J—— a few names, in the hope that they might reach him. He is a draftsman (artist, I believe, is the present title), —— his name. I thought him very dull, and, what was worse, intolerably envious of all merit; but he draws with admirable patience and accuracy.

As soon as this next batch is over, it is my design to give an undivided attention to "Madoc," the correction of which will be finished by the summer. I have offered it to Longman, on these terms, that, if he will publish it handsomely and with prints (for which I shall procure designs), I shall be content to share his eventual profits. As the printing must be under my own eye, it is not improbable that I may choose Edinburgh for the place, and pass my next winter there. Miss Barker (whom you saw in London) will make the drawings, to my own taste, for they will be under my own eye, as we expect her here in the spring. The main object is to assist the reader, by giving him distinct images of the costume — of the tools with which I am working.

You have, ere this, heard of Burnett's odd fortune, — odd rather than good, — for, knowing nothing of foreign literature, he will make but a bad librarian to a Polish count. I wrote to him in rather a dehortatory strain, applying the old proverb of the "bird in hand." A militia surgeoncy was no bad situation for him, as he

lived well, and would have had practice enough to make him fit for something whenever he should be disbanded. Of Edward no news, which is good news: his aunt will, I guess, try to buy a commission for him; that he should ever be good for anything else is quite hopeless. To Tom you *should* write, and must now direct Galatea, Barbadoes, *or elsewhere*. The packets, go monthly, and no inland postage is to be paid.

A little volume of poems by Henry Kirke White, of Nottingham, has excited some interest in me for the author, who is very young, and has published them in the hope of obtaining help to pursue his studies and graduate for orders. If you have interest enough with the Scotchmen (the Reviewers), and if they have hearts enough to do anything good, do recommend the book to their favourable consideration.

There is a wild little poem there to a Rosemary bush\*, which affected me. The poor boy is sickly, and will, I suppose, die of consumption. I hope not; but it would gratify me if I could anyways, directly or indirectly, serve him. In the "Annual" I have been his friend.

I have been three days at Sir Wilfred Lawson's, where company, late hours, and late drinking, though not hard drinking, somewhat hurt me; and I rejoiced to relapse into my old regularity, with which I speedily recovered. I brought home a few of his books; but his collection, though uncommonly expensive, is not valuable. It is more of prints than books. One of my ragged regiments have more "guts in their brains" than a whole army of his gentlemen in laced jackets. God bless you.

R. S.

\* Some years ago, I plucked a spray from the rosemary tree at Sloley House, Norfolk, which was a cutting\* from the original bush. It still thrives in my garden here, and is a memento of poor Henry Kirke, and of my excellent friend and host (since departed), Benjamin Cubitt, Esq.

*To Miss Barker.*

Keswick, 1804.

SENHORA!

Either Mr.— seriously expects Bonaparte to conquer England and you to be hung upon the same principle that Edward the First executed the old Bards, or else the man's a fool. By-the-by, that execution is finely narrated by old Sir John Wynne: — “He caused them all to be hanged by martial law as stirrers of the people to sedition!”

We go on pretty much as usual: Edith but ailing; Coleridge quacking himself for complaints that would tease any body into quackery; I myself pretty well, I thank ye, bating eyes that, like Bonaparte, are always threatening mischief. Coleridge and I are the best companions possible, in almost all moods of mind, for all kinds of wisdom, and all kinds of nonsense, to the very heights and depths thereof.

I have a large room as a study, so large that, God help me, I look in it like a cock-robin in a church. The walls have only their first coat of plaister on (don't be frightened, 'tis quite dry, and has been so these two years). The ceiling has all the crosslines of the trowel. My furniture is about as much as a poor fellow has in the Fleet Prison,— two chairs and a little round table. The wind comes in so diabolically that I could sometimes fancy myself in the cold provinces of Luciferland, if it were not that the view from the window is as heavenly as those on earth can be; so that, from the mixture, you may set it down to be my purgatory, a state of torment with heaven in view. But I am going, as we used to do at Westminster, to string curtains across, and so partition myself up into a corner with the fireplace. Here I sit alone, Piggarell only being permitted to

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enter. She passes about half her time here. Here I have worked like a negro. One cargo of the "killed and wounded" *i. e.* the reviewed books, is sent away. A damned regiment are still to be killed off,—all the trash that disgraces the English press, which is indeed at a miserable ebb; and I expect every day another batch, to include Gobwin's "Life of Chaucer." Oh! do you know who is the man who has published a volume of poems under the assumed name of Peter Bayley, Jun. Esq. : he talks of his native Wever, which may be a sham; but that, you know, is in your part of the world. The Lord in heaven have mercy on that gentleman-scoundrel, whosoever he be! for I have got him upon my thumb-nail, and shall crack him, Senhora, for a *fidalgo*. He hath committed high treason against me in the first place; but what he is to be damned for is, first, having stolen by wholesale from the "Lyrical Ballads," and then abusing Wordsworth by name. I will break him upon the wheel, and then hook him up alive, *in terrorem*, and make his memory stink in the noses of all readers of English, present and to come. I wish he could know that his book has been sent to me to be reviewed, and that Wordsworth has now got it to claim his own whenever he finds it. Every peacock's feather shall be plucked out; and then his tail will be left in a very fit and inviting condition for a cat o' nine tails.

I believe Coleridge has made up his mind to go to Malta for change of climate, and will set out by the first ship. Remember you, that this not being a country of fine trees, summer and winter make a less difference to the painter than in the West of England, and as soon as the spring begins to make everything alive you must please to come and make us alive. Do, do, draw figures instead of kick-man-giggery, that you may make

new again - a head become  
 sharper unless he become too thin  
 Mayor - the best thing that will happen

*In the letter long complaint of his brother Coleridge  
how he has been pursued not observed [?] from nature  
about his nature & heart - now 405  
[see copy below]*

*Keswick Dec 11. 1803*

try this without publishing my intention at first, because a public failure would be unpleasant and perhaps lessen the marketable value of the ware, when I should be obliged to carry it to a chapman. If you can get me a few names I am sure you will: a quarto for a guinea,—the money on delivery of the book. I shall print it next winter; and then, having built my monument (if it were not for this history of mine), I should feel and think that my work was done.

*see copy 455  
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“We are fixed here for some time,—indeed, I trust, till we fix decidedly; will you be our guest in the summer? \* You will see Coleridge (who much desires to see you) and Wordsworth, and if Harry should not come here to meet you, and you should like to advance to Edinburgh, I will accompany you there: it is a long way truly, but the place deserves a second visit, and would reclaim you from some of your Netherlandish heresies.

“The ‘Iris’ is not only a very interesting paper, but is now the only interesting one. Your ballad of the ‘Old Woman’ has some excellent

\* In a previous letter of the 23rd of October, which is among those omitted, an invitation to the same effect had been already given:—

*My younger brother*

“Can you not visit Keswick next summer? Coleridge will talk German with you; he is very desirous of knowing you; and he is a sufficient wonder of nature to repay the journey even if we had no lakes and mountains.”

*has been persuaded by his mad aunt to  
leave the navy - must have some money  
her - & spending money & drawing on me - bills  
Oct 15 I have protested - will be in the navy*

parts in it : the conception has far more power of fancy than mine ; mine, indeed, is the mere narration of the true story. But your language wants ease and perspicuity ; and there is a mixture of the ludicrous and the shocking, which, instead of amalgamating into the grotesque, has curdled,—each remaining separate and yet polluted : still it is a fine poem, and most evidently the work of an extraordinary man. I regret that the poor ‘Anthology’ is discontinued, for it would have given me great pleasure to have seen it in those types and on that paper.

“Coleridge is going into Devonshire to winter for his health. I know not when any of his works will appear, and tremble lest an untimely death should leave me the task of putting together the fragments of his materials ; which in sober truth I do believe would be a more serious loss to the world of literature than it ever suffered from the wreck of ancient science. God bless you !

“ Yours very affectionately,

“ ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

*William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 34.)*

“ My dear Friend, “Norwich, January 5, 1804  
 “ Many happy years to you and yours ! I am very glad to learn through Dr. Reeve, who has

*Memoranda when I got the*

*verified (S.D.)*



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*Keesech Jan 7. 1804*

only of the thousand were sold in July last,—that is, in two years. If I could live upon fame, or if it did not discourage my booksellers more than it does me, I should be very indifferent about this ; but while they can employ me more to their own advantage in little underling works, of course they will do it, and I must let things alone more commensurate to my strength and more suitable to my inclination. *Non enim nobis, qui sub sole et pulvere indies laboramus, licet esse tam beatis, ut cæteris soluti curis, unico negotio opera atque animo incumbamus. Alio nos vocant quotidianæ vitæ curæ et sollicitudines, et frigidæ plerumque occupationes, quæ simul et avocant animum et comminuunt.* There is a lamentable truth in this complaint of poor Cave, whereof I have had lamentable experience. However, my job of annual slaughter is just brought to a conclusion, and I will have a fair run of three months before another thought of ways and means shall take off my morning attention from ‘Portugal’ and my evening from ‘Madoc.’ I have now only Malthus’s book upon hand,—thus long delayed in expectation that Coleridge would put his Samson gripe upon that wretched Philistine.

“Your advice about ‘Madoc’ accords very much with my own opinion, which I had yielded to friendly importunity. What you say about a novel does not please me so well ; my moral

stomach actually turns at the thought. In reviewing a 'History of the Methodists' I have been led into such a train of reasoning and speculating, and worked up into such a good, honest, hearty, cursing and swearing passion, that I have been half disposed to suppress the article and write a volume instead, and dedicate it under some *nom de guerre* to the Archbishop of Canterbury; and if A. Aikin should find me too pamphleteering for his great volume, this I shall assuredly do.

“ You will, I am certain-sure, be well pleased with my history, whenever I shall have an opportunity of showing it you: there will be more industry put into it and more honest labour than have gone into any English book for the last century. I am almost as certain-sure that you will be equally satisfied with 'Madoc'; and if we should not meet before the publication is begun, I will rather copy it book by book for your fault-finding eye than let it want that most useful correction. But I hope we shall tempt you here in the summer: Skiddaw is an excellent bait. Something is doing about the poor, under the management of Poole, by Rickman's influence,—a man somewhat akin to Rickman in intellect, with far less learning, but perhaps with wider views,—the fittest man in the world for his colleague. I have a hope to see Rickman one day

“ Thompson, the friend of Burns, whose correspondence with him about songs fills the whole fourth volume, has applied to me to write him verses for Welsh airs: of course I have declined it; telling him that I could as soon sing his songs as write them, and referring him to Harry, whom he knows, for an estimate of that simile of disqualification. Still I am at reviewing; but ten days will lighten me of that burthen, and then huzza for history, and huzza for Madoc, for I shall be a free man again! I have bought Pinkerton’s Geography after all, for the love of the maps, having none; it is a useful book, and will save me trouble.

“ We shall not think of holding any part of St. Domingo. What has been done can only have been for the sake of what plunder was to be found, and perhaps also to save the French army from the fate which they so justly deserved. God forbid that ever English hand be raised against the negroes in that island! Poor wretches! I regard them as I do the hurricane and the pestilence, blind instruments of righteous retribution and divine justice; and sure I am that whatever hand be lifted against them will be withered. Of Spanish politics I can say nothing, nor give even a surmise. Here at home we have the old story of invasion; upon which the types naturally range themselves into a very alarming and loyal leading paragraph. Let him come, say I, it will be a fine thing for the bell-ringers and the tallow-chandlers.

“ I trust this will reach you before your departure. Write immediately on your arrival, and afterwards

by every packet, for any omission will make me uneasy. I will not be remiss on my part.

“God bless you! Edith’s love. A happy new year, and many returns!

R. S.”

*To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.*

“Greta Hall, Keswick, Jan. 9. 1804.

“*Infailix homo! infailix homo!* said a German to Coleridge, who did not understand for whom he was inquiring by the name of *Tôctôr Tôd*; *infailix homo! suspensus a patibulo!* Without any patibulary reflexion, *infailix homo* is the soul of exclamation that your letter prompts. Zounds! if Giardini were in your inside, what an admirable solo he might play upon guts that must, by this time, have been fretted to fiddle-strings! I verily believe that your gripes must be organic, and not, as in all other men, bagpipical.

“The plain English of all this is, that your metaphysics, as you call them, are to your mind what a regular course of drastic physic would be to your body,—very disagreeable, and very weakening; that, being neither a man of business, nor of fashion, nor of letters, you want object and occupation in the world; and that if you would study Arabic, Welsh, or Chinese, or resolve to translate *Tristram Shandy* into Hebrew, you would soon be a happy man.

“ . . . . .  
Here we live as regularly as clock-work; indeed, more

regularly than our own clocks, which go all paces. The old Barber has been at work for some days. I take Horace's liberty to personify the sky, and then simply barbarise the prosopopœia.

“ Of the only three visitable families within reach, one is fled for the winter, and the others flying. *N'importe*, our dog Dapper remains, and he is as intimate with me as heart could wish. I want my books, and nothing else; for, blessed be God, I grow day by day more independent of society, and feel neither a want nor a wish for it. Every thing at present looks, from the window, like the confectioners' shops at this season in London; and Skiddaw is the hugest of twelfth-cakes: but when I go down by the lake side, it would puzzle all my comparison-compounding fancy to tell you what it looks like there—the million or trillion forms of beauty soon baffle all description.

“ Coleridge is gone for Devonshire, and I was going to say I am alone, but that the sight of Shakspeare, and Spenser, and Milton, and the Bible, on my table, and Castanheda, and Barros, and Osorio at my elbow, tell me I am in the best of all possible company. Do not think of getting any subscribers for Madoc; I am convinced the plan of publishing it by subscription was foolish, and shall doubtless convince those who induced me to think of it. Have you seen the Critical Reviewal of Thalaba? I wish to see it, for it comes not only from one of my best friends, but from one of the most learned, most able, and most excellent men within the circle of my knowledge. . . . .

STL

It was  
W Taylor  
who per-  
suaded S.  
against it

My brother Harry is at Edinburgh, distinguishing himself as a disputant in the Medical Society. Poor Tom is going for the West Indies! What are our dunces sending troops there for? I could find in my heart to set at them; for, to tell you the truth, a set-to at the Methodists in this Review has put me in a very pamphleteering mood.

“ God bless you!

R. S.”

*To John Rickman, Esq.*

“ January 20. 1804.

“ Dear Rickman,

Arthur Aikin writes me, that 1200 of the Annual Review have sold of 2000 that were printed, and that the demand continues unabated. He is in high spirits at its success, and wishes me to come to London,—looking upon me, I suppose, as one of his staff-officers—as, in fact, William Taylor and I constitute his main strength. It is clear enough that if I regarded pen-and-inkmanship solely as a trade, I might soon give in an income of double the present amount; but I am looking forward to something better, and will not be tempted from the pursuit in which I have so long and so steadily persevered. . . .

This vile reviewing still birdlimes me; I do it slower than any thing else—yawning over tiresome work; and parcel comes down after parcel, so that I have

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ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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some drawings for "Madoc," which, in good earnest, I do mean to publish as soon as ever I can get a decent number of subscribers. I have got on bravely with it, and, if my paper were larger, could find in my heart to send you a delicate morsel. I will try to publish it myself, for it is damned hard to spin out the very guts of one's brain, and after all get less than a London publisher, because his breeches-pocket is as full as my head, — heigh-ho! Senhora, — and my breeches-pocket as empty as his numskull.

Will you not rejoice to hear that I am going to blow the trumpet of alarm against the Evangelicals? having got a "History of the Methodists" to review. I will point out the precious effects of their Bands and Classes, the utter ignorance of human passion on which they are founded, and the utter destruction of all morals to which they tend. Is it not a happy hit to call them the Ecclesiastical Corresponding Society? Indeed it is an alarming evil. The Wesleyans have in thirty years increased more than fivefold; they are now, by their own statement, 110,000 persons, and certainly the Whitfield — the Calvinistic — branch must be more numerous. I write no more verses for the M. Post, too much disgusted with its cant, and folly, and abominable proposal of *giving no quarter*, since Stuart has sold it and given up the management. Harry is gone to Edinburgh, to commence his studies there. John Thelwall is expected to dinner here to-day, on his lecturing tour. John is thriving by lecturing upon elocution, and his name is in high odour. In spite of all old stories and prepossessions, he is a very honest-hearted man, a very excellent husband and fond father, and I am heartily glad he is doing well. What news more? only that Miss Bengay, or Benjay, or Bungay, or Bungy, tells everywhere the story of my playing at Pope Joan, and

see my  
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how she was disappointed. There, Miss Maria, that's a sugar-plum for you! God bless you.

Yours very truly,  
R. S.

P. S. My fraternal remembrances to Peter\*, with a piece of the next pine-apple.

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*To Miss Barker.*

Keswick, Feb. 1804.

WHY do I write upon this paper? Better is half a loaf than no bread. The paper is good paper,—very substantial and good,—cost me seventeen shillings per ream. I could not get any letter paper here, and this, when folded in the true bachelorship form, will look very respectably at the post-office.

I like your "Stork" well, and doubt not you will like my motto for it, which is "Riddle-my-riddle-my-ree." I can find no better, but I can do what is better; for the device being a true emblem, I can make a poem upon it, which, being put in one volume, will serve instead of a motto for all the rest; and I can put you in the poem; so send me the drawing, and I will write in the very spirit of old honest Wither: God rest his

\* "Peter was a name given by me to a little pig, who followed me in the garden of my father like a dog. Southey saw him eat some pine-apple after dinner, in our garden dining-room, and was much amused, as well as with the other gentlemanly habits of Peter, so different from common pigs that I hoped to have preserved him during many years. But, after an absence of some days, one of the first things I saw, on an inspection of my father's house, was a tubful of fine *newly salted bacon*. Alas! it was Peter!! My rage was unabated. The effect from it was that I could not eat any bacon for twelve months afterwards."—MARY SLADE, *née* BARKER.



soul! He was a fine, sulky, stubborn, good-hearted, mutinous Puritan, and, though he was dull, his warm heart sometimes heated his imagination, and then he sang divinely. I wish you had seen as many storks as I have; it is the most picturesque of European birds in its habits, stalking in the marshes or flapping homeward at evening to the church-tower or the ruined castle. The nest would cover the top of a pillar completely.

And now about the "Madoc" drawings. I will get the book with the Mexican costume down here by the time you make your appearance hand in hand with May, or with April-day, if you think that would be coupling you suitably. Summer is not the season for this country. Coleridge says, and says well, that then it is like a theatre at noon. There are *no goings on* under a clear sky; but at all other seasons there is such shifting of shades, such islands of light, such columns and buttresses of sunshine, as might almost make a painter burn his brushes, as the sorcerers did their books of magic when they saw the divinity which rested upon the apostles. The very snow, which you would perhaps think must monotonise the mountains, gives new varieties; it brings out their recesses and designates all their inequalities, it impresses a better feeling of their height, and it reflects such tints of saffron, or fawn, or rose-colour to the evening sun. *O Maria Santissima!* Mount Horeb with the glory upon its summit might have been more glorious but not more beautiful than old Skiddaw in his winter pelisse of ermine. I will not quarrel with frost, though the fellow has the impudence to take me by the nose. The lake-side has such ten thousand charms: a fleece of snow or of the hoar frost lies on the fallen trees or large stones; the grass-points, that just peer above the water, are powdered with diamonds; the ice on

the margin with chains of crystal, and such veins and wavy lines of beauty as mock all art ; and, to crown all, Coleridge and I have found out that stones thrown upon the lake, when frozen, made a noise like singing birds, and when you whirl on it a large flake of ice, away the shivers slide, chirping and warbling like a flight of finches.

But once more to the drawings. "Madoc" is not such a painter's poem as "Thalaba," though you doubtless will find out more in it than I can. But it will be possible to make very learned drawings which will be useful. Let me see what subjects seem practicable. The blind old man sitting on the smooth stone beside the brook, and feeling Madoc's face—that will surely do. The canoes rowing Madoc over the lake on a floating island. Coanocotzin showing Madoc where the dead Tepollomi stood up

"Against the wall, by devilish art preserved,  
And from his black and shrivelled hand,  
The steady lamp hung down."

I cannot find any other passage as yet that is picture-fit. The interest is more internal than in "Thalaba" The intellect is more addressed than the eye ; it has more to do with feeling than with fancy. However, I shall read it over with you, and then we will see with both our pairs of eyes at once. Senhora, I conceive two sets of eyes to see more clearly than one and a pair of spectacles.

If ever I write my Life, the family anecdotes will be exceedingly amusing—like the history of the plagues of Egypt to those who have no concern in them. I have made up a theory upon the process of family diseases, which will stand test, I think,—How all oddities are different appearances of some intellectual affection, some disease or disorganisation of the brain ; and

return in May; Harry, also, will come in May. Sir George and Lady Beaumont are expected to visit Mrs. Coleridge. Danvers is to come in the autumn. The Smiths of Bownham (who gave me Hayley's Life of Cowper) will probably visit the Lakes this year, and most likely Duppa will stroll down to see me and the mountains. I am very well—never better. Edith tolerable. 'God bless you! If you do not henceforward receive a letter by every packet, the fault will not be mine.

R. S."

*To S. T. Coleridge, Esq.*

"Greta Hall, Feb. 19. 1804.

"*Parson-son\**, the *Piscis Piscium sive Piscissimus*, left us to-day. . . . He is piping-hot from Bristol, and brimful of admiration for Beddoes, who, indeed, seems to have done so much for Mrs. C., that there are good hopes of her speedy recovery. He is in high spirits about the Slave Trade, for the West India merchants will not consent to its suspension for five years, to prevent the importation of hands into the newly conquered islands; and what from that jealousy, and from the blessed success of the St. Domingo negroes, I believe we may hope to see the traffic abolished. . . .

"If I were a single man and a Frenchman, I would

\* Mr. Clarkson.

go as a missionary to St. Domingo, where a world of good might be done in that way: the climate may be defied by any man in a high state of mental excitement. I know not whether I sent you some curious facts respecting vivaciousness, but I have met with enough to lead to important physiological conclusions, and in particular to explain the sufficiently common fact of sick persons fixing the hour of their death, and living exactly to that time; the simple solution is, that they would else have died *sooner*. In proceeding with my History, I continually find something that leads to interesting speculation: it would, perhaps, be better if there were always some one at hand, to whom I could communicate these discoveries, and who should help me to hunt down the game when started; not that I feel any wish for such society, but still it would at times be useful. It is a very odd, but a marked, characteristic of my mind,—the very nose in the face of my intellect,—that it is either utterly idle, or uselessly active, without its tools. I never enter into any regular train of thought unless the pen be in my hand; they then flow as fast as did the water from the rock in Horeb, but without that wand the source is dry. At these times conversation would be useful. However, I am going on well, never better. The old cerebrum was never in higher activity. I find daily more and more reason to wonder at the miserable ignorance of English historians, and to grieve with a sort of despondency, at seeing how much that has been laid up among the stores of knowledge, has been neglected and utterly forgotten.

“ Madoc goes on well ; the whole detail of the alteration is satisfactorily completed, and I shall have it ready for the press by Midsummer. I wish it could have been well examined first by you and William Taylor ; however, it will be well purged and purified in the last transcription, and shall go into the world, not such as will obtain general approbation now, but such as may content most men to read. I am not quite sure whether the story will not tempt me to have a cross in the title-page, and take for my motto, *In hoc signo*. . . . .

“ If *Μακρος Ανθρωπος* agrees with me about the Specimens, it will oblige me to go to London. Perhaps we may contrive to meet. . . . .

“ I am sorry, sir, to perceive by your letter that there is a scarcity of writing-paper in London ; perhaps, the next time you write, Mr. Rickman or Mr. Poole\* will have the goodness to accommodate you with a larger sheet, that you may have the goodness to accommodate me with a longer letter ; and if, sir, it be owing to the weakness of your sight that you write so large a hand, and in lines so far apart, there is a very excellent optician, who lives at Charing Cross, where you may be supplied with the best spectacles, exactly of the number which may suit your complaint.

I am, Sir,  
Your obedient humble servant,  
ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

\* Of Nether Stowey, Somersetshire; at that time officially employed in superintending an inquiry into the state of the poor in England and Wales.

To S. T. Coleridge, Esq.

“ Feb. 1804.

“ I am not sorry that you gave Godwin a dressing, and should not be sorry if he were occasionally to remember it with the comfortable reflection ‘ *in vino veritas* ;’ for, in plain truth, already it does vex me to see you so lavish of the outward and visible signs of friendship, and to know that a set of fellows whom you do not care for and ought not to care for, boast every where of your intimacy, and with good reason, to the best of their understanding. You have accustomed yourself to talk affectionately, and write affectionately, to your friends, till the expressions of affection flow by habit in your conversation, and in your letters, and pass for more than they are worth ; the worst of all this is, that your letters will one day rise up in judgment against you (for be sure, that hundreds which you have forgotten, are hoarded up for some Curl or Philips of the next generation), and you will be convicted of a double dealing, which, though you do not design, you certainly do practise. And now that I *am* writing affectionately *more meo*, I will let out a little more. You say in yours to Sara, that you love and honour me ; upon my soul I believe you : but if I did not thoroughly believe it before, your saying so is the thing of all things that would make me open my eyes and look about me to see if I were not deceived : perhaps I am too intolerant to these kind of

Godwin

phrases ; but, indeed, when they are true, they may be excused, and when they are not, there is no excuse for them.

“ ——— was always looking for such things, but he was a foul feeder, and my moral stomach loathes anything like froth. There is a something outlandish in saying them, more akin to a French embrace than an English shake by the hand, and I would have you leave off saying them to those whom you actually do love, that if this should not break off the habit of applying them to indifferent persons, the disuse may at least make a difference. Your feelings go naked, I cover mine with a bear-skin ; I will not say that you harden yours by your mode, but I am sure that mine are the warmer for their clothing. . . .

It is possible, or probable, that I err as much as you in an opposite extreme, and may make enemies where you would make friends ; but there is a danger that you may sometimes excite dislike in persons of whose approbation you would yourself be desirous. You know me well enough to know in what temper this has been written, and to know that it has been some exertion ; for the same habit which makes me prefer sitting silent to offering contradiction, makes me often withhold censure when, perhaps, in strictness of moral duty, it ought to be applied. The medicine might have been sweetened perhaps ; but, dear Coleridge, take the simple bitters, and leave the sweet-meats by themselves.

“ That ugly-nosed Godwin has led me to this. I dare say he deserved all you gave him ; in fact, I have never forgiven him his abuse of William Tay-

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Godwin

lor, and do now regret, with some compunction, that in my reviewal of his Chaucer, I struck out certain passages of well-deserved severity. . . . Two days of S. T. C.'s time given to —. Another Antonio! If we are to give account for every idle hour, what will you say to this lamentable waste? Or do you expect to have them allowed to you in your purgatory score? . . . . If he had not married again, I would have still have had some bowels of compassion for him; but to take another wife with the picture of Mary Wollstonecroft in his house! Agh! I am never ashamed of letting out my *dislikes*, however, and, what is a good thing, never afraid; so let him abuse me, and we'll be at war.

“I wish you had called on Longman. That man has a kind heart of his own, and I wish you to think so: the letter he sent me was a proof of it. Go to one of his Saturday evenings; you will see a coxcomb or two, and a dull fellow or two: but you will, perhaps, meet Turner and Duppa, and Duppa is worth knowing; make yourself known to him in my name, and tell him how glad I should be to show him the Lakes. I have some hope, from Rickman's letter, that you may see William Taylor in town; that would give me great pleasure, for I am very desirous that you should meet. For universal knowledge, I believe he stands quite unrivalled; his conversation is a perpetual spring of living water; and then in every relation of life so excellent is he, that I know not any man who, in the circle of his friends, is so entirely and deservedly beloved.”

Sorrow  
see  
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letter  
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*To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.*

" March 8. 1804.

" I have not the Spanish Gil Blas; such a book exists, but, if I remember rightly, with the suspicious phrase *restored* to the Spaniards, which may imply a retranslation of what they say is translated. Yet it is very likely that the story is originally Spanish, and, indeed, if the Spaniards claim it, I am ready to believe them, they being true men, and Le Sage's being a Frenchman strong reason for suspecting him to be a thief; however, if he has stolen, there can be no doubt that he has tinkered old metal into a better shape, and I should think your time ill employed in Englishing what everybody reads in French.

" And now let me tell you what to do for me, and how to do it.\*

" Take half-a-quartain, or a whole one doubled; write as a title the name of the poet in question; then under that, the time or *place* of his birth, when discoverable, and the time of his death. After that, a brief notice of his life and works to the average length of a Westminster theme, as much shorter as his demerits deserve, as much longer as apt anecdotes, or the humour of pointed and rememberable criticism, may tempt your pen. . . . .

\* See p. 260.

Now for a list of those whom I can turn over to your care at once:—

“Henderson — this you will do *con amore*.

“Garrick — Tom D’Urfey — Tom Browne.

“Cary, the author of *Chrononhotonthologus* — see if his namby-pamby be of suitable brevity; the *Biographia* and a *Biog. Dictionary* will be sufficient guides. Lady M. W. Montague, Stephen Duck, — kill off these, and put them by till I see you; and kill them off, the faster the better, that you may fall upon more; for so much labour as you do, so much am I saved, which is very good for both of us, says Dr. Southey.

“Great news at Keswick; a firing heard off the Isle of Man at four o’clock in the morning yesterday! The French are a-coming, a-coming, a-coming — and what care we? We who have eighteen volunteers and an apothecary at their head! Did I ever tell you of De Paddy, one of the ‘United,’ who was sent to serve on board Tom’s ship last war? The first day of his service, he had to carry the plum-pudding for the dinner of his mess, and the Patrician had never seen a plum-pudding before; he came holding it up in triumph, and exclaimed, in perfect ecstasy, ‘Och! your sowl! look here! if dis be war, may it never be paice!’ . . . .

“No time for more; farewell!

R. SOUTHEY.”

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*Mr. letter recd at Haydon Vale  
 Mr. Coleridge's press 1855 Pearson 31/*  
 To S. T. Coleridge, Esq.

" Greta Hall, March 12. 1804.

" Your going abroad, appeared to me so doubtful, or, indeed, so improbable an event, that the certainty comes on me like a surprise, and I feel at once what a separation the sea makes; when we get beyond the reach of mail coaches, then, indeed, distance becomes a thing perceptible. I shall often think, Coleridge, *Quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!* God grant you a speedy passage, a speedy recovery, and a speedy return! I will write regularly and often; but I know by Danvers, how irregularly letters arrive, and at how tedious a time after their date. Look in old Knolles before you go, and read the siege of Malta, it will make you feel that you are going to visit sacred ground. I can hardly think of that glorious defence without tears. . . . .

" You would rejoice with me were you now at Keswick, at the tidings that a box of books is safely harboured in the Mersey, so that for the next fortnight I shall be more interested in the news of Fletcher\* than of Bonaparte. It contains some duplicates of the lost cargo; among them the collection of the oldest Spanish poems, in which is a metrical romance upon the Cid. I shall sometimes want you for a Gothic etymology. Talk of the happiness of

\* The name of a Keswick carrier.

getting a great prize in the lottery! What is that to the opening a box of books! The joy upon lifting up the cover, must be something like what we shall feel when Peter the Porter opens the door upstairs, and says, Please to walk in, sir. That I shall never be paid for my labour according to the current value of time and labour, is tolerably certain; but if any one should offer me 10,000*l.* to forego that labour, I should bid him and his money go to the devil, for twice the sum could not purchase me half the enjoyment. It will be a great delight to me in the next world, to take a fly and visit these old worthies, who are my only society here, and to tell them, what excellent company I found them here at the lakes of Cumberland, two centuries after they had been dead and turned to dust. In plain truth, I exist more among the dead than the living, and think more about them, and, perhaps, feel more about them.

See  
Sunday  
Vices

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Moses has quite a passion for drawing, strong enough to be useful were he a little older. When I visit London, I will set him up in drawing-books. He was made quite happy yesterday by two drawings of Charles Fox, which happened to be in my desk, and to be just fit for him. The dissected map of England gives him his fill of delight, and he now knows the situation of all the counties in England as well as any one in the house, or, indeed, in the kingdom. I have promised him Asia; it is a pity that Africa and America are so badly divided as to be almost useless, for this is an excellent way of learning geography, and I know by experience that

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what is so learnt is never forgotten. . . . .  
 You would be amused to see the truly Catholic horror he feels at the Jews, because they do not eat pork and ham, on which account he declares he never will be an old clothes man. Sara is as fond of me as Dapper is, which is saying a good deal. As for Johnny Wordsworth, I expect to see him *walk* over very shortly; he is like the sons of the Anakim. No M. Post yesterday, none to-day; vexatious after the last French news. I should not suppose Moreau guilty; he is too cautious a general to be so imprudent a man. . . . .

God bless you!

R. S."

*To S. T. Coleridge, Esq.*

"Greta Hall, March 14. 1804.

"Your departure hangs upon me with something the same effect that the heavy atmosphere presses upon you — an unpleasant thought, that works like yeast, and makes me feel the animal functions going on. As for the manner of your going, you will be on the whole better off than in a king's ship. Now you are your own master; there you would have been a *guest*, and, of course, compelled to tolerate the worst of all possible society, except that of soldier-officers.

"I had hopes of seeing you in London; for almost as soon as Edith is safe in bed, if safe she be (for my life has been so made up of sudden changes, that I

never even mentally look to what is to happen without that if, and the optative *utinam*), — as soon, I say, as that takes place, I shall hurry to town, principally to put to press this book of Specimens, which can only be finished there, for you will stare at the catalogue of dead authors whom I shall have to resurrectionise. This will be a very curious and useful book of mine; how much the worse it will be for your voyage to Malta, few but myself will feel. If it sells, I shall probably make a supplementary volume to Ellis's, to include the good pieces which he has overlooked, for he has not selected well, and, perhaps, to analyse the epics and didactics, which nobody reads. Had I conceived that you would think of transcribing any part of Madoc, you should have been spared the trouble; but, in writing to you, it has always appeared to me better to *write* than to *copy*, the mere babble having the recommendation that it is exclusively your own, and created for you, and in this the feeling of exclusive property goes for something. The poem shall be sent out to you, if there be a chance of its reaching you; but will you not have left Malta by the time a book to be published about New Year's Day can arrive there?

“ Had you been with me, I should have talked with you about a preface; as it is, it will be best simply to state, and as briefly as possible, what I have aimed at in my style, and wherein, in my own judgment, I have succeeded or failed. Longman has announced it, in his Cyclopædic List, under the title of an epic poem, which I assuredly shall not affix to it myself; the name, of which I was once over-fond,

has nauseated me, and, moreover, should seem to render me amenable to certain laws which I do not acknowledge.

“ If I were at Malta, the siege of that illustrious island should have a poem, and a good one too ; and you ought to think about it, for of all sieges that ever has been, or ever will be, it was the most glorious, and called forth the noblest heroism. Look after some modern Greek books, in particular the poem from which the Teseide of Boccaccio and the Knight’s Tale are derived ; if, indeed, it be not a translation from the Italian. Could you lay hand on some of these old books, and on *old* Italian poetry, by selling them at Leigh and Sotheby’s you might almost pay your travels.

“ More manuscripts of Davis come down to-day. I have run through his Life of Chatterton, which is flimsy and worthless. I shall *not* advise Longman to print it, and shall *warn* the writer to expunge an insult to you and to myself, which is not to be paid for by his praise. We formed a just estimate of the man’s moral stamina, most certainly, and as for man-mending, I have no hopes of it. The proverb of the silk purse and the sow’s ear, comprises my philosophy upon that subject.

“ I write rapidly and unthinkingly, to be in time for the post. Why have you not made Lamb declare war upon Mrs. Bare-bald ? He should singe her flaxen wig with squibs, and tie crackers to her petticoats till she leapt about like a parched pea for very torture. There is not a man in the world who could so well revenge himself. The Annual Review

*See Davis's...*

*See 240*

*Lamb's answer not children's books all the 17/10 Oct/02 see Hogarth I 322*

(that is, the first vol.) came down in my parcel to-day. My articles are wickedly misprinted, and, in many instances, made completely nonsensical. If I could write Latin even as I could once, perhaps I should talk to Longman of publishing a collection of the best modern Latin poets; they were *dulli canes* many of them, but a poor fellow who has spent years and years in doing his best to be remembered, does deserve well enough of posterity to be reprinted once in every millenium, and, in fact, there are enough good ones to form a collection of some extent.

God bless you! prays your

Old friend and brother,

R. SOUTHEY.

*To John Rickman, Esq.*

“ Keswick, March 30. 1804.

“ My dear Rickman,

“ Turner wrote to me and complained heavily of Scotch criticism, which he seems to feel too much; such things only provoke me to interject Fool! and Booby! seasoned with the participle damnatory; but as for being vexed at a review—I should as soon be fevered by a flea-bite! I sent him back a letter of encouragement and stimulant praise, for these rascals had so affected him as to slacken his industry. I look upon the invention of reviews to be the worst injury which literature has received since its revival. People formerly took up a book to learn from it, and with a feeling of respectful thankfulness to the man who



had spent years in acquiring that knowledge, which he communicates to them in a few hours; now they only look for faults. Every body is a critic, that is, every reader imagines himself superior to the author, and reads his book that he may censure it, not that he may improve by it.

“ You are in great measure right about Coleridge; he is worse in body than you seem to believe, but the main cause lies in his own management of himself, or rather want of management. His mind is in a perpetual St. Vitus’s dance — eternal activity without action. At times he feels mortified that he should have done so little; but this feeling never produces any exertion. I will begin to-morrow, he says, and thus he has been all his life-long letting to-day slip. He has had no heavy calamities in life, and so contrives to be miserable about trifles. Poor fellow! there is no one thing which gives me so much pain as the witnessing such a waste of unequalled power. I knew one man resembling him, save that with equal genius he was actually a vicious man.

“ If that man had common prudence, he must have been the first man in this country, from his natural and social advantages, and as such, we who knew him and loved him at school used to anticipate him. I learnt more from his conversation than any other man ever taught me, because the rain fell when the young plant was just germinating and wanted it most; and I learnt more morality by his example than any thing else could have taught me, for I saw him wither away. He is dead and buried at the Cape of Good Hope, and has left behind him nothing to keep his memory

Handwritten notes in a vertical column on the right margin, enclosed in a hand-drawn bracket. The notes include a signature or initials at the top, followed by the phrase "I see over leaf" written vertically, and a question mark at the bottom.

alive. A few individuals only remember him with a sort of horror and affection, which just serves to make them melancholy whenever they think of him or mention his name. This will not be the case with Coleridge; the *disjecta membra* will be found if he does not die early: but having so much to do, so many errors to weed out of the world which he is capable of eradicating, if he does die without doing his work, it would half break my heart, for no human being has had more talents allotted.

“Wordsworth will do better, and leave behind him a name, unique in his way; he will rank among the very first poets, and probably possesses a mass of merits superior to all, except only Shakspeare. This is doing much, yet would he be a happier man if he did more.

“I am made very happy by a reinforcement of folios from Lisbon, and I shall feel some reluctance in leaving them, and breaking off work to go for London to a more trifling employment; however, my History is to be considered as the capital laid by — the savings of industry. And you would think me entitled to all the praise industry can merit, were you to see the pile of papers. . . . .

Vale!

R. S.”

me who wrote the Critical account of 'Thalaba,' saying, he should have thought it yours if there had been hard words enough in it. I thank you for the 'Iris' and will pay you in kind.

"Longman has sent me the first Annual, which till now I have had no opportunity to examine. My own articles would be decent for what they are, if they were decently printed; Mrs. B——'s are below her usual tide-mark; and the review of poor Lamb's poor tragedy is very unjust and very impertinent: the tragedy is a very bad tragedy, full of very fine passages, and her account is all presbyterian sneer from one end to the other: remember I have been church-bred, and that presbyterian is a simple adjective of orthodox import, brimfull of meaning. The anonymous articles are good for little. Sole prop and pillar *you*! In the second volume I shall perhaps be the other king of Brentford, but in this you are acknowledged sovereign; and in plain honest truth, more sound sense brought together in more rememberable language upon statistic subjects I have never seen, nor do I believe that it is elsewhere to be found. Now and then I wished what lay before me had been manuscript, that I might have protested against an alien word.

"Harry will be here in the summer, and nothing would give me so much pleasure as that

*Kevald March 22. 1804*

you should be here too. Coleridge is going for Malta; he leaves London tomorrow to embark at Portsmouth, in sad and most anomalous health,—perfectly well when under no paroxysm, and yet never secure from one hour to another. It is unfortunate that you have never met; there is no man whom he so much desires to see as you.

“ You may have seen ‘ Madoc ’ advertised as in the press, which is a publisher’s licence,—the use of the present for the future tense; in fact it is but half corrected, but I have promised it to the printer by Midsummer-day; and if no illness or mischief interrupt me, my promises are like the laws of the Medes and Persians. Your objections to the story, as being connected with a particular system, are done away; yet I have doubts and misgivings about the poem which I never felt for ‘ Thalaba, ’ and am convinced that it is no advantage to work upon an old plan, and be years in re-casting and correcting it. The old leaven will remain: what at first was deemed a beauty is weeded out, but it is not so easy to detect the faults of what only passed originally for tolerable, and after all there will be a patch-work of style; in fact I am more encouraged by the effect it produces upon others than by my own consciousness, and should therefore be disposed to condemn it, were not Coleridge decided and loud in its praise.”

*Kevald* 

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There being no reason for this to be found in the book, you may guess why it was made. So fare you *vale*, Senhora —and, by the by, never spell *Senhor* again as if you meant to call me an Italian, for *Signor* is as abominable to me as *Monsieur* would be. Edith's love.

A Dios!

R. S.

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*To Miss Barker.*

Keswick, April 3. 1804.

PERHAPS you may be anxious to hear of our goings on, and therefore, having nothing to say, I take up a very short and ugly pen to tell you so. In a fortnight's time, by God's good will, I may have better occasion to write.

I have within this last week received a pleasure of the highest possible terrestrial nature, the arrival of some Portuguese and Spanish books. No monk ever contemplated with more devotion a chest of relics piping hot, than I did the happy deal box that contained the long-expected treasures. But let us leave these books alone, and talk of my manufactory. Did you ever see Ellis's "Specimens of the early English Poets"? It is a very useful collection, though not to my judgment made with due knowledge or taste,—but still a good book, and which has sold wonderously well, George Ellis being a parliament man, and of fashionable fame. Heber helped him in the business well. He ends with the reign of Charles II. Now am I going to begin where he ends, and give specimens of all the poets and rhymesters from that time to the present, exclusive of the living jockeys; whereby I expect to get some money; for, be it known to you in due confidence, that though

this will really be a pleasant and useful book, I have undertaken it purely for the lucre of gain. For if this should sell as a sequel and companion to Ellis's book, for which I design it, and shall advertise it, the profits will be considerable. Some little notice of each author is to be prefixed to the pieces, sometimes being only a list of his works, sometimes a brief biography, if he be at all an odd fish, and sometimes such odd thing as may flow from the quaintness of my heart. This costs me a journey to London, as at least half these gentlemen are not included in the common collections of the poets, and must be resurrectionised at Stationers' Hall, where they have long since been confined to the spiders. A journey will stir my stumps, and perhaps do me good; yet I do not like it—it disturbs me, and puts me out of my way. However, I shall be very glad to see Rickman, whom Coleridge calls a sterling man, and with whom I shall guest. And then there are half a score whom I regard more than acquaintances—Carlisle, Duppa, &c. &c., not to mention all the oddities in my knowledge whom I love to shake hands with now and then, and hug myself at the consciousness of knowing such an unequalled assortment. Oh, if some Boswell would but save me the trouble of recording the unbelievable anecdotes I could tell! stories which would be worth their weight in gold, when gold will be of no use to me.

Coleridge is gone for Malta, and his departure affects me more than I let be seen. Let what will trouble me, I bear a calm face; and if the Boiling Well\* could be drawn (which, however it heaves and is agitated below, presents a smooth, undisturbed surface), that should

\* He used the same illustration, in writing to his brother Tom, on the death of Margaret Edith, his first child. "I was never so overset before—never saw so little hope before me. Yet, Tom, I am like the Boiling Well,—however agitated at bottom, the surface is calm."—*August 20. 1803.*

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be my emblem. It is now almost ten years since he and I first met, in my rooms at Oxford, which meeting decided the destiny of both; and now when, after so many ups and downs, I am, for a time, settled under his roof, he is driven abroad in search of health. Ill he is, certainly and sorely ill; yet I believe if his mind was as well regulated as mine, the body would be quite as manageable. I am perpetually pained and mortified by thinking what he ought to be, for mine is an eye of microscopic discernment to the faults of my friends; but the tidings of his death would come upon me more like a stroke of lightning than any evil I have ever yet endured; almost it would make me superstitious, for we were two ships that left port in company.

He has been sitting to Northcote for Sir George Beaumont. There is a finely painted, but dismal picture of him here, with a companion of Wordsworth. I enjoy the thought of your emotion when you will see that portrait of Wordsworth. It looks as if he had been a month in the condemned hole, dieted upon bread and water, and debarred the use of soap, water, razor, and combs, then taken out of prison, placed in a cart, carried to the usual place of execution, and had just suffered Jack Ketch to take off his cravat. The best of this good joke is, that the Wordsworths are proud of the picture, and that his face is the painter's ideal of excellence; and how the devil the painter has contrived to make a likeness of so well-looking a man so ridiculously ugly puzzles everybody.

I am expecting with pleasurable anticipation the beavers back. Farewell.

Yours,  
R. SOUTHEY.

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proud  
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*To Miss Barker.*

Keswick, April 18. 1804.

FIRST and foremost, no news of Edith. You shall hear the first.

Next to your drawing. It is exceedingly beautiful, and almost induces me to say that you who manage a pencil in so masterly, or mistressly a way, ought never to use a brush. It is exceedingly beautiful. Don't wonder that I write a phrase twice, which I have ejaculated about twenty times. But there is a fault in the drawing with reference to its purport, which I did not discover for full half an hour, and that is, that if large trees are introduced, the scale of proportions will reduce the poor beaver to a very diminutive personage indeed; in fact, he will look as a portrait of a man would look taken in, *and taken in* the inside of St. Paul's. I will make something to fit this beautiful bank, and you must make another bank to fit the beaver, where you may have as many reeds, flags, coltsfoot, and stumps of trees as you please — but no tree. And for the beaver himself, I will bring you down a portrait from London. The animal is a beautiful animal, and his tail so ridiculously convenient, that it looks exactly as if he had bespoken it.

I thought to have been in London by this time, and am vexed to be thus delayed in daily expectation. It keeps one on the fret or the fidgets, and half unfits me for doing anything.

You will grieve and groan for a *burro* here. We have fine things enough from the windows, but to get at them a long way and not a pleasant one. In one direction I can shorten the disagreeable, in a way which would not be quite so convenient for you,—by doffing shoe and stocking, and fording the Greta at the bottom of the



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Sandoval takes it up, and where I also begin the full tide of my narration. Novales was the correspondent of Reserdius, into whose work you once looked, and was, like him, an excellent Latinist, and a patient, cautious, martyr-murdering antiquary, an excellent weeder of lies wherever they were to be found. In company with these came the four folios of the Bibliotheca Hispanica; there is affixed a portrait of the late King, so exquisitely engraved and so exquisitely ugly, that I know not whether it be most honourable to Spain to have advanced so far in the arts, or disgraceful to have exercised them upon such a fool's pate. I am sure Duppa will laugh at his Catholic Majesty, but whether an interjection of admiration at the print, or the laugh (which is the next auxiliary part of speech to the ohs and ahs, interjections), will come first, is only to be decided by experiment.

“ You will read the Mabinogion, concerning which I ought to have talked to you. In the last, that most odd and Arabian-like story of the Mouse, mention is made of a begging scholar, that helps to the date; but where did the Kimbri get the imagination that could produce such a tale! That enchantment of the bason hanging by the chain from heaven, is in the wildest spirit of the Arabian Nights. I am perfectly astonished that such fictions should exist in Welsh: they throw no light on the origin of romance, every thing being utterly dissimilar to what we mean by that term; but they do open a new world of fiction; and if the date of their language be fixed about the twelfth or thirteenth century, I cannot but think the

mythological substance is of far earlier date, very probably brought from the east by some of the first settlers or conquerors. If William Owen will go on and publish them, I have hopes that the world will yet reward him for his labours. Let Sharon\* make his language grammatical, but not alter their idiom in the slightest point. I will advise him about this, being about to send him off a parcel of old German or Theotistic books of Coleridge's, which will occasion a letter. . . . .

“ God bless you !

R. S.”

*Handwritten:* These are yours from the school for  
To S. T. Coleridge, Esq.

“ June 11. 1804, Keswick.

“ Dear Coleridge,

“ The first news of you was from Lamb's letter, which arrived when I was in London. I saw, also, your letter to Stuart, and heard of one to Tobin, before I returned and found my own. Ere this you are at Malta. What an infectious thing is irregularity! Merely because it was uncertain when a letter could set off, I have always yielded to the immediate pressure of other employment; whereas, had there been a day fixed for the mail, to have written would then have been a fixed business, and performed like an engagement.

“ All are well— Sara and Sariola, Moses and Justiculus, Edith and the Edithling. Mary is better.

\* Sharon Turner, Esq.

“ I was worn to the very bone by fatigue in London,—more walking in one day than I usually take in a month; more waste of breath in talking than serves for three months’ consumption in the country; add to this a most abominable cold, affecting chest, head, eyes, and nose. It was impossible to see half the persons whom I wished to see, and ought to have seen, without prolonging my stay to an inconvenient time, and an unreasonable length of absence from home. I called upon Sir George\* unsuccessfully, and received a note that evening, saying he would be at home the following morning; then I saw him, and his lady, and his pictures, and afterwards met him the same day at dinner at Davy’s. As he immediately left town, this was all our intercourse; and, as it is not likely that he will visit the Lakes this year, probably will be all.

by Northcote

see  
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“ I went into the Exhibition merely to see your picture, which perfectly provoked me. Hazlitt’s does look as if you were on your trial, and certainly had stolen the horse; but then you did it cleverly,—it had been a deep, well-laid scheme, and it was no fault of yours that you had been detected. But this portrait by Northcote looks like a grinning idiot; and the worst is, that it is just like enough to pass for a good likeness, with those who only know your features imperfectly. Dance’s drawing has that merit at least, that nobody would ever suspect you of having been the original. Poole’s business will last yet some weeks. As the Abstract is printed, I can give

\* Sir George Beaumont.

you the very important result: one in eight throughout Great Britain receives permanent parish pay\*;—what is still more extraordinary, and far more consolatory, one in nine is engaged in some benefit society,—a prodigious proportion, if you remember that, in this computation, few women enter, and no children.

“ I dined with Sotheby, and met there Henley, a man every way to my taste. Sotheby was very civil, and as his civility has not that smoothness so common among the vagabonds of fashion, I took it in good part. He is what I should call a clever man. Other lions were Price, the picturesque man, and Davies Giddy, whose face ought to be perpetuated in marble for the honour of mathematics. Such a forehead I never saw. I also met Dr. ~~—~~ at dinner; who, after a long silence, broke out into a discourse upon the properties of the conjunction *Quam*. Except his quamical knowledge, which is as profound as you will imagine, he knows nothing but bibliography, or the science of title-pages, impresses, and dates. It was a relief to leave him, and find his brother, the captain, at Rickman's, smoking after supper, and letting out puffs at the one corner of his mouth and puns at the other. The captain hath a son,—begotten, according to Lamb, upon a mermaid; and thus far is certain, that he is the queerest fish out of water. A paralytic affection in childhood has kept one side of his face stationary, while the other has continued to grow, and the two sides form the most ridiculous whole you

\* This seems almost incredible.

can imagine; the boy, however, is a sharp lad, the inside not having suffered.

“ William Owen lent me three parts of the Mabinogion, most delightfully translated into so Welsh an idiom and syntax, that such a translation is as instructive (except for etymology) as an original. I was, and am, still utterly at a loss to devise by what possible means, fictions so perfectly like the Arabian Tales in character, and yet so indisputably of Cimbric growth, should have grown up in Wales. Instead of throwing light upon the origin of romance, as had been surmised, they offer a new problem, of almost impossible solution. Bard Williams communicated to me some fine arcana of bardic mythology, quite new to me and to the world, which you will find in Madoc. I have ventured to lend Turner your German Romances, which will be very useful to him, and which will be replaced on your shelves before your return, and *used*, not *abused*\*, during your absence. I also sent him the Indian Bible, because I found him at the Indian grammar, for he is led into etymological researches. That is a right worthy and good man; and, what rarely happens, I like his wife as well as I do him. Sir, all the literary journals of England will not bring you more news than this poor sheet of Miss Crosthwaite’s letter-paper. I have proposed to Longman to publish a collection of the scarcer and better old poets, beginning with Pierce Ploughman, and to print a few only

\* This was a gentle hint to Mr. Coleridge, who valued books none the less for being somewhat ragged and dirty, and did not take the same scrupulous care as my father to prevent their becoming so.

at a high price, that they may sell as rarities. This he will determine upon in the autumn. If it be done, my name must stand to the prospectus, and Lamb shall take the job and the emolument, for whom, in fact, I invented it, being a fit thing to be done, and he the fit man to do it.

“ The Annual Review succeeds beyond expectation; a second edition of the first volume is called for. Certain articles respecting the Methodists and Malthus are said to have contributed much to its reputation. By the by, that fellow has had the impudence to marry, after writing upon the miseries of population. In the third volume I shall fall upon the Society for the Suppression of Vice.

“ Thus far had I proceeded yesterday, designing to send off the full sheet by that night's post, when Wordsworth arrived, and occasioned one day's delay. I have left him talking to Moses, and mounted to my own room to finish. What news, you will wish to ask, of Keswick? The house remains *in statu quo*, except that the little parlour is painted, and papered with cartridge-paper. Workmen to plaster this room could not be procured when Jackson sent for them, and so unplastered it is likely to remain another winter. A great improvement has been made by thinning the trees before the parlour window,—just enough of the lake can be seen through such a framework, and such a fretted canopy of foliage as to produce a most delightful scene, and utterly unlike any other view of the same subject. The Lakers begin to make their appearance, though none have, as yet, reached us. But Sharpe has announced his approach

in a letter to W. We are in hourly expectation of Harry; and in the course of the year I expect Duppa to be my guest, and probably Elmsley.

“ God bless you !

R. S.”

*To Lieut. Southey, H. M. S. Galatea.*

“ June 27. 1804, Keswick.

“ ’Tis a heartless thing, dear Tom, to write from this distance, and at this uncertainty, — the more so when I recollect how many letters of mine were sent to the West Indies when you were last there, which never reached you. Two packets, say the papers, have been taken; and if so, two of my epistles are now deeper down than your sounding-lines have ever fathomed,—unless, indeed, some shark has swallowed and digested bags and bullets. We are uneasy at receiving no letter since that which announced your arrival at Barbadoes. I conceived you were at the Surinam expedition, and waited for the Gazette to-day with some unavoidable apprehensions. It has arrived, and I can find no trace of the Galatea, which, though so far satisfactory, as that it proves you have not been killed by the Dutchman, leaves me, on the other hand, in doubt what has become of you and your ship.

“ About the changes in the Admiralty, I must tell you a good thing of W. T. in the Isis; he said it was grubbing up English oak, and planting Scotch fir in

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its place, for the use of the navy. An excellent good thing! If, however, I am not pleased that Lord Melville should be in, I am heartily glad that his predecessor is out, for no man ever proved himself so utterly unfit for the post. Our home politics are become very interesting, and must ultimately lead to the strongest administration ever seen in England. Pitt has played a foolish game in coming in alone; it has exasperated the Prince, who is the rising sun to look to, and is playing for the regency.

“ The Lakers and the fine weather have made their appearance together. As yet we have only seen Sharpe, whose name I know not if you will remember; he is an intimate of Tuffin, or Muffin, whose name you cannot forget; and, like him, an excellent talker; knowing every body, remembering every thing, and having strong talents besides. Davy is somewhere on the road; he is recovering from the ill effects of fashionable society, which had warped him. Rickman told me his mind was in a healthier tone than usual, and I was truly rejoiced to find it so. Wordsworth came over to see me on my return, and John Thelwall, the lecturer on elocution, dined with us on his travels. But the greatest event of Greta Hall is, that we have had a jack of two-and-twenty pounds, which we bought at threepence a pound. It was caught in the Lake with a hook and line. We drest it in pieces, like salmon, and it proved, without exception, one of the finest fish I had ever tasted; so if ever you catch such a one, be sure you boil it instead of roasting it in the usual way. I am in excellent good health, and have got rid of my sore eyes, — for how



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*Rescued June 1, 1804*

Edith is a large and thriving child of two months old, and how happily I have relapsed into all those habits and occupations which were so completely dislocated by a journey to London. At Newington I met Dr. Smith, and was pleased to find that his sister remembered me as well as I remembered her. I had also the good fortune to meet Mr. Henley ; and, as of course, I mentioned your name to him, and he spoke of you in a way which it did me good to hear : this puts me upon making my defence about Godwin. I do not call him “a dim-eyed son of blasphemy,” as Coleridge did in his days of intolerant Unitarianism,—he may blaspheme and wear spectacles in peace for me ; but when such a man says, “Take my word for it, there is nothing at all in William Taylor,” I certainly do take his word for it that he believes what he says, and is a blockhead for his pains ; and the private anger that such a circumstance excited, added to that produced by his weathercock instability of opinion, and the odium which it brought upon the best principles and the best cause, and the want of all feeling in stripping his dead wife naked, as he did, and such a wife, and taking such another home, when the picture of *that first* hung up over his fireplace,—indeed, indeed, my flesh is not made of such Quaker-fibre, nor my blood of such toad-temperature, as not to be irritated by these recol-

lections. You know how much I hope for the human race, but you do not know how deeply that hope is rooted, and how it leavens all my feelings and opinions. To see, then, two such men as Godwin and Malthus come to such an issue upon such a question, did make me feel bitter anger and bitter contempt; and notwithstanding even your dissatisfaction, I cannot wish one syllable that expresses or enhances such sentiments were cancelled. The reviewal is imperfect, very imperfect: such things never lie by me for correction, and I have here no one to help me by immediate criticism. It might have shown that his detail is full of blunders, and that his ultimate plans would inevitably provoke, and ought to provoke, rebellion and revolution.

“ It was a sore disappointment that you did not come to London. We should have had some pleasant hours at Rickman’s, who would every hour have continued to rise in your estimation, and he would have brought together a few men whom you would have liked to know. You are doing good in the Annual Review, that is certain; one article supports another, and your opinions come together as much in a body as is possible in such a shape. Henley said you were the best statistic in Europe, not even excepting some German, whose name I could not shape to my eye when I heard it, and it has escaped my auri-

cular memory. I can only say, that you have taught me so thoroughly the extent of my own ignorance that I shall not venture to praise. In the poetical department and *belles lettres* (oh, give me *English* for that phrase!) it is to be wished that you were my coadjutor instead of \* \* \* and those other *curmudgeons* (according to Dr. Ash's excellent interpretation of the word in his Dictionary, *which see*, if you do not know the jest already). One reviewal directly contradicts the radical system of the other; it is pull devil, pull baker, all through.

“ Harry has not yet made his appearance; his walk must have extended further than I thought it would have carried him. I wish he were come. The expectation forces upon me a remembrance how many years have passed since we lived under the same roof, and with that thought comes a long train of melancholy associations. God send me independent leisure enough to leave behind me my domestic history! It would be a picture of society in a new light, wherein it has never before been presented. Harry will have a pleasant summer here and a profitable one. A few friends will drop in in the course of the season, to whom I wish him introduced; and my overflowing of Portuguese information will supply him with a stock of new knowledge for Edinburgh.

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Mrs B.)  
Cous  
pleasant

“ I am passionately and exclusively engaged in history, nor shall I be able to extricate myself till the sight of the first proof from Ballantyne reminds me that I have half ‘ Madoc ’ to re-write. Do not accuse me of presumption in again running races : *this* is all mature for parturition ; and without imposing upon myself such a necessity, I should still have lingered in Portugal and in Portuguese Asia, perhaps till I had passed the age of writing poetry. I have written now more than the amount of three honest quartos, and there are yet years of labour before me. You ask, who will read ? I have this ground of hope, that the books will be read for the amusement they contain, and that I shall by other means have made such a reputation, that it shall one day be thought a thing of course to have read them. The objection of bulk will be obviated by dividing it into many separate works, a division made necessary by the divided subjects and exemplified by the Portuguese themselves.

“ Davy will soon be here on his way towards Scotland. He is, I hope, recovering from the baneful effects of fashionable company, and of fame too early acquired. There is a notion of getting Coleridge to deliver lectures on poetry at the Royal Institution next year ; and Davy has asked me if I would do it, as he will not be returned from Malta. I have no inclination for

*Douglas*  
*(S)*

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ascribe to magic and miraculous intervention those results of human conduct which succeed to causes in their judgement inadequate; and it is from such a point of view that the epic poet should contemplate all human action. Write about your hero as his dog or his horse would do, and you will make a good epopea: what you describe as marvellous will then be probable.' For your monodrama I am impatient, both on my own account and for the 'Iris.' I have been trying to translate Wieland's 'King of the Black Isles,' but have stuck fast in displeasure. At Ritson's 'Sir Iwain' I intend looking, to see if it can be cut down to a tale, by making the whole story terminate on Arthur's arrival.

"Yours,

"WILLIAM TAYLOR, Jun."

*Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 40.)*

"Keswick, July, 1804.

"I cannot assent to your epic creed. Instead of oxifying or assifying myself, and crying 'wonderful!' at every action of my perfect prince, I take my stand beside him, and point out all his actions to the wonder and comprehension of the beholders, as Dr. Smith exhibits a plant to his auditors,—not the less admiring the subject because he understands it, but rather admiring and

praising it with a deeper feeling. The Critical never falls in my way: it would have been but civil in Hamilton to have sent it me as an old contributor, and one who offered at all times to assist him when he needed a Spanish scholar. If 'Amadis' be not reviewed there already, I would ask you to take care of it; because the book, having been helped on by Walter Scott in the Edinburgh and Annual, is selling well, and every breath of wind would be useful; and also because Scott insists that the story is originally French, which I do not think you will do after examining the evidence adduced in the preface.

“How can you have read Sharon Turner's 'Vindication,' without learning that Pinkerton is the man whom you have defended; or his 'History,' without seeing that the Anglo-Saxon literature, manners, &c. are to form the subject of an additional volume?

“Henry has made his appearance: his manners are pleasant, and his mind as well stored as it well can be at his age. He seems to have chosen his society well in Scotland, and having been accustomed to better, is able to appreciate it fairly. I wish you could mountaineer it with us for a few weeks, and I would press the point if Coleridge also were here: but even without him we could make your time pass pleasantly; and here is Wordsworth to be seen, one of the wildest

Spaniard! but a red-headed Irishman will propagate rankness from generation to generation, unless the breed be crossed. If this theory be true, we are more of us Romans than has been suspected, or than our language indicates.

If you have an opportunity, I wish you would introduce Bedford to Heber as my lieutenant-deputy, or viceroy in the specimens, that Heber may lend him what we may want, which will not, I think, be much. I thought of inclosing to you a note of introduction, but probably Bedford will like a personal introduction better. Or I will write the note, and you can tell Heber to expect it.

The little Edithling goes on well, and has a profile as like mine as an infant's can be. We hear that Coleridge has got some appointment at Malta through Sheridan. This does not sound likely; and yet Sharp says it is true.

I wish you success in your campaigns against the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Emperor of the French; but I wish also that some cessation of hostilities may enable you to escape from Westminster and Welsh campaigning, that, as you introduced me to Snowdon, I may in my turn introduce you to Skiddaw. God bless you.

R. S.

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*To John Rickman, Esq.*

Keswick, June 30. 1804.

DEAR RICKMAN,

Herewith comes the key. The desk might pass safely through the Inquisition, but what is to be done about the *Irishness* of Bruce's Travels? which I am afraid renders it liable to confiscation, unless Mr. Abbott's bill for extending literary property to Ireland render that statute obsolete *now*, as it of course must be here-

after. Perhaps this plea, with the help of a well-applied five shillings, may avail. Olaus Magnus must pay sixpence per pound weight, and will still be a cheap purchase.

Bruce is not to be depended upon for any point of history; though he understood Portuguese, it is plain that he did not write from Portuguese books, by his misnomers. Vasco de Gama he calls Vasques de Gama. Now, the *es* is a patronymic ending, equivalent to the *ιδης* of the Greeks; the son of Vasco would be called Joan or Antonio Vasques. This was sheer indolence in Bruce; but he sometimes, from the same trick of writing without authorities, asserts what is absolutely false. I make a critical biography as I go on, which will be found useful by those who come after me.

I am just finishing the life of Albuquerque, the founder of the Portuguese empire in the east, a man who was indeed fit to found empire. His son was his historian: a very honest one. He tells you that Albuquerque, finding the Tamorina continued to evade a disadvantageous treaty by perpetual delays, advised his brother to poison him, and succeed to the throne, as then the business might be settled. And so he did. Bras d'Albuquerque relates it in this cool way, and it authenticates his whole history. Barros conceals the fact. I have caught out Barros in so many dishonesties, that I now begin to feel a pleasure in detecting more, that his character may be settled.

. Thank you for some parliamentary papers yesterday. I perceive an equal number of both sexes among the negroes, contrary to what I had understood to be the case.

Yours truly,  
R. S.

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470  
Morrison Mts Dec

Sauthey's brother Edward

To Cottle Sauthey writes  
Dec 16. 1854

"Edward will come to the  
gallows - a fact they  
I have so long foreseen  
& so made up my  
mind to that I only  
wish it was over.

I begged Danoses to  
caution you against  
him, as he goes about  
taking up money in my  
name "

---

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*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M. P.*

Keswick, Dec. 30. 1804.

DEAR WYNN,

I thank you very truly for your offer respecting my brother, and have written to him to draw for the sum on Danvers. If he should get appointed soon enough not to need it, I know he will not draw; if he does, I will apply to you as soon as his draught arrives. Poor Lord Proby! the first thing which struck me, on reading his death in your letter, was the recollection why he was sent on that station, and indignation against St. Vincent for transporting him there as a punishment for his vote. It is a heavy calamity to his father. In more superstitious days the dreadful mortality on board the Carysfort would have been thought ominous of this. Two thirds of her crew died in ten days, including the captain and most of the officers.

Tom  
not shown

A. Aikin once proposed Constantine Palæologus to me as the subject for an epic poem, and we had an hour's talk upon the story, so that I am curious to see Miss Baillie's tragedy,—it will suit dramatic better than epic narration. What I felt was, that the Greeks were so bad, and the Turks have been so bad ever since, that neither for the victors nor the vanquished could a worthy interest be raised. A dramatic writer would find this no obstacle, because his business is with individual character.

I wish I could find an English story for a poem, it would make me feel like a cock on his own dunghill,—all the necessary or desirable knowledge would be so completely within my reach. Edmund Ironsides, whom William Taylor recommends in the "Annual Review," is the best hero; but though the event is of first-rate importance, being no less than the amalgamation of the Danes and Saxons, it is not of sufficient popular interest;

no national string could be touched. The poet must everywhere say Saxon, when all our associations belong to the words Englishman or Briton. I have great drawings of mind, as a mystic would say, towards King Arthur, if his history were not such a chaos; but if we take the Arthur of romance, he is eclipsed by his own knights,—of the historical Arthur, his actions are of no consequential importance. Something might be made of the tale of Brutus, were it not for that unhappy name which would always remind the reader of a greater hero than I could possibly create. Besides, the legend is not Welsh, and will not coalesce with Welsh traditions and Bardic philosophy. I am afraid there cannot be any worthier hero found for an English poem than Robin Hood, and that lowers the key too much; so I shall go on with “Kehama.”

I have not a poem which you have not seen, not having written a line for the last year, except in “Madoc,” which monopolised me. The last parcel of notes goes off to-night to the printer. If there be no delay on the road, I suppose the whole may now be done in a fortnight; but it will take some time to get the sheets to London, and make them ready for delivery. Your eaglets, I think, look as well as such monsters can look. I have put them on Madoc’s shield, so that they are strictly proper. The ship is to have its colours altered. The title-page will be in *classical* black letter, if such a term be allowable, like Duppa’s title-page drawn by Mr. Tomkins, who is an amateur of Gothic kalography. It bids fair to be the handsomest I ever saw: the writing was sent down to me before it went to the engraver. You shall have the other two vignettes when they are done.

One more week clears off my reviewing, which is much less this year than it was last. I then turn hungrily to history. God bless you.

R. S.

To H. H. Southey, Esq.

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1803

Keswick, 1804.

DEAR HARRY,

A letter from May informs me that he is in Hampshire.

I wish you to make your friend Thomson understand that the motives for my refusal were simply and seriously what I stated to him. As the friend of Burns he is entitled to my respect, had he no other claims; it would have given me great pleasure to have assisted him, but I could as easily dance a hornpipe on the tea-table as move within the limits of a song.

It would gratify my curiosity if you could discover for what possible cause Jeffrey (if it be indeed he who wrote the reviewal of Charles Lamb's play) can have conceived so unaccountable a hatred for Coleridge (a man whom he never saw), and in consequence have so unjustifiably attacked him. That play, which Jeffrey chose to consider as being ushered into the world with Coleridge's *imprimatur* and *probatur*, was sent to him for perusal in 1799, when I was with him at Stowey; and we both dissuaded Lamb from the publication, in consequence of which it was deferred for four years. You may, if you think proper, give him one hint, which may be of service to his Review. In one instance I knew it discontinued, in consequence of the wanton and hard-hearted indecency manifested in the account of a case of extra-uterine gestation, and also of the abominable allusion in the attack upon Young, both in the second number.

Some  
Review  
ap 1803

Who wrote the reviewal of Mounier? the first in the first number; it is the best in the book. Who that of Kant? which is from beginning to end impudent babble, — perfect Scotch bold-faced impudence.

If you have easy access to the large libraries, and are

disposed to look after a little obsolete learning in your own profession, you may be of some use to me;— as thus, — by drawing up, as briefly as may be, from some of the Histories of Medicine, an account of the Arabian school. Some good old German wrote such a history in several folios of excellent bulk—a Latin book—but I do not know its title. There are some curious circumstances connected with the medical knowledge of the middle ages, which I must investigate; and you may, by sketching the outline of a map (which I have not here the opportunity of doing), facilitate my travels among the Moors and Jews. I think I shall throw some light upon the practice of that period, historically and philosophically.

Coleridge being absent, my society is very limited. A clergyman who draws well, and an East Indian general, constitute at present the whole.

I go to-morrow to Sir Wilfred Lawson's, eighteen miles from here, to pass one or two days; induced by the love of his library, which is very rich, and of which he is very liberal. But I never was more independent of society: thank God, the dead are more to me than the living,—if they should be called the dead whose works will live and act for ever. I thought my reviewing all over, except the task of extinguishing Mr. Malthus's reputation, when another parcel has arrived. That said "Annual Review" is of very unequal merit. In my conscience, if William Taylor and I were to forsake it, Mr. Longman might as well think of living without his liver and lungs, as of keeping his Review alive without us. Your Scotch literati are mere children to William Taylor. Talents are common enough, but knowledge is very uncommon, and hardly to be met with in this generation. Good soil abounds, but good fruits require care and culture, and are therefore scarce. I know but three men in the world of knowledge com-

mensurate to their talent, being of the first-rate,—William Taylor, Rickman, and Coleridge. All else whom I have seen are children to these. *But* three, was a phrase of false import,—the wonder is, that there should be so many.

R. S.

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*To H. H. Southey, Esq.*

Keswick, 1804.

THE best mode of promoting the civilisation of Hindostan, would be by permitting Europeans to colonise there. If you prove this, you will lose the prize, inasmuch as to prove it would be to convict the East India Company of impolicy. The first question, therefore, must be answered by resolving it into the second, and showing, as is in truth the fact, that the best way of promoting the civilisation of the Hindoos is by converting them. The phrasing of the question may thus conveniently be altered without any violence; only one query remains to be solved.

It is affirmed by many writers, and by many English East Indians, that it is impossible to convert a Hindoo. If any religious body be incapable of conversion to Christianity, it is the Moslem; because they believe exactly all that is reasonable of our belief, and only choose to have the unreasonable part of their own instead of ours; that is, speaking of doctrinals, and doctrinals are all that are attended to in the business of conversion, as it has hitherto been managed. But the Hindoos did submit to be sprinkled in great numbers by the Jesuits, when they found it their interest. On the Mohammedan conquest, many became Mohammedans, because it broke the fetters of their caste system; so Barros says expressly, who is, for the history of Hindostan, the

very first authority; and he says likewise, that Albuquerque became exceedingly popular among the Hindoo women, because he would not suffer the widows to burn themselves with their dead husbands. In proof that interest will bear down superstition, take two instances. On the Malabar coast it was the custom that a Rajah should reign no longer than his predecessor lived, who was a sort of priest in a pagoda. As soon as he died the Rajah took his place in the temple, and his nephew (for such was the mode of succession, for a very singular reason) reigned in his stead. The first Rajah of Cochin, whom the Portuguese found, obeyed this law. The second preferred keeping the throne: he did so under protection of the Portuguese; and, what makes as much to your argument, the people made no opposition to this breach of a religious custom.

The *Poleas* of the Malabar coast are the most degraded of all their castes: in Dalrymple's "Oriental Repertory" you will find some account of the wretched state to which this damnable superstition has condemned them. A body of these men were at work in the woods near Cochin, when a party of *Naires* in the Tamorim's service effected the passage of the river. It was during the war, when Duarte Pacheco, with a handful of Portuguese, defeated the whole power of Calicut, and laid the foundation of the Portuguese empire in India. But his efforts, almost miraculous as they were, would have been frustrated that day, if the *Poleas* had not been driven to despair at the approach of the *Naires*. They turned upon them like stags at bay, though at other times, they would have deemed it blasphemy to lift up their eyes towards so superior a caste. The *Naires*, however, were palsied by their superstition, and actually fled before a handful of wood-cutters, suffering themselves, though tenfold in number, well armed, and excellent soldiers, to be cut down by these woodmen without resistance; and thus Cochin was saved.



*To Charles Danvers, Esq. Bristol.*

Keswick, Jan. 15. 1805.

DEAR DANVERS,

It is so long since you have written, that I begin to look with some anxiety for tidings of you. I have letters from Tom twice since my last. The first to say that he had been brought to a court-martial by his captain for disobedience of orders, neglect of duty, and contempt of his superior officer. The two first charges were not proved; but it was proved that, when Captain Heathcote had accused him of these offences, he had replied, "I beg your pardon, sir, I must contradict you." This was contempt in the court-martial sense of the word, and for this he was sentenced to be dismissed the ship. He now writes me word that Commodore Hood, having seen the minutes of the trial, and spoken with some of the captains who were on it, has made him first lieutenant of the *Amelia*, a much finer frigate than the one he has left, and speaks so highly of him, that his present captain says he expects to see him a commander in six months. The commodore has even said he was fitter to command the *Galatea* than Heathcote.

As soon as his first letter arrived I wrote hastily to bid him draw on you for 30*l.* While I was writing the second letter, after some days, lest the first should have miscarried, Wynn, to whom I had told the story, very unexpectedly, wrote to say that, if 50*l.* would be of any help to Tom, it was at my disposal for him. As things now stand I take it for granted he will not draw; but, if he should, do you honour his drafts, and the money shall be remitted to you as speedily as the post will admit. This prevented him from being in the affair of the *Lilly*; he was under arrest, and could not go; and

the lieutenant who went in his place fell. Still I am uneasy about him, for the yellow fever was raging on board his ship, having killed Lord Proby (a cousin of Wynn's), the first lieutenant, whose stead Tom now supplies.

No news of Coleridge for so very long a time, that I am really very anxious about him, though I remember how long you often were without letters from the Mediterranean. We go on well. The Edithling thrives as we could wish; she has as yet only two teeth, which came without inconvenience, and we daily expect the two upper ones to make their appearance. Edith is very well, and fatter than ever you saw her, and I myself just as usual; or, as to the eyes, better than usual.

The printer lags with "Madoc;" six sheets of the notes are done, and there are about six more to do, which he unwarrantably loiters about. When you write tell me how your copy is to be directed; I will send King's with it, and one which I will beg you to ship for Tom to Barbadoes, directed to the care of Mr. Nathan Jackson. Will you believe that Tom has actually eat some land-crabs, and thinks them most excellently good?—miracles will never cease. He has promised to bring me home a brace, which I shall keep in a cage, like singing birds, for the amusement of all my acquaintance.

I am still annualising; more work coming on just as I fancy it is over. Hamilton the Critical is broke, and in my debt; something from 10% to 30%, which I could not make him settle, and which is now gone to the dogs. It is provoking to recollect how much more pleasantly the hours bestowed upon him ought to have been employed. It seems — has bought the Review, which is rather a good thing; for, though that fellow is the most complete and perfect rascal this day existing,

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he takes the right side in politics, and is likely to keep it.

Hartley is from home, visiting Mr. Wordsworth's sisters near Penrith. It is impossible to give you any adequate idea of his oddities; for he is the oddest of all God's creatures, and becomes quainter and quainter every day. It is not easy to conceive, what is perfectly true, that he is totally destitute of anything like modesty, yet without the slightest tinge of impudence in his nature. His religion makes one of the most humorous parts of his character. "I'm a boy of a very religious turn," he says; for he always talks of himself, and examines his own character, just as if he was speaking of another person, and as impartially. Every night he makes an extempore prayer aloud; but it is always in bed, and not till he is comfortable there and got into the mood. When he is ready he touches Mrs. Wilson, who sleeps with him, and says, "Now listen!" and off he sets like a preacher. If he has been behaving amiss, away he goes for the Bible, and looks out for something appropriate to his case in the Psalms or the Book of Job. The other day, after he had been in a violent passion, he chose out a chapter against wrath. "Ah! that suits me!" The Bible also is resorted to whenever he ails anything, or else the Prayer-book. He once made a pun upon occasion of the bellyache, though I will not say that he designed it. "Oh, Mrs. Wilson, *I'se* got the *colic*! read me the Epistle and Gospel for the day." In one part of his character he seems to me strikingly to resemble his father,—in the affection he has for those who are present with him, and the little he cares about them when he is out of their sight. It is not possible for one human being to love another more dearly than Mrs. Wilson loves him, and he is as fond of her as it is in his nature to be of anything, and probably loves her better than he does anybody else. Last summer she

was dangerously ill, and Hartley in consequence came and lived at home. He never manifested the slightest uneasiness or concern about her, nor ever would go near her. I do not know whether I should wish to have such a child or not. There is not the slightest evil in his disposition, but it wants something to make it steadily good; physically and morally there is a defect of courage. He is afraid of receiving pain to such a degree that, if any person begins to read a newspaper, he will leave the room, lest there should be anything shocking in it. This is the explication of his conduct during Mrs. Wilson's illness. He would not see her because it would give him pain, and when he was out of sight he contrived to forget her. I fear that, if he lives, he will dream away life like his father, too much delighted with his own ideas ever to embody them, or suffer them, if he can help it, to be disturbed.\* I gave him Robinson Crusoe two years ago. He never has read, nor will read, beyond Robinson's departure from the island. "No," he says; he does not care about him afterwards, and never will know. You will find infinite amusement from him when you come to visit us. I have a noble jackass, which you will find of use, for you must not fatigue yourself; and, by John's help, twelve or sixteen miles may be accomplished without exertion. Edith's love. How are my friends Cupid and Joe? You abuse Richardson's Correspondence properly; but how delightful are the letters of Klopstock's wife there! God bless you.

R. SOUTHEY.

\* Those who remember Hartley Coleridge will at once call to mind the truth of these long-sighted remarks. Poor Hartley! most tractable in all his careless and erratic ways! And then, besides his talents, HE had a heart.

*T*  
*What can you mean*  
*that RS has not?*

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*Souther to Beckman 16 Feb 1805*

But that it was used, I have found in an odd book, purchased when I was first your guest in London—the 400 questions proposed by the Admiral of Castille and his friends to a certain Friar Minorita; 1550 the date of the book, some thirty years after it had been written. I am in the middle of this most quaint book, and have found, among the most whimsical things that ever delighted the quaintness of my heart, some of more consequence. . . . .

The probabilities of my seeing you this year seem to increase. I begin to think that the mountain may come to Mahomet; in plain English, that, instead of my going to Lisbon, my uncle may come to England, in which case I shall meet him in London. The expedition to Portugal seems given up. Coleridge is confidential secretary to Sir A—— Ball, and has been taking some pains to set the country right as to its Neapolitan politics, in the hope of saving Sicily from the French. He is going with Capt. — into Greece, and up the Black Sea to purchase corn for the government. Odd, but pleasant enough,—if he would but learn to be contented in that state of life into which it has pleased God to call him—a maxim which I have long thought the best in the Catechism.

*see  
Kally  
letter  
to  
Beckman  
and  
the state  
number*

“ God bless you!

R. S.”

*and verbal  
Comm. recd  
to me by Capt.  
Cherry*

*To C. W. W. Wynn, Esq.*

“ March 5. 1805.

“ Dear Wynn,

“ . . . . .  
I have read Scott's poem\* this evening, and like it much. It has the fault of mixed language which you mentioned, and which I expected; and it has the same obscurity, or, to speak more accurately, the same want of perspicuousness, as his *Glenfinlas*. I suspect that Scott did not write poetry enough when a boy †, for he has little command of language. His vocabulary of the obsolete is ample; but in general his words march up stiffly, like half-trained recruits, — neither a natural walk, nor a measured march which practice has made natural. But I like his poem, for it is poetry, and in a company of strangers I would not mention that it had any faults. The beginning of the story is too like Coleridge's *Christobell*, which he had seen; the very line, ‘*Jesu Maria, shield her well!*’ is caught from it. When you see the *Christobell*, you will not doubt that Scott has imitated it; I do not think designedly, but the echo was in his ear, not for emulation, but *propter amorem*. This only refers to the beginning, which you will perceive attributes more of magic to the lady than seems in character with the rest of the story.

\* The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

† This would seem, from Sir W. Scott's Life, to be true. He mentions, in his Autobiography, having been a great reader of poetry, especially old ballads; but does not speak of having written much, if any, in boyhood.

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# A MEMOIR

OF

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF THE LATE

## WILLIAM TAYLOR

OF NORWICH,

AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH SYNONYMS DISCRIMINATED," "AN HISTORIC  
SURVEY OF GERMAN POETRY," ETC. ETC.

CONTAINING HIS

CORRESPONDENCE OF MANY YEARS WITH THE LATE  
**ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.,**  
AND ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT,  
AND OTHER EMINENT LITERARY MEN.

COMPILED AND EDITED

BY J. W. ROBBERDS, F.G.S.,  
OF NORWICH.

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*Edward*  
 23 Nov. 1804 S to T. about his  
 young brother who has turned vagabond  
 again & must be left to his fate.  
 no candidate <sup>by Tyburn</sup> has started with a  
 better chance. . . . . if he ever attains  
 transportation his destiny will be better  
 than his deserts. see opp 455  
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his convenience, and use our house as headquarters, whence to visit his other Norfolk friends for intervals. If you remain in Cumberland, I suppose he will hardly think a visit to Norfolk worth the expense, particularly as after graduation he would probably choose to make a stay of investigation here.

“ The Critical Review is got into wrong hands : Philips has been outbid, and it is now conducted by a Mr. Hunt, a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. He is said to be a preferment-hunter, orthodox in church and state, positive, obstinate and untractable. I have declined applying to continue attached to the concern, and have ordered back all the manuscripts in Hamilton’s hands, under whose bankruptcy I have had to prove £108. 11s. 6*d.* I had no idea that my account much exceeded the forty pounds which I drew in advance at Michaelmas, and which draft came back unpaid. So that I am now like a fish out of water, without literary work to do for any quarter whatever. Where shall I review ‘ Madoc’? Hamilton blabs to me, that Mr. Hunt reviewed your ‘ Metrical Tales’ himself: I had solicited the job before we exploded.

“ Mr. Thomas Southey’s case is rather that of his officer’s than of his own misconduct ; it will attract, I hope, an honourable and useful attention toward him.

*March 7. 1805*

“ I believe I shall now set about a ‘ Sketch of the Life and Writings of Lessing.’ It was a project of Coleridge’s, never begun I suspect. A volume of ‘ Lives of the German Poets’ I shall one day put together, and employ my reviews of Wieland, Klopstock, &c., as the tail-pieces to the biographies. This of Lessing will be manuscript in store, or more probably will appear progressively in the Monthly Magazine. I have been reading many things of Bishop Hall’s lately for the first time,—the ‘ Characters,’ &c. Do you know that his prose puts me in mind of my own? Our Chancery suit is again postponed to next November.

“ Yours,

“ WILLIAM TAYLOR, JUN.”

*Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 43.)*

“ My dear Friend, “ Keswick, March 9, 1805.

“ Thank you for what you say about Harry at the vacation, and thank you as truly as if your invitation were needful. We stay here the summer, and here he may come if he pleases: I suppose he likes Keswick well enough to repeat his visit. He has a wish to write a ‘ History of the Crusades,’ which I encourage in him as a worthy and adequate object; and, if the inclination continue in him, shall set him to learn Ara-

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bic for the purpose, which he is young enough to do. He will not, I think, object to *begin* the language. The subject is happily chosen for his chivalrous feelings, and for its own splendour and exceeding importance.

“Pray you do not mention Tom again by the title of Mr. I have uncles of the name of Mister, but no brother; and if ever you and Tom should meet under my roof, as by God’s blessing I hope you may, he will meet you with a very un-Misterlike sort of feeling, as his brother Harry’s best friend; and you would leave him with a great liking for a man who has all the good parts of a sailor without the bad ones, and enough of the costume without the pedantry. I love Tom dearly. We are near enough of an age to have all brotherly recollections of boyhood, and to have had our first serious feelings in common,—to have partaken of family distress, when Harry was too young to know anything about it; so that as far as regards all my earliest life and remembrances, Tom is to me the best of my family. I do not think that ever human being had a more affectionate heart. If he lives, he is now on the road to promotion.

“Coleridge never began his ‘Life of Lessing.’ He made very ample collections for the introduction, which would have been a history of German literature,—*very ample*, for I have seen

them ; but concerning Lessing nothing was ever written, and in all probability never will. He has certainly given up the intention altogether.

“ Review ‘Madoc’ in the Annual. I was in hopes you would have done it in the Critical also. We have talked here of the facility of writing satire defensively, if need were,—only talked, and without the slightest intention of so doing ; but if such retaliation were ever provoked from me, and Mr. Hunt should be one of the aggressors, what a happy motto would the old song furnish, ‘*a hunting we will go!*’ I hope by this time you have received ‘Madoc.’

“ Would I could send you to another Review ! for you like the work ; and much as I dislike reviews for the mischief they inevitably do, yet as they will continue to exist, it is of consequence to occupy the post. Are any of the new ones worth entering into ? You have only to offer, and they will jump at such a prize. Your anecdote of St. Cuthbert and the gout should be sent to my friend Kinglake, who, I suspect, will cure ninety-nine patients by the practice and kill the hundredth. He writes abominably ill, but is a man of sterling sense in all things.

“ I am historifying *totis viribus*, and should any circumstances bring or send my uncle to England, should in all likelihood put my first volume to press next winter. *Me judice*, I am a

are the only journeymen who cannot combine, — too poor to hold out, and too useless to be bought in.

Vale!

R. S.”

*To C. W. W. Wynn, Esq., M.P.*

“ April 3. 1805.

“ Dear Wynn,

“ I have been grievously shocked this evening by the loss of the *Abergavenny*\*, of which Wordsworth’s brother was captain. Of course the news came flying up to us from all quarters, and it has disordered me from head to foot. At such circumstances I believe we feel as much for others as for ourselves; just as a violent blow occasions the same pain as a wound, and he who breaks his shin feels as acutely at the moment as the man whose leg is shot off. In fact, I am writing to you merely because this dreadful shipwreck has left me utterly unable to do anything else. It is the heaviest calamity Wordsworth has ever experienced, and in all probability I shall have to communicate it to him, as he will very likely be here before the tidings can reach him. What renders any near loss of the kind so peculiarly distressing is, that the recollection is perpetually freshened when any like event occurs, by the mere mention of shipwreck, or the sound of the wind. Of all deaths it is the most dreadful, from the circumstances of terror which accompany it.

\* An allusion to this shipwreck is made in a published letter of an earlier date: which of the two dates is correct, I cannot at this time ascertain.

“ I have to write the history of two shipwrecks, — that of Sepulveda and his wife, which is mentioned by Camoens, and that of D. Paulo de Lina, one of the last Portuguese who distinguished himself favourably in India. Both these, but especially the first, are so dreadfully distressful, that I look on to the task of dwelling upon all the circumstances, and calling them up before my own sight, and fixing them in my own memory, as I needs must do, with very great reluctance. Fifteen years ago, the more melancholy a tale was the better it pleased me, just as we all like tragedy better than comedy when we are young. But now I as unwillingly encounter this sort of mental pain as I would any bodily suffering. . . .

“ God bless you!

R. S.”

*To C. W. W. Wynn, Esq., M. P.*

“ April 6. 1805.

“ Dear Wynn,

“ I am startled at the price of *Madoc*, not that it is dear compared with other books, but it is too much money; and I vehemently suspect that in consequence, the sale will be just sufficient for the publisher not to lose anything, and for me not to gain anything. What will be its critical reception I cannot anticipate. There is neither metre nor politics to offend any body, and it may pass free for any matter that it contains, unless, indeed, some wiseacre should suspect me of favouring the Roman Catholic religion.

“ And this catch-word leads me to the great po-



litical question. A Catholic establishment would be the best, perhaps the only, means of civilising Ireland. Jesuits and Benedictines, though they would not enlighten the savages, would humanise them, and bring the country into cultivation. A petition that asked for this, saying plainly we are Papists, and will be so, and this is the best thing that can be done for us, and for you too, — such a petition I could support, considering what the present condition of Ireland is, how wretchedly it has always been governed, and how hopeless the prospect is.

“ You will laugh at me, but I believe there is more need to check Popery in England than to encourage it in Ireland. It was highly proper to let the immigrant monastics associate together here, and live in their old customs; but it is not proper to let them continue their establishments, nor proper that the children of Protestant parents should be inveigled into nunneries. You will tell me their vows are not binding in England; but they are binding *in foro conscientiæ*; and, believe me, whatever romances have related of the artifices of the Romish priesthood, does not and cannot exceed the truth. This, by God’s blessing, I will one day prove irrefragably to the world. The Protestant Dissenters will die away. Destroy the Test Act and you kill them. They affect to appeal wholly to reason, and bewilder themselves in the miserable snare of materialism. Besides, their creed is not reasonable; it is a vile mangle mangle which a Catholic may well laugh at. But Catholicism having survived the first flood of reformation, will stand, perhaps, to the end of all things. It would yield either to a general

spread of knowledge (which would require a totally new order of things), or to the unrestrained attacks of infidelity,—which would be casting out devils by Beelzebub the Prince of the Devils. But if it be tolerated here, if the old laws of prevention be suffered to sleep, it will gain ground, perhaps to a dangerous extent. You do not know what the zeal is, and what the power of an army of priests, having no interest whatever but that of their order. . . . .  
 You will not carry the question now; what you will do in the next reign, Heaven knows! . . . . .

“ Coleridge is coming home full of Mediterranean politics. Oh, for a vigorous administration! but that wish implies so much, that Algernon Sidney suffered for less direct high treason. If I were not otherwise employed, almost I should like to write upon the duty and policy of introducing Christianity into our East Indian possessions, only that it can be done better at the close of the Asiatic part of my History. Unless that policy be adopted, I prophesy that by the year 2000 there will be more remains of the Portuguese than of the English Empire in the East. .

“ We go on badly in the East, and badly in the West. You will see in the Review that I have been crying out for the Cape. We want a port in the Mediterranean just now; for if Gibraltar is to be besieged, certainly Lisbon will be shut against us. Perhaps Tangiers could be recovered; that coast of Africa is again becoming of importance: but above all things Egypt, Egypt. This country is strong enough to conquer, and populous enough to colonise;

ever, after sixteen years it is pleasant, as well as something melancholy, to see it, as I do now for the first time, in the shape of a book. Many persons will read it with pleasure, probably no one with more than you; for whatever worth it may have, you will feel, that had it not been for you, it could never possibly have existed. It is easy to quit the pursuit of fortune for fame; but had I been obliged to work for the necessary comforts instead of the superfluities of life, I must have sunk as others have done before me. Interrupted just when I did not wish it, for it is twilight—just light enough to see that the pen travels straight,—and I am tired with a walk from Grasmere, and was in a mood for letter-writing;—but here is a gentleman from Malta with letters from Coleridge. God bless you!

*To Wynn April 16 1805*

R. S.”

*To C. W. W. Wynn, Esq., M. P.*

“ June 25. 1805.

“ Dear Wynn,

“ Madoc is doing well; rather more than half the edition is sold, which is much for so heavy a volume; the sale, of course, will flag now, till the world shall have settled what they please to think of the poem, and if the reviews favour it, the remainder will be in a fair way.\* In fact, books are now so dear, that

\* “ I think Southey does himself injustice in supposing the Edinburgh Review, or any other, could have hurt Madoc, even for a time. But the size and price of the work, joined to the frivolity of an age which must be treated as nurses humour children, are sufficient reasons

they are becoming rather articles of fashionable furniture than anything else; they who buy them do not read them, and they who read them do not buy them. I have seen a Wiltshire clothier, who gives his bookseller no other instructions, than the dimensions of his shelves; and have just heard of a Liverpool merchant who is fitting up a library, and has told his bibliopole to send him Shakspeare, and Milton, and Pope, and if any of those fellows should publish any thing new, to let him have it immediately. If Madoc obtain any celebrity, its size and cost will recommend it among these gentry — *libros consumere nati*—born to buy quartos and help the revenue. . . .

You were right in your suspicious dislike of the introductory lines. The *ille ego* is thought arrogant, as my self-accusing preface would have been thought mock modesty. For this I care little: it is saying no more, in fact, than if I had said, Author of *so-and-so* in the title-page; and, moreover, it is not amiss that critics who will find fault with something, should have these straws to catch at. I learn from Sharpe very favourable reports of its general effect, which is, he says, far greater than I could have supposed.

“ . . . . This London Institution is likely to supply the place of an Academy. Sharpe has had most to do with the establishment, and perhaps

why a poem, on so chaste a model, should not have taken immediately. We know the similar fate of Milton's immortal work in the witty age of Charles II., at a time when poetry was much more fashionable than at present.”—*Letter from Sir W. Scott to Miss Seward, Life, vol. iii. p. 21.*

*the  
R. J.*

remotely I may have had something, having conversed last year with him, upon the necessity of some association for publishing such extensive national works as booksellers will not undertake, and individuals cannot; — such as the *Scriptores Rerum Britan.*, *Saxon Archaiologies*, &c. &c. Application will be made to Coleridge to lecture on *Belles Lettres*. Some such application will perhaps be made to me one day or other; indeed, a hint to that effect was given me from the Royal Institution last year. My mind is made up to reject any such invitation, because I have neither the acquirements nor the wish to be a public orator. . . . .

“ Your letter has got the start of mine. I believe I told you that both Lord and Lady Holland had left invitations for me with my uncle to Holland House, and that he had offered me the use of his Spanish collection. Did Fox mention to you that I had sent him a copy of *Madoc*? I did so because Sharpe desired me to do so, who knows Fox; and I prefaced it with a note, as short as could be, and as respectful as ought to be. I am much gratified by what you tell me of the poem’s reception; there was a strong and long fit of dejection upon me about the time of its coming out. I suspected a want of interest in the first part, and a want everywhere of such ornament as the public have been taught to admire. And still I cannot help feeling that the poem looks like the work of an older man — that all its lights are evening sunshine. This would be ominous if it did not proceed from the nature of the story, and the key in which it is pitched, which

was done many years since, before Thalaba was written or thought of.

God bless you!

R. S."

*To C. W. W. Wynn, Esq., M. P.*

"July 5. 1805.

"Dear Wynn,

"Fox has written me a very civil letter of thanks; saying, however, that he had not yet had time to read the poem, so his praise can of course only have been of detached parts.

"They tell me the duty upon foreign works is not worth collecting, and that it might be repealed if any member thought it worth his while to take up the matter. If this be the case, I pray you take into consideration the case of your petitioner; there is now a roomful of books lying for me at Lisbon, all of use to me, and yet literally and truly such the major part, that were they to be sold in England, they would not yield the expense of the duty. I cannot smuggle them all in, to my sorrow, being obliged to get over only a box at a time, of such a smuggleable size that a man can easily carry it, and this I cannot do at London, where I wish to have them. What my uncle has sent over, and fairly paid for, has cost about a hundred pounds freight and duty — the freight far the smaller part. Now, if this barbarous tax can be repealed, whoever effects its repeal certainly deserves to be esteemed a benefactor to literature, and it may also be taken into the account that you would save me from the sin of

*To Beckman May 1. 1805*  
 enough, that poem would make me think I had grown old before my time; it is in so sober a tone of thought, and thoughtful feeling, and its brightest parts have the colouring of an evening sunshine. The best omen I have heard of its well-doing, is that Martin Burney likes it.

You were quite mistaken about the Abergavenny; there was no misconduct whatever, except in the pilot for running her aground. I can positively and undeniably convince you of this.

Sir George Beaumont has sent me down a print of Coleridge, which, if it resembles any one, has a distant likeness to (Count Burnetski, having exactly his eyes and hair. *Geo. Burnett*)

A Frenchman's prize essay on the Reformation has come here to be reviewed. He has been schooled in Germany, and has written better than I thought a Frenchman would have written, or the French Institute have ventured to approve, upon such a subject. These reviews, which have any bearing towards any historical subjects, I like well enough, and regard them as a good way of getting at my own opinions, and bringing them into some order in a first sketch—and being paid for it. Villiers has not fairly stated the evils of the Reformation; he forgets the death-stop which it put to the spread of Christianity, which I regard as the greatest and best means of civilising the savage world. I have also —

I. A "Life of Sir Walter *Raleigh*," as the name is spelt, which ought to be cut down from two quartos, as thin as himself, into an article for the Biog. Brit.

II. Philip's "Present State of Peru," of which I knew the history before the book reached me. It is exactly such as a Present State of England would be, made up, in Peru, from a stray volume of the "Monthly Magazine," and a print of the King's procession to St.

*Beckman's*

Paul's after his recovery, or of the Lord Mayor's Show.

III. Lindley's "Narrative of his Imprisonment at Bahia," not very much to the credit of my friends the Portuguese; but Mr. Lindley should not go smuggling. In my history I am coming to a splendid period,—the great struggle with the Turks in India, at the siege of Dio,—one of the most extraordinary on record. D. Manuel gets on with his Letters, some of which are under transcription to be sent to you. If I be not very much deceived, this will be the most profitable of all my labours, which it well may be, and yet not be overpaid.

Lord Holland has, through my uncle, offered me the use of his library, which, as he has laid in an excellent store of books in Spain, would be of great advantage to me were I within reach of it. I am in want of sundry books, yet will not send for them for awhile,—waiting to see what may turn up with regard to Portugal and to my own destination.

I am as much obliged to Carlisle for his lecture as if I understood it, which I do sufficiently to see that he is going the right way to work. Does he, or do you know that if any deformity happen to the human nails, it is perpetuated?—or am I reasoning from my own individual experience too generally; for I have the proof at my *fingers' end*?

The proofs are coming, and the pamphlet may be consigned to rest among my other books, as I have seen it. There has been a smart earthquake in Staffordshire. Farewell.

R. S.

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*To my August 5 1805*

same time which a year's reviewing employs would produce such a poem as "Thalaba," of which the present profit would not be less and the future would be something; whereas, in reviewing, all the labour is sunk, and as I have been a reviewer now since the beginning of 1798, I do not think it can be of any further use to me now, than merely as a matter of pecuniary profit. I shall just keep my foot in the review in order to let Harry in when he shall be at leisure to take the place. I can certainly be better employed in writing good books than in criticising bad ones.

My History would go to press this winter if my uncle were in England, and probably will not till he and I have met either in that country or this. I paused, about five weeks ago, on finishing the first siege of Dio, not from any wish to pause, but this is my season for interruption, when I walk for the rest of the year. Danvers is with me, and, with him and Harry, I am, in short and frequent excursions, exploring the whole of a country which I hope at no great distance to leave. Believe me, it is an act of forbearance to keep back what has cost me so many hours of labour. The day when I receive the first proof sheet will be one of the happiest of my life. The work may or may not succeed; it may make me comfortably independent, or obtain no credit till I am in a world where its credit will be of no effect; but that it will be a good book, and one which sooner or later shall justify me in having chosen literature for my life's pursuit, I have a sure and certain faith. If I complained of anything it would be of the necessity of working at employments so worthless in comparison with this great subject. However, the reputation which I am making, and which, thank God, strengthens every year, will secure a sale for these volumes whenever they appear.

Roscoe's *Leo*\* is on the table, *sub judice*. One great advantage in my subject is, that it excites no expectations: the reader will be surprised to find in me a splendour of story which he will be surprised not to find in the miserable politics of Italian princelings.

I cannot answer your question concerning the contemporary English historians; Bishop Nicholson will be your best guide. Of English history we have little that is good; I speak of modern compilers, being ignorant, for the most part, of the monkish annalists. Turner's *History of the Anglo Saxons* ought to be upon your shelves; the style is the worst possible, but so much new information was probably never laid before the public in any one historical publication. Lord Lyttelton's *Henry II.* is a learned and honest book. Having particularised these two, "the only faithful found," it may safely be said that of all the others those which are the oldest are probably the best. What Milton and Bacon have left have, of course, peculiar and first-rate excellencies.

Here is a Mr. Awdry visiting near us, the cousin of your brother-in-law; we knocked him up on the mountains Saturday last. You probably know him; his wife is like poor Nancy Tonkin, only with a face less interesting, because less intelligent. No news of Coleridge. Little Edith grows and does well; she attempts to say everything, and is thought wondrous wise sometimes. I wish her less forward—in fear; but, God be thanked, she is well. My cold has left me at last.

I will beg you to thank young Walpole for his book,

\* "Roscoe's *Leo* rises much in my estimation upon a second perusal. If it disappointed my curiosity or expectation, it satisfies my reasonable judgment, and I shall be able most truly to speak of it in terms of decided praise."—*MS. Letter to H. H. Southey, Esq., Jan. 11. 1806.*

“ Now levelness of manner I think the characteristic of Leonidas and of Virgil, the one never rising and the other never dismounting from his stilts. I do not think the language or habit of thought and expression anyway Spenserian, though I love Spenser above all other poets, and have him in my heart of hearts.

“ Having said thus much, you will perceive what my animadversions would be on your critique, which I should like to see and animadvert upon. If you will desire King Arthur (I have a wicked way of giving nicknames) to send it by twopenny post to Rickman, St. Stephen's Court, New Palace Yard, he will frank it here, and I will then frank it back. Could you suppose that I should interpolate anything for insertion ?

“ The next thing in your letter is, that I could through Mr. May get into the Monthly. By what means ? for this is as dark as Erebus, or as Maurice's 'Indian Antiquities,' to me. Explain this to me, and I will write to John May *quàm citissimè* ; or if you be assured of it, write to him to save time, and Wordsworth will gladly do the thing, and find fault as honestly as possible.

“ ‘ Joan of Arc ’ is almost out of the press, else I should have been very glad of your book. Perhaps I am not sorry that you did not offer a

Sept 2. 1805

temptation to my conscience at the expense of my time.

“For ‘Noah,’ you will see how acceptable your advice is, when I tell you that the book of Enoch has been for the very purpose a desideratum with me for five years, and that I mean at Edinburgh, if possible, to get sight of the fragment which Bruce translated.

“I never saw Ohthere’s voyage, but will as soon as I can. There is a good thing in Saxo Grammaticus, of the voyage of Thorkill, wherein much of the ‘Odyssey’ is parodied and some of the romances forestalled.

“When Coleridge returns he shall read Lessing’s letter to me. When I have learned German, I will read everything in that language relative to Portugal myself. It is my plan, when peace comes, to go for a year into Holland to learn Dutch and buy books, &c., and there to make a book of memorandums to pay the extra expenses. German will then be easily added by an easy removal of residence. I shall eat herrings, drink Rhenish, and be very happy.

“Did I ever send you my dreams about the Deluge? for I dreamt much about it when on my voyage home from Lisbon. The subject has been long my favourite, because I believe it quite enough to touch it reverently. Enoch and the Talmuds would furnish glorious notes, and help

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*Letter to Southey Oct 14. 1805*

translation from De Sacy the more diffuse and complete, because I had at that time lent you my Bodmer's 'Noah,' and thought you might one day want to surround the vine-planter of Ararat with a more racy and autochthonous machinery than his Miltonic angelry. You observed to me in your last letter that you and I are the Gog and Magog of the Annual Review: it will do more good to observe such things to Arthur Aikin. His sister, who has been in Norwich, and who by-the-bye is an entertaining woman, was boasting that above twelve writers are employed about the Annual: interest is made to include more and more, and the share of each will lessen; and unless Arthur be taught to know bad work from good, he will lessen the shares of his better contributors, and dish up yet more of that hasty-pudding, which stuffs without stimulating, and involves in one homogeneous pulp of insipidity foods which might separately have delighted.

"Mr. Smith says Coleridge is making a fortune in his present situation, or at least that any one but a poet would make one in it. How amusing, that the author of 'Fire, Famine and Slaughter' should be a commissary fattening under War and Pitt!

*See*

"In the preface to the German translation of 'Sir Lybius,' or *Le beau disconnu*, it is said that

that romance exists in the language of the Jews. This circumstance I mentioned some years ago in the Monthly ; it corroborates Ellis's notion and yours, that through the Jews may have travelled an oriental tinge into chivalrous literature.

“ Schiller's ‘ Bride of Messina ’ I have just been reading. The scene is laid in modern times, but the chorusses sing odes as full of the fates and furies as if Sophocles had made them. The plot is a story of two hostile brothers who fall in love with the same woman, and that woman their sister ; the one brother kills the other and then kills himself in atonement. The distress of the mother and that of the intended bride supply a scene or two in the last act worthy of Schiller. I think epic poetry was more adapted for Schiller's efforts than the drama : his characters are heroic, colossal, sublime in virtue and in vice, but they have no ease, no little traits of nature ; they explain themselves, but they never betray themselves. Not only his descriptive power, but his descriptive imagination is of the highest kind ; his words stamp his idea in characters of fire, and his idea is grand, is simple, is adapted. Happy the painter who can array such scenery ! He is the gothic *Æschylus*.

“ I intended writing to Henry under this cover,

but shall not have time before the post hour. I have nothing to say and yet wish to write. There is a proverb of Odin's, 'Never suffer the grass to grow on the path to the house of your friend,' and something of this is a duty in correspondence.

" Yours,  
" WILLIAM TAYLOR, Jun."

*Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 47.)*

" Keswick, October 22, 1805.

" My dear Friend,

" The vision of Joan of Arc is now, by Longman's desire, appended to the poem. There is the gap occasioned by its removal to be filled up: will you let me supply it in part by placing your tale of the 'Berkeley Witch' with my own? Most people will be as much pleased as I am to see how differently the same subject can be treated.

" Your reviewal is not yet arrived: that in the Edinburgh you will have seen. I have been at Edinburgh and there seen Jeffrey. When he was invited to meet me, he very properly sent me the sheets, that I might see him or not, according to my own feelings: this was what he could not well avoid, but it was not the less gentlemanlike. I met him in good humour, being by God's blessing of a happy temper: having

seen him, it were impossible to be angry with anything so diminutive. We talked about the question of taste on which we are at issue. He is a mere child upon that subject: I never met with a man whom it was so easy to check-mate.

“ My uncle says of your Monthly Magazine reviewal, that he thinks it well-founded in almost all its parts. When the long article comes I will quietly sit down and examine myself, and tell you as fairly what are the faults of the poem as if it were not my own. With my first leisure I shall think of some other subject; but, alas! a world of work is before me. After this year I shall give up reviewing,—more original and congenial labour will pay as well. King Arthur will easily supply my place at the Round Table to his own satisfaction, but his readers will miss me; for I shall not affect to appear ignorant, that of all his merry-men you and I are the Lancelot and Tristram, the men of proof. I read your articles with pleasure, and have no patience with the insipidity or the pertness which occurs in all the rest.

“ Mr. Smith’s news of Coleridge is very inaccurate. He holds the place of public secretary till the person to whom the reversion was given comes to relieve him, for which he is waiting with miserable impatience. The salary which he receives is only half, half being paid as trea-

*verified*  
*W. T.*



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surer, an office of which he would not take charge. The utmost amount may be £500 a year, for which he gives up the whole of his time, having literally no leisure to do anything except write memorials home respecting Egypt and Mediterranean politics.

“The Scotch society disappointed me, as it needs must do a man who loves conversation instead of discussion. Of the three faculties of the mind, they seem exclusively to value judgement. They have nothing to teach, and a great deal more to learn than I should choose to be at the trouble of instructing them in. I had happily an admirable companion in my schoolfellow Elmsley, or I should have hungered and thirsted for my folios. But I must speak of other things. You have probably seen Harry by this time; at least whether you have or not, there should be no secrets between him and you: he has fallen into an affection common to people of his age. How he and the lady and the lady's friends may settle their affairs, Heaven knows; all that I have to do with it is this,—to fix my residence wherever he may commence his practice, if it ends in a marriage, that my home may be his till he can get one of his own. Here then is a chance of my domesticating in Norwich some twelve-months hence. I have never seen the lady, and should be apt to think her a little too novelish

(it is a better word than romantic) and a little too fond of indulging herself in violent feelings; but these things wear off. After all it is likely enough that the whole may terminate as suddenly as it began. You will find Harry nearly as you would wish to find him. Perseverance he wants; and in spite of all I have done and am doing, I must freely confess that it is a family failing, for I only get through what I like, and have never been able to learn any language grammatically since I left school. He is in good odour at Edinburgh, and well may be so, for among Scotch metaphysicians he may pass for learned. As far as I can judge he seems to have chosen his associates well,—to have culled the shining men for his acquaintance, the good ones for his friends.

“ I passed three days with Walter Scott, an amusing and highly estimable man. You see the whole extent of his powers in the ‘Minstrel’s Lay,’ of which your opinion seems to accord with mine,—a very amusing poem; it excites a novel-like interest, but you *discover* nothing on after perusal. Scott bears a great part in the Edinburgh Review, but does not review well. He is editing Dryden,—very carelessly; the printer has only one of the late common editions to work from, which has never been collated, and is left to make conjectural emendations.

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not coincide with yours: I do not think that it excites and keeps alive 'a novel-like interest.' The incidents are so purposeless, that I experience from them a succession of disappointments. The poem struck me as a rimed imitation of 'Thalaba'; as possessing similar local merits of high-wrought, luminously-coloured description; as falling into similar faults of disconnected, independent, unintelligibly successive incident; as having lyrical and eruditional merit, but neither order, climax, nor entirety of fable. There is a want of homogeneity in the manner or style, which resembles what the masons call rubbish-wall, where fragments of anciently hewn and sculptured stone are built in with modern brick-bats and the pebbles of the soil. Nor do I like stories, like Pilpay's fables, in *nests of boxes*, one within another,—a minstrel singing a story, and in that story more minstrels singing more stories.

“ I have not seen the Edinburgh. Jeffrey's great merit lies in a command of example: whatever he is reviewing, a book or a simile,—whatever he is discussing, an episode or an epithet,—he can instantly find up every analogous and comparable instance in the whole treasury of ages and languages. His taste is book-made, superinduced by the theorists and by authority; not the result of feeling, nor of that art of appre-

*Keown collection*  
*Oct 28. 1805*

tiation which is acquired by trying experiments in composition, and afterwards applying to others the principles employed in self-approbation or condemnation. To be a good critic, a man must have served his apprenticeship to art.

“ Schiller’s ‘ Wilhelm Tell,’—oh, why is not Coleridge at home to translate it? Except that one has two storms in one lake, rather too long, loud and providential, it is an admirable tragedy: the strictly historic drama, comprehending a whole great event in a few intensely interesting scenes,—the characters, various, discriminate, national,—it is worthy of the only competitor Shakspeare has yet had. Schiller has less ethic, but more pathetic merit than Shakspeare; his ideas are more heroic and colossal: when they quit mere nature, it is in the right direction.

“ I am not surprised you think of coming with Henry to dwell awhile in Norwich; it has long been a catastrophe anticipated by my secret hopes.

“ Yours,

“ WILLIAM TAYLOR, Jun.”

*Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 48.)*

“ Keswick, November 14, 1805.

“ My dear Friend,

“ I have this day received your reviewal. There is nothing in it which I should wish you

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which, if it be left with Longman, will take its place in the next parcel. I wish he were to travel anywhere rather than in Greece; there is too much hazard and too little reward; nor do I think much can be gleaned after the excellent Chandler. Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, are the countries for an able and inquisitive traveller. I should, for myself, prefer a tour in Ireland to a tour in Greece, as productive of more novelty. Should he touch at Malta, it might not be amiss to take letters to Coleridge, in case he should be there; with them I will furnish him, if you think it worth while; or you may do it yourself, for your name will be a valued draft for any attention or service in his power.

I should be much obliged if you could procure for me Beausobre's "Histoire de Manicheisme," which, for want of catalogues, I cannot get at by any other channel. The book is said to be of sterling value, and the subject so connected with Christian and Oriental superstitions, that my knowledge of both is very imperfect till I have read it; besides, I think I have discovered that one of the great Oriental Mythologies was borrowed from Christianity, — that of Buddha, the Fo of the Chinese. If so, what becomes of their chronology? God bless you.

R. S.

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*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq. M.P.*

Keswick, Oct. 3. 1805.

DEAR WYNN,

I shall take your advice respecting "Madoc," and confine myself to correcting the parts as they are. About the catastrophe, when my thoughts acquire any thing like a definite form, you shall be consulted.

To-day I start, with Elmsley, for Edinburgh, and shall be home within three weeks. I have a world of reviewing to do, which, with "Espriella," will keep me hard at work till April; and then, as soon as I have cleared off these incumbrances, I design once more to cross the seas and pay my last visit to Portugal. Concerning this, I will write at large hereafter. Now, of course, we are in haste, and I have besides something to say which you will be glad to hear.

Froude, a clergyman of Devonshire, happened, some little time ago, to tell me that a lady in Nottinghamshire had an old MS. volume of poems, which nobody could make out. I expressed a wish to see it,—and, in short, have it now lying on my desk. It contains all sorts of things; and among others three metrical romances, Sir Ysumbras, Sir Gwother, and Sir Amadas. The first you will recollect by the title of Isembras: whether that was known to exist or not I cannot tell. The two latter are discoveries, I believe; and Amadas being known to Walter Scott only by name, was suspected by him, in the "Edinburgh Review," as being possibly the original of "Amadis." The copy of this is imperfect at the beginning, but nothing of any importance is lost. The story this:—Amadas has spent all his property, except 40%. ; with this he sets out to seek his fortune. He finds a widow sitting by a bier, in a lonely chapel, with two tapers burning, and her husband's body, which was rotting above ground, because a cruel creditor would not permit it to be buried. Amadas pays 30%. to redeem it, and spends the other ten upon the funeral. As he rides on alone through a forest, bewailing his poverty aloud, a knight in white armour, upon a white horse, overtakes and overhears him; and then advises him to go and marry the Emperor's daughter, by his help, covenanting to have half of whatever he shall choose for this assistance. Accordingly, he supplies him

*To Lieutenant Southey, H. M. S. Amelia.*

“Keswick, August 22. 1805.

“My dear Tom,

“I wrote to you as soon as the letter, by favour of old Neptune, arrived; as both seem to have taken the same course, it will now be desirable to have others thrown over in that track, and if half a dozen should in half a century follow one another, it would prove the existence of a current.

“Our neighbour General Peachy invited us lately to meet Lord Somerville at dinner. . . . .  
From hence he went into Scotland, and there saw —, who was on the point of coming here to visit Wordsworth and me. To — he spoke of the relationship with us; he said of me and Wordsworth that, however we might have got into good company, he might depend upon it we were still Jacobins at heart, and that he believed he had been instrumental in having us looked after in Somersetshire. This refers to a spy who was sent down to Stowey to look after Coleridge and Wordsworth; the fellow, after trying to tempt the country people to tell lies, could collect nothing more than that the gentlemen used to walk a good deal upon the coast, and that they were what they called poets. He got drunk at the inn, and told his whole errand and history, but we did not till now know who was the main mover. . . . .

“Continue, I beseech you, to write your remarks upon all you see and all you hear; but do not trust them to letters, lest they should be lost. Keep

minutes of what you write. Such letters as your last would make a very interesting and very valuable volume. Little is known here of the W. Indies, except commercially; the moral and physical picture would have all the effect of novelty. In particular, look to the state of the slaves. If you were now in England it is very possible that your evidence might have considerable weight before the House of Lords, now that the question of abolition is again coming on. Keep your eye upon every thing; describe the appearance of the places you visit, as seen from the ship,—your walks on shore,—in short, make drawings in writing; nothing is so easy as to say what you see, if you will but disregard how you say it, and think of nothing but explaining yourself fully. Write me the history of a planter's day—what are his meals—at what hours—what his dress—what his amusements—what the employments, pleasures, education, &c., of his children and family. Collect any anecdotes connected with the French expeditions—with the present or the last war,—and depend upon it, that by merely amusing yourself thus you may bring home excellent and ample materials, to which I will add a number of curious historical facts, gleaned from the Spanish historians and travellers.

“The seas are clear for you once more, and I hope by this time you have picked up some more prizes. Your climate, too, is now getting comfortable: I envy you as much in winter as you can envy me in summer.

“God bless you!”



*To Bedford Row Nov 13. 1805-*  
put it in my power to do so,—and then you will understand the whole merits of the simile.

“ Will you Butlerise, Mr. Bedford? By the core of William’s heart, which I take to be the hardest of all oaths, and therefore the most impossible to break, I will never cease persecuting you with that question and that advice, till you actually set that good ship afloat, in which you are to make as fair a voyage to the port of Fame as ever Englishman accomplished. Mr. Bedford, it appears to me that Englishmen accomplish that said expedition better by sea than by land,—and that, therefore, the metaphor is a good one, and a sea-horse better than Pegasus. Do, do begin: and begin by writing letters to me, which may be your first crude thoughts; and I will unpack my memory of all its out-of-the-way oddities, and give them to you for cargo and ballast.

“ Elmsley will have told you of our adventures in Scotland, if the non-adventures of a journey in Great Britain at this age of the world can deserve that name. I am returned with much pleasant matter of remembrance; well pleased with Walter Scott, with Johnny Armstrong’s Castle on the Esk, with pleasant Tiviotdale, with the Tweed and the Yarrow: astonished at Edinburgh, delighted with Melrose, sick of Presbyterianism, and, above all things, thankful that I am an Englishman and not a Scotchman. The Edinburgh Reviewers I like well as companions, and think little of as anything else. Elmsley has more knowledge and a sounder mind than any or all of them. I could learn more from him in a day than they could all teach me in a year. Therefore I saw

them to disadvantage, inasmuch as I had better company at home. And, in plain English, living as I have done, and, by God's blessing, still continue to do, in habits of intimate intercourse with such men as Rickman, Wm. Taylor, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, the Scotchmen did certainly appear to me very pigmies, — *litteratuli*.

“ I go to Portugal next year, if politics permit me, and expect to take Edith and the Edithling with me, for at least a two years' residence. Bating the voyage and the trouble of removal, this is a pleasant prospect. I love the country, and go well prepared to look for everything that I can want. My winter will be fully employed, and hardly. I am at my reviewing, of which this year I take my leave for ever. It is an irksome employment, over which I lose time, because it does not interest me. A good exercise certainly it is, and such I have found it; but it is to be hoped that the positive immorality of serving a literary apprenticeship, in censuring the works of others, will not be imputed wholly to me. In the winter of 1797, when I was only twenty-three and a half, I was first applied to to undertake the office of a public critic! Precious criticism! And thus it is that these things are done. I have acquired some knowledge, and much practice in prose, at this work, which I can safely say I have ever executed with as much honesty as possible; but on the whole I do and must regard it as an immoral occupation, unless the reviewer has actually as much knowledge at least of the given subject, as the author upon whom he undertakes to sit in judgment.

“ When will your worship call upon me for my

'There sits a fiend,' &c.: the syntax is easier and sooner comprehended, and two epithets of no value weeded out. The stanza beginning

'Although thy cross have scared me sore'

I would omit, and I would not make the devil sleepy. Last but one, better thus?

'But none but heathen souls shall you  
In your damn'd den confine.'

I would call it the 'Irish Witch,' or anything but that undistinguishing name of Matthew Lewis's.

"I regret the failure of the 'Anthology,' because it opened your stores. Has King Arthur put the 'Metrical Tales' into your hands? they are fairly entitled to a place in the volume. The new 'Joan of Arc' is so infamously misprinted, that I shall desire Longman to put all my London printing for the future into Richard Taylor's hands. God bless you!

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

*Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 49.)*

"Keswick, December 10, 1805.

"My dear Friend,

"Your reviewal is gone back to King Arthur: there was nothing which I could feel any wish to interline. Something, however, Wordsworth thought might be added, as instances of that impassioned character of sound, and emphatic position of words, which cannot be displayed in its

full beauty without the help of metre. The instances he marked are these :—

‘Uplifts the snake his head retorted ; high  
He lifts it over Madoc.’—p. 251.

‘ On he came  
Straight to the sound, and curl’d around the Priest  
His mighty folds innocuous, overtopping  
His human height.’—p. 237.

‘ Their tapers gleam’d  
Upon his visage, as he wore his helm  
Open.’—p. 161.

‘ Cyveiliac stood before them,—in his pride  
Stood up the poet-prince of Mathrafal.  
His hands were on the harp, his eyes were closed,  
His head, as if in reverence to receive  
The inspiration, bent. Anon he raised  
His glowing countenance and brighter eye,  
And swept with passionate hand the ringing harp.’

“ If you can inweave these instances in such a way as may seem best, it will be the sort of praise that is useful. I know the versification to be elaborate, and am very much deceived if it does not generally vary itself well to suit the subject.

“ In April I shall probably go to London : is there any likelihood of meeting you there ? If not, I will certainly make Norwich on my way, either going or returning ; and this is a pledged promise. If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, you know what is the only alternative.

“ I have set Burnett to work, and really believe upon something which he can do,—to

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exhibit specimens of English prose in chronological arrangement, which Longman will doubtless print for him at my recommendation. You need not be told how utterly ignorant he is of the subject, but enough can be done for him with little trouble to teach him in the course of the task. So I have kept him here for this purpose, and he is now hard at work, extracting from such authors as can be mustered among Coleridge's books and mine. Lamb will help him in London. Perhaps you will lend him a little assistance,—tell him what to select from your favourite authors, as you would mark extracts in a reviewal, and throw out in a letter such sayings as he may graft into a brief biographical notice. I can give him specimens of about twenty writers, some of them scarce ones, direct him to many others, and make out a tolerably complete list of the whole. Having got the book printed, we can review it for him and get him a name with the booksellers and with the world. He is exceedingly well pleased with the project, and with the prospect of acquiring some knowledge during the execution; but the old yawniness comes on at times, and he is casting about if he can't get some of the extracts copied for him 'for nothing.' Hobbes, Harrington, Sidney, Locke, Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke,—can you set him copying from these,

who are out of my beat? He will make two or three volumes to go in company with Ellis and my supplement, and may well get £100 by the sale of one edition, which is a thing certain. Poor fellow! you can hardly conceive his utter helplessness.

“Can you procure for me from Germany the ‘Systema Bramanicum’ of Fra Paolino de San Bartolomeo? I have sent in vain for it to Leghorn. It is needful for my ‘Curse of Kehama’ and for the ‘Asiatic History of Portugal.’ Reviewing hangs upon hand with me, and I toil on. Gifford’s ‘Massinger’ is come in this channel, and I read it to much advantage: he is less a poet than Beaumont and Fletcher, but far more a dramatist. I have been urged on all sides to write a play, which is not my natural call, and must, I suppose, at last try at it. The perusal of Massinger has made me feel more kindly indications than I was ever visited with before. I think of taking up Llewellyn where Madoc leaves him. He, Rodri, David and Emma would be four characters sufficiently conceived in my own mind.

“We have tidings that Coleridge left Malta in September to travel home by land from Naples: of course we shall be under some anxiety till he reaches England.—Which side will Prussia turn to? Will she be content with Hanover

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