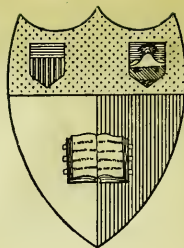


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LETTERS FROM THE LAKE POETS.

- (1) 87 Coleridge Letters, from
1800 to 1828.
- (2) 18 Wordsworth Letters, from
1801 to 1838.
- (3) 12 Southey Letters, from
1805 to 1838.

LETTERS
FROM THE
LAKE POETS,

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, WILLIAM
WORDSWORTH, ROBERT SOUTHEY,

TO

DANIEL STUART,

Editor of THE MORNING POST and THE COURIER,
1800-1838.

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

TO POPE FROM MR. BLOUNT.

“Among my ambitions, that of being a sincere friend is one of the chief: yet I will confess that I have a secret pleasure to have some of my descendants know, that their Ancestor was great with Mr. Pope.”—Pope’s Works, vol. viii. MDCCLI.

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1889.

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DANIEL STUART.

DANIEL STUART, to whom the following letters were addressed, was born in Edinburgh November 16, 1766, the youngest of several children. He lost his father in infancy, and, on the death of his mother, in 1778, he was sent up to London to the care of his two elder brothers, who were then engaged as Journalists, and who, with their two unmarried sisters, were all keeping p house together in Charlotte Street, Portland Place. His brothers, Charles and Peter, had received their education at the High School, Edinburgh, but, instead of placing their youngest brother to a school, they apprenticed him on his arrival in London to Sutton, the King's Printer, in St. Martin's Lane, and made him otherwise useful to themselves. Mr. Stuart in after life much regretted the loss of a good classical education.

At this time James (afterwards Sir James) Mackintosh, a young Scotchman, who like the Stuarts had come up to seek his fortune in London, was a frequent visitor at their house. By degrees an attachment sprang up between him and Catherine, the elder of the two sisters, which ultimately led to their marriage in the year 1789. This event broke up the home, and on the younger sister Elizabeth joining Mr. and Mrs. Mackintosh, the brothers were left each to his own course.

In 1792 the Society of the Friends of the People was set up under the patronage of Earl Grey and other persons of position. Mackintosh was appointed Honorary Secretary, and Stuart as Deputy Secretary had the use of the Society's rooms in Frith Street, Soho, where, having much leisure, he continued to write for *The Morning Post* and *Argus*, and also, under Lord Lauderdale's instructions, published some volumes of State Papers collected from newspapers. He was paid at the rate of £50 a volume, and was thus enabled to lay by a considerable sum, with which, when the Society broke up, he bought shares in *The Morning Post*, and in 1796 became sole editor. In 1801 he had a violent

attack of fever, from passing in the street the mouth of an open drain, of which "the effluvium," he said, "struck him like a blow." The fever, accompanied by delirium, lasted for several weeks, and on his recovery he was so weakened as to be for some time unfit for business. He retired to Brompton, which was *then* considered *suburban*! sold *The Morning Post*, and the following year, when his health was sufficiently re-established, bought, together with Mr. Street, half-shares of *The Courier*, Street being the active manager, and taking the chief share of the work with its responsibility.

In 1813 Mr. Stuart married (Mary Napier, daughter of Major Andrew Schalch, of the Royal Artillery), and the following year he bought the lease of the house in Harley Street, where his family have ever since resided. In 1817 he purchased Wykham Park, an estate (in all about 300 acres) near Banbury, which had formerly belonged to the Dashwood family; and where the fine old mansion, converted into farm-buildings, still remained. Here, with his family, he henceforth spent half the year; became an active magistrate,

a Deputy-Lieutenant, and in 1823 served the office of High Sheriff. In 1822 he had sold out all his share and interest in *The Courier*, and thenceforward retired into private life ; but he continued to the last to take the keenest interest in politics and all public events, and occasionally contributed his remarks thereon to the public press.

For the next twenty years he enjoyed almost uninterrupted good health and activity of mind and body, until in November, 1842, the terrible and sudden shock which he received at the news of the death of his eldest son (a Lieutenant in the 33rd Regiment) from yellow fever, in the West Indies, at once aged him, and broke him down. His health gradually declined until the intense heat of the summer of 1846 brought on an attack of dysentery, which his constitution had no longer the strength to resist, and, after several weeks' illness, he breathed his last, August 25, in his eightieth year.

He lies buried in Willesden Churchyard, where his youngest son Arthur, in 1847, and his second son, the Rev. Edward Stuart, of Munster Square, in 1877, have since been laid beside him.

M. S.

INTRODUCTORY LETTER

BY

WILLIAM ERSKINE, Esq.



Edinburgh, November 2, 1848.

My dear Miss Stuart,—I have just concluded a hasty perusal of the volume of letters of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey, which you so kindly sent to me; and I congratulate you most sincerely on your having had the resolution to execute your purpose of transcribing, and so I trust, of ultimately preserving them.

It is indeed a very curious and valuable collection; curious, as throwing so much light on the early history of three very eminent men, and, so far as relates to Coleridge of portraying the depths and essence of his character better than any narrative could have done. . . .

While Coleridge is displayed at full length, a complete psychological subject, the smaller self-pourtraitures of Wordsworth and Southey are also very interesting, and, I think, characteristic. Both men of sound principle and strong talent! Wordsworth perhaps showing a little of a *récluse's* unacquaintance with the trading world; Southey full of good sense and kindness, and ever abounding in good thoughts, expressed in a perfect English style. But what above all must bring a flood of satisfaction to your heart, is the high tone of your father's feelings throughout; the deep respect with which they all look up to him as a good, generous, and wise man, their patron, benefactor, and guide. His generosity, his forbearance and long-suffering, his readiness to forgive, and promptness to advise and to assist in the most effective way, are very striking, as well as the unfailing soundness of his judgements. These men no doubt helped in a certain degree to raise the character of the Journals conducted by your father; but who else had the discernment to see the use that could be made of literary talents, the penetration to select men of superior attainments, and the liberality to reward

their communications to an extent, at that period, unlooked for? The whole volume of letters, my dear Miss Stuart, is a most honourable monument to your father's memory, and much gratified must you be to think that it has been preserved, and now placed, I hope, on a safe foundation. . .

Kindest remembrances to your mother, &c., &c.

Ever believe me,

Yours very affectionately,

WM. ERSKINE.

Note.—The writer of the above, William Erskine, Esq., of Bombay, was the son-in-law of Sir James Mackintosh, having married his second daughter, Maitland, Mr. Stuart's niece.

*LETTERS FROM S. T. COLERIDGE
TO DANIEL STUART.*

LETTERS FROM S. T. COLERIDGE
TO DANIEL STUART.



PART I.

(1800—1804.)

Note.—"The first part of the correspondence with Coleridge, or rather the wreck of it.—D. S. 1839."

LETTER I.

"*January, 1800.*"

Dear Stuart,—I have a particular reason for begging you not to expect to see me till Sunday evening. At that time you will see me, and I will convince you that I am not trifling with your patience; and that what I am now doing is to secure the regularity of my future efforts with you.—Yours,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 2.

“*January, 1800.*”

Dear Stuart,—I am very unwell. If you are pressed for the paragraph to-day, I will write it, but I cannot come out; but if it will do as well to-morrow, so much the better; for in truth my head is shockingly giddy. If you want matter, Lamb has got plenty of “My Great Aunt’s Manuscript.”—I would advise you, by all means, to make it an article in *The Morning Post*. Please send me the [*effaced by the wafer*].—Yours very sincerely,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

P.S.—I will send you by Lamb this evening, three or four paragraphs of seven or eight lines each.

LETTER 3.

“*February, 1800.*” *Eleven o’clock.*

Dear Sir,—I feel more uncomfortably respecting my conduct to *you* for these last ten days, than I have had occasion to feel on any occasion for these last twenty months. Your last note has

just reached me. The former is here, but I have not read it, having been out of London to avoid interruptions. Whether we continue connected or no, I consider myself as two full weeks' work in your debt for that which I have already received. These cursed Plays play the devil with me. I have been writing from morning till night, and almost half the night too, and yet get on too slowly for the printer; and Mr. Longman is kept in constant [*dread*] that some rival translation may pop out before mine. And besides this, my wife and child leave London to-morrow; and I was particularly desirous to have done enough to give me some *claim* to draw on him for the few pounds which I must draw on him for their journey. These things I mention, not as justifications of my breach of promise, but as palliations. So much for the past. For the future, thus much. In about four or five days I shall have finished the first Play; and that being finished, I may go on more leisurely with the others. I shall then be able to give you some assistance, probably as much as you may want. A certain number of Essays I consider myself bound to send you

AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, in common honesty. AFTER these, if it be worth your while, I will do what I can, only not for any regular *stipend*. That harasses me. I know that hitherto I have received from you much more than I have earned, and this must not be. I have no objection to be paid for what *I do*, but a great objection to be paid for what I OUGHT to do. This translation-Fag has almost knocked me up, and I am so confused that I scarcely know whether I have expressed myself intelligibly. My wife goes to-morrow evening, and I shall be at No. 36, Chapel St., Pentonville. My papers you will be so kind as to have left at your Office till they are called for, but Mr. Wedgewood's must be *sent* among your other papers. The Address—*Jos. Wedgewood, Esq., Cornwallis House, Clifton, Bristol*. I will certainly fill you out a good paper on Sunday. Mrs. Coleridge desires me to send her respects, and to thank you for your civilities to her.—Yours,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 4. (*Supposed Spring, 1800.*)

My dear Stuart,—A letter which I received this afternoon, makes it proper for me to be off to Stowey as soon as I can. You will hear from me by Tuesday's post, at the farthest, and this you may rely on, and I feel the inmost conviction that I shall do more for you the ten days of my absence, than if I had been in London. I have borrowed five guineas of Mr. Howel,* which you will be so good as to pay him; and if you want money, I have written on the other side a draft for £25, which you will use if you have any need. I am much your debtor at present! but, please God! deliver me from this complaint, I will soon work it out.—Yours sincerely,

Friday Night.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 5.

Tuesday, July 11, 1800.

Dear Stuart,—Since I quitted you I have

* “I took a first floor for him in King Street, Covent Garden, at my tailor's, Howell's, whose wife was a cheerful housewife, of middle age, who I knew would nurse Coleridge as kindly as if he were her son” (D. STUART, *Gent. Mag.*, May, 1838).

never been within 150 miles of London. I left Grasmere with the intention indeed, but at Kendal received letters which forced me Stoweyward. Since my re-arrival here, I have been confined part of the time to my bed, by a sort of rheumatic fever; and till within this last brace of days, my eyelids have been swollen and inflamed to a degree, which has made it imprudent even to write a common letter. Why should I have wished to shun you? Surely we have always behaved kindly and honourably to each other.

Wordsworth's state of health at this present time is such as to preclude all possibility of writing for a Paper. As to myself, I will do what I promised, the very first thing I do. This day and to-morrow I must write letters. On Thursday I will set to, and will not leave off, on my word and honour, till I have done a second part of Pitt and Buonaparte. With these I will write you further whether or no I shall be able to continue any species of regular connection with your Paper. Whether I do or no, be assured that, as a friend, I shall be at your service if

you wish anything particular at any particular time.

Wordsworth requests me to be very express in the communication of his sincere thanks to you, for the interest which you have been so kind as to take in his poems. We are convinced you have been of great service to the sale. A second edition is now printing, with a second volume.

With regard to the Play business, Wordsworth has a tragedy by him; in my opinion, a most masterly one. This he would transmit by you to Mr. Sheridan, for Mr. Sheridan's opinion, provided you would engage that the COPY shall be returned to him; as he has but this one perfect copy. Mr. Sheridan will see by this, of what kind Mr. Wordsworth's dramatic talents are, and if he should find the tragedy unfit for representation, he might put Mr. W. in the way of writing a play, that *should* be fit for representation, by pointing out to him the defects that render the present one untheatrical. Mr. Sheridan's conception of my obstinacy is a mistake. When I sent my Play to him, I gave at the same time expressly to him, the whole and absolute power

of alteration, addition and omission. I did indeed defend some parts of my Play against young Linley, but only as a *Metaphysician*; never supposing myself to have any voice or suffrage, or even *opinion*, as to what was, or was not suited for representation. After all, I never blamed Mr. Sheridan for not bringing my Play on the Stage. God knows my inmost heart, and knows that I never for an hour together thought it likely to succeed. I blamed Mr. Sheridan solely for taking no kind of notice, even of the receipt of my Play; and for returning me no answer whatever; and for withholding from me the copy of my Play, after repeated applications; and these applications too, made at a time when I had no copy in my possession, and wished to have disposed of it to the Booksellers, when the £30 I might have had for it, would have been a draft of nepenthe and heavenly restoration to me. But this is all gone by. I am convinced I have no talents for so arduous a species of composition as the Drama. I should wish you however, to state the foregoing account to Mr. Sheridan. My address henceforward will be—Mr. Coleridge,

Greta Hall, Keswick, Cumberland. I move thither on Tuesday next. N.B.—The newspapers come very irregularly indeed.—Yours sincerely,
S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 6.

Keswick, "September, 1800."

Dear Stuart,—I have written five more Essays* of the same length on this subject, namely, two on the War as respecting agriculture; one on the raising of rents, in consequence of high prices of provisions; one on the riots; and one on the countenance which Government have given to the calumnies, &c., of foolish people on the King's proclamation, and the probable views of the Minister. To-morrow I shall transmit you two; two on Tuesday, and the last on Wednesday or Thursday. Immediately after these I will send you without fail a second part of Pitt and

* These Essays, which were published in *The Morning Post*, Oct. 3, 4, 6, 8, 9, 1800, were almost entirely the composition of Thomas Poole. S. T. C. wrote an introduction to No. III.

Buonaparte. Better late than never! My wife has given me another son,* but alas! I fear he will not live. She is now sobbing and crying by the side of me. Be so good as to have my papers directed to me—Mr. Coleridge, Greta Hall, Keswick, Cumberland. As it is, I never see them till too late. . . .

LETTER 7.

October 2, 1800,

Greta Hall, Keswick, Cumberland.

Dear Stuart,—I am prevented by Mrs. Coleridge's distress concerning our infant, from transcribing the fifth Essay on this blank paper. I have sent you the third and fourth. I am fearful the third is too long, especially if you print it, as I confess I think it well deserves, *leaded*. In the fifth and sixth Essays I return to the Monopolists and the Riots, and advert on the conduct and probable motives of Ministry. In the seventh I take a survey of what is called the prosperity of the kingdom. You may then republish *Pitt*, to

* Derwent Coleridge was born September 14, 1800.

which I shall lead ; then you shall have a second part of Pitt and Buonaparte. When these are finished I should wish the whole to be published together in the form of a pamphlet, but of this you will be the best judge. I shall send you the fifth Essay to-morrow.

I have by me, though in a rough state, a very long letter to Sir Francis Burdett Jones,* on the subject of solitary imprisonment ; concerning which I am in doubt, whether I shall publish it just before the meeting of Parliament in the form of a pamphlet, or whether I shall split [it] into a series of letters, and send it forth in your Paper. If I were convinced that it would be serviceable to your Paper, I should not hesitate a moment ; but although it will not, I trust, be found deficient in eloquence indignant and pathetic, nor in examples various, apt and entertaining, yet a large part of it is devoted to the austerest metaphysical reasoning, and this I suspect would ill harmonize with the tastes of London coffee-house

* Mr. Francis Burdett, the father of the well-known politician, married Eleanor, daughter and co-heir of William Jones, Esq., of Ramsbury Manor, Wilts.

men and breakfast-table people of quality, on whom possibly your Paper depends in a great degree. But if it would do your Paper no *good*, no positive good I mean, I should be [*sorry*] that a work, on which I had exerted so much thought, should be inserted at all. I would far rather send it to the Baronet in manuscript, and never publish it.

Wordsworth's health declines constantly. In a few days his poems will be published, with a long poem of mine. Of course you will procure them. The Preface contains our joint opinions on Poetry.

You will be so good as not to forget to have the Newspaper addressed to ME at Keswick. If these Essays should please you and suit your purpose, and if you have not [*been*] deterred by my long silence from entering into any engagement with me, I am willing to recommence my old occupation, binding myself down to send you six columns a week; any week in which I do not send at least five columns, I should consent to be counted as nothing. At all events, whether you enter on any engagement or no, you would oblige by enclosing to Mr. Godwin, The Polygon, Somers Town, £10

in my name. Before this week has passed, I trust I shall have done a good way towards earning it.—Yours sincerely,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 8.

Greta Hall, Keswick,

Tuesday Night, October 7, 1800.

Dear Stuart,—The illness of my dear friend Wordsworth called me peremptorily to Grasmere ; I have this moment returned and found your letter. To be known to Schiller was a thought that passed across my brain and vanished. I would not stir twenty yards out of my way to know him. To *see* Buonaparte, I would doubtless stir many a score miles ; but as I freely believe you, so I trust you will believe *me* when I say, that his praise or admiration or notice, were it even in my power to attain it, might amuse me, but would gratify no higher feeling. If I know my own heart, or rather if I be not profoundly ignorant of it, I have not a spark of AMBITION ; and though my *vanity* is flattered more than it ought

to be by what Dr. Johnson calls "colloquial prowess," yet it leaves me in my study. This is no virtue in me, but depends on the accidental constitution of my intellect, in which my taste in judging is far, far more perfect than my power to execute; I do nothing but almost instantly its defects and sillinesses come upon my mind and haunt me till I am completely disgusted with my performance, and wish myself a tanner or a printer, or anything but an author. To-morrow you may *depend* on my sending you two other numbers, and Buonaparte shall not loiter. I should like to see Mr. Street's character. I shall fill up these blanks with a few poems.

ALCÆUS TO SAPPHO.*

How sweet when crimson colours dart
Across a breast of snow,
To see that you are in the heart
That beats and throbs below.

All heaven is in a maiden's blush,
In which the soul doth speak,
That it was you who sent the flush
Into the maiden's cheek.

* Probably a juvenile poem composed many years before the date of this letter.

Large stedfast eyes ! eyes gently rolled
 In shades of changing blue,
 How sweet are they, if they behold
 No dearer sight than you !

And can a lip more richly glow,
 Or be more fair than this ?
 The world will surely answer, No !
 I, SAPPHO, answer, Yes !

Then grant one smile, though it should mean
 A thing of doubtful birth ;
 That I may say these eyes have seen
 The fairest face on earth !

LETTER 9.

Keswick, Saturday, May 16, 1801.

Dear Stuart,—I should have been greatly affected by the contents of your letter at any time ; and at present I felt them with a fellow-feeling added to brotherly sympathy. You have had misery enough of your own, and see enough immediately around you for any profitable purpose to which sufferance or compassion can conduce. Were it not therefore necessary, in some sort as a justification of my silence and in exertion, I should feel no impulse to tell you, that since the first of January, I have been with the exception of three

weeks and a few days, and this not continuous but interspersed, confined to my bed with a succession of disorders, *i.e.*, Rheumatic fever followed by Hydrocele, and since then by what is called irregular or retrocedent Gout. My powers of mind never forsook me, but the act of writing (and in general of conversation) was wholly out of my power. Since the last eight days I appear to myself to be really recovering, but I have had so many short recoveries of one, two, and three days each, followed by such severe relapses, that verily I am almost afraid to hope. But cheerful thoughts come with genial sensations and Hope is itself no mean medicine.

I thank you for your kindness in continuing to send the paper to us. It has been a great amusement to Mrs. Coleridge during her long attendance on my sick bed; and latterly to me. It would give me more than a common pleasure if I could write anything that would please you or do you an atom of service. As to any terms they are out of the question. My ill-health and those habits of irresolution, which are perhaps the worst bad consequences of ill-health, forbid me at

present to rely on myself, but if you would write and point out to me any *subjects*, I would do anything offhand for you with great pleasure. I ask for *subjects* and a little *information*, for I am wholly ignorant of the present state of the public feeling.

In the question respecting the disfranchisement of the Clergy it appeared to me—— [torn off].

LETTER 10.

Keswick,

Saturday evening, Sept. 19, 1801.

Dear Stuart,—I have received your *very* kind letter with the half of the £30 note. Meaning what I do by these words, I need not expatiate on your liberality, &c. Southey, I am certain, never thought otherwise, than that you had behaved very handsomely with him; and will I know be more pleased with the 13 guineas, as an instance of generosity in the thing itself, than for the particular result to him. I will assuredly make the attempt to write some good prose for you, but I must first give THE POETICS a complete *jog*. I

shall certainly labour to make the poems in general suited to a daily morning Paper; every short poem, that has any merit in it at all, must be suitable in its turn, whatever kind it may be of; but some kinds ought to recur more frequently than others; and these, of course, temporary and potitical. What I have been doing since I first wrote has been this; to get together a FAIR STOCK IN HAND of poems, serious and ludicrous, tales, &c.; and to send these off as things always to be had; and then as the event, or occasion, or thought rises, to send you, from time to time, something OF the day and FOR the day. Southey and I do well together in this line, for I have always fifty subjects, with all the ideas thereunto appertaining, but it is always a struggle with me to EXECUTE, and this Southey performs, not only with rapidity, but takes great pleasure in doing it. Have you seen the Thalaba? It is not altogether a poem exactly to my taste; there are, however, three uncommonly fine passages in it. The first* in Volume 1st, beginning (page 130) at the words, "It was the wisdom and the will of Heaven,"

* See Book iii., stanzas 16-25.

continued to the end of the 3rd line, page 134: then omitting the intermediate pages, pass on to page 147, and recommence with the words "Their father is their priest," to the last line of page 166, concluding with the words "Of Thalaba went by." This would be a really good extract, and I am sure none of the Reviews will have either feeling or taste to select. You will see when you see the book, that the pages are almost entirely filled up with notes, so that the number of lines is not great. Should it however be too great, you may begin it at page 150, and entitle it "The love of Oneiza for Thalaba," extracted, &c.

The next extract * is in Volume 2, page 126, beginning at the words, "All waste, no sign of life," &c., to page 131, ending with the words "She clapped her hands for joy."

The third passage † is very short, and uncommonly lyrical; indeed in versification and conception, superior to anything I have ever seen of Southey's. It must begin at the third line of page 142, Volume 2nd, and be entitled "Khawla," or "The Enchantress's Incantation." "Go out,

* See Book viii., stanzas 22-30. † See Book ix., stanza 6, &c.

ye lights,' quoth Khawla," &c.—and go on to the last words of page 143.

There should be a little note, saying, that Eblis is the Mahomedan name for the Evil Spirit. These three passages are excellently suited for a Paper, and would doubtless be of service to the book. Longman will, of course, gladly send you the books.

I feel myself much affected by the wish you express, that I had applied to you in my pecuniary distresses. Pinched we have been, no doubt, for sickness increased my outgoings, while it cut off all the resources that depended on my own industry. But the evil day is gone by. I have found that a little WILL go a good way, if there is an absolute necessity for it. As to you, dear Stuart! I already consider myself, independently of this our new engagement, as your debtor; for I am not so blinded by authorship as to believe, that what I have done is at all adequate to the money I have received. But it is however something in a world like this, to have a man really attached to your interest, for your sake as well as his own; and that man, believe me Stuart, you have in me.

I have a favour to ask of you, which I am almost ashamed to ask too. It is this—Wordsworth and myself have one very dear friend, to whom the pleasure of seeing a Paper during the time I wrote in it, would be greater than you can easily imagine. Would you send a Paper for this next quarter to her? Wordsworth will feel himself excited by his affections to do something; and whatever he does, I shall conscientiously ADD, and not substitute, as a sort of acknowledgment for this new debt. The Paper must be directed—Miss S. Hutchinson, Bishop's Middleham, Rushiford, Durham. My children are both well, and their mother. We expect Southey in a fortnight. Mrs. Southey is with us. I am so much better that I begin to hope that I may be well enough to pass the winter near you.—Yours sincerely,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER II.

Keswick, Sept. 30, 1801.

My dear Stuart,—I have been afraid that my

widow would have had to settle my 16 guineas with you. I have had a frightful seizure of the Cholera Morbus, or bilious cholic; but the danger is past, and I am assured that I shall be much improved in my general health by [*its effects*]. I write, that you may not wonder at my silence. Perhaps you may not hear from me for five or six days, as I really find it more than merely expedient to lie in perfect calmness, after so violent an agitation of the body and the spirits. It can be, I suppose, of no great importance when I begin with you.

I think more and more seriously of coming to London. I am in bed. I cannot write any further—but believe me, with great sincerity,
yours, S. T. COLERIDGE.

Of course I received on Thursday the half of the note.

LETTER 12.

January 19, 1802, Stowey.

Dear Stuart,—I shall be with you without fail on Thursday morning at the latest. For

the first ten days after my arrival at Stowey, I had every morning a bowel attack which laid my spirits prostrate; but by a severe adhesion to a certain regular diet and regimen, I have, I hope, entirely got the better. I am certainly exceedingly improved in health, spirits, and activity, and as the proof of the pudding is in the eating, I hope to bring some *proofs* of it with me. Be so good as to let Mr. and Mrs. Howel know of the day of my return. I left a cheque for £25 for you with them, as I did not like to leave town so heavily in your debt. Mr. T. Wedgewood, who has been with me at Poole's the whole time, informs me that the Calcutta scheme is knocked on the head, and with it Mackintosh's hopes in that quarter.

What a pitiful note, that of Buonaparte's to the legislature! D—— the fellow!—Yours sincerely,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

End of the First Part of Coleridge's Letters.

PART II.

(FROM HIS DEPARTURE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN
TO THE PUBLISHING OF "THE FRIEND.")

LETTER 13.

Thursday, March 29, 1804,

Crown Inn, Portsmouth.

My dear Stuart,—I arrived here yesterday morning between seven and eight, tolerably well, I was going to say, but perhaps endurably unwell, would come nearer the truth. I called on Boddington and [*illegible*] —'s Agent (having left your letter at Mottley's shop); he made a very brisk and dextrous riddance of me. Shortly after my return to my Inn, having gained no other intelligence but the important one of the non-arrival of the *Speedwell*, I had a call from Mottley, who expressed his regret that he was absolutely engaged on a

party into the country that day, but he would give the morning to me, and the whole of the to-morrow, when he hoped I would dine with him. Accordingly he took me all round the Dockyard, and though I take but little pleasure in these sights, yet I felt myself interested, and that I had spent a remarkably instructive morning. The evening I wrote a very long letter to you, which was no doubt a great relief to myself, but on reperusing it this morning I felt that it would be oppressive to you, and though I will not destroy it, yet I shall not send it, at present at least. I cannot, however, help saying how very much I was touched this morning, by the tenderness and unaffected goodness of your letter to me. Mr. Mottley called, took me in his boat to the huge hospital, and to Gosport, &c., and became very communicative, pleasant and very *very* civil and attentive. It is not possible that a man could do more honour to a letter of recommendation. I dine with him in about half an hour. My ship is not yet arrived, and the wind is against her. Yet it is thought that she will

come to-night, and it is possible that we may sail on Saturday.

I have confident hopes that I shall not find myself under the necessity of drawing for anything more than I have already done; much less to exceed your first kind offer. One thing only I have ventured to do. Northcote told me that he could get his portrait of me admirably *copied*, for four or five guineas, and I being exceedingly desirous that my friends in the north should possess a likeness of me, in case of my death, have authorized him to have it copied, if it continues to be admired as much as it has been; and if he, in his conscience, can rely on the artist for a copy strictly honourable to the original, even though the original should be lost. If he does it, he is to give a check on you for £5 5s., the last liberty of this kind that I shall ever take.

Lord St. Vincent is unpopular here, as every man must be who detects and punishes jobs and abuses. No man can deny that reforms were wanting, and that he has made them. And though the FORTITER IN RE ET SUAVITER IN

MOD0, make a very pleasant punch, yet when we cannot get it, we must put up with the *naked spirit*. A strong potion was wanting.

I am more curious than interested about Sheridan, but here comes Mottley. I shall write again to-morrow. I am much better, better in health and cheerfulness to-day than yesterday.

Believe me, dear Stuart, if I did not find, in the very bottom of my soul, thorough esteem and habitual affection for you, your multiplied love and kindness to me would be a burden, which my spirit could not endure; but these things are not thrown away if I deserve to be and am, what I trust I am, your sincere friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 14.

“*Portsmouth,*” *Thursday, April 5, 1804.*

My dear Stuart,—I have no other fear except that your friendship may urge you further than it ought to do. I never permit myself to form an *expectation* in anything of this kind, consequently I suffer no disappointment; and as

to Sheridan's promises, I shall as soon expect my dreams to realize themselves! Both may do so *by chance*. Indeed and indeed my dear sir, the only strong feeling I have or ever have had on this subject is that of your kindness, in exerting yourself in a way, that neither you nor I would do for ourselves. The wind pipes loud and is point blank against us, and my captain has just called here to let me know that we cannot reach the ship with this gale, else I was to have gone aboard this afternoon. To-morrow I go, and may even sail, if the wind blows a puff that makes it possible it will be attempted. Mottley continues most assiduously kind and attentive.

* * * * *

He is a man of much influence, and very much and generally liked. I have every reason to remember him with respect and sense of obligation, even abstracting all that goes to your account, and striking off all the transferable debt. I am in much better bodily health than when I left you, notwithstanding that I live in a cloud

of smoke, among loose livers and loose talkers, with volleys of oaths rattling about my ears like grape-shot, or whizzing by like so many bullets with holes in them. They are a kind-hearted people, prompt and hospitable, but from the constant influx of sailors, the inhabitants are all mock tars, and the whole town is a huge Man-of-War of brick and mortar.

I was much pleased with the leading paragraph on D'Enghien.* It was well written, and with good feeling.

I probably shall write again ; but if I should be hurried off and prevented, I shall only be deprived of that which, be assured, is painful to me even in a letter, the bidding you a last Farewell, for I am, my dear Stuart, most *unfeignedly* your sincere friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

My direction even after I have sailed will be—
Mr. J. C. Mottley's, Portsmouth. You need not add Bookseller, if you prefix J. C. to the surname. Mottley will forward them to me free of expense, and regularly.

* The Duc D'Enghien was tried and shot, March 21, 1804.

LETTER 15.

*On board the "Speedwell," at anchor in the
Bay of Gibraltar.*

Saturday night, April 21, 1804.

My dear Stuart,—We dropped anchor half a mile from the landing place of the Rock of Gibraltar on Thursday afternoon between four and five; a most prosperous voyage of eleven days. And every day too, once always, often twice, we were obliged to counterpoise our sails (in seaman's phrase, which I avoided, because I was not sure of the spelling, to lay (or lie) by) for the laggards of our flock. We set sail on Monday morning at nine o'clock, April 9th, with convoy, and no rough weather. (We have never once shipped a wave.) This is one of the quickest passages that the Captains remember. You will recollect that I wrote to you with some anxiety respecting the non-arrival of any vessel from the Downs; and I confess that I felt some discontent at our detention when the West Indian Convoy set sail five days before us, the day after the arrival of the *Speedwell* at Spithead. That convoy

was driven by stress of weather, and as it is said, by some error in the Commodore's compasses; half the ships [*were*] wrecked, and among the rest the Commodore's, and he and great part of his crew lost. It is impossible not to feel events like these as something *providential*; and though the Reason denounces the notion as superstitious, and indeed arrogant (for who are we, that we should be *favourites* with Heaven, to the exclusion of the West India ships?) yet the feeling remains neither greater nor less, common to all men whatever their opinions may be, and amid all differences of knowledge and understanding. It must therefore be right at the bottom, and probably needs only a wiser interpretation to appear so. To cut short my *sermon*, what a number of sad accidents in the Navy have occurred in the last four or five months! The day before yesterday I saw a letter from Barcelona, giving an account that the *Swift* cutter with dispatches to Lord Nelson had been boarded by a French Privateer, and the dispatches taken, her Captain having been killed in the first moments of the engagement; and the same letter conveyed the

still more melancholy tidings of the utter loss of the *Hindostan* by fire off the coast of Spain between this place and Toulon. All the crew were saved—but four lost. I repeated this intelligence at Griffith's Hotel on the Rock; a naval officer was present who appeared thunderstruck, evidently much affected. He had come to Gibraltar in the *Hindostan*, told me that the Captain had shown him her invoice, chiefly of naval stores of all kinds for Malta, with a hundred artificers, and that they were valued at something more than £300,000. So valuable was she, and so very deeply laden, that though she mounted forty or fifty guns, she was not suffered to proceed hence by herself, but had a Frigate appointed to convoy her. Another gentleman, late from Malta, informed me too, that they are in great distress for these naval stores at Malta. It is *possible* that you may not have heard this by a shorter channel, therefore I have given so much of my paper to it. And now of myself. I have not been *sea-sick*, though four or five times a thwart blow of the sea has jerked a dish of tea out of my stomach by an action as merely mechanical, as it has more often

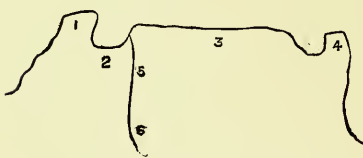
jerked the tea out of the cup; no nausea preceding, no effect or even sensation accompanying, and no uncomfortableness following it. But yet I have been far from well. Our vessel, though of the first class, and by far the best sailor of any merchantman in the convoy, and always in the wake or abreast of the Commodore, yet being deeply laden with heavy goods (eighty-four large cannon in the Hold for Trieste) rocked almost incessantly; the two last days, and one day in the early part of our voyage the only exceptions; the wind then bearing *a beam*, or on the side of the ship, steadied it. The remaining eight days it was scarcely endurable. I can only compare it to a wench kept at home on some Fair Day, or great Holiday, to nurse a fretful infant, and who having rocked it in vain, rocks it at length in spite. It was to the last degree wearisome, and acted upon me just as the Hiccough does; it is no great pain in itself, but it is vexatious from its impertinence, permitting one to think of nothing but its own villainous self. I had hoped that I should have written a good deal, and wrote out with much pomp of promise, a plan for the employment of

my time; to write in the morning, to fag Italian after dinner (we always dine at one) and to try and finish my "Christabel" in the quiet hours between that and bed-time; but alas! alas! I have scarcely been able even to write a letter, and all my reading has been confined to half a dozen dialogues at the end of the Italian Grammar. The cruel rocking took away from my hard bed, one hard mattress upon boards, all sense of support. I seemed to be on a wave, and though it did not make me sea-sick, yet it evidently diseased my stomach, for I eat no morsel of solid animal food till Wednesday last. The rocking ceased, the weather was heavenly, and my natural appetite returned. I took out with me some of the finest wine, and of the oldest rum and brandy in the kingdom; * but excepting a single pint of wine mulled at two different times, and both doses ejected, or rather ejaculated instantly *in statu quo*, I tasted nothing stronger than lemonade during our whole voyage till the last day; but for the last four days I have been uncommonly well, and as is always the case with me when I feel well, I have not the slightest

* A present from Sir George Beaumont.

inclination to drink anything but a tumbler or two of beer. I am indifferent to wine, and absolutely dislike spirits.

Since we anchored I have passed nearly the whole of each day in scrambling about on the back of the rock, among the monkeys. I am a match for them in climbing, but in hops and flying leaps they beat me. You sometimes see thirty or forty together of these our poor relations, and you may be a month on the rock and go to the back every day and not see one. Oh, my dear friend! it is a most interesting place, this! A rock which thins as it rises up, so that you can sit a-straddle on almost any part of its summit, between two and three miles from north to south.



Rude as this line is, it gives you the outline of its appearance, from the sea close to it, tolerably accurately; only, in nature, it gives you very much the idea of a rude statue of a lion couchant, like that in the picture of the Lion and the Gnat, in the common spelling-books; or of some animal with a great dip in the neck. The lion's head to-

wards the Spanish, his stiffened tail (4) to the African. At (5) a range of Moorish towers and wall begins; and at (6) the town begins, the Moorish wall running straight down by the side of it. Above the town, little gardens and neat small houses are scattered here and there, wherever they can force a bit of gardenable ground; and in these are poplars, with a profusion of geraniums and other flowers unknown to me; and their fences are most commonly that strange vegetable monster, the prickly aloe, its leaves resembling the head of a battledore, or the wooden wings of a church-cherub, and one leaf growing out of another. Under the Lion's Tail is Europa Point, which is full of gardens and pleasant trees; but the highest head of this mountain is a heap of rocks, with the palm trees growing in vast quantities in their interstices, with many flowering weeds very often peeping out of the small holes or slits in the body of the rock, just as if they were growing in a bottle. To have left England only eleven days ago, with two flannel waistcoats on, and two others over them; with two flannel drawers under cloth pantaloons, and a thick pair of yarn stockings; to have

had no temptation to lay any part of these aside during the whole voyage, and now to find myself in the heat of an English summer, among flowers, and seeking shade, and courting the sea-breezes; all the trees in rich foliage, and the corn knee high, and so exquisitely green! and to find myself forced to retain only one flannel waistcoat, and roam about in a pair of silk stockings and nan-keen pantaloons, is a delightful transition. How I shall bear the intensity of a Maltese or even a Sicilian summer I cannot guess; but if I get over it, I am confident, from what I have experienced the last four days, that their late autumn and winter will almost re-create me. I could fill a fresh sheet with the description of the singular faces, dresses, manners, &c., &c., of the Spaniards, Moors, Jews (who have here a peculiar dress resembling a college dress), Greeks, Italians, English, &c., that meet in the hot, crowded streets of the town, or walk under the aspen poplars that form an *Exchange* in the very centre. But words would do nothing. I am sure that any young man who has a turn for character-painting, might pass a year on the Rock with infinite advantage.

A dozen plates by Hogarth from this town! We are told that we shall not sail to-morrow evening. The *Leviathan* leaves us and goes to join the fleet, and the *Maidstone* Frigate is to convey us to Malta. When you write, send one letter to me at Mr. J. C. Mottley's, Portsmouth, and another by the post to me at Dr. Stoddart's,* Malta, that I may see which comes first. God grant that my present health may continue, and then my after-letters will be better worth the postage. But even this scrawl will not be unwelcome to you, since it tells you that I am safe, improving in my health, and ever, ever, my dear Stuart, with true affection, and willing gratitude, your sincere friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 16.

July 6, 1804, Malta.

My dear Stuart,—I wrote to you from Gibraltar. From thence to Malta I had a miserable voyage indeed, with the exception of the last four

* Afterwards Sir John Stoddart, Chief Justice of Malta, 1826-39.

or five days. For two days I was so ill that I expected to die. We left Gibraltar April 25th, and after a tedious series of calms and light winds and storm that drove us out of our course, dropped anchor in the grand harbour of Valetta in the afternoon of May 18th. Since then I have never had these sharp illnesses, but have nevertheless been in a pitiable state of hopelessness and heartlessness, increased probably by my having no opportunity of either writing home, or receiving letters from thence. But within the last fortnight I have been much better, and have at last, I hope and trust, learnt to manage myself. I rise every morning and bathe at or before sunrise, force myself to regular meals, breakfast at the Palace at 8 o'clock in the morning, and dine there at 4 in the afternoon; and though I am as temperate as a man need be, I no longer live so abstinently as I had done before. But, above all things, I find my whole salvation depends on being always either at *work* (not *reading*, for in half an hour my stomach begins to be twitchy, my breathing smothered, my eyes close in spite of my will, and I fall into diseased and painful dozes,

but) actual poetry and composition, or in company. It is greatly in my favour that the hot weather agrees with me. I have never felt a moment's inconvenience from the heat, though it has been hotter the last fortnight than at Calcutta or Kingston, and the thermometer at 86° in the shade; and to-morrow I shall get into the coolest and incomparably the pleasantest apartments in the whole island, close under the observatory at the Palace, and commanding from one or other of the windows the main sea and the harbour with all its thumb and finger cones, and the whole of the towns of Valetta, Floriana, Vittoriosa, Senglea, Burmola, and Città Vecchia, in the distance. Sir A. Ball is indeed in every respect as kind and attentive to me as possible, so that on the whole I am perfectly satisfied with the wisdom of the plan. If I had recovered my health all at once, I never could have believed there had been any occasion for my leaving England. Now I *know* that a change of climate, and an absence from a [*crowd*] of inward distractions were necessary for me. . . . a regenerated creature.

[*Many lines effaced by discoloration.*]

. . . no occasion to draw on your kindness for any money till the time of my return, and perhaps not then. . . .

[*Effaced by discoloration.*]

have enclosed some Sibylline Leaves which I wrote for Sir A. B., who has sent them home to the Ministry. They will give you *my ideas* on the importance of the island, *i.e.*, if you can read the scrawl. If they appear just to you, and there should be any which you have not anticipated, you will of course take them, only not in the same words. I am hurried now, having been kept hard at work at the Palace, but by the next opportunity I trust I shall have received letters from you, and that I shall send you something in return worth reading. It often soothes me to imagine that you have spent, or are spending your summer at Keswick, in Greta Hall. Wherever you are, may God bless you! A kind and true friend have you been to me! And if, at this distance from you, I could think of you without emotion and a flow of affectionate feeling, I should be ashamed of. . . .

[*effaced.*]

S. T. COLERIDGE.

P.S.—If I live I shall be made a perfect [*torn*

off by the seal.] I consider my [*torn off*] of diplomatic understrapper. Hid in Sir Alexander's [*torn off.*] But this you will speak of to no one, of course. I shall soon be able both to speak and to write both [Maltese] and Italian. The Maltese talk Arabic, mixed with Italian. Oh! how I long for a letter from you! to know your opinion of the change of Ministry, &c., &c.

[This letter is in many places entirely effaced.]

LETTER 17.

October 22, 1804, Syracuse.

My dear Stuart,—I have written you a long letter this morning by way of Messina, and from other causes am so done up and brain weary that I must put you to the expense of this as almost a blank, except that you will be pleased to observe my attention to business in having written two letters of advice, as well as transmitted first and second of exchange for £50 which I have drawn upon you, payable to order of Dr. Stoddart at usance. I shall want no more for my return. I

shall stay a month at Messina, and in that time visit Naples. Supposing the letter of this morning to miss, I ought to repeat to you that I leave the publication of *THE PACQUET* which is waiting for convoy at Malta for you, to your own opinion. If the information appear new or valuable to you, and the letters themselves entertaining, &c., publish them; only do not sell the copyright of more than the right of two editions to the bookseller. He will not give more, or much more for the copyright of the whole.

May God bless you! I am, and shall be as long as I exist, your truly grateful and affectionate friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 18.

Favoured by Captain Maxwell of the Artillery N.B., an amiable mild man, who is prepared to give you any information.

Malta, April 27, 1805.

Dear Stuart,—The above is a duplicate, or

rather a *sex* or *septem*-plicate of an order sent off within three weeks after my draft on you had been given by me ; and very anxious I have been, knowing that all or almost all of my letters have failed. It seems like a judgment on me. Formerly, when I had the sure means of conveying letters, I neglected my duty through indolence or procrastination. For the last year when, having *all* my heart, *all* my hope in England, I found no other gratification than that of writing to Wordsworth and his family, his wife, sister, and wife's sister ; to Southey, to you, to T. Wedgewood, Sir G. Beaumont, &c. Indeed, I have been supererogatory in some instances—but an evil destiny has dogged them—one large and (forgive my vanity!) rather important set of letters to you on Sicily and Egypt were destroyed at Gibraltar among the papers of the most excellent man, Major Adye, to whom I had entrusted them on his departure from Sicily, and who died of the Plague FOUR DAYS after his arrival at Gibraltar. But still was I afflicted (shame on me ! even to violent weeping) when all my many, many letters were thrown overboard from the *Arrow*, the

Acheron, and a merchant vessel, to all which I had entrusted them; the last through my own over care. For I delivered them to the Captain with great pomp of seriousness, in my official character as Public Secretary of the Islands.* He took them, and considering them as public papers, on being close chased and expecting to be boarded, threw them overboard; and he, however, escaped, steering for Africa, and returned to Malta. But regrets are idle things.

In my letter, which will accompany this, I have detailed my health and all that relates to me. In case however that letter should not arrive, I will simply say, that till within the last two months or ten weeks my health had improved to the utmost of my hopes, though not without some intrusions of sickness; but *latterly* the loss of my letters to England, the almost entire non-arrival of letters from England, not a single one from Mrs. Coleridge or Southey or you; and only one

* A printed slip, cut from some public document, has been preserved in one of S. T. C.'s Note Books. It runs thus:

“Segreteria del Governo li 29 Gennajo. 1805.

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE Seg^o Pub. del. Commis. Regio.
G. N. Zammit Pro segretario.”

from the Wordsworths, and that dated September 1804! my consequent heart-saddening anxieties, and still, still more, the depths which Captain John Wordsworth's death sunk into my heart,* and which I heard abruptly, and in the very painfullest way possible in a public company—all these joined to my disappointment in my expectation of returning to England by this convoy, and the quantity and variety of my public occupations from eight o'clock in the morning to five in the afternoon, having besides the most anxious duty of writing public letters and memorials, which belongs to my talents rather than to my *pro-tempore* office—these, and some other causes that I cannot mention relative to my affairs in England, have produced a sad change indeed on my health; but, however, I hope all will be well. I have had a fever and it has brought out boils on my back which has greatly weakened my stomach, but I hope for the best, and it is my present intention to return home

* “I can say nothing higher of my ever-dear brother, than that he was worthy of his sister, who is now weeping beside me, and of the friendship of Coleridge” (Wordsworth to Sir G. Beaumont, Feb. 11, 1805).

overland by Naples, Ancona, Trieste, &c., on or about the second of next month.

The gentleman who will deliver this to you, is Captain Maxwell of the Royal Artillery, a well informed and very amiable countryman of yours. He will give you any information you wish concerning Malta. An intelligent friend of his, an officer of sense and science, has entrusted to him an essay on Lampedosa,* which I have advised him to publish in a newspaper; leaving it to the Editor to divide it. It may, perhaps, need a little *softening*, but it is an accurate and well-reasoned memorial. He only wishes to give it *publicity*, and to have not only his name concealed, but every circumstance that could lead to a suspicion. If after reading it you approve of it, you would greatly oblige him by giving it a place in *The Courier*. He is a sensible, independent man. For all else to my other letter.—I am, dear Stuart, with faithful recollections, your much obliged and truly grateful friend and servant,

April 20, 1805.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

* Lampedusa, an island midway between Malta and Tunis, was ceded by Naples to Don Fernandez in 1802.

LETTER 19.

May 1, 1805.

My dear Stuart,—I have had three weeks and more notice of the Convoy for England. The first ten days or so I have been occupied with public letters and memorials; so much so as to be at night almost too tired, my spirits too exhausted to undress myself. The last eleven or twelve days, I have been very ill; worse than I have been since my arrival in Malta with the exception of a few days in Sicily. The fever has ended in a number of boils which have at length broken, and from being torture, are now only troublesome; but under all this my stomach has been so injured, that I have taken no solid food for a fortnight past, and it is well for me if once a day I can keep a little broth on my stomach. However I am plainly though very slowly convalescent. Among several causes of my illness, duly following or crowning on each other, the loss of my whole store of papers in the *Arrow*, *Archeron*, and a merchant vessel may be counted as not the

least; having had another, not unimportant packet respecting Sicily, Egypt and Africa directed to you, and after your perusal, to Sir George Beaumont, burnt at Gibraltar among Major Adye's papers. But of the last parcel (that is, in the *Arrow*) I had written the greater part in times stolen from sleep. But enough!

* * * * *

But would to heaven! I had never accepted my office as Public Secretary, or the former of Private Secretary. Even in a pecuniary point of view, I might have gained twice as much, and improved my reputation. But regrets are idle!

Pray write to Mrs. Coleridge, and say that my constitution is I hope improved by my abode here; but that accidents, partly of an excess of official labour and anxiety, partly from distress of mind at my not hearing from my friends, and knowledge that they could not have heard from me, &c., &c., &c., has produced sad alteration in me for the worse, but that I shall dedicate the next three weeks to an unceasing effort to recover ground; and

some time about the end of May (dependent of course on vessels and the state of politics) I have resolved to return home overland by Naples, Ancona, Trieste and Germany; that my heart is almost broken that I could not go home this convoy. All was resolved that I should, but the gentleman, who is to be Public Secretary here, still delays his arrival, and may probably not come till July; but I have resolved, let the struggle cost what it may, and even at the forfeiture of Sir A. Ball's good will, to return home at the latter end of May. I have the title and the palace of the Public Secretary, but not half the salary though I had a promise of the whole. But the promises of one in office are what every one knows them to be, and Sir A. B. behaves to me with really personal fondness, and with almost fatherly attention. I am one of his family whenever my health permits me to leave my own house. My dear Stuart, I thank you for the *Couriers*; they have (such as have arrived) amused me greatly, and indeed instructed me. For a long long space

of time I have received no letters from you. Indeed, greatly as I am delighted by any proof of your remembering me, I have no need of them as remembrances of you; for I know that till I die, or at least until my reason and memory die, I shall always feel all your kindness to me, and be with firm and grateful attachment, your affectionate friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 20.

Bell Inn, Friday Street,

Monday morning, August 18, 1806.

My dear Sir,—I arrived here from Stangate Creek last night, a little after ten, and have found myself so unusually better ever since I leaped on land yester-afternoon, that I am glad that neither my strength nor spirits enabled me to write to you on my arrival in Quarantine on the eleventh. Both the captain and my fellow-passengers were seriously alarmed for my life; and indeed such have been my unremitting suffer-

ings from pain, sleeplessness, loathing of food, and spirits wholly despondent, that no motive on earth short of an awful duty would ever prevail on me to take any sea-voyage likely to be longer than three or four days. I had rather starve in a hovel, and if life through disease become worthless, will choose a Roman death. It is true I was very low before I embarked. . . . To have been working so hard for eighteen months in a business I detested ; to have been flattered, and to have flattered myself that I should, on striking the balance, have paid all my debts and maintained both myself and family during my exile out of my savings and earnings, including my travels through Germany, through which I had to the very last hoped to have passed, and found myself!— But enough ! I cannot charge my conscience with a single extravagance, nor even my judgment with any other imprudences than that of suffering one good and great man to overpersuade me from month to month to a delay which was gnawing away my very vitals, and in being duped in disobedience to my first feelings and previous

ideas by another diplomatic Minister. . . . A gentleman offered to take me without expense to Rome, which I accepted with the full intention of staying only a fortnight, and then returning to Naples to pass the winter. . . . I left everything but a good suit of clothes and my shirts, &c., all my letters of credit, manuscripts, &c. I had not been ten days in Rome before the French torrent rolled down on Naples. All return was impossible, and all transmission of papers not only insecure, but being English and many of them political, highly dangerous both to the sender and sendee. . . . But this is only a fragment of a chapter of contents, and I am too much agitated to write the details, but will call on you as soon as my two or three remaining [*guineas*] shall have put a decent hat upon my head and shoes upon my feet. I am literally afraid, even to cowardice, to ask for any person or of any person. Including the Quarantine we had fifty-five days of shipboard, working up against head-winds, rotting and sweating in calms or running under hard gales with the dead lights secured. From the captain

and my fellow-passenger I received every possible tenderness, only when I was very ill, they laid their wise heads together, and the latter in a letter to his father, begged him to inform my family, that I had arrived, and he trusted that they would soon see me in better health and spirits than when I had quitted them; a letter which must have alarmed if they saw into it, and wounded if they did not. I was not informed of it till this morning. God bless you, my dear sir! I have yet cheerful hopes that Heaven will not suffer me to die degraded by any other debts than those which it ever has been, and ever will be, my joy and pride still to pay and still to owe; those of a truly grateful heart, and to you among the first of those to whom they are due.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 21.

“1806.” *Friday morning.*

My dear Stuart,—Your letter of this morning

is not to be answered by *words*. There are acts of friendship where it is better not to give birth even to the whole of the inward *feelings* appropriate to them. What does not pass forth remains within, and its own stillness sinks more securely into us, and becomes one with our habitual being. I shall avail myself of your kind offer of your house at Brompton to-morrow, chiefly for fear that Wordsworth may come up to town after me. Otherwise I should not hesitate to come down to you without delay—for indeed, indeed, I sorely want counsel in many things; but in some I want counsel which none but you of my friends CAN give me. Fortunately I had perused with attention the few political papers which I had with me aboard ship, the very day before the Spanish privateer, *Ruffian*, boarded us, and which occasioned, and indeed necessitated the captain, to throw overboard his and my papers promiscuously so that the content though not the language are fresh in my memory. I likewise contrived to preserve two pocket-books full of memoranda—each as large as a large duodecimo volume—and a valuable

paper on the present state of Egypt, much fuller of facts, and more sober reasoning than the one written for Sir A. B. to be sent to the Ministry. I collected every fact from respectable eye-witnesses, and not a few from Selim Effendi, the Mameluke Minister at Malta, with whom I was very intimate. For the rest of my papers I must wait till they come from Malta, and ought to be thankful . . . that they are not now (mangled and distorted) brought to birth in *The Moniteur*, bit by bit, by the forceps of some literary accoucheur in Paris. My health improves wonderfully. My captain, to whom I owe my life, and who saw me this morning, could scarcely believe his eyes. Almost immediately on my landing health seemed to flow in upon me, like mountain waters upon the dusty pebbles of a vale stream after long-wanted rains. In short, though no emolument could ever force me again to the business, intrigue, form and pomp of a public situation, yet beyond all doubt, I have acquired a great variety of useful knowledge, quickness in discovering men's characters and adroitness in dealing with them. I have

learnt the INSIDE character of many eminent living men, and know by heart the awkward and wicked machinery by which all our affairs *abroad* are carried on. In short, if I recover a steady though imperfect health, I perhaps should have no reason to regret my long absence; not even my perilous detention in Italy; for by my regular attention to the best of the good things in Rome, and associating almost wholly with the artists of acknowledged highest reputation, I acquired more insight into the Fine Arts in the three months than I could have done in England in twenty years.

* * * * *

I am, my dear Stuart, gratefully, as I ought to be,
S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 22.

“1806.” *Monday.*

My dear Stuart,—I arrived in town safe, but so tired by the next evening, that I went to bed at nine and slept till past twelve on Sunday. I cannot keep off my mind from the last subject we were talking about; though I have brought my

notions concerning it to hang so well on the balance that I have in my own judgment few doubts as to the relative weight of the arguments persuasive and dissuasive. But of this "face to face." I sleep at *The Courier* office, and shall institute and carry on the inquiry into the characters of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, and having carried it to the Treaty of Amiens, or rather to the recommencement of the War, I propose to give a full and severe Critique of the "Enquiry into the State of the Nation," taking it for granted that this work does, on the whole contain Mr. Fox's latest political creed; and this for the purpose of answering *The Morning Chronicle* (!) assertions, that Mr. Fox was the greatest and wisest statesman, that Mr. Pitt was no statesman. I shall endeavour to show that both were undeserving of that high character, but that Mr. Pitt was the better; that the evils which befell him were undoubtedly produced in great measure by blunders and wickedness on the Continent, which it was almost impossible to foresee, while the effects of Mr. Fox's measures must in and of themselves produce calamity and degradation.

To confess the truth, I am by no means pleased

with Mr. Street's character of Mr. Fox as a speaker and man of intellect. As a piece of panegyric, it falls woefully short of the Article in *The Morning Chronicle* in style and selection of thoughts, and runs at least equally far beyond the bounds of truth. Persons who write in a hurry are very liable to contract a sort of snipt, convulsive style, that moves forward by short repeated PUSHES, with iso-chronous asthmatic pants, "He— He— He— He—," or the like, beginning a dozen short sentences, each making a period. In this way a man can get rid of all that happens at any one time to be in his memory, with very little choice in the arrangement and no expenditure of logic in the connection. However it is the matter more than the manner that displeased me, for fear that what I shall write for to-morrow's *Courier* may involve a kind of contradiction. To one outrageous passage I persuaded him to add a note of amendment, as it was too late to alter the Article itself. It was impossible for me, seeing him satisfied with the Article himself, to say more than that he appeared to me to have exceeded in eulogy. But beyond doubt in the political position occupied by

The Courier, with so little danger of being anticipated by the other Papers in anything which it *ought* to say, except some obvious points which being common to all the papers can give credit to none, it would have been better to have announced his death, and simply led the way for an after disquisition by a sort of shy disclosure with an appearance of suppression of the spirit with which it could be conducted.

There are letters at the Post Office, Margate, for me. Be so good as to send them to me, directed to *The Courier* office. I think of going to Mr. Smith's* to-morrow, or not at all. Whether Mr. Fox's death † will keep Mr. S. in town, or call him there, I do not know. At all events I shall return by the time of your arrival.

May God bless you! I am ever, my dear Sir,
as your obliged, so your affectionately grateful
friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

* Coleridge was at this time the guest of William Smith, M.P. for Norwich, who lived at Parndon House, near Harlowe, in Essex. It was partly through the advice and interest of Mr. Smith that S. T. C. obtained his Lectureship at the Royal Institution.

† Charles James Fox died Sept. 13, 1806.

LETTER 23.*

Endorsed "D. S., 1806."

Dear Stuart,—I have been both vexed and mortified by this money blunder of mine relative to your loan to Wordsworth. It was I own, an imprudence, or rather a strange absence of mind that I did not inquire of him the particulars, but

*. This letter is printed in full in *The Gentleman's Magazine* of June, 1838. The object of the publication of this and other letters was to remove the false impression which, in Mr. Stuart's judgment, a passage in the tenth chapter of the "Biographia Literaria" and certain paragraphs in "The Table Talk" were likely to convey with regard to his relations with Coleridge. It would be improper within the limits of a note to discuss the merits of the case, but it may be admitted that if Coleridge greatly overestimated the amount of his services to *The Morning Post* and *The Courier*, he did not put too high a value on the quality of the articles contributed. The "Biographia Literaria" was no doubt an *apologia pro vitâ suâ*, and conscious of great powers, a wide reputation, and of meagre and fragmentary achievements, he made the very most of his writings for the press. But there is nothing to show that he intended to imply that he had been underpaid for his services. He is defending himself, not covertly attacking another. In the first edition of "The Table Talk" Stuart is spoken of as "a knowing person," and the phrase, though far from being intentionally offensive, lacks, as "the knowing person" justly divined, both the respect and the tenderness which were due to a lifelong friendship and to a noble and untiring generosity.

so it was. I had not connected our Scotch tour, or indeed any time or occasion whatsoever with this money. I had heard Wordsworth often and Mrs. Wordsworth still oftener, express uneasiness that the debt had been suffered to remain unpaid so long; and when I spoke to you about it, and found from you that it was borrowed for our journey into Scotland, I could recollect none of the particulars. Nor can I now. But I am sure that if you knew all that had passed and all that I have suffered during the long interval you would not be surprised by this defect and confusion of memory. . . .

I have been so lucky as to discover among Mr. Godwin's books the copy of my Tragedy, which I had lent to poor dear Mrs. Robinson;* the only copy in existence that I know of. I was very much pleased with it; still more pleased that I could see at once what its faults were, and that a week's labour would completely remove them. Sir George Beaumont read it about four years ago,

* Mrs. Robinson ("Perdita"), among other literary ventures, published some volumes of poetry. An ode to celebrate the birth of Derwent Coleridge was written only a few weeks before her death, Dec. 28, 1800.

and he expressed his full persuasion that with a few alterations, which any person acquainted with the mechanism of the stage might easily suggest, it would *act* as well as it reads. I certainly will correct it, and, changing both the title and the names of the *Dramatis Personæ*, procure it to be presented to Covent Garden. . . .

I discovered the play in an odd way. I was speaking with some asperity of Sheridan's late conduct in Parliament, and Godwin with a half-sneer implied that my *resentment* was the cause of my *dislike* and that I confounded the *patriot* with the *Manager*. I repelled the charge with warmth and indeed I might have appealed to *your* evidence whether I ever wrote to you respecting Mr. Sheridan, or spoke for many many years after with the least vindictive feeling; and whether I had not (till the Coalition), always thought, spoke and stood ready to write in his praise and support as a public man. Indeed I distinctly recollect the having written twice to you, desiring you to assure Mr. Sheridan that I did not cherish the least resentment on this account, and wished only to free myself from the charges which *he* had brought

against me of vanity and obstinacy. Undoubtedly I should be less than a man if I had not been indignant, that within the last twelve months he has made me an object of ridicule among persons disposed to think well of me by misquoting a line,* ridiculous enough in itself, and then asserting that it was a fair specimen of the whole tragedy. But I should have felt much more indignation if any friend had been so treated, because I should then have encouraged a feeling, which it being my own case, I checked and repressed. As soon as it is altered, I will beg you to look it over and give me your opinion and advice, with the same sincerity with which I am your obliged and affectionate friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

* In the Preface to the first edition of "The Remorse," 1813, S. T. C. would have it that the line in "Osorio" on which Sheridan based his famous jest was—

"Drip ! drip ! a ceaseless sound of water drops."

But the opening lines of Act iv. ran thus—

"Drip ! drip ! drip ! drip ! in such a place as this
It has nothing else to do but drip ! drip ! drip !"

However, the misleading paragraph was omitted from later editions of the Preface. It may be, indeed, that an alternative form which had long since become familiar had dislodged from his treacherous memory the original version.

LETTER 24.*

Friday night, May, 1807.

My dear Stuart,—I am much affected at this moment by the reiterated proofs of your (in my experience, unexampled) kindness to me. But I should sink for ever in my own mind, if I did not deliver under my own hand to you, what I have not failed to declare to others, namely, that any services I may have performed for you, were greatly overpaid at the moment, and that the whole of the money I owe you, is *morally* as well as *nominally*, a true *debt*. Deeply indeed am I convinced that you always from personal kindness overrated the very little which my own defects and the harass of domestic misery permitted me to do. If I were on my death-bed I should say that with regard to your paper what I did must *certainly* have been of *little* effect, and not improbably of *none*. The only connection that I feel with you, as arising from myself, is that I have had from the first a sincere affection for you, and that I have in my inmost [*heart*] a deep

* This Letter appeared in full in *The Gentlemen's Magazine*, June, 1838.

and honest respect for you (*increased* by no doubt but) by no means *grounded* on my gratitude to you. I should be glad to believe that there were two on earth as warmly and unmixedly attached to you. Excuse me, my dear sir. I know this is oppressive to you; but I felt it a duty that I dared not resist, to declare under my own hand to *you*, what (I trust) I never have been, never shall be backward in declaring to others, the true nature of your kindness to me, and of our connection in general. As to the money, I have a cheerful confidence that within the time I stated I shall have repaid it; but God in heaven knows I would never repay it if I *could suspect* of myself that the repayment would in the least degree lessen my sense of obligation to you. I beg you will keep this letter, and having requested that, I shall be silent on this subject for the future.

With regard to Wordsworth's affair, I have in vain racked my recollection. I can *recollect* nothing indeed even of our tour. I cannot recall a single image or conversation of the first week or more. . . .

When your attention is open to it in the course

of three months, I shall avail myself of your opinion and advice as to my play. If I had seen half as much of the Theatre as you have, I should have confidence in my own opinion and I need not say therefore that I have great confidence in yours. As to Mr. Sheridan, I should feel more for an indifferent person than for myself, if *self* has any share in my feelings. But to have desired a young man struggling for bread to write a Tragedy at twenty-three and to have heard from him an unfeigned acknowledgment of his unfitness, to have encouraged him by promises of assistance and advice, to have received the Play with a letter submitting it *blankly* to his alterations, omissions, additions, as if it had been his own MSS., yet still expressing the author's acknowledgment that it was not likely to suit the stage, and that a repulse would create no disappointment, nay that he would even consider himself as *amply rewarded* if only Mr. Sheridan would instruct him as to the reason of its unsuitableness—then to utterly neglect this young man, to return no answer to his letter soliciting the remission of the copy—all

this I had forgiven, and attributed to Mr. Sheridan's general character and complexity of anxious occupations—but, *ten years afterwards*, to take advantage of a MSS. so procured, to make the author ridiculous, and that among those disposed to be his friends, and by a downright falsehood! Suppose, my dear sir, this had happened to *you* or to Wordsworth? It is the wanton cruelty of the thing that shocks me; and for itself too, though few will give me credit for it.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 25.

“1808.” *Thursday night.*

My dear Sir,—I enclose the letter as the best explanation and advocate of my earnest wishes. I have done everything which in my present severe sufferings I can do. I have written to Sir George Beaumont* to apply to Lord Mulgrave;

* “Sara Hutchinson's and Mary Wordsworth's brother, after a *romance* almost of strange and perilous adventures and sufferings, has been pressed, and is now in great distress on board of His Majesty's ship ‘Chichester’” (S. T. C. to Sir G. Beaumont, Feb. 18, 1808).

I have written to his lordship's brother whom I once met in company, and who was very attentive to me; and I have urged Mr. Clarkson immediately to exert his interest with the Thorntons and Wilberforce, to procure this poor unhappy sufferer's release. Like most who are enemies only to themselves, he has suffered more than Rhadamanthus, or the judges of Hell in their worst humours would have inflicted on him for his imprudence. But I well know that lesser dignities can do at once, what the first man in power boggles at, and "really cannot transgress the rule he has laid down." If by any interest of yours, you can procure Henry Hutchinson's liberation, you will have the fervent gratitude of Mrs. Wordsworth and her sister whom, from some strange circumstance which I am unable to decipher (for unfeignedly I have the greatest faith in your *tact* as to character) you have been somehow or other, led to misunderstand. It is not very probable that two men so unlike as Wordsworth and myself, should have fallen into the same error, both having known the same object for eight or nine years, and he almost

always in the same house. . . . If sense, sensibility, sweetness of temper, perfect simplicity and an unpretending nature joined to shrewdness and entertainingness, make a valuable woman, Sarah H. is so; for the combination of natural shrewdness and disposition to innocent humour joined with her perfect simplicity and tenderness is what distinguishes her from her sister, whose character is of a more solemn cast. Had Captain Wordsworth lived I had hopes of seeing her blessedly-married, as well as prosperously; but it is one of the necessary results of a woman's having or acquiring feelings more delicate than those of women in general, not to say of the same rank in society, that it exceedingly narrows the always narrow circle of their prospects, and makes it a stroke of Providence when they are suitably married. Oh! to a man of sensibility, especially if he have not the necessity of turmoiling in life, and can really centre his mind to quiet enjoyment, there is no medium in marriage between great happiness and thorough misery; but that happiness is so great, that all

outward considerations become ridiculous to a man who has enjoyed it.

* * * * *

It has led me into a digression very remote from the subject of my letter, which yet, heaven knows, has interested me as much as if H. H. had been my own brother ; and especially indeed from considerations of poor Mrs. Wordsworth's alarming state of health, to whom the liberation of her unfortunate brother would be a charm of healing.

Unfeignedly your obliged and sincere friend,
S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 26.*

“ *April, 1808.*”

My dear Stuart,—If I did not feel and know how much and how truly I loved and esteemed you the weight of my obligations to you would press heavy on my mind. I write to you now simply and at once to ask you to permit me to

* This letter appeared in full in *The Gentlemen's Magazine*, June, 1838.

draw upon you for a sum not exceeding a hundred pounds. . . .

I have less pride than most men I have known, but I owe it to my sweet children and to my friends, not to suffer myself to be treated ignominiously, or to be regarded as a hireling. Few things oppress my conscience so much as my repeated non-performance of what I had engaged, and God knows! both meant and expected to have done for you; but in that instance, the delicacy and generosity on your part towards me have always alleviated, often removed the feeling. If I was not self-satisfied, yet I had another object before my mind in whose conduct I found an unmixed satisfaction, and judging of you by myself, I thought that the sincere and grateful love I felt towards you, at and from the bottom of my heart, and my exceeding anxiety to see you happy, increasingly so, and more and more worthy of being happy, formed a sort of imperfect recompense. But to be insulted by people to whom I had been under no obligation, *for* whom you in reality (which is "I" to them) had been paying, and to be treated as a shoe-

maker or worse, namely, with the idea, "We must not pay him all beforehand, or he may give us the slip," as if I were a sharper, supposing my powers to continue; or, being without friends interested in my honour, supposing sudden death or incapacitating sickness—all this is rather too bad.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Note by D.S.—"I gave £100 on the 20th April, 1808.—D.S."

LETTER 27.

*(Enclosed in the preceding letter.)**

Dear Friend,—I feel myself impelled to write to you some ten sentences, on a subject so full of anxious hope to you. . . . Exclusive of health, virtue, and respectable connections, there seems to me to be just four points, on which a wise man ought to make calm and most deliberate questions, and unless he can answer *all* four queries in the affirmative he has no chance to be

* Compare Letter to a Young Lady enclosed in Letter to Allsop, dated March 4, 1822.

happy, and if he be a man of feeling, no possibility even of being comfortable.

1st.—Is A a woman of plain good sense, as manifested by sound judgment as to common occurrences of life, and common persons, and either possessing information enough, or with an understanding susceptible of acquiring it, enough, I say, to be and to become a companion? In few words, has she good sense with average quickness of understanding? 2ndly.—Is she of a sympathizing disposition *in general*? Does she possess the sensibility that a good man expects in an amiable woman? 3rdly.—Has she that steadiness of moral feeling, that simplicity undebauched by lust of admiration, that sense of duty joined with a constancy of nature, which enables her to concentrate her affections to their proper objects, in their proper proportions and relations? to her sisters, brothers, parents, *as* sisters, brothers, parents; to her children, as her children; to her husband, as her husband. . . . 4thly and lastly,—Are all these three classes of necessary qualities combined with such manners and such a person as is striking to you? as suits

your feelings and coalesces with your old associations as a man, as both a *bodily* and *intellectual* man?

I feel a deep conviction that any man looking soberly and watching patiently, might obtain a full solution to all these queries, with scarce the possibility of being deluded. He will see too whether she is highly esteemed and deeply beloved by her sisters, brothers, oldest friends, &c. If there be an atmosphere of true affection and domestic feelings in her family, he cannot help himself breathing it and perceiving that he breathes it. But alas! alas! It is because it is the most important step in human life, that therefore it so often happens that it is the only one in which even wise men have acted foolishly from haste, or passion, or inquietude from singleness, or mistaken notions of honour, leading them to walk into the gulph with their eyes open. God preserve my friend from this worst of miseries! God guide my friend to that best of earthly goods, which makes us better by making us happier, and again happier by making us better!

WRITTEN ON THE FLY-LEAF OF A FOLIO
EDITION OF MILTON'S PROSE WORKS.

Of Jeffries, in Pall Mall, Feb., 1791.

Bought for Mr. Stuart, March 28, 1808; price ✓
three guineas.

If Great Britain remain independent (and oh! ✓
what extremes of guilt and folly must combine in
order to the loss, even of her paramour!) the
prose Works of Milton will be more and more in
request. Hooker, Bacon, Harrington, Sidney,
Jer. Taylor, and these volumes (to which I would
add Sir Thomas Brown, if rich and peculiar
genius could wholly cover quaintness and pe-
dantry of diction) are the upper house of genuine
English prose classics. This present century,
among many worse things which cast a gloom
over its infancy, will be *notorious* in English
literature for the shameful incorrectness with
which booksellers (too ignorant, or too niggardly,
or both, to employ learned men in the business)
have edited the various Works of Bacon, Milton,
and a number of other Works of great size. The

late edition, in twelve volumes octavo of Lord Bacon, and Anderson's "British Poets" in fourteen volumes (thick octavo double-column, each volume equal to two common quartos or even three), are absolutely infamous for their errata. In the former there exists one error in every second, in the latter from three to half a dozen of the WORST sort of blunders in every page (Worst sort of blunders, *i.e.*, those which substitute a *stupid sense* for an exquisite beauty. Of the self-conceit of ignorant compositors, instances* enough might be collected from literary men to make a volume, and a very entertaining one it would be).

This edition of Milton therefore by the excellent and laborious BIRCH, corrected with a care worthy of the praise of Milton himself, cannot but rise in value; and I dare prophecy that in less than twenty years, it will be sold at not less than ten guineas. I greatly prefer this folio to the

* Coleridge suffered more than once from what he called "The Compositor's emendations." For instance, in "The Nightingale," the famous line, "And one, low piping sound more sweet than all," in the first edition of "Sibylline Leaves," 1817, reads thus—"And one, low piping, sounds more sweet than all"; and in "Work without Hope," first published in 1826, "Slugs leave their lair" was altered into "Stags leave their lair."

quarto edition of Milton, which some have bought in order to have his prose Works uniform with the fourth edition of his poetical Works, even for the opposite reason. Admirable to the very height of praise as Milton's prose works are, yet they are of a party, in country, in religion, in politics and even in MORALS (the Treatise on the Power of Divorce), a party indeed, to which in all respects I cleave, with head, heart, and body; but yet, it is a *party*. But his poetry belongs to the whole world! It is alike the property of the churchman and the dissenter, the Protestant and the Catholic, the Monarchist and the Republican, and of every country on earth except the kingdom of Dahomey in Africa, for the PRESENT at least; and of France (as long as it shall be inhabited by Frenchmen) FOR EVER! A mine of lead could sooner take wing and mount aloft at the call of the sun, with the dews and with the lark, than the witty, discontinuous intellect, and sensual sum-total of a Frenchman could soar up to religion, or to Milton and Shakespeare. It is impossible. Frenchmen are the *Indigenæ*, the *natives* of this planet, and all the souls that are not wanderers

from other worlds, or destined *for* other worlds, who are not mere probationers here, and birds of passage—all the VERY OWN children of this earth, enter into the wombs of Frenchwomen, from N., E., S., W., and increase the population and Empire of France. Russia (see note at the end) provides such large supplies of French souls that they probably will be commanded to abide where they arise, and form a New France, a Nova Gallia, as we have a New England in America, a Nova Scotia. And alas! even Great Britain sends large colonies thither. What are the greater part of the members of the two Houses of Parliament, but souls passing through the stomach and intestines of England, like mistletoe berries through those of the thrush, or nutmegs in the Spice Islands through those of the eastern Pigeon, in order to be matured for germinating in France, and becoming Frenchmen, some in the next, some in the following generation? And a few (Mr. Fox for instance) may even take three or four generations—sinking in each into a nearer proximity, before the soul is completely UNSOULED into a proper Gaul. This process is now so com-

mon, that every Englishman has cause for alarm, lest, instead of singing with the angels, or beating off imp-flies with his tail among the Infernals, his spirit should, some fifty or a hundred years hence, be dancing and crouching beneath the sceptre of one of Napoleon's successors. I know no better way by which he can assure himself of the contrary, and prove his *election* either to be a happy angel hereafter, or at worst an honest English Devil, than by his being sincerely conscious that he reads with delight, feels, understands and honours the FOLLOWING WORKS OF MILTON. *This* being, it necessarily follows that he loves Sidney, Harrington, Shakespeare, and the POET Milton.

348, *Strand*.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

NOTE.—I write this, not from the accident of a war with Russia, but from an intimate knowledge of the Russian character, gained from two years' intercourse with Russians of all ages and ranks and of both sexes. The Russian is a thorough Frenchman, without the Frenchman's wit.

End of Second Part of Coleridge's Letters.

PART III.

(CONCERNING THE PUBLICATION OF
"THE FRIEND.")*

"A Weekly Essay by S. T. Coleridge."

(*Extracted from a letter to a Correspondent.*)

It is not unknown to you, that I have employed almost the whole of my life in acquiring or endeavouring to acquire, useful knowledge, by study, reflection, observation, and by cultivating the society of my superiors in intellect, both at home and in foreign countries. You know too that at different periods of my life, I have not only planned, but collected the materials for, many Works on various and important subjects; so many

* The Prospectus was attached to the first number of *The Friend*, which appeared June 1, 1809. A great part of *The Friend* was written by Miss Hutchinson, at Coleridge's dictation. The original MS. is in the Forster Library, which forms part of the Kensington Museum.

indeed, that the number of my unrealized schemes, and the mass of my miscellaneous fragments, have often furnished my friends with a subject of raillery, and sometimes of regret and reproof.

Waiving the mention of all private and accidental hindrances, I am inclined to believe, that this want of perseverance has been produced in the main, by an over activity of thought, modified by a constitutional indolence, which made it more pleasant to me to continue acquiring, than to reduce what I had acquired to a regular form. Add too, that almost daily throwing off my notices or reflections in desultory fragments, I was still tempted onwards by an increasing sense of the imperfection of my knowledge, and by the conviction, that in order fully to comprehend and develop any one subject, it was necessary that I should make myself master of some other, which again as regularly involved a third, and so on, with an ever-widening horizon. Yet one habit, formed during long absences from those with whom I would converse with full sympathy, has been of advantage to me—that of daily noting down in my memorandum or commonplace books

both incidents and observations; whatever had occurred to me from without, and all the flux and reflux of my mind within itself. The number of these notices, and their tendency, miscellaneous as they were to one common end ("*quid sumus et quid futuri gignimur*" *what we are, and what we are born to become; and thus from the end of our being to deduce its proper objects*) first encouraged me to undertake the Weekly Essay, of which you will consider this letter as the Prospectus.

Not only did the plan seem to accord better than any other with the nature of my own mind, both in its strength and in its weakness; but conscious, that in upholding some principles both of taste and philosophy, adopted by the great men of Europe from the middle of the fifteenth till towards the close of the seventeenth century, I must run counter to the prejudices of many of my readers (*for old faith is often modern heresy*). I perceived too in a Periodical Essay, the most likely means of winning instead of forcing my way. Supposing truth on my side, the shock of the first day might be so far lessened by reflec-

tions of the succeeding days as to procure for my next Week's Essay a less hostile reception than it would have met with, had it been only the next chapter of a present volume. I hoped to disarm the mind of those feelings which preclude conviction by contempt, and as it were, fling the door in the face of reasoning by a *presumption* of its absurdity. A motive too for honourable ambition was supplied by the fact, that every periodical Paper of the kind now attempted, which had been conducted with zeal and ability, was not only well received at the time, but has become permanently, and in the best sense of the word, popular. By honourable ambition I mean, the strong desire to be useful, aided by the wish to be generally acknowledged to have been so. As I feel myself actuated in no ordinary degree by this desire, so the hope of realizing it appears less and less presumptuous to me, since I have received from men of highest rank and established character in the republic of letters, not only strong encouragement as to my own fitness for the undertaking, but likewise promises of support from their own stores.

The Object of *The Friend*, briefly and generally expressed, is:—To uphold those truths and those merits which are founded in the nobler and permanent parts of our nature, against the caprices of fashion, and such pleasures as either depend on transitory and accidental causes, or are pursued from less worthy impulses. The chief subjects of my own Essays will be:—

The true and sole ground of Morality or Virtue, as distinguished from Prudence.

The origin and growth of moral impulses, as distinguished from external and immediate motives.

The necessary dependence of taste on moral impulses and habits; and the nature of taste (relatively to the judgment in general, and to Genius) defined, illustrated, and applied. Under this head I comprise the substance of the lectures given, and intended to have been given, at the Royal Institution on the distinguished English Poets, in illustration of the general principles of poetry; together with suggestions concerning the affinity of the fine arts to each other and the principles common to them all.

The opening out of new objects of just admira-

tion in our own language, and information of the present state and past history of Swedish, Danish, German, and Italian literature (to which, but as supplied by a friend, I may add the Spanish, Portuguese and French), as far as the same has not been already given to English readers, or is not to be found in common French authors.

Characters met with in real life:—Anecdotes and results of my own life and travels, &c., &c., as far as they are illustrative of general moral laws, and have no immediate bearing on personal or immediate politics.

Education, in its widest sense, private and national.

Sources of consolation to the afflicted in misfortune, or disease, or mental gloom, from the exertion and right application of the reason, the imagination and the moral sense, and new sources of enjoyment opened out, or an attempt (as an illustrious friend once expressed the thought to me) to add sunshine to daylight, by making the happy more happy. By the words "mental gloom" I refer especially to doubt, or disbelief of the moral government of the world, and the hopes connected with our religious nature.

Such are the chief subjects in the development of which, I hope to realize to a certain extent the great object of my Essays. It will assuredly be my endeavour, by as much variety as is consistent with that object, to procure *entertainment* for my readers as well as *instruction*; yet I feel myself compelled to hazard the confession, that such of my readers as make the *latter* the paramount motive for their encouragement of "The Friend" will receive the largest portion of the *former*. I have heard it said of a young lady—if you are told, before you see her, that she is handsome, you will think her ordinary; if that she is ordinary, you will think her handsome. I may perhaps apply this remark to my own Essays. If instruction and the increase of honourable motives and virtuous impulses be chiefly expected, there will, I would fain hope, be felt no deficiency of amusement; but I must submit to be thought dull by those, who seek amusement only. "The Friend" will be distinguished from its celebrated predecessors, *The Spectator*, &c., as to its plan, chiefly by the greater length of the separate Essays; by their closer connection with each

other; by the predominance of one object, and the common bearing of all to one end.

It would be superfluous to state that I shall receive with gratitude any communications addressed to me, but it may be proper to say, that all remarks or criticisms in praise or dispraise of my contemporaries (to which however nothing but a strong sense of a moral interest will ever lead me) will be written by myself only; both because I cannot have the same certainty concerning the motives of others, and because I deem it fit that such strictures should always be attended by the name of their author, and that one and the same person should be solely responsible for the insertion as well as the composition of the same.

I may not inaptly conclude this Prospectus with a quotation from Petrarch "De Vitâ Solitariâ"—
"Crede mihi, non est parvæ fiducia, polliceri opem decertantibus, consilium dubiis, lumen cæcis, spem dejectis, refrigerium fessis. Magna quidem hæc sunt, si fiant; parva, si promittantur. Verum ego non tam aliis legem ponam, quam legem vobis meæ propriæ mentis exponam: quam qui

probaverit, teneat; cui non placuerit, objiciat. Optarem, fateor, talis esse, qui prodesse possem quam plurimis.”

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Each number will contain a sheet, large octavo. The Price, each number one shilling. Names of Subscribers and communications to be addressed (Post paid) to Mr. Coleridge, Grasmere, Kendal.

THE FRIEND will be stamped and sent by the Post as the Newspapers.

LETTER 28.

“*December 9, 1808.*”

If the large number of separate places should make up for the few subscribers in each, “THE FRIEND” will then be stamped and sent by the post as a newspaper, being printed on one sheet, but on a paper of larger size, with forty lines in a page instead of thirty-five, so that the quantity of matter will remain the same. But if the list of subscribers have been furnished chiefly by the greater cities and towns, then the Essays will be forwarded by every Saturday’s mail from London in a Coach Parcel, to some friend or bookseller in each place.

My dear Stuart,—Scarcely when listening to count the hour, have I been more perplexed by the "*Inopem me copia fecit*" of the London church clocks, than by the press of what I have to say to you. I must do one at a time. Briefly, a very happy change has taken place in my health and spirits and mental activity since I placed myself under the care and inspection of a physician, and I dare say with confident hope "Judge me from the 1st January, 1809."

I send you the Prospectus, and intreat you to do me all the good you can—which, like the Lord's Prayer, is Thanksgiving in the disguise of petition. If you think that it should be advertised in any way, or if Mr. Street can do anything for me—but I know you will do what you can.

I have received promises of contribution from many tall fellows with big names in the world of Scribes and count even Pharisees (two or three Bishops) in my list of patrons. But whether I shall have 50, 100, 500, or 1,000 subscribers I am not able even to conjecture. All must depend on the zeal of my friends, on which I fear I have thrown more water than oil—but

some like the Greek fire burn beneath the wave!

Wordsworth has nearly finished a series of most masterly Essays on the Affairs of Portugal and Spain, and by my advice he will first send them to you that if they suit *The Courier* they may be inserted.

I have not heard from Savage, but I suppose that he has printed a thousand of these Prospectuses, and you may have any number from him. He lives hard by some of the streets in Covent Garden which I do not remember, but a note to Mr. Savage, R. Institution, Alb. St., will find him.

May God Almighty bless you! I feel that I shall yet live to give proof of what is deep within me towards you.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Grasmere, Kendal.

LETTER 29.

COLERIDGE TO STREET.*

“December 10, 1808.” *Grasmere, Kendal,*
Wednesday.

My dear Sir,—I cannot exactly decipher the

* Managing editor of *The Courier*.

exact tone you wish *The Courier* to have respecting the Cintra Convention and Court of Enquiry, but I see plainly by X. Y.'s admirable letters that you maintain an independence truly honourable to you, which pleased me the more because—allow me the privilege of an old friend—I was sadly grieved by three or four paragraphs written in your own editorial character; especially that defence of the Duke of Portland . . . Forgive me this freedom, for it is out of my power not to feel just the same interest in *The Courier* as if it were at once my own property and of my own writing. Yet, if I did not greatly like what you write in general, I should neither have the courage nor feel the impulse, nor perceive any motive for a specific censure. The Court of Enquiry appears to me a process intended to kill the quicksilver of popular feeling by the saliva of drivellers. Not a question concerning *the Terms* of this confluent smallpox of unparalleled infamy; but an identical proposition, gravely worded as a query—to wit, “Do you not think that the Convention (that is the allowing the French to go out of Portugal) allowed the French to go out of

Portugal?" Oh! shame! shame! *This* is the true question. Wretches! you were sent to deliver Portugal from the French; why then did you deliver the French out of Portugal? Sir A. W.'s "not a man is yet arrived" stamps his character for ever! Buonaparte were a fool if he sent Junot's army immediately into Spain. They are doing him more service in France, where every soldier with his plunder is acting the part of a recruiting sergeant. Wordsworth has nearly finished a series of most masterly Essays on this subject, and I shall send the two first to Mr. Stuart by the next post, and the others as soon as ever I hear from him or you. Believe me, dear Street, an awful time is coming on with hasty strides. G. Britain cannot remain altogether in its present state. The Ministers, absolute menials of the Royal *Person*, and the actual State agency in the hands of those who are under no actual responsibility. I can despise as heartily as you, and every man of sense the disgusting trash of Westminster Meetings, but yet it were blindness not to perceive that in the *people* of England, not the *populace*, apud *populum* non

plebem, there is a heaving and a fermentation, as different from the vulgar seditious of Corresponding Societies and Manchester Clubs, as A. Sidney from Horne Tooke. Never were a nation more uniform in their contentment with, and gratitude for their glorious constitution. They are not even earnest about any reform in its shape. Let them but see the actual managers of their affairs, actually responsible, and that most wise principle, "The king can do no wrong," restored to its true meaning, and they have not a public wish ungratified. But W—— B—— D!* So much for politics. Now for my own concerns. . . . Now you see that this work [*The Friend*] is of the last importance to me, and if anything can, this does justify me in calling on my friends to do me what good they can. . . . Oh, dear sir! do what you can for me! I have not enjoyed such steady quietness of heart and activity of mind for many years as I am now enjoying; and if I can succeed in this, I shall yet live to pay my debts of love, as well as justice to my friends.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

* W—— B—— D ! stand for Whitelock, Sir Harry Burrard, Sir Hew Dalrymple.

LETTER 30.

There is an error of the Press in the former Prospectus sent to you uncorrected.

Sunday, Noon.

My dear Stuart,—Though I trust as well as hope that I shall receive a letter from you by to-night's post, yet we cannot get it till ten o'clock at night and then only by walking to Rydale (three miles from our house), and can answer it, so as to leave Kendal by the *Tuesday's* post (for all Monday the Post loiters at Hawkshead) only by writing as many lines as we can persuade the man to stay minutes in the cottage at which he leaves the letters. We receive letters four times a week. The letters of one post on Tuesday, of one post on Wednesday, of one on Friday and of three posts on Sunday night, so that a letter written from London on Friday, reaches us as soon as one written on Wednesday or Thursday. Therefore if you are writing to us by Wednesday's post, and could recollect to direct *that* letter to Keswick (Greta Hall), we should

receive it by the Carrier with our Newspapers on Saturday instead of Sunday night, and save a day in the answering.

On the other side, I have written (*i.e.*, proposed) a short advertisement for the Newspapers, leaving to you if you approve of it, to fill up the blanks. I have received half a dozen letters complaining of the non-receipt of the Prospectuses, in each of which is said, "I am sure I could have got 30, or 50, or 100 subscribers." But your information concerning the Stamp Office has sadly perplexed me. First of all, I had fully made up my mind to printing "the Friend" ON ONE SHEET ONLY. Was the determination of the Stamp Office influenced by the proposal of printing it on one sheet and a quarter? Secondly, and of more importance, of the Subscribers hitherto procured (180), two-thirds and more live scattered, or where booksellers' parcels do not come above once a month. If the Essay be not stamped, how can it be delivered to these? Would the Stamp Office *refuse* to stamp the Work, and so give it the privilege of being sent by the post? Would they stamp a GIVEN NUMBER? I have reason to

believe, that either from Perceval or Lord Mulgrave, I could procure any recommendation for any favour, not illegal.

Monday night.

My dear Stuart,—So far I had written when Sara Hutchinson's illness stopped me, both by the necessary attendance on her, and by the weight on my spirits; and a heavy and continued rain prevented any one's going to Rydale, so that I did not receive your letter till this evening. You will long ere this, (on Friday morning I calculate) have received Wordsworth's second Essay, re-
✓ written by me, and in some parts recomposed. I
✓ have twice read your letter, and have nothing to reply, but that you are in possession of all the facts; the principal one that, of the 180 subscribers already procured, by far the greater part are not resident in great towns. Do you therefore, dear and honoured friend! decide for me at once. Be assured (from the very inmost of my heart I say it) as beforehand I have no other feeling but that of perfect confidence, so in the retrospect I never shall, or can have any other feelings, than those of affection and gratitude.

√ The tears are in my eyes as I write, so that I can scarce see my paper. I would I could convey to you, as by intuition, how much I love and esteem you!

I daresay I have erred in prematurely propagating my Prospectuses. The number however has been so small that much harm cannot have been done; and many persons have since written to me asking me for them. When I entered on the plan I resolved (and have been since employing myself, so as to enable myself to execute it) that the printer should always have four numbers beforehand. Finally if it be not, as I suppose it is not, practicable, to have 300 stamped (for I have every reason to believe that I shall have that number of scattered subscribers) and the others for London and the great cities unstamped, you will decide whether or none, and according to your decision, set the thing agoing when and how you think proper. . . .

To return to *The Friend*. There is certainly nothing in the Work that could make the numbers more interesting this day than this day fortnight; but then the pleasure of being able to

expect its arrival on a given day, the difference of *one* arriving at a time instead of *four shillings* at once, in all those places where booksellers' parcels arrive monthly only; and the comfort of having a thing come as a newspaper, and with the newspapers, are great influences. Would it be prudent or practicable to have the whole stamped *at first*, and then after eight or ten numbers to adopt the other plan if a *great majority* of the sale was found to be in London and the great cities? That passage in the *Espriella* of Southey,* which I so bitterly reprobated to you, has deprived me at least of a hundred subscribers in Birmingham. Southey's life would be in danger were he in Birmingham, and known to be there.

I feel and have not ceased to feel *how much* I ask, in asking you, without any further reference to me, to decide for me. My private friends living scattered, or in small towns (and my sub-

* The allusion is to the "Letters from England by Don Manuel Alvarez Espriella, translated from the Spanish" (London, 1808). Letter 36, vol. ii. p. 56-73, contains a description of Birmingham. The noise and filth of the streets, the miserable condition of the workpeople, and the "systematic roguery" of Birmingham manufacturers are severely dealt with.

scribers hitherto having been procured by those friends) are doubtless no fair presumption of the nature of the sale in general. I have about twenty swelling names of Earls and Countesses and Bishops. I write thus undigestedly, because a person is going off by daybreak to-morrow to Keswick and I save one post at least.—God bless you and

S. T. C.

The very post by which your letter was received, Wordsworth sent the Essay, and the answer to your questions.

D. STUART TO THE STAMP OFFICE.

Courier Office, 348, Strand.

Gentlemen,—A friend of mine proposes publishing a Weekly Paper; not a newspaper, but a paper on the plan of *The Spectator*, of which I have the honour of enclosing a Prospectus. A doubt has arisen in my mind whether it will not be considered by your honourable board as a newspaper, be obliged to pay the stamp duty; and the proprietor, printer, and publisher, be obliged to register, &c. You will oblige me by solving this

doubt, and saying whether, if published every second week instead of every Saturday, it would still be regarded by you as a newspaper.—I have the honour of being respectfully, Gentlemen, your humble servant,

D. STUART.

December 19th, 1808.

TO THE HONBLE. THE COMMISSIONERS OF
HIS MAJESTY'S STAMP REVENUES.

(Written on the back of the preceding letter.)

“ If the proposed plan be strictly adhered to it is not a newspaper.—H. B. It must pay duty as a pamphlet according to the number of sheets, and the duty for the several advertisements published therein.

S. O.

“ December 23, 1808.”

Sir,—I can have no objection to publish this periodical Work ; and every attention on my part to give publicity to the undertaking may be relied upon.—I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

H. J. CLEMENT.

201, *Strand.* 13th *January*, 1809.

LETTER 31.

“*Post Mark, Dec. 17, 1808.*”

Dear Stuart,—

[*Business details.*]

I do not write in this Work for the multitude of men but for those who either by rank or fortune, or official situation or by talents and habits of reflection, are to influence the multitude. I write to found true *principles*, to oppose false *principles* in legislation, philosophy, morals, international law. Cobbett sells his sheet for tenpence. Now he differs from me in two things mainly; he applies to the passions that are gratified by curiosity, sharp and often calumnious personality, the politics and the events of the day, and the names and characters of notorious contemporaries. From all these topics I not only abstain as from guilt, but to strangle these passions by the awakening of the noble germ in human nature is my express and paramount *object*. Now three-fourths of English readers are led to purchase periodical works, even those professedly literary, by the expectation of having these passions gratified; of which we have a

melancholy proof in the great sale of the *Edinburgh Review* (which, thank God! has received a deadly stab by X. Y's. Essays in *The Courier*, as I have just heard from a friend of the Editor's and himself a writer in the *E. R.*). All these readers I give up. Secondly—he fills himself not one half of his Journal. The rest is but reprinting, or stupid letters from correspondents. And his own letters, what are they? In general conversational comments on large extracts from the morning papers; at all events the careless passionate talk of a man (of robust common sense but grossly ignorant and under the warp of heat and prejudice) on the subjects furnished by the day. I bring the results of a life of intense study and unremitting meditation, of toil and travel, and great and unrepaid expense. Those to whom these reasons (were there no other) would not justify me in selling the Work stamped for a shilling, *i.e.*, twopence more, I neither expect nor wish to have among my subscribers.

Dear Friend! . . .

It is my wish to have it stamped and circulated just as Cobbett or *Bell's Messenger*, and if you called

on George Ward in Paternoster Row, I doubt not he would be the London Publisher, but I dare do nothing on a subject so very important without your advice. But as time is so important now, whatever you think advisable, do it ; and be quite certain that I shall think it the best possible.

If you knew the quickening and the throb in the pulse of my hope when I think of you, and anticipate that I shall shortly show myself, in everything what you have a right to expect from me, you would know that it was from the bottom of my heart that in a late letter to Perry of *The Morning Chronicle*, acknowledging one late and some former attentions to me (before my marriage) I mentioned you, (as from the nature of the occasion I was obliged to do) as “the wisest adviser, and the most steady, disinterested and generous friend that heaven ever bestowed on man.”

S. T. COLERIDGE.

↓ Wordsworth's first Essay, I hope the two first, will be sent to you by this, or the following post. Will you ask Street, if it is not to be a secret, who X. Y. is ?

LETTER 32.

*Grasmere, December 28, 1808,
Wednesday night.*

My dear Stuart,—I wish it was as endurable to you to hear, as it would be pleasant to me to express the various personal feelings with which I read your letters. Wordsworth coolly observed to me, “ You had a wise and kind friend ; you were yourself well aware of his general knowledge of the world and his particular familiarity with things of this kind, and you did not avail yourself of it. What else could you expect ? ” This is true no doubt. . . .

To publish “ The Friend ” monthly would not answer my moral purposes so well ; you can judge better than I whether it would be equally profitable to me. If I publish it on one sheet (as I had for some time determined to do) and have it stamped, could I not send off the sheet by the post, to the subscribers of my own procuring who have sent me their names and address ? Mr. Curwen has offered me his name to frank it with. What have the Newsmen to do with these ? But

rather my dear friend, do you tell me what I should do that must be done *by me*, and I will immediately do it without a further question. Wherever my opinion or assent alone is wanted, that is already pre-included in whatever your opinion is, or may hereafter be. The future Prospectuses should be printed *from this copy*, but make any alterations, omissions, or additions you think right. I wrote in the form of an extract from a letter to a correspondent, as the less of two evils; that is in some measure to cover over the indelicacy of speaking of myself to strangers and to the public; and yet without speaking thus, I did not know how to explain my motives, or the grounds of my fitness for this specific undertaking. But I will try to alter it into the form of an address to the public, and at all events will draw up the *short advertisement* immediately. I am afraid that Wordsworth's fifth cannot go off, as was intended, in this frank. It is finished, all but the corrections, but his head and [*stomach*] have been disordered the whole day till late this evening. Consequently, such are our posts, it cannot go off from Kendal till Saturday morning.

In begging you to write to me, article by article, what had better be done, I have no wish of evading trouble or thought; but I have unconditional confidence in your opinion, none in my own; and if you think at all, I imagined it would be easier for you to frame the whole scheme and skeleton of Agenda, of the things to be done and the things not to be done, than to supply fragments. I have at present a hundred names, and more, and have reason to believe that I shall procure at least 150 more. Whenever the Prospectuses are printed, be so good as to order a hundred to be sent to Basil Montagu, Esq., ✓ Lincoln's Inn; and likewise twenty or thirty to Mr. T. Monkhouse, 21, Budge Row. Montagu has asked by letter for a hundred Prospectuses, and both assured me they expected to procure me a hundred subscribers. If a hundred be procured between them, it will be well. As to politics I cannot imagine a definite legal meaning of the word—τὰ πολιτικά signifies in Greek, whatever relates to the duties and interests of the State, and its citizens—but as to anything, ordinarily understood by Politics, I have as little to do with

it, as with News. You will tell me for what date (you think) I may mention to announce the Essay. I have as yet received no accounts from any of the chief towns. I meant the type to be the same sort with that of this Prospectus, 35 lines in a page and about 40 letters in a line ; to be printed as a book, not as Cobbett's, or as a Magazine. —May God bless you and your obliged and affectionate friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

The names of the persons who have been long expecting Prospectuses, and the numbers to be sent, I wrote in my letter to Mr. Street. I never conjectured X. Y. till the last but one, and that only after I had read the last, but was reading again the former. Then certain phrases all at once suggested to me that you might be the author. This was on Monday night. The Prospectuses that were to be sent to G. Caldwell, Esq., Jesus College, Cambridge, are to be sent to the Rev. T. Castley, Jesus College, Cambridge, and those for Mr. Clarkson, not to be sent to Bury.

LETTER 33.

Posted January 23, 1809.

Grasmere, Kendal, Wednesday night.

My dear Friend,—I am so much in the habit, and alas with too much reason of believing myself in the wrong that I often accede to blame without examination. . . .

So much for the past. For the future, the more I reflect the more I am perplexed relatively to the question of stamping or not stamping. Wordsworth can find his way out of the difficulty no better than myself. Let me premise, that no arguments which occur to me on either side are equal in force and impression on my mind, to the deep sense I have of my general ignorance. Otherwise I confess, the reasons for stamping the Work would form the heavier weight in the scale. These reasons I will briefly enumerate to you; but the utter self-distrust which disturbs the whole balance, without being either in the one scale or the other, I cannot convey to you adequately. Yet if these reasons should not appear of due force to your understanding, and yet make you hesitate in

determining as you otherwise would have determined, I shall have cause to regret bitterly that I ever mentioned them. On my soul, if every argument which my experience or reflection could suggest pleaded for A, and your calm opinion decided for B, it would not only counterbalance all the former in my steady judgment, but I should instantly proceed to act on the plan B with most unclouded and cheerful confidence. To this my nature inclines me, and in this my constant experience abundantly justifies my nature. Excuse these professions, dear Stuart! The very great importance of the affair alike to my worldly and my moral interests, as they are the main cause and occasion of them, so let them be the apology. I suppress my feelings of esteem and gratitude towards you twenty times for once that I utter them. The reasons in favour of stamping are—First. That my subscribers have been hitherto two in three, such as reside where no regular communication exists, except the Post. A fortnight or more, often elapses before they procure their Reviews or Magazines, after their arrival in the monthly booksellers' parcels. 2ndly. The arrival

of four at a time (four shillings for four sheets) not only will make the price obtrude itself and be felt, but all that particular pleasure of having to expect an amusement on a particular day, and of being able to count upon it among the little enjoyments of the week, is done away. 3rdly. This class of readers will not only as I have some reason to think, form a large proportion of my customers, but they are the very persons whom I look forward to with most satisfaction as the most likely to be gratified by my writings, and to be benefited, and to spread the benefit. 4thly. If the Essay be not stamped, can I without fair imputation of cupidity bordering on dishonesty or mendicancy, charge a shilling for a single sheet? I might indeed urge much in favour of the costs of time, thought, study, personal labour in travels, &c., &c.; of money *sunk* as it were in the preparing myself for such a Work, even as a Counsellor and Physician justify their fees, not by the particular effort or time expended in any one particular case, but by the expenses and talents previously applied. But this is not an admitted plea in the literary world. The course of the Trade has once for all

settled that the price attached to books, should be proportioned to the quantity and to the quality of the paper, the printing, and the plates (if any). 5th. If the book were printed at Kendal, stamped as the provincial Papers are, I could easily procure a young steady man to devote one day in the week to send them off, each one in its own involucre, and with its own direction, as *The Courier* from your office; and by having the date of payment at twenty or forty weeks, and on the week before affixing an advertisement (which would be paid for at the Stamp Office, desiring the Subscribers to remit to me the one or two pound note (or where there were many in the same place, to be paid to some one acquaintance) the money concerns might perhaps be settled without much trouble—considering, which should not be overlooked, the probable character of those who would take in my Work. 6th. It appears to Wordsworth as well as to me, that in a Work like mine the newsmen could do little; it has nothing of the character or attractions of a Newspaper; it would seldom indeed be taken in by chance or indifference—and I must rely chiefly on advertisements.

With regard to the printer's and publisher's bonds, I have little doubt that I could effect this easily; that G. Ward in London has such confidence in my word that there were to be neither politics nor advertisements that he would undertake the London publishing. I have not written to him, because I would in nothing interfere with your kind offices. *N.B.* On reason 5, I lay no weight. It is indeed not properly classed by me among the reasons. I mean it only as a simple query, or datum, for deliberation. If there be advantages in the printing and publishing it in the first instance in London, I waive the notion at once. I have desired Mr. Clarkson to call on you. The great point I would have kept in view is the distinctive character of "The Friend." It is not to be a Newspaper; it is not even a Work meant to attract and amuse the ordinary crowd of readers; it is a Work for the development of PRINCIPLES. And though I shall write as eloquently and splendidly as my portion of genius enables me, yet I never will sacrifice groundedness, to entertainingness. For the latter I chiefly rely on skill of illustration by similes, facts, and interesting anecdotes.

I have been long most deeply interested in the American affairs. If I cannot draw out my thoughts in full and orderly array, I will at all events in a post or two, send you the substance of my reflections irregularly and in hints. I by no means approved either of the matter, or the tone of Mr. Canning's State Paper. It was to me the Work of an insolent and womanish mind; an air of low triumph in it that could do no good, and in the present instance would try and exasperate. Permit me to add that I very warmly admired the article in *The Courier*, respecting the private letters calumniating the Spaniards. Indeed many things in the latter Papers have much pleased me. What I most desiderate in *The Courier* is steadiness and consistency. It is an immense [power] and we are morally answerable in proportion. I [like you] would always lean towards the Government for many reasons, besides the aversion we both have to their only effectual rivals, or possible substitutes.—God bless you.

S. T. C.

LETTER 34.

“Posted January 28.”

Monday noon, January 23, 1809.

My dear Stuart,—In answer to that part of your letter (which I have just now received) respecting Wordsworth’s copy, I thought I had explained to you the misery of our Post. It is not once in ten times that we can answer by the same Post that brings the letter. For instance, yours of Thursday reached me at Monday noon; for the bitterness of the raw frosty wind made it impracticable for me to walk three miles to, and three miles back again, so as to meet the letter carrier at Rydale at ten o’clock at night; and unless I can get to Keswick to-night, which I meant to do, but begin to fear that I cannot get a horse, the letter cannot leave Kendal or Penrith till Wednesday morning. Our other days are on the same scale of delay; equal delays in receiving and being able to answer letters. In every instance Wordsworth has sent off his answer the first moment possible, and has twice walked out to the

Carrier's house after two o'clock in the morning.
He is very busy at his Work.

Tuesday afternoon.

I walked into Keswick, and shall return tomorrow, or Thursday. As to the Prospectuses! Heaven knows! I am impatient about nothing. I have neither spirits enough, nor hope enough; but it is my friends who are impatient. Three letters I have received in as many days, each having words to this purpose. "Without the Prospectuses we can do nothing." "I have procured so many subscribers, but had I Prospectuses I could have decupled them." As soon as I received yours, I decided at once in favour of the Newspaper plan, to be printed at Kendal; the Bonds, &c., I shall find no difficulty in, except perhaps the printer's, but I shall send off a letter to-night to set that a-going. I would therefore have it advertised immediately, in as short a form as you like. Clement, Milford Lane, opposite St. Clements, London. Constable, Edinburgh. Soutby, Penrith. Pennington, Kendal. Shepherd, Bristol. Woolan, Exeter. Miss Gales, Sheffield. Ford, Manchester. More booksellers' names I

have not at present, but by calling on Longman, he or his partners would doubtless mention the booksellers in the principal towns. The day of its appearance to be the first Saturday in March ; *i.e.*, it is to be in London on that day, but the same Prospectuses should be sent, two hundred, to Mr. Clarkson at Mr. Allen's, Plough Court, Lombard Street, and fifty to Mr. T. Poole, Stowey near Bridgewater, by any of the Coaches that pass through Bridgewater ; and a hundred to the Rev. T. Castley, Jesus College, Cambridge. The others as before given, Montagu, T. Monkhouse, &c.

The next thing I must request is to be informed concerning the mode of having down the stamped paper, and in what way the stamp money is paid ? Whether always ready money, or whether any credit is given ? Likewise whether it will be illegal if I print off unstamped sheets, not for weekly sale, but to be bound up in different sized volumes, so that persons who begin to take in the Work in July for instance, may six months after the first number, procure the preceding numbers.

Something perhaps should be said in the advertisements, concerning the mode of payment,

but what? i' faith I do not know. Those living in retired places, I would have remit the £1 every twenty weeks, and when these are in considerable number in one place, to the bookseller perhaps, though in most principal places I could procure a private friend to take the trouble.

I shall wait for instructions from you, to whom, and in what form the Bond and Securities are to be performed and whatever else may be proper for me to do.—May God bless you and

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 35.

“Feb. 10, 1809.”

Dear Stuart,—Indeed, indeed, *I* never had any impatience. *I* never did attach any importance to the *Prospectuses*. But it is my friends. And when you consider how large a proportion of my subscribers are procured by private friends, you will agree with me that I could say nothing in objection when they tell me, “With *Prospectuses* we could do so and so ; without them nothing.”

The paper must be stamped and sent down from London direct to the Printer. The distributor has nothing to do with it. Will you be so good as to fix upon such a size and quality as appears proper to you. But after twice coming into Kendal, I have now received a final answer from old Mr. Pennington, the only man short of Liverpool capable of executing the work, *declining* from no other objection than his age and intentions of leaving off business altogether shortly.

I send this hasty scrawl lest you should wonder at my silence. I am very glad indeed that you are so much pleased with William's pamphlet. When I get home I will write at leisure.—Dear friend, may God bless you ! and your affectionate and grateful

Kendal.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

I am just about to mount my horse for Grasmere.

LETTER 36.

“*Posted February 27, 1809.*”

Wednesday morning.

My dear Stuart,—Had I received less strong proofs of your kindness, I should have good reason to fear that these successive disappointments would weary you out. My best comfort is that I cannot attribute them to any indolence or remissness on my part. Thus however the matter stands at present. Old Mr. Pennington of Kendal has finally declined the being printer and publisher of “*The Friend*”; and I have every reason to believe that no one else nearer than Liverpool is capable of undertaking the Work without sending for new types, &c., from London; consequently my alternative lies between two plans, as the only ones possible. The first, that of having the Work printed and published in London, which would occasion a serious deduction from the profits; (for at Kendal the publishing, wrapping up, directing and sending off per post would not have cost me sixpence) and the second, the setting up a press at Grasmere, and the pro-

curing a good steady young man from Liverpool or London, who would be at once (as is almost universally the case out of London) Composer and Pressman. Independently of "*The Friend*," we had intended to do this. I believe you have seen Mr. De Quincey at *The Courier* office with me. Ho! he was the very short and boyish looking modest man whom I introduced to you in Cuthell's shop, and afterwards gave you his character, &c. He has been on a visit at our house for three months, and has now taken Wordsworth's old cottage, which he is fitting up and means to tenant for some years. Besides his erudition he has a great turn for manual operations; and is, even to something of old bachelor preciseness, accurate and regular in all he does. It is his determination to have printed under his own eye, immaculate editions of such of the eminently great Classics, English and Greek, as most need it; and to begin with the poetic Works of Milton. Old Pennington, who is a truly worthy and respectable old man, highly approved of the plan; and made out by calculation, that for the printing of "*The Friend*" a hundred pounds would be ample both

for the fonts of type, the press, and the fitting up, &c. Now the objections, as far as "*The Friend*" is concerned, are these. 1st, The delay and uncertainty in the procuring, and after, character of the Compositor. 2nd, The probability that none of the great letter founders may have any fonts of suitable types on hand. That no press, one of Lord Stanhope's construction it should be, can be procured ready made; and that the delay in the execution of all orders both for types and presses is so enormous (from four months to a year I have been given to understand) that even were I to put off the commencement of the Work to the 1st of May, I might still meet with a new and heavier disappointment. The questions therefore on which I do indeed need your advice are—1st, *Supposing* that workmen, types, press, &c., &c., were procurable instantly, *i.e.*, as soon as the waggon could convey them, is the scheme of printing the Work at Grasmere an advisable one? 2nd, What are the chances for and against such a supposition? This I should hope might be answered positively in the course of a forenoon, by sending a man with the proper letters of precise

enquiry, to the different letter founders and press makers.

If you consider the scheme as impracticable at least at present, and for the first year of "*The Friend*," nothing remains but instantly to procure a printer and publisher in London, who will consent to give the proper Bonds, and to make the best terms with him possible. Depend upon it, if you consider the plan as unwise, there is not a soul in this family who will think otherwise.

I assure you, my dear Stuart, that I am faint and sick at heart with these Alps upon Alps of hindrances and uncertainties.

Wardle's* affair turns out just as both myself and Wordsworth foresaw. . . . But I have no heart to write about anything at this present moment.—God bless you and

S. T. COLERIDGE.

* Colonel Wardle, a Welsh colonel of militia, led the attack in the House of Commons against the Duke of York with regard to the undue influence in military appointments of the notorious Mrs. Clarke.

LETTER 37.

Posted February 18, 1809.

Dear Stuart, —

[*Printing details.*]

Besides it was and I trust is to be a *newspaper*. It would weary us both to repeat the weighty arguments which have decided this point in both our judgments. From the peculiar nature of the Work, and from the particular complexion of those who will form the best, and perhaps the largest part of my customers, there can be no other mode of circulating it everywhere and *weekly*, except by the post; and to receive four at once (in many places six or eight) would destroy the very character of the publication. By that decision therefore, it having met with your concurrence, and having been confirmed by unanswerable arguments adduced by you, in addition to my own reasonings, I must abide.

* * * * *

But were it otherwise I should still remain by my resolution, even though I were obliged to defer the work till types could be procured from London.

There are three plans possible. 1st. To seek out a printer and publisher who will consent to give the legal bonds in London, and to make the best terms with him possible. If Mr. Clement will not do this, I think that George Ward would. 2nd. To have it printed at Penrith where there is a very clever young —

16 February, Penrith.

(I return to-morrow.) While writing the last sentence I received a letter from Penrith, that Brown was both able and willing to print and publish "The Friend." In consequence on Sunday, I walked from Grasmere over the mountains (Oh, heavens! what a journey!) hither, and arrived at last *limping*, having sprained my knee in leaping a brook, and slipping on the opposite bank, twisted my left leg outward. However I am perfectly satisfied with Brown's character, proposals, and capability; and have accordingly agreed with him to be my printer and publisher. His name is Mr. John Brown, Printer and Stationer, Penrith. I have resolved to commence the Work on the first of April.

On your kindness, dear Friend, I must now call to find me out the proper paper, which should be of course very good, and the means of procuring it stamped. An attorney (Antony Harrison) informed me that if I procured it from the Stamp Office, as a Newspaperist, I should have a drawback of sixteen per cent.; but of all these things I am ignorant, only I know to a certainty that both Ware (the Whitehaven paper) and both the Carlisle papers receive their stamped paper from London directly; and I am advised, if it can be procured immediately, to have a considerable quantity sent by sea to Stockton, directed to Mr. John Hutchinson, with S. T. C. on the corner of the box.

On what terms, payment, &c., it is to be procured, you will be so good as to inform me. I have written to Davy, requesting that the money due to me [from the R. Inst.] may be paid at your office to your name.

I never once dreamt of receiving any money beforehand. It must have been carelessness in my language, which could have suggested this idea to you. What money may be necessary to carry on

the Work for the first twenty weeks, I doubt not I shall be able to procure. I write in great pain from my knee which is very seriously injured. Such a passage, you can have scarce a conception of. Ice, half frozen snow, floods, and the impossibility of remitting attention, nay anxiety, for a single step. I never paused once, except the few minutes I lay sprawling in torture and yet was five hours in reaching Luff's * house, which is ten miles from Wordsworth's. However I am at ease in mind, and in my next hope to give you some little proof of it.

I was pleased, a little flattered perhaps, by your letter to Southey; it was almost verbally coincident with what I had written a few days before.—May God bless you and your affectionately grateful,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

* Captain Luff, for many years a resident at Patterdale, near Ullswater, was held in esteem for the energy with which he procured the enrolment of large companies of volunteers. Wordsworth and Coleridge were often visitors at his house. For his account of the death of Charles Gough, on Helvellyn, and the fidelity of the famous spaniel, see "Coleorton Letters," vol. i. p. 97.

LETTER 38.

“Feb. 1809.”

Please to direct your answer—Mr. Antony Harrison, Penrith, Cumberland (for Mr. Coleridge).

My dear Stuart,—I hope you received mine from Penrith, in which I informed you—1st. That I had settled with Mr. Brown of Penrith to print “*The Friend*,” and be the nominal publisher, at £1 3s. od. for five hundred, and £1 7s. od. for a number not exceeding one thousand. 2nd. That the stamped paper must be had from London. There are stationers who, upon orders, provide it; but I am told that if I order the stamps myself as a newspaper, I am allowed a considerable drawback. Is this the case? Will you be so good as to choose out a large octavo size of good quality, and to direct it to be stamped in the most advisable way; and to let me know how these matters are to be carried on between the paper merchant, Stamp Office, and myself, as to immediate payment, or at what date, &c. 3rd. I have resolved to commence it on the 1st April. 4th. I have written to Wilkin, the Distributor of

Stamps for the district. . . . his letter dated the 16th reached me this morning the 27th ; and when it came said "it could say nothing, because it knew nothing ; but that *I* must apply to the Stamp Office in London, to send *him* down the necessary directions." I had been extremely unwell for eight days preceding this, so as to be incapable of sitting upright for half an hour together. It was well the letter did not reach me then. Me, unused to business ! A succession of these vexations harass me out of my philosophy. I find the writing of the Essays quite delightful, by comparison with the troubles of *setting up shop*. Now what can I do ? In what way can *I* apply to the Stamp Directors ? All I can say, I write on the opposite page. I entreat you, my dear Stuart, to do what you can, as soon as possible, to relieve me from this embarrassment. I shall write immediately to Wilkin to urge him to write himself to the Stamp Office to get the necessary information. . . .

Then as to advertising, I must leave it to you. I wrote to desire that £60 might be paid in to you from the Royal Institution. ✓

I hope the time is coming when I shall subscribe myself with more ease of mind, though never with greater depth of heart, my dear Stuart,
—Your obliged and affectionate friend,

Grasmere, Kendal.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

I, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Proprietor and Editor of the Weekly Newspaper entitled "*The Friend*," reside in Grasmere in the County of Westmoreland and intend residing there.

John Brown, Printer and Bookseller, the printer and publisher of the said Weekly Newspaper, resides in Penrith in the County of Cumberland and intends residing there.

William Wordsworth Esq., Mr. Coleridge's first Security, resides in Grasmere in the County of Westmoreland and intends residing there.

Robert Southey Esq., second Security, resides at Keswick in the County of Cumberland and intends residing there.

William Wilkins Esq., resident at Appleby in the County of Cumberland, and His Majesty's Distributor of Stamps for that District, solicits information of the Board of the Stamp Office in

what manner he is to comply with the written request of Mr. Coleridge, containing the above names as ready to sign, to know when the Bonds, &c., will be ready for signature. Mr. Wilkins is ignorant of the nature of the Bonds, and of the sum requisite to be stated in them, and the Securities.

LETTER 39.

Penrith, 17th March, 1809.

My dear Stuart,—I have waited here in the daily and anxious hope of hearing from you in answer to my last letters. Everything here is ready; the printer, the publisher, the type, the bonds, &c. I have more than three hundred subscribers, though there have been no advertisements. And eagerly have I hoped to hear from you concerning the *paper*. I am told that Fourdrinier is the stationer who commonly supplies stamped paper. Mr. Bernard* informed me that £60 was ready to be paid to my order, and I requested it to be paid to you. Oh! dear friend, on

* Afterwards Sir T. Bernard, the founder of the Royal Institution.

this business my whole prospect is set. I pray you, do set me going. I am ready with Essays full and written out. *I* can begin whenever the paper arrives, and it is deemed advisable. Should it be said on the first of May?

Forgive me if I write anxiously, for indeed I am ready to sink under the successive anxieties and disappointments I have suffered, but God knows I am always affectionately your not less grateful than obliged friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 40.

Posted March 31, 1809.

My dear friend,—I have been severely indisposed, *knocked up* indeed, with a complaint of a contagious nature called *the Mumps*; preceded by most distressing low spirits, or rather, absence of all spirits, and accompanied with deafness and stupefying perpetual *echo* in the ear. But it is going off. Little John Wordsworth was attacked with it last year when I was in London, and from the stupor with which it suffuses the eyes and look, it was cruelly mistaken for water on the brain. It

has been brought here a second time by some miners and is a disease with little danger and no remedy.

I attributed your silence to its right cause, and I assure you when I was at Penrith and Kendal it was very pleasant to me to hear how universally the conduct of *The Courier* was extolled; indeed you have behaved most nobly, and it is impossible but that you must have had a great weight in the displacing of that prime grievance of grievances. Among many reflections that kept crowding on my mind during the trial,* this was perhaps the chief—What if, after a long, long reign, some titled sycophant should whisper to Majesty, “By what means do your Ministers manage the Legislature?” “By the distribution of patronage, according to the influence of individuals who claim it.” “Do this yourself, or by your own family, and you become independent of parties, and your Ministers are your servants. The Army under a favourite son, the Church with a wife, &c. &c.” Good heavens! the very essence of the Constitu-

* The parliamentary investigation of the charges and allegations with regard to the military patronage of the Duke of York.

tion is unmoulded, and the venerable motto of our liberty, "The king can do no wrong," becomes nonsense and blasphemy. As soon as ever my mind is a little at ease, I will put together the fragments I have written on this subject, and if Wordsworth have not anticipated me, add to it some thoughts on the effect of the military principle. We owe something to Whitbread for his quenching at the first *smell* a possible fire. How is it possible that a man apparently so honest can talk and think as he does respecting France, peace, and Buonaparte? . . .

On Thursday Wordsworth, Southey and myself with the printer and publisher, go to Appleby to sign and seal, which paper, &c., will of course be immediately dispatched to London. I doubt not but that the £60 will be now paid at *The Courier* office in a few days; and as soon as you will let me know whether the stamped paper is to be paid for necessarily in ready money, or with what credit, I shall instantly write to some of my friends to advance me what is absolutely necessary. I can only say I am ready and eager to commence, and that I earnestly hope to see "The

Friend " advertised shortly for the first of May. As to the Paper, how and from whom, and what and in what quantity, I must again leave to your judgment, and recommend to your affection for me. I have reason to believe that I shall commence with
 ✓ 500 names.

I write from Keswick. Mrs. Southey was delivered yester-morning of a girl.* I forgot to say, that I have been obliged to purchase, and have paid for, a font of types of Small Pica, the same with the London Prospectus, from Wilson's of Glasgow. I was assured they would cost only from £25 to £28, instead of which £38 odd.—God bless you and

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Tuesday night.

LETTER 41.

" Posted April 7, 1809."

My dear Stuart,—I received your Penrith letter at Keswick, and should have answered it last night, but that I wished, previously, to consult

* Bertha Southey was born March 27, 1809.

Southey and Wordsworth. Having done this, I write (with as much satisfaction, as it is possible for me to feel on any point, in which I do not accede to your advice immediately) that I think it will not be wise or right for me to commence till the first of May, for these reasons. 1st. Because I had settled this time with Brown, the Printer; and he has made his arrangements in that expectation. 2nd. Because I had informed Wrangham,* Poole, my brother, Mr. Clarkson, and some others, that it would appear on the first of May, neither sooner nor later. Now it is almost impracticable to write to them, and receive answers from all, with the list of names which they are procuring, by the 15th; and I know enough of some of them to know that they would be offended at not receiving the first number, as soon as published. 3rd. It would seem proper to give a longer time, both for the possible effect of the London advertisements and for receiving the lists from

* “—— Wrangham—a college acquaintance of mine,—an admirer of me, and a pitier of my principles” (S. T. C. to Cottle, [April] 1796). The Rev. Francis Wrangham was Archdeacon of Cleveland, and held other Church Preferment. He died in 1842.

different towns. Yet if it should have been advertised before this letter reaches you, and the 15th announced as the day, I will sacrifice everything and bring it out on that day.

I have not received any letter from Grasmere to-day, but think it almost certain that one has arrived from Bernard in answer to my pressing request, either to inform me that the £60 has been paid, or explaining the cause (reason there can be none) of the delay.

I thank you, as I ought for your kindness in proposing to insert the Prospectus entire in *The Courier*. Once would be enough; and for the others, a simple annunciation of the Work, stating only, that it is meant to exclude PERSONAL politics. But something ought to be said concerning the mode of payment; and this indeed I had intended to have placed as the 4th and strongest reason for delay till the 1st of next month; because till I have the lists from my friends (which will arrive in about eight days) I cannot form any plan as to my agents in each centre of each vicinity, to receive the money, which I wish to have paid every twenty weeks. But if each

person were to send £1 in a letter, the expense of postage would swallow up the profits. I therefore wish it to be said in the advertisements, that the mode of payment will be stated to the Subscribers in the first number.

Now for a few words of Politics. Cobbett ought to be censured, for his unfair attack upon Palafox.* His remarks on the Supreme Junta are perhaps just; at least I always thought that their main blunder, the queen bee in the hive of their mismanagement, has been the not assembling the Cortes. This I could amply illustrate by facts from the Dutch in their wars against Philip II.† (by the bye, I HAVE written, and will send you in a few days, an interesting parallelism between that war and the present attempt of Spain) and

* Marshal Lannes entered Saragossa, March 5, 1809. Palafox, in violation of the Marshal's pledge, was taken prisoner by the French.

† Eight Letters "On the Spaniards" were contributed by Coleridge to *The Courier*, and published in December, 1809, and January, 1810. Letters ii., iii., iv., v. institute a comparison between the resistance of the Low Countries to the tyranny of Philip II. and the struggle of Spain with Napoleon. Coleridge wished these Letters to be regarded as a kind of supplement to Wordsworth's pamphlet on the Convention of Cintra.

the American Revolution. But mercy! to charge the Commander of a besieged city, so besieged and so defended as Saragossa, with the crime of not allowing a treacherous trifling minority, certainly not one in twenty, to take advantage of momentary panics by libels and lampoons. Why! he might as well recommend the liberty of the *pen* to a Man of War at the commencement of an Action! Another point: Is not the conduct of the E. Indian Company* cruel and unjust in punishing innocent individuals for their own neglect, and for a thing not made criminal by law? Is not this *ex post facto* vengeance? And is not the whole a mere tub for the whale? It may prevent one mode of venality which is not corruption (and hard to say what harm it can do), but the worst sort of corruption it increases rather than prevents—the purchase of conscience and political dependents. But I will write at large to you on this subject, for I am convinced that it is meant to draw the public mind off from

* An order had recently been issued by the Directors of the East India Company cancelling civil appointments which had been obtained by purchase, and disqualifying the holders for future service (*vide* Annual Register for April 5, 1809).

the true desideratum, the re-establishment of an actual dependence of the officers and servants of the Government on Parliament, and of the Parliament on the people, *populum* not *plebem*—the *people* not the *mob*. If you could meet with Trenchard's* famous old pamphlet on Standing Armies, I wish you would send it to me. I could then state what therein was false, what true but obsolete, what true and existing, and what may be said additionally. The panegyric on the improvement of the army under the D. of Y. is *half* false at least—the omissions are most grievous. Do you remember some anecdote I told you of Devaux at Rome, relative to Wyndham? †

S. T. C.

LETTER 42.

Saturday, 15th April, 1809.

Dear Stuart,—I am sorry to be forced to trouble you with a double postage, in order to

* John Trenchard, a Secretary of State in the reign of William III., published in 1698 two tracts against standing armies.

† Windham, Secretary for War in the Ministry “of all the talents.”

convey to you the enclosed receipt. It would have been sent earlier, but I was at Mr. Curwen's at Workington Hall when it arrived at Grasmere, and am just returned. This very moment I have received a striking proof, though in a trifling way, of the importance of a leading paragraph. *The Courier* has not arrived half an hour, and yet three of the family, each unknown to the other, have come into my study exclaiming, "Have you seen *The Courier*? It has no leading paragraph. Why! there's nothing in the paper!" That I cannot assent to, for I was much struck with the proof it contains of one of my old opinions, namely of the superiority of our Naval Commanders as Diplomats to our Generals. The latter seem always to look forward to the time when they shall be in the same situation with the capitulators, and always show far more fellow-feeling for the enemy, however bloody and rapacious, than for the oppressed or for the Majesty of their country. The sailors act like men with whom to be conquered is an unknown thought, and who sacrifice their own pride and that of their country to no other claims than

those of justice and common humanity. I was much amused with Mellish's speech at the Middlesex Meeting.* Had I been present, I would have quoted the following apposite passage from an obscure little tract of the famous De Foe. "Probability clear; proof positive; circumstances concurring. He that would not hang a thief on these three heads ought to be hanged himself. He that will doubt after these three heads have been thus cleared up, will doubt for ever; and must expect to have all men doubt both his own honesty and his understanding." It grieved me to see Wardle, blending his yet transparent character with the muddy yet shallow stream of the Whig Club. If his own good sense and a moment's reflection on the necessary consequences of the infamous Fox and Grenville Ministry, had not taught him, he might have learnt even from Cobbett that the influence of Parliamentary parties is in its evanescent state in the mind of the English nation; and that he would be more trusted and

* At a meeting of the Freeholders of Middlesex which was held at this time resolutions were passed commendatory of the action of Colonel Wardle, Sir Samuel Romilly, and others in recording their vote against the conduct of the Duke of York.

possess more real power by attaching himself to the existing administration in all ordinary matters; and yet permit me to say that your opinion of Mr. Canning is one of the very very few in which my present convictions are different from yours. I never can think that Statesman a great man, who, to defend a measure, will assert, not once but repeatedly, that state-policy cannot and ought not to be always regulated by morality. I should not hesitate at the promise of proving the Danish Expedition strictly moral, and in the true spirit of the Law of Nations. . . .

* * * * *

I should think that once at least more, a short advertisement should be put into *The Times*, *Morning Chronicle*, *Morning Post*, *The Courier*, and *The Star*, each on a different day to this effect :

✓ “On Saturday, 7th May, will be published, to ✓
be continued weekly, No. 1 of ‘*The Friend*,’ a
literary, moral, and political Paper, but excluding
personal and party politics, and the events of the
day, by S. T. Coleridge. Orders to be sent to ✓
— as before, &c., &c., &c.” ✓

When I say published, I mean it will appear in London and in all other places equi-distant from Penrith on that day; for it will be sent from Penrith by Thursday's post; but I did not know, how to express it with brevity. It would be advantageous too, to add, "or to the principal booksellers in each vicinity, who are requested to transmit the names by the 4th of May, if possible." If any names have been left at Clement's, he will be so good as to send them, as soon as possible. I wish I knew some person at Plymouth and Portsmouth, who would interest themselves for me. The mode of paying the money will be announced in the first number. God grant, my dear Stuart, that I may live, and have health to thank you for all the trouble you have taken for me, in that way which will I know most gratify you, by going on resolutely, and with honour to myself and friends.—I am ever as affectionately as gratefully your obliged friend,

Keswick.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

I return to Grasmere to-morrow.

LETTER 43.

“*Posted April 21, 1809.*”

Dear Stuart,—I have this moment heard from Brown at Penrith that no stamped paper has arrived. The sharpness of the frost-wind, and the snow storms have kept me still at Keswick, but the present clearness of the sky holds out a sort of promise, that I shall be able to walk to Grasmere to-morrow. Your letter that informed me of the stamped sheets having been sent off from London for Penrith happens to be at Grasmere, so that the anxiety which urges me to trouble you with yet another application, rests wholly on my recollection that the paper was to have arrived in ten days from the date of your letter. Indeed I must be accurate, because I now remember, you advised me to commence “The Friend” on the 15th, *i.e.*, last Saturday. Ignorant too of course, of the size and quality of the paper you had ordered to be forwarded, I have not been able to write to Mr. Fourdrinier; only, last night I wrote to Basil Montagu, begging him to learn the size and sort from you, and then

to wait on Mr. F. in my name, and try to settle with him for the regular supply.

I have ordered a small quantity from Pennington, in case of an utter failure, and my printer must take oath as to the stamps; but it will be excessively awkward for the first number.

Indeed it was very thoughtless in me, not to leave word with Brown to inform me of the arrival or non-arrival of the Stamps on the time announced; but at first, overwhelmed by the cursed
√ Mumps and accompanying deafness, and since then absorbed in composition, I suffered myself to take it for granted that the parcel had arrived. I hope they have not mistaken Penrith, Cumberland for Penrith in Cornwall.

I enclosed a receipt for the £60 in a letter to you, the last post but one; and at the same time sent a rude sketch of a shorter advertisement, to appear on different days in different papers, or according to your better judgment. All here are well, except that the imp, the Mumps* has

√ * "A ridiculous disorder called the Mumps, has nearly gone through the house, and visited me in its way" (R. Southey to S. W. White, April 21, 1809).

got into Southey and into his youngest girl but one.

* * * * *

Oh God! to read the Life of Gustavus Adolphus, by Harte (a book I earnestly recommend to you) or the Memoirs* of Colonel (or Captain) George Carleton, which contains the best existing account of Lord Peterborough's campaign † in the north of Spain, and then to think of the very best of our present soldiers, almost inspires the melancholy idea that we are predestined to be baffled. Oh! heaven! my head is thronged with thoughts, my heart swells with emotions for an hour daily after the receipt of *The Courier*.

God bless you and your affectionate friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Keswick, Tuesday evening, 18th April, 1809.

Our Grocer here informs Mrs. Coleridge that nothing can be more irregular than packages sent

* The "Military Memoirs" of Captain George Carleton were published for the first time in 1743. The work has been included in the list of Defoe's Fiction, but on insufficient grounds. Sir Walter Scott brought out a new edition of *The Memoirs* in 1808-9.

† In 1705.

per waggon to Penrith, through the Yorkshire road; and that for this reason they have their goods always sent by the *Kendal* waggon, which may then go on to Penrith. In case of the necessity of another parcel, it had better be directed—Mr. Cookson,* Kendal, with S. T. C. on the corner; and I shall have written to him to forward it to Brown instantly. But when things go by sea, by Stockton-upon-Tees, Brown, Penrith, is better than any intermediate direction to J. Hutchinson.

LETTER 44.

“*Posted April 27, 1809.*”

Greta Hall, Keswick.

My dear Stuart,—I have been writing a very long letter to you in answer to your last, and as suggested by some of the last *Couriers*. The chief points *first*—On the state of parties in and out of Parliament. *Secondly*—The question of Reform in the Representation, and, supposing it right and needful, whether it can be accomplished without *Associations*; what the danger of these

* Wordsworth's mother was a Cookson.

are and whether by any regulations they may be precluded. . . .

But as I cannot finish it by this post, yet am oppressed with anxiety concerning the paper which is not yet arrived, I write now merely to request you in the advertisements to announce Saturday May 14th instead of the 7th, if it be not too late, *i.e.*, if you shall not have advertised before this letter reaches you.

I shall not now return to Grasmere till the first number is published. . . .

But I must conclude.—God bless you and your obliged friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 45.*

Tuesday morning.

Dear Stuart,—William received your letter this morning at eleven o'clock. We have been hard at work ever since. It is now nearly three in the morning. However, the Essay has pro-

* If, as S. T. C. seems to imply, this letter was written shortly after the death of Dr. Beddoes (Dec. 28, 1808), it should precede Letter 33.

bably benefited by the accident. At all events it has been increased in size. We are very sorry you should have had so much, or indeed any anxiety about the loss of the papers, which has been so easily repaired. You will accept W.'s best thanks for your kindness as to the Pamphlet. He cannot guess what he ought to expect in justice being without all grounds, on which to form an opinion; but he is willing to take the risk on himself, and thinks that the price bargained for, ought to be conditional, and proportionate to the number of copies sold. The name shall be given, and THAT may be told the publisher; but W. does not think it necessary to mention HIS NAME to him during the bargain, as he will have a fair sample of the goods before him; but this, however, he leaves to your judgment. If you think it will be better, mention it. Advertising, choice of publisher (for he is under no obligation, or even tie of delicacy to any one), he leaves to your kindness and discretion. So much for William. I am too much tired to write concerning myself, but I shall write to-morrow. May God bless you! I have received a very severe and very

abrupt blow, in the death of Dr. Beddoes.* He was good and beneficent to all men; but to me, he was tender and affectionate. Few events have taken out so much hope from my life.—Your obliged and affectionately grateful friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 46.

Tuesday night, May 2, 1809,

Greta Hall, Keswick.

My dear Stuart,—I both respect and have an affection for Mr. De Quincey, but saw too much of his turn of mind, anxious yet dilatory, confused from over accuracy, and at once systematic and labyrinthine, not fully to understand how great a plague he might easily be to a London printer; his natural tediousness made yet greater by his zeal and fear of not discharging his trust; and superadded to Wordsworth's own Sibyl's leaves,†

* Thomas Beddoes, the founder of the Pneumatic Institution at Bristol, and the author of numerous scientific and medical works, was one of Coleridge's earliest friends.

† The first portion of Wordsworth's "Convention of Cintra" appeared in *The Courier* during the months of November–December, 1808. The preface to the Pamphlet is dated May 20, 1809. ✓

blown about by the changeful winds of an anxious author's second thoughts. Wordsworth, however, has received impressions of a very different sort, which if I had known, I should not perhaps have stated my own quite so freely as I did in my letter to him, on my receipt of yours. Mr. De Quincey has informed him, that the compositor has been drunk ever since Easter week; in one of the weeks attending at the printing office only two days, during which time he must have been in a state of intoxication, as the proofs were sent with the omission of whole sentences; and Mr. Baldwin either could not or would not set another man to the work, though frequently requested to do so. They have certainly had reason to complain of chopping and changing in *one* instance; but for these last five weeks there has not been the slightest alteration made either in the text or the notes; nor a word altered in the proofs when returned, and only the punctuation in six places!! Such is Mr. De Quincey's statement as given me by Wordsworth in his note of this morning; but of what date Mr. De Q.'s letter is I know not. I have

written to W. stating honestly my convictions, that he will not find Baldwin so much in the wrong as he now believes, and that he ought to bring before his fancy all his own *copy*, from the beginning of the Work, and compare it in his mind's eye, with the sort of copy, and the mode of receiving it to which Baldwin had been probably accustomed. That to Mr. De Q.'s positive statement, it was impossible for me to offer doubts or objections; but yet I cannot blame myself for having, anterior to it, received strong impressions, from an account, so strictly correspondent to my own experience, of Mr. De Quincey's particularities; especially, as the wish to excuse the neglect of a vicious drunken journeyman, appeared to me a very unlikely temptation to a respectable tradesman, to impose a falsehood on a man like you. That Wordsworth has not been quite pleased with my first letter, and will be still less so with my letter of to-day, I know; but that soon passes off, and I do not wonder that he is very much vexed at the delay; and not easily to admit oneself to be in fault, is as often the mark of a valuable, as of an

obstinate mind. But I am grieved that you should have had any superfluous trouble and uneasiness, and entreat you, if you write to Wordsworth, to take no notice of any part of this letter, excepting the bare facts asserted in Mr. De Quincey's statement; and simply, to divide what has come within your own knowledge (if anything) from what has been told you by Baldwin, if it be your wish to write on it at all.

After the instances I saw, of Mr. De Q.'s marvellous slowness in writing a note to a Pamphlet, when at Grasmere, the sum and meaning of which I had dictated in better and more orderly sentences in five minutes, and considering the superlative importance of dispatch since that time, I can never retract my expression of vexation and surprise, that W. should have entrusted anything to him, beyond the mere correction of the Proofs. But an unwise anxiety to let nothing escape, has been the rock on which W. has split; whereas had he brought it out, such as it was, he might now have been adding all he wished to a second edition. But so it is! We cannot be perfect.

I do far worse, both for myself and others, by indifference about my compositions, and what is thought or said of them, than he by over-irritability. His is a more rational fault, and linked to better qualities.

And now for my own affairs. No news of the paper; none! What must be done, my dear friend? Would it not be advisable to send off 600 sheets by the Penrith coach, if they could be procured *immediately*? If they were booked and seen sent off on Saturday, they would arrive in Penrith on Monday; and as the sheet will be ready set, I would then by all means, advertise in ONE Paper at last, on Saturday, its appearance for the ensuing Saturday; or else I shall be charged with making fools of my Subscribers. I have sent the Hull Paper, that contains an advertisement put in by one of my zealous friends; and therefore I so much wish that, if possible, an advertisement should appear in the Saturday's *Courier*, announcing it for Saturday, May 13, supposing that the paper can be sent off per coach on Saturday. At all events, another parcel of

paper ought to be sent off immediately, and by the Kendal Waggon direct, directed to Mr. Cookson, Manufacturer, Kendal, with I.B. on one corner. Mr. C. will be certain of receiving it instantly on its arrival, and will forward it to Brown without an hour's delay. I have 420 names, and shall receive at least twenty more in a day or two. I think therefore of printing ✓ 500, as I am desired to send a dozen or more to Oxford, to Clement, to Newcastle, &c.

Again and again, my dear Stuart, let me assure you how sensible I am of the multiplied trouble I occasion you; and my best consolation is, that it has not been increased by any fault of mine. To-morrow of subjects of more general interest.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

I go to Penrith on Thursday, and stay there a week. My address at Mr. Brown's, Booksellers.

LETTER 47.

"Posted May 8, 1809,"

Friday night.

My dear Stuart,—The paper is come. I have

this moment received the tidings. The original mistake was, in sending it by Halifax. It should have gone to Kendal direct from the Bull and Mouth. I am so feeble from the effect of a severe bilious attack, that I can scarcely sit in the attitude of writing three minutes together, and yet I do so earnestly desire to communicate my thoughts and feelings to you respecting the two last *Couriers* relative to Sir Francis Burdett. . . .

But I am too feeble to write more. I disapprove of more in the late public meetings than I approve. Sir F. B.'s speech at the meeting is full of dangerous sophistry. These are the men and these the means by which the great blessing of a Reform in Parliament will be baffled. Oh! that I could but have one long evening's conversation with you! . . .

I cannot agree with Street that Lord Auckland's Divorce Bill is wise or proper. I think it cruel and yet nugatory. The law should be slow to interfere in cases in which the criminality of the act is so infinitely modified by difference of circumstances, and where the true

circumstances can rarely be known except to God, and those who either cannot or will not disclose them. But of this I shall discourse in "The Friend."

I write in great pain—but I doubt not I shall be well to-morrow . . . [*illegible*] . . .—Your affectionate and grateful,
S. T. COLERIDGE.

Does not the law making brokerage in offices penal, frustrate itself by precluding all conviction? For every person concerned will have a *legal right* to withhold his evidence as criminalizing himself; and after all, what is the advantage to the nation? That Lord A. or B. having *no* motive will give a place to his butler, or employ it as a means of Parliamentary influence, instead of disposing of it to a man of some property who wishes to sink his property in that mode of being useful? Where is the presumption that a man will prove a bad cadet whose inclinations have led him to give £1000 or more in order to become a cadet? After all, 'tis but a tub for the Whale, to divert it from things of real importance to freedom and security.

LETTER 48.

Posted June 6, 1809.

My dear Stuart,—It excited no wonder in me that your patience was quite exhausted by my frequent applications to you concerning “The Friend,” and God knows how reluctantly, and with lingering and often imprudent delays, I made each separate request. And if I had indulged my own feelings instead of regarding yours, I should have expressed my deep sense of my obligations to you more frequently, and with warmth more proportioned to them. . . .

* * * * *

It was by just such another unpermitted and unknown application of Wordsworth,* some eight years ago to T. Poole, that there existed for years a healed indeed but yet scarred wound between me and Poole; the man who with Wordsworth and yourself I have always placed in the upper class of my attachments.

Forgive me for thus opening out my heart to

* See letter of S. T. C. to Poole, October 5, 1801 (“Thomas Poole and his Friends,” vol. ii. p. 66).

you, and let it drop. You know me well enough to be assured that it is impossible that I should ever cease to love and honour you, or cherish for an hour a feeling inconsistent with sincere friendship and manly gratitude.

I have not seen or heard from Wordsworth for a month past. Southey, who passed through Penrith yesterday on his way to Durham, left his pamphlet for me which I have not yet read. I rejoice that by your last letter you seem to entertain confidence of its success.

* * * * *

My opinions on the subject of Reform differ very widely from Wordsworth's but they are my sincere convictions.

* * * * *

I think attacks on Burdettism more likely to do good than attacks on Burdett himself, whose private character is said to be very amiable.

I have received a most interesting letter from Captain Pasley * of which hereafter.

* Afterwards Major-General Sir C. W. Pasley, K.C.B. For a long letter addressed to Captain Pasley by Wordsworth, in reply to his essay on the "Military Policy and Institutions of the British Empire," see Bp. Wordsworth's "Life of W. Wordsworth," vol. i. p. 406.

I return to Grasmere the day after to-morrow.
Direct therefore as before—Grasmere, Kendal.

God bless you and your affectionate,

June 4, 1809, Penrith. S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 49.

June 13, 1809, Grasmere, Kendal.

Dear Stuart,—I left Penrith Monday noon, and, prevented by the heavy rain from crossing Grisedale Tarn* (near the summit of Helvellyn, and our most perilous and difficult Alpine Pass), the same day I slept at Luff's, and crossed it yester morning, and arrived here by breakfast time. I was sadly grieved at Wordsworth's account of your late sorrows and troubles. . . .

I cannot adequately express how much I am concerned lest anything I wrote in my last letter (though God knows under the influence of no one feeling which you would not wish me to have) should chance to have given you any additional unpleasantness, however small. Would that I

* The height of the pass is 1,929 feet.

had worthier means than words and professions of proving to you what my heart is. . . .

I rise every morning at five, and work three hours before breakfast, either in letter-writing or serious composition. . . .

I take for granted that more than the poor £60 has been expended in the paper I have received. But I have written to Mr. Clarkson to see what can be done; for it would be a sad thing to give it all up now I am going on so well merely for want of means to provide the first twenty weeks paper. My present stock will not quite suffice for three numbers. I printed 620 of No. 1, and 650 of No. 2, and so many more are called for that I shall be forced to reprint both as soon as I hear from Clarkson. The proof sheet of No. 3 goes back to-day, and with it the copy of No. 4, so that henceforth we shall be secure of regularity; indeed it was not all my fault before, but the printer's inexperience and the multitude of errors, though from a very decent copy, which took him a full day and more in correcting. I had altered my plan for the Introductory Essays after my arrival at Penrith, which cost me exceeding

trouble; but the numbers to come are in a very superior style of polish and easy intelligibility. The only thing at present which I am under the necessity of applying to you for respects Clement. It may be his interest to sell "The Friend" at his shop, and a certain number will always be sent; but I am quite in the dark as to what profits he expects. Surely not book-profits for a newspaper that can circulate by the post? And it is certainly neither my interest, nor that of the regular purchasers of "The Friend," to have it bought at a shop, instead of receiving it as a franked letter. All I want to know is his terms, for I have quite a horror of booksellers, whose mode of carrying on trade in London is absolute rapacity. . . .

On this ruinous plan poor Southey has been toiling for years, with an industry honourable to human nature, and must starve upon it were it not for the more profitable employment of reviewing; a task unworthy of him, or even of a man with not one half of his honour and honesty.

I have just read Wordsworth's pamphlet, and more than fear that your friendly expectations of its sale and influence have been too sanguine.

Had I not known the author I would willingly have travelled from St. Michael's Mount to Johnny Groat's House on a pilgrimage to see and reverence him. But from the public I am apprehensive, first, that it will be impossible to rekindle an exhausted interest respecting the Cintra Convention, and therefore that the long porch may prevent readers from entering the Temple. Secondly, that, partly from Wordsworth's own style, which represents the chain of his thoughts and the movements of his heart, admirably for me and a few others, but I fear does not possess the more profitable excellence of translating these down into that style, which might easily convey them to the understandings of common readers, and partly from Mr. De Quincey's strange and most mistaken system of punctuation. The periods are often alarmingly long, perforce of their construction, but De Quincey's punctuation has made several of them immeasurable, and perplexed half the rest. Never was a stranger whim than the notion that , ; : and . could be made logical symbols, expressing all the diversities of logical connection. But lastly, I fear that

readers, even of judgment, may complain of a want of shade and background; that it is all foreground, all in hot tints; that the first note is pitched at the height of the instrument, and never suffered to sink; that such depth of feeling is so incorporated with depth of thought, that the attention is kept throughout at its utmost strain and stretch; and—but this for my own feeling. I could not help feeling that a considerable part is almost a self-robbery from some great philosophical poem, of which it would form an appropriate part, and be fitlier attuned to the high dogmatic eloquence, the oracular [*tone*] of impassioned blank verse. In short, cold readers, conceited of their supposed judgment, on the score of their possessing nothing else, and for that reason only, taking for granted that they *must* have judgment, will abuse the book as positive violent, and “in a mad passion;” and readers of sense and feeling will have no other dread, than that the Work (if it should die) would die of a plethora of the highest qualities of combined philosophic and poetic genius. The Apple Pie they may say is made all of Quinces. I much ad-

mired our young friend's note * on Sir John Moore and his despatch; it was excellently arranged and urged. I have had no opportunity, as yet, to speak a word to Wordsworth himself about it; I wrote to you as usual in full confidence.

I shall not be a little anxious to have your opinion of my third number. Lord Lonsdale blames me for excluding party politics and the events of the day from my plan. I exclude both the one and the other, only as far as they are merely *party, i.e.*, personal and temporal interests, or merely events of To-day, that are defunct in the To-morrow. I flatter myself, that I have been the first, who will have given a calm, disinterested account of our Constitution as it really *is*, and *how* it is so, and that, I have more radically than has been done before, shown the unstable and boggy grounds on which all systematic reformers hitherto have stood. But be assured that I shall give up this opinion with joy, and consider a truer view of the question a more than recompense

* The Appendix, a portion of the work which Mr. Wordsworth regarded as executed in a masterly manner, was drawn up by Mr. De Quincey, who revised the proofs of the whole ("Life of Wordsworth," vol. i. p. 354.

for the necessity of retracting what I have written.

God bless you ! Do, pray, let me hear from you though only three lines, S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 50.

“ *Posted Sept. 15, 1809.*”

Grasmere, Kendal.

Dear Stuart,—I pray you attribute to no other than the true cause my long silence, which indeed has not only not been intentional, but most opposite to my intention. But I have been in a constant state of *perplexity*, and this to *me* is always a state of stupor, during which day after day vanishes as in a dream. I have not been idle or misemploying my industry for I have been getting on with “*The Friend*,” am months beyond the printer, and have been so far successful that there is no one of the numbers that is not more entertaining and lively than the very best of the first five. But I do not know what to do with regard to the paper. I have twice written to Brown to send me an account of all the stamped paper

which he has hitherto received ; and the waiting for this in order to send it to you has been *one* among others of the temptations and *lulling* thoughts that enabled me to put off the writing to you, and indeed to everybody else. When I began the publication, I had foolishly taken it for granted that I could purchase the stamped paper for the first twenty weeks on credit . . . and only by Montagu's last letter, did I learn positively that the paper could not be had for ready money. In the meantime I had neither heart nor pretence to write to you who had already done everything that had been done. . . .

I have paper for just three numbers more. Brown informs me that Clement refuses to send the Work to Subscribers, or the Subscribers' names to me or to Brown. In short I feel all over me like a bird whose plumage is beclammed and wings glued to its body with bird-lime. What I can do by the exertion of all my intellectual powers I was never more willing to do, but never less able to bear up against want of outward means, aggravated by a consciousness of already heaped-up and unrequited obligations. But in the letter which I have sent

to Penrith to be enclosed in Brown's account of the paper received and expended, I have said all that I could, in reply to yours more clearly.

I suffered great anguish from the belief of Pasley's death. In order to make this letter worth the postage, I have had transcribed certain passages from his three last letters written before and since the expedition for your own private amusement, and because I see a greater tendency in *The Courier* to throw the blame on the Earl of Chatham than I conceive just.—With a heavy heart I conclude, dear Stuart, your ever grateful and sincerely affectionate,

Monday night.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 51.*

“1809.” *Grasmere, Kendal,*

Wednesday night, 27 September.

Dear Stuart,—Miss Hutchinson is copying out (what I trust you will think) an interesting Article for *The Courier* on the grounds of hope and fear

* See *Gentleman's Magazine*, June, 1838.

in a war of a nation against armies, as illustrated by the close analogy between the present Spanish Revolution, and that of the Belgic Provinces against Philip II. I have drawn my facts from a very scarce and valuable Latin Work,* written by a contemporary, during the first eight or nine years of the insurrection; a man of high trust in the Spanish Diplomacy, consequently in the Hispano-Austrian interest. This article alone will convince you how little Watson's History of P. II. deserves the name of "*admirable.*" It is in truth, a contemptible book. The style villainous! but as to industry and research, he is neither worse nor better than Hume and Robertson. It is to me a most painful duty to be obliged to point out, as if Southey does not I shall feel myself obliged to do, the shameful carelessness and idleness of our English Historians. Could you believe it? Yet you will see a splendid naval victory of the English over the Spaniards recorded by a Spanish historian, not one word about which is to be found in Hume, Carte, or Rapin, nor in Watson! History has occupied but little

* "*Leo Belgicus.*"

of my attention, yet with my little knowledge derived from contemporary writers, in the Latin, German, and Spanish languages, (which last I have lately made myself master of) I could fill an octavo volume with the blunders and omissions of Robertson and Watson, while Harte's Gustavus Adolphus, and Carleton's Memoirs (both of which I earnestly advise you to procure, and carefully to peruse) lie on stalls unread. That cursed phrase, *the dignity of History*, has made our late histories, nothing but pompous dull romances. All must be beat down into one monotonous style, and all the life and reality and character of men and things destroyed. At the same time I send you another letter from Pasley which however you will be so good as to show to no one ; the reasons for which the letter itself will present to you. I shall draw from him immediately all his grounds for his advancement of his former opinion concerning Flushing. One of the geniuses of whom he gives so doleful a picture I was introduced to at Gibraltar and I can pledge my own experience for his being a rotten ripe blockhead. De Quincey is going into Spain with a Mr. Wilson, a neighbour of ours.

And now for myself! I have waited and hoped, till my heart is sick, for a letter from you. I print weekly 644, of which 632 are sent off by the post. Brown has received four separate parcels of paper, and there is now only enough remaining for another number. For God's sake do not abandon me now! Need I say that one of my great objects in carrying on this Work is to enable me to repay by degrees what I owe you? And that (after paying Brown) the whole of my receipts for the past twenty weeks shall be paid into your hands for the past paper and that which is to come. At all events do send to Brown immediately, and *per Coach* Stamps for two numbers that I may have time to beg pecuniary assistance elsewhere, if it be decidedly inconvenient to you to hold me up till I can walk of myself. God knows it makes me so sick at heart that I must thus importune you, and throw the burden of my wants on *you* wholly, that I feel my hand sink away from the paper while I write. But the repayment is certain in this case, and at the distance of but a few weeks; and without it I am ruined and disgraced, where I might perhaps build myself up, and re-

cover the good opinion of all my friends respecting my perseverance and reliability. It would be of the greatest service to me, to have likewise 1,500 sheets of the same paper *unstamped*, in order that . . . [illegible] . . .

Do pray let me hear from you. I am fully aware that the Numbers hitherto are in too hard and laborious a style, but I trust you will find Nos. 7, 8, 9 and 10 greatly improved, and that every number after these will become more and more entertaining. . . .

Be so good as to have the next number advertised in *The Courier*, and some one other paper on some other day. . . . We are all greatly dejected by the present state of men and measures and the utter hopelessness of better. Good God! what a disgrace to the nation! A duel* between two Cabinet Ministers, on Cabinet disputes!! And not a breathing of its hideous vulgarity and immorality in any one of the papers! Is it possible that such minds can be left to govern the one of the two . . . [illegible].

* The famous duel between Canning and Lord Castlereagh took place Sept. 22, 1809.

LETTER 52.

Saturday night, Sept. 30, 1809.

Grasmere, Kendal.

My dear Stuart,—I received yours of the 25th this evening, just in time to direct my answer to Cheltenham. The Article on the Belgic and Spanish Revolution, I will send forthwith to Mr. Street. Neither I, nor any of us, can make out what letter you allude to as your *last*, and as containing a plan of proceeding for me. The letter which I sent to Brown for you, I ordered back again—indeed all my latter letters to you have been written in far too tumultuous and uneasy a state of mind. With regard to the Work, the running of one number into another I shall carefully avoid for the future, and if I cannot include the whole subject in one number, I will take care to divide it polypus-like, so that each part may have a head and a tail of its own, and I feel confident that my Essays will increase in interest. It was in the necessity of the plan, and I stated it as such in the first number, page 7, that my foundations could not be as attractive as

I hoped to make the superstructure. My twelfth number will be on the vulgar errors respecting taxation, which I trust will be both interesting and useful. For there are so many and such grievous evils in the constitution of our Government, in all things relating to foreign affairs and an external empire, that it is of first-rate importance that the public discontent should not be diverted to false objects.

The letter to which you refer has been found dated the 25th of June last. As I read it, to my astonishment, I found the most important passages quite new to me; and on expressing this discovered that this was the letter which had been read to me one day when I happened to be very unwell and in bed; and that these had not been read under the notion of not agitating me at that time, and that they had forgotten to apprise me of them afterwards. . . .

[*Business details.*]

But I am so agitated that I must defer what I have to say to another time.—God bless you and yours most affectionately,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 53.

COLERIDGE TO STREET.

[*Date uncertain.*]

My dear Sir,—The bearer is Mr. Henry Hutchinson of whom I wrote to you in my last ; and who will thank you in person for your kind exertions in his behalf, when he was at Cork. If you can give him any advice or information I am confident you will do it even for my sake ; but still more confident should I be if you had read the history of his adventures during 1806 and 1807, which I shall shortly insert in my republication of my review on Clarkson's History of the Abolition in *The Edinburgh Review*,* which was most shamefully mutilated ; but in two paragraphs added (in a vulgar style of rancid commonplace Metaphors) made to contradict myself ; first in a nauseous and most false ascription of the supremacy of merit to—— and secondly in an attack on Mr. Pitt's sincerity, substituted for a paragraph in which I had both defended it and him and

* *Edinburgh Review*, June, 1808.

proved that of all the parliamentary friends of the Africans he was the most efficient. With the exception of these paragraphs, I trust you will read the Review with some satisfaction, even as it now stands; but in the republication it will be augmented and be at least double its present length.

I am hard at work, and feel a pleasure and eagerness in it which I have not known for years; a consequence and reward of my courage in at length overcoming the fear of dying suddenly in my sleep which, Heaven knows, alone seduced me into the fatal habit, &c. . . .

If I entirely recover I shall deem it a sacred duty to publish my cure, though without my name, for the practice of taking opium is dreadfully spread. Throughout Lancashire and Yorkshire it is the common dram of the lower orders of people. In the small town of Thorpe the druggist informed me that he commonly sold on market days two or three pound of opium and a gallon of laudanum, all among the labouring classes. Surely this demands legislative interference.

If I can on any important subject render you

service I can now venture to offer my powers to you without fear of disappointing you.—Yours affectionately and gratefully,

September, Grasmere.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 54.*

2 October, 1809.

My dear Stuart,—I am confident that in the present business you will confine the right and wrong as far as it concerns me to the present business . . .

[*Business details.*]

As I am so far beforehand with *The Friend*, I should have been right glad to have worked for *The Courier*, and have sent it two essays weekly on a variety of subjects too much connected with persons and immediate events to fit them for my own Work; so as to have greatly reduced at least the final balance at the 20th week; and Street will see from the Article sent to him, how far I should be likely to serve the paper. But I sup-

* For complete text of this Letter, see *Gentleman's Magazine*, June, 1838.

pose the great sale of *The Courier* raises it above the want of literary assistance; and I could not write in any strict harmony with the tune predominant in the leading paragraphs of late. However if he thought that what *I* with my principles, as Anti-Jacobin, Anti-Buonaparte, &c., as his own, but with a dread and contempt of the present Ministry, only less than that of the last, [*could write*] would be serviceable, I would undertake to furnish him two columns twice a week, for the next twelve weeks; sometimes taking the events of the day, and sometimes retrospective matter; for instance, the state of Sweden, and the causes of its present condition; of Russia, concerning which I have received valuable information from a gentleman lately arrived, who had been resident in Petersburg [*some*] years; of Germany in general; of Spain, and the Mediterranean. Whatever you may think of this plan, you will agree with me, that *The Courier* needs a little BRIGHTENING UP.

But whatever may or may not come of all this, "The Friend" inclusive, let me conjure you dear Stuart, not to suffer any of these things to connect permanent feelings of displeasure or diminished

kindness with my name in your mind. Indeed, indeed if you could read my heart it would be impossible. For I am, as I always have been, most sincerely and affectionately, your obliged and grateful friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 55.

9 October, 1809.

My dear Stuart,—Among my faults, that of feeling offence, even at the moment, from advice given me with any tolerable kindness, was never one; and from you I have never received any advice without a sense of affection and pleasure. But, indeed, indeed, in the present instance, you have supposed a motive in my mind of which I had never dreamt. From the commencement of “The Friend” to the present hour, I have never heard one word concerning it, either by letter or by word of mouth, except some *raptures* from Lady Beaumont, and a passage in Mr. Wedgewood’s letter corresponding with yours, concerning its occasional obscurity, and the error of running one number into another. In Grasmere, and with

such a circuitous post, and seeing *The Courier* only very irregularly, never seeing any Review, and having no literary correspondence, what difference would there be between a week and a month to my vanity, supposing it interested? Whereas, Heaven knows, I have been agitated by too many painful thoughts to have room for so pleasant a feeling (as I rather guess than know it to be) with respect to literary matters. I have read over all your letters. At first your advice was decisively in favour of the present plan; afterwards you doubted; in a third letter your opinions were balanced, but the trembling of the scale was rather against it. But by that time I had four hundred subscribers on the present plan, without the least certainty that they would continue so on any other; and this was my sole motive added to the conviction, which some of your former arguments had produced, both on my mind and on Wordsworth's. And still I confess that if the Work goes on, it seems to me the better, to mention one among other more important [*reasons*] because there are a number of persons who like to have the *newspaper feeling*, of receiving a Paper

at their own doors without trouble on a particular day. The error of running one number into another, I shall avoid as much as possible. And yet, how often does Cobbett break off and recommence! or did at least, for I have not seen his Journal for many many months. Any other lapses will never occur from any fault of mine; and were pardonable in the commencement of a Work under so many disadvantages. So, with regard to the Prospectuses, as I have more than once told you, it was not *I* in *my* restlessness, but the number of letters which I received;—"Without Prospectuses I can do nothing; with them, I am sure of gaining you thirty, fifty, one said a hundred, subscribers." Now, my dear Stuart, I appeal to yourself, whether, being new to an undertaking, and receiving such boisterous requests, you might not have mildly echoed them without any restlessness, or precipitancy of idle *doing-ness* in your own mind?

Oh, dear Friend! it would be far, far better for me, if I had a little more of that vanity, a little more interest in the opinions people entertain of my talents, &c., instead of its being all uphill

work with me. I once was fond of feeling my powers perhaps in conversation, though even then, it was more than one half a pleasure in *sympathy* as was proved by my never taking but one side of a question and always talking in full earnest. But be it what it will, even that is past away!

I doubt not I shall be able to get on till the twentieth number. Before that time, I shall address my subscribers and at the time of their payment collect their suffrages whether they would prefer the work monthly at a hundred pages and subtracting the stamp? . . .

[*Business details.*]

Would to God I could but *talk* with you though it were only for an hour! for letters do little more than multiply misunderstandings.

My heart aches at the state of the country. Two Cabinet Ministers *duelling* on Cabinet measures! It is wringing the dregs of the last drops of degradation. But to combine a constitution altogether fitted for legal freedom, tranquillity and commercial activity at home with the production of individual greatness, and with choice of the very man for the very place in all

departments, both which are necessary for maintaining an empire and dignity *abroad*, is a State riddle that yet remains to be solved. The sole good in the power of individuals is to enlighten the mind of the public as far as they can, and to draw off the well intentioned from false scents.—
God bless you and your affectionate and sincere

S. T. COLERIDGE.

End of Part Three of Coleridge's Letters.

PART IV.

(LETTERS OF S. T. COLERIDGE TO DANIEL STUART
FROM 1811 TO 1834.)

LETTER 56.*

“April, 1811.” *Sunday morning.*

Dear Stuart,—I arrived safe at my lodgings about half-past twelve. . . .

[*Health details.*]

Perfect health I do not expect ever to have, but experience has convinced me . . . that by getting up early . . . and by living in a family† where my social affections are kept alive, I may henceforth and for some years, enjoy such a portion of health as will enable me to perform all my literary duties

* The latter part of this letter is printed in *Gentleman's Magazine*, June, 1838.

† The family consisted of Mr. J. J. Morgan, his wife, and his wife's sister, Miss Charlotte Brent, who were living at this time at No. 7, Portland Place, Hammersmith.

quietly and systematically. The quickness with which I pass from illness into my best state of health is astonishing, and makes me think it impossible that I should have been so ill the day, or the day before. But this childlike suddenness of convalescence is I believe symptomatic of those . . . who have at the same time more power of the nervous, than strength of the muscular system.

So much for the past! For the present and future I wish most anxiously to have your advice and assistance. . . .

✓ [*Then follows among other matter an account of his misunderstanding with Wordsworth.*]

I have however an alternation in my power, if only I could procure any regular situation which might employ me, and my pen from nine till two—five or even six days a week. In this case I could settle myself with comfort to my own feelings and with perfect propriety, as a member of Morgan's family. In this letter I address you, dear Stuart, in a two-fold character—First, as my friend; secondly, as I would any other person—Perry or Walter. As the former I am sure you will give me the best advice in your power, but in the latter character

I wish nothing but the mere fact of advantage or disadvantage, convenience or inconvenience relatively to yourself. But it struck me that by devoting myself for the next half-year to *The Courier*, as a regular duty, I might prove useful to the paper, as, if it were desirable, I could be at the office every morning by half-past nine, to read over all the morning papers, &c., and point out whatever seemed valuable to Mr. Street; that I might occasionally write the leading paragraph when he might wish to go into the city, or to the public offices; and besides this I would carry on a series of articles, a column and a half, or two columns each, independent of small paragraphs, poems, &c., as would fill whatever room there was in *The Courier*, whenever there was room. In short, I would regularly furnish six columns to Mr. Street which he might suffer to accumulate in busy times. I have thought that this might perhaps be pleasing to Mr. Street, as I should have no pretence to any control or intermeddlement; but merely during a certain space of time be in part his assistant, and in part a political writer in the service of the paper. Should the

plan seem feasible to you in itself, and your objections rest chiefly on your fears as to my steadiness, I can only say, give me a month's trial.

I am very uneasy about the payment of my Annuity Assurance; even in London there is far more owing to me than that amounts to, and this I doubt not I shall be able to collect, as soon as my mind is once at ease, and anything is but settled. Besides, as soon as Southey brings up my MSS. I am sure of being able to sell them for more or less. But I am interrupted. I hope to see you to-morrow morning, either at Brompton, or at *The Courier* Office.—God bless you and

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 57.*

“May 5, 1811.”

Dear Stuart,—I called on Mr. Street, stated and particularized my proposal, and found a full, and in all appearance, a warm assent. I told him that I had previously spoken to you, not as ignorant

* The first portion of this Letter appeared in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, June, 1838.

that the choice and decision would of course rest on him as the acting partner, and who would suffer all the annoyance from the possible irregularity, or unquiet temper of any *employé* in your joint service, but merely as a mode of applying to him. He expressed himself highly pleased, both at the thought of my assistance in general, and with the specific plan of assistance, and there was no doubt, he said, it would be of great service to the Paper. I answered that I hoped it would prove no disservice; but that I calculated more on the relief which I trusted he would receive from my attendance, and on the ease of mind which the certainty of having an honest and zealous vicegerent would afford him, in case sickness, or other unforeseen accidents should keep him away from the immediate superintendence of *The Courier* for two or three days or weeks. As to weekly salary he said nothing, and I said nothing, except that he would talk with you, and there was no doubt, that all this would be settled to our mutual satisfaction.

I shall therefore, unless I hear to the contrary, commence my attendance to-morrow at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8. }
Not that I could not or would not come }

earlier, the weather permitting, but because the Stage passes Portland Place at twenty minutes after seven, and it is well to mention the latest hour as the regular one.

I have written to Keswick to calm Mrs. Coleridge's disquietudes concerning the Annuity; and at the same time to order my MSS. up, and a hundred sets of "The Friend." . . .

[*Booksellers.*]

But great as my affection may be for the Angels of Paternoster Row that sit in the appropriate shape of Cormorants on the Tree of knowledge I am selfish enough to have a still greater for S. T. C. and his three little ones. I shall therefore finish off the next number of "The Friend" which will contain a full detail of the plan of a Monthly Work including "The Friend," continued with a full catalogue of the Chapters of the subjects to be investigated in the philosophical (*i.e.*, metaphysical, moral and religious) and the literary departments of the Work. With this, which I will first show you, I shall call on Baldwin, who some time ago proposed the thing to me of his own accord. As soon as this can be settled, I shall then begin to

collect the money due to me, and be able to repay you my more recent obligations.

I called in Brompton Row yesterday a few minutes after you had left your house. Henceforward the afternoons and evenings, I shall be at Hammersmith.

Believe me, dear Stuart, with grateful and affectionate esteem, your sincere friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Sunday, 5 May, 1811.

7, Portland Place, Hammersmith.

LETTER 58.*

Tuesday, June 4, 1811.

Dear Stuart,—I brought your umbrella in with me yester-morning, but, having forgotten it at leaving Portland Place, sent the coachman back for it, who brought what *appeared* to me not the same. On returning, however, with it, I could find no other, and it is certainly as good or better, but looks to me as if it were not equally new, and

* The greater portion of this Letter is printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, June, 1838.

as if it had far more silk in it. I will, however, leave it at Brompton, and if by any inexplicable circumstance, it should not prove the same, you must be content with the substitute. The family at Portland Place caught at my doubts as to the identity of it. I had hoped to have seen you this morning, it being a leisurely time in respect of fresh tidings, to have submitted to you two Essays, one on the Catholic Question,* and the other on Parliamentary Reform, addressed as a letter (from a correspondent) to the noblemen and members of Parliament, who had associated for this purpose. The former does not exceed two columns, the latter is somewhat longer. But after the middle of this month it is probable that the Paper will be more open to a series of Articles on less momentary, though still, contemporary interests. Mr. Street seems highly pleased with what I have written this morning on the battle of the 16th (May),† though I apprehend, the whole cannot be

* Three Letters on the Catholic Question appeared in *The Courier*, Sept. 3, Sept. 21, Sept. 26, 1811.

† The Battle of Albuera. Articles on the battle appeared in *The Courier* on June 5 and June 6, 1811 ("Essays on his own Times," vol. iii. 802).

inserted. I am as I ought to be, most cautious and shy in recommending anything, otherwise, I should have requested Mr. Street to give insertion to the SSs. respecting Holland, and the nature of Buonaparte's resources, ending with the necessity of ever re-fuelling the moral feelings of the people as to the monstrosity of the giant fiend that menaces them, [with an] *allusion* to Judge Grose's* opinion on Drakard † before the occasion had passed away from the public memory. So too if the Duke's return is to be discussed at all, the Article should be published before Lord Milton's motion. ‡ For though in a complex and widely controverted question, where hundreds rush into the field of combat, it is wise to defer it till the Debates in Parliament have shown what the arguments are on which most stress is laid by men in common, as

* "That a judge should have regarded as an aggravation of a libel on the British Army, the writer's having written against Buonaparte, is an act so monstrous," &c. ("Buonaparte," *Courier*, June 29, 1811: "Essays on his own Times," vol. iii. 810).

† John Drakard, the printer of the *Stanford News*, was convicted at Lincoln, May 25, 1811, of the publication of an article against military flogging, and sentenced to a fine and imprisonment.

‡ Lord Milton, one of the members for Yorkshire, brought forward a motion on June 6 against the reappointment of the Duke of York to the office of Commander-in-Chief.

in the Bullion Dispute ; yet generally it is a great honour to the London papers, that for one argument they borrow from the parliamentary speakers, the latter borrow two from them, at all events are *anticipated* by them. But the true prudential rule is, to defer only when any effect of freshness or novelty is impracticable ; but in most other cases to consider *freshness* of effect as the point which belongs to a *Newspaper* and distinguishes it from a library book ; the former being the *Zenith*, and the latter the *Nadir*, with a number of intermediate degrees, occupied by pamphlets, magazines, reviews, satirical and occasional poems, &c., &c. Besides in a daily newspaper, with advertisements proportioned to its sale, what is deferred must, four times in five be extinguished. A newspaper is a market for flowers and vegetables, rather than a granary or conservatory ; and the drawer of its Editor, a common burial ground, not a catacomb for embalmed mummies, in which the defunct are preserved to serve in after times as medicines for the living. To turn from the Paper to myself, as candidate for the place of *auxiliary* to it. I drew, with Mr. Street's consent and order, £10, which I

shall repay during the week as soon as I can see Mr. Monkhouse of Budge Row who has collected that sum for me. This therefore I put wholly aside, and indeed expect to replace it with Mr. Green,* to-morrow morning. Besides this I have had £5 from Mr. Green, chiefly for the purposes of coach hire. All at once I could not venture to walk in the heat and other accidents of weather from Hammersmith to the Office ; but hereafter I intend, if I continue here to return on foot which will reduce my coach hire for the week from 18s. to 9s. But to walk in, I know, would take off all the blossom and fresh fruits of my spirits. I trust that I need not say, how pleasant it would be to me, if it were in my power to consider everything I could do for *The Courier*, as a mere return for the pecuniary, as well as other obligations I am under to you, in short as working off old scores. But you know how I am situated, and that by the daily labour of the brain I must acquire the daily demands of the other parts of the body. And it now becomes necessary that I should form

* Clerk of *The Courier*. So *Gentleman's Magazine*, June, 1838, p. 586.

some settled system for my support in London, and of course know what my weekly or monthly means may be. Respecting *The Courier*, I consider you not merely as a private friend, but as the Co-proprietor of a large concern, in which it is your duty to regulate yourself with relation to the interests of that concern, and of your partner in it; and so take for granted, and indeed wish no other, than that you and he should weigh whether or no, I can be of any material use to a Paper already so flourishing, and an Evening Paper. For, all mock humility out of the question, (and when I write to you, every other sort of insincerity) I see that such services as I might be able to afford, would be more important to a rising than to a risen Paper, to a morning, perhaps, more than to an evening one. You will however decide, after the experience hitherto afforded, and modifying it by the temporary circumstances of debates, press of foreign news, &c.; how far I can be of actual use by my attendance, in order to help in the things of the day, as are the SS.s, which I have for the most part hitherto been called to contribute; and by my efforts to sustain the literary

character of the Paper, by large Articles on open days, and more leisure times.

My dear Stuart! knowing the foolish mental cowardice with which I slink off from all pecuniary subjects, and the particular weight I must feel from the sense of existing obligations to you, you will be convinced that my only motive is the desire of settling with others such a plan for myself, as may, by setting my mind at rest, enable me to realize whatever powers I possess, to as much satisfaction to those who employ them, and to my own sense of duty, as possible. If Mr. Street should think that *The Courier* does not require any auxiliary, I shall then rely on your kindness, for putting me in the way of some other paper, the principles of which are sufficiently in accordance with my own; for while cabbage stalks rot on dung hills, I will never write what, or for what, I do not think right. All that prudence can justify is *not* to write what at certain times one may yet think.—God bless you and

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 59.*

½ past 2 o'clock. "Courier" Office.

June, 1811.

Dear Stuart,—My letter will scarcely be worth twopence, but I write to say that I hope in another week's time, I shall have learnt to compress or rather to select my thoughts, so as to make them more frequently admissible. You will see *The Courier* to-day. I own *in confidence* it grieved me. The affair of the Stamford Editor might have been, as it was in several papers, compressed into a third of a column, which took two and more unleded ones. The stupid debate in the Common Council might have been abridged at all events to one half, if the variety of the speakers rendered it (as it probably may) advisable to publish it in the form of a debate at all, rather than as a short narration. Mr. Street means I believe to insert

* The greater portion of this Letter appeared in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, June, 1838. Mr. Stuart dates it June, 1811, but the publication of the "SS on Waithman" on May 11 proves that the letter was written before that date. Letter 59 should therefore precede Letter 58.

my SS on Waithman* occasioned by his speech, to-morrow, which I wrote as *quant. suff.* for the whole affair. But yet it would have been no difficulty surely by compression, &c., to have made room for General Graham's † letter from the *Morning Chronicle*; a letter not only worthy of General Graham, but such a one, as will I venture to predict, form a part of classical English literature, inserted in every history of the times—and selected as a specimen of beautiful manly and simple epistolary writing. I did not mention it to Mr. Street, for it really never occurred to me that it *could* be overlooked. I venture to say that for one person throughout the empire, that would read so as to take any interest in it, any one column of *The Courier* of to-day, there are a thousand who would have gone about showing Graham's letter. I have this moment looked at *The Courier*, and write

* At a special court of Common Council, convened for the purpose of recording a vote of thanks to Lord Wellington for his victories in Spain, the vote was opposed by Robert Waithman, "Esquire and Linen Draper," for various absurd reasons.

† Afterwards Lord Lynedoch. Defeated the French under Victor at Barossa, March 5, 1811.

in the first overflow of my surprise and regret. I should like after a time, and if I feel as if I had Mr. Street's confidence to propose to him —[*written at Hammersmith*]—whenever it is practicable, *i.e.*, whenever the three principal papers, the *M.C.* the *M.P.* and *The Times* come out at a tolerably early hour, to employ me for the first half-hour in abridging the paragraphs he means to transfer into *The Courier*, where it is possible—and to re-write them when they merit it, as for instance I did in announcing the deaths of Boscowen and Cumberland.* This supposing it practicable, would have two good effects,—it would leave more room for the insertion of very interesting Articles, which must otherwise be omitted (which nine times in ten, is the same as lost; for what once goes into the drawer seldom finds its way out again) and it would give somewhat of an original cast to the Paper—at least *a keeping*, as the painters say, in the style of the third side.

* William Boscowen, barrister-at-law and author of an essay on the progress of satire and a translation of Horace, died 1811. Richard Cumberland, dramatist and poet, died May 7, 1811.

But hitherto the only Paper I can get a sight of for the first hour and more is that astonishing paper called *The British Press*—for it astonishes me where it finds purchasers so utterly dry and worthless is it.

As to what I write myself, that has not once entered my thoughts. I feel I have yet to learn how much larger space my scraps occupy in the paper, than I am the least aware of while writing them. What I had imagined a snug little paragraph turns out to be a column; and considering the press of Debates and foreign news I think it a great compliment that Street has inserted what he has. But, just at one glance comparing the *M. Chronicle* of to-day with *The Courier* I was vexed at the manifest superiority of the former—for which I saw no earthly reason: and what I could of course, say to no other person in the world, I find a relief in saying to you—for if ever an Article appeared, likely to become the general topic of conversation, it is surely Graham's masterly letter.

There was a well written and plausible attack

in the *M. C.* on the remarks in *The Courier* in my SS. of Monday last, but it owed its plausibility to mis-statement. As if the reasons assigned for *The Courier's* preferring to wait for the debates in the H. of C. on one very difficult and complex question (from which debates, no one expected any other result, but that of knowing distinctly the opinions and arguments on both sides) were meant, as a general principle for all questions; and as if the sneer on Cobbett and his compeers were meant for all who had written, previously to the parliamentary discussion. I write about half a dozen lines, in calm and respectful reply, which as there was not room for them, may make the first sentence of my Essay.

As soon as I got sight of *The Courier* to-day, I went up to Mr. Street's room, intending to have chatted a little on politics, and so to have introduced my admiration of Graham's letter in the hopes that he might have given it out for to-morrow (which perhaps he may have done) but it was past two, and he had left the office.

The volume which Pasley had left for me at *The Courier* office was placed for the first time on my table this morning. Your copy I will leave at Brompton, the first time I walk back from town, which a lame great toe prevents me from now attempting. The improved state of my spirits and digestion, and the lightness with which I rise every morning at half past six give me some reason for suspecting this to be gout—a thing I should welcome, for I doubt not it would make a new inner man for me for a while. . . .

If anything should occur to you which I can do or which I may do better, you will, I know, be as usual, kind enough to suggest it to me. The new Friends of the People have occasioned much talk. I have procured the Article from *The Morning Post*, with their “address,” &c., and shall write a paragraph on it; not as if it had been *omitted* in *The Courier*, but as recalling the public attention to the fact, as introductory to the reasons grounded on it.

If inclined to a nap, this letter may aid in com-

posing you. Had I met you, I should not have written it; or, if my mood had been the same when I began, as now I have finished it. But a letter is a sort of escape valve, and serves to cool, by [*relieving*] the writer, however it may tire the receiver!

May God bless you, my dear Sir, and your affectionately grateful friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

7, Portland Place, Hammersmith.

LETTER 60.

“Feb.-March, 1811.”

Dear Stuart,—I did call at Brompton, on Sunday afternoon, on my way to old Lady Jerningham’s,* and took with me a letter for you—but just at your door, I discovered, that, in the flurry and agitation of my mind, having just left Charles Lamb, I had not wafered the letter; and as it

* Widow of Sir W. Jerningham, Bart., and mother of the first Lord Stafford. Edward Jerningham, a younger brother of the Baronet, was a poet and dramatist. H. C. Robinson once heard him described as “the last of the old school.”

contained several remarks on the second Article on the Abuse of Prisons, which I would by no means have had seen by any one but yourself, I resolved to call again at night. Still I, not only, fully expected, but had engaged to be back again at Hammersmith, by $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9, and Lamb actually waited for me till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10. It was not so much that I feared my letter would not be kept sacred, if I left it with your servant, at the time I delivered my message to her, as that it might appear disrespectful, or, at least, an indelicacy to you, considering the nature of the comments.

For the four preceding days, I had been kept continually agitated. My head and eyes were throbbing with long weeping at the time I quitted Hammersmith. Fearing I should keep the dinner waiting which would have been an unkind thing to Miss Betham,* for whose sake alone, grievously

* Matilda Betham, the well-known authoress, was on intimate terms with the family at Greta Hall, and corresponded both with Mrs. Coleridge and her sister, Mrs. Lovell. During a visit to Greta Hall in 1809 she painted miniatures of Southey, his son Herbert, Mrs. Coleridge, Mrs. Lovell, and Sara Coleridge, then in her seventh year.

against the grain, I had engaged to go, before the unhappy events took place, I walked very hard, arrived in a violent heat, and then had to wait dinner for an hour and twenty minutes. After coffee I was going, when a Mrs. Jerningham sat down to the piano, and her mother-in-law, the old lady, informing me that she was without doubt, the first player in the kingdom, and allowed to excel her master Cramer, I could not in civility, not sit down to listen, though little inclined to your very superfine music. The lady herself however was wondrously so, for she continued playing a long hour. It was now eleven o'clock. As soon as I got out of the house, I felt myself indisposed, and endeavoured to get a bed at Pulsford's and at Hatchett's, but could not—which was lucky—for I was obliged to call up the people at my lodgings at daylight on Monday, and have kept my bed ever since till last night, when I forced myself out into the street, finding that I ought not to remain by myself.

I am a good deal better this morning. I am much obliged to you for your kindness with regard to the tickets. If Cato is acted to-morrow, I

should certainly like to see it, should your tickets be disengaged. Mr. Morgan will leave this at *The Courier* Office, and should he find you there, you will be so good as to let me know, through him, whether or no, they are.—Your obliged,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 61.

“ HIS SHAKESPEARE LECTURES.” *

1812, 8th May.

My dear Stuart,—I send you seven or eight tickets, entreating you, if pre-engagements or

* “LECTURES ON THE DRAMA.—Mr. Coleridge proposes to give a series of Lectures on the Drama of the Greek, French, English, and Spanish stage, chiefly with Reference to the Works of Shakespeare: at Willis’s Rooms, King Street, St. James, on the Tuesdays and Fridays in May and June at Three o’Clock precisely. The Course will contain Six Lectures, at One Guinea. The Tickets Transferable. An Account is opened at Messrs. Ransom, Morland, & Co., Bankers, Pall Mall, in the names of Sir G. Beaumont, Bart., Sir T. Bernard, Bart., W. Sotheby, Esq., where Subscriptions will be received, and Tickets issued. The First Lecture on Tuesday, the 12th of May.—S. T. C., 71 Berners St.” For an account of the first four Lectures, see H. C. Robinson’s Diary, vol. i. pp. 385–387.

your health does not preclude it, to bring a group with you; as many ladies as possible; but gentlemen if you cannot muster ladies—for else I shall not only have been left in the lurch as to the actual receipts by my great patrons (the five hundred half-promised are likely to shrink below fifty) but shall absolutely make a ridiculous appearance. The tickets are transferable. If you can find occasion for more, pray send for them to me, as (what it really will be) a favour done to myself.

I am anxious to see you, and to learn how far Bath has improved or (to use a fashionable slang phrase) disimproved your health.

Sir James and Lady Mackintosh are I hear at Bath Hotel, Jermyn Street. Do you think it will be taken amiss if I enclosed two or three tickets and cards with my respectful congratulations on his safe return.* I abhor the doing anything that could be even interpreted into servility, and yet feel increasingly the necessity of not neglecting the courtesies of life. . . .

* From Bombay.

God bless you, my dear Sir, and your obliged
and affectionate friend, S. T. COLERIDGE.

Berners Street.

P.S.—Mr. Morgan left his card for you.

LETTER 62.

Friday, August 7, 1812.

Dear Stuart,—Since I last saw you I have been confined to my bed with the alarming symptom of a swollen leg, ankle and foot.

[*Health details.*]

I informed Dr. Gooch* without the least concealment of the whole of my *general case*, and have put myself under his direction. . . .

I called at *The Courier* Office on Wednesday in hopes of the chance of seeing you; but the walk increased the heat and size of my leg, and therefore instead of walking over to Brompton, I must talk by the Twopenny Post. I do not know whether

* Dr. Robert Gooch, a medical authority of high repute, and the author of some well-known articles on "Anatomy," "The Plague," &c., was a friend of Southey's uncle, Herbert Hill, and, in consequence, of Southey and his brother, Dr. Southey.

I can be of any use to *The Courier*, but if I could, it would be of great use to me, who, partly from ill health, but still more from my anxiety to finish 1st the re-writing of my Play, and 2ndly the second volume of "The Friend" have thrown myself behindhand, and the sending off a paltry bill of £2 or £3 the second or third time agitates and flutters me, so as not only to injure my health, but to put a stop for an hour or two to all power of writing or composing. What I wish would be this. Not to write for any given time for *The Courier*, but to send in at once the whole of a stated quantity of Articles, all of which I have in a more or less fragmentary form by me.

1. Two Articles on America in relation to G. B. and on Maddison's proclamation. These Mr. Street shall receive, the first to-morrow; the second the day after.

2. The public character of Mr. Perceval* and reflections on the consequences of his fall, and the sentiments and tone of feeling in and out of Parliament.

* Mr. Perceval was assassinated in the lobby of the House of Commons, May 11, 1812.

3. On the ruinous tendency of all ranks of men to disorganization or partial organizations.

4. Is the Church in danger? and if so, from what causes? N.B. The Bible Society—Egyptian Hall—Vansittart!—*

5. The importance of the Established Church to the State, to Toleration, and to the best interests of the Dissenters themselves.

6. On Toleration, and the question of Right and Policy, as pleaded for the unconditional equalization of the Irish Papists.

7. The, alas! long promised character of Buonaparte; commentary on that of Pitt, Mr. Fox, Wyndham, Lord Wellington, and two or three short ones without a name.

The whole will consist of twenty Articles, from two columns to two and a half on an average.

I pledge you most solemnly *my word of honour*, that Nos. 1, 2, and 7 (which will form half the whole) shall have been delivered to Mr. Street within fourteen days from the present day, and

* Nicholas Vansittart, afterwards Lord Bexley, succeeded Perceval as Chancellor of the Exchequer June 9, 1812. The allusion may be to a speech delivered July 10, on the third reading of an Act to amend and extend the Toleration Act.

the remainder, before the end of the following fortnight. If you have no other objection than the doubt of my perseverance in the performance, I entreat you to confide in me *this once*, and I will disclaim all pretensions to your friendship hereafter, if I disappoint you either in time, quantity, or quality.

But if you or Mr. Street think that *The Courier* will not be adequately benefited by the Essays, then I must beg your assistance as a friend, for eight days; by which time I shall have been able to submit my re-written Play to Morris or Coleman, and if they do not accept it, I will take Gale and Curtis's offer and repay you. Yours affectionately,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Note—"I sent £20. D. S."

LETTER 63.

Posted December 22, 1812,

Tuesday morning.

My dear Stuart,—This is my lecture day * or I

* Coleridge delivered his fourth course of public lectures during the winter of 1812-13. The last lecture was delivered January 26, 1813, three days after the first representation of "Remorse" at Drury Lane Theatre.

would immediately peruse the Work enclosed to me and write or call on Mr. Owen.

Excepting Tuesday, any day convenient to yourself and Mr. Owen, Mr. Morgan and myself will be happy to dine with you, only be so good as to let me know it a day or two before.

You have heard that my Play is in rehearsal. I find the alterations and alterations rather a tedious business; and I am sure, could compose a new Act more easily and in shorter time, than add a single speech of ten lines. The Managers are more sanguine far than I am; and the actors and actresses, with the exception of Miss Smith, are pleased and gratified with their parts. And truly Miss Smith's* part is not appropriate to her talents in *kind* at least. I am labouring with much vexation and little success to make it better. She was offered a part that would have suited her admirably, but, I know not from what motives, she refused it.

God bless you and your obliged and ever affectionate,
S. T. COLERIDGE.

* Miss Smith played the part of Donna Theresa in the "Remorse."

Will Wednesday next week be agreeable to you?

You remember that for many years a *Courier* has been sent to Keswick as a compliment to myself, Southey and Wordsworth, of which we all of us feel the kindness. I have this moment received a letter from Mrs. Coleridge with these words: "N.B. We observe a different name in *The Courier*. Are you sure that the new proprietor knows upon what terms? Should you not ascertain this lest it should be charged hereafter? I am very anxious." Be so good as to let me know whether Mrs. C's. anxiety has any foundation? Poor woman! she is sadly out of heart in consequence of Mr. Josiah Wedgewood having withdrawn his share of the annuity settled on me. . . .* I feel my mind rather lightened, and am glad that I can now enjoy the sensation of sincere gratitude towards him for the past, and most unfeigned esteem and affection without the weight that every year seemed to accumulate upon it.

* In 1811.

LETTER 64.

25 September, 1813.

Dear Stuart,—I forgot to ask you by what address a letter would best reach you? Whether Kilburn House, Kilburn? I shall therefore send it, or leave it at *The Courier* Office. I found Southey* so *chevaux-de-frized* and pallisadoed by pre-engagements that I could not reach at him till Sunday sennight, *i.e.*, Sunday, October 3, when if convenient we should be happy to wait on you. Southey will be in town till Monday evening and you have his brother's address, should you wish to write to him (Dr. Southey, 28, Little Queen Ann Street, Cavendish Square).†

A curious SS. in the *M. C.* of this morning, asserting with its usual *comfortable* anti-patriotism, the determination of the Emperor of Austria to persevere in the terms ‡ offered to his son-in-law

* Coleridge and Southey met more than once during the month of September, 1813.

† Dr. Southey and Mr. Stuart were afterwards neighbours in Harley Street. A close intimacy and lifelong friendship arose between the two families.

‡ Treaty of Vienna, October 9, 1809.

in his frenzy of power even though he should be beaten to the dust. Methinks there ought to be good authority before a Journalist dares prophesy folly and knavery in union of our Imperial Ally. An excellent Article ought to be written on this subject. In the same paper there is, what I should have called a masterly Essay on the causes of the downfall of the Comic Drama, if I was not perplexed by the distinct recollection of having *conversed* the greater part of it at Lamb's. I wish you would read it, and tell me what you think; for I seem to remember a conversation with you in which you asserted the very contrary; that comic genius was the thing wanting, and not comic subjects—that the watering places, or rather the characters presented at them, had never been adequately managed, &c.

Might I request you to present my best respects to Mrs. Stuart as those of an old acquaintance of yours, and as far as I am myself conscious of, at all times with hearty affection.—Your sincere friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

25 *September*, 1813.

P.S.—There are some half dozen more books

of mine left at *The Courier* Office, Ben Jonson and sundry German volumes. As I am compelled to sell my library, you would oblige me by ordering the Porter to take them to 19, London Street, Fitzroy Square; whom I will remunerate for his trouble. I should not take this liberty, but that I had in vain written to Mr. Street requesting the same favour, which in his hurry of business, I do not wonder that he forgot.

LETTER 65.

Mr. Smith's, Ashley, Box, near Bath,

12 Sep., 1814.

My dear Sir,—I wrote some time ago to Mr. Street, earnestly requesting your address, and entreating him to inform you of the dreadful state in which I was, when your kind letter must have arrived, during your stay at Bath. . . . But let me not complain. I ought to be and I trust I am, grateful for what I am, having escaped with my intellectual powers, if less elastic, yet not less vigorous, and with ampler and far more solid

materials to exert them on. We know nothing even of ourselves, till we know *ourselves* to be as nothing! (a solemn truth, spite of point and antithesis in which the thought has chanced to *word* itself). From this *word* of truth which the sore discipline of a — sick bed has compacted into an indwelling reality, from this article, formerly, of *speculative belief*, but which [*circumstances*] have actualized into *practical faith*, I have learned to counteract calumny by self reproach, and not only to rejoice (as indeed from natural disposition, from the very constitution of my heart, I should have done at all periods of my life) at the temporal prosperity, and increased and increasing reputation of my old fellow labourers in philosophical, political, and poetical literature, but to bear their neglect, and even their detraction, *as if I had done nothing at all*, when it would have asked no very violent strain of recollection for one or two of them to have considered, whether some part of *their* most successful *some-things*, were not among the *nothings* of my intellectual no-doings. But all strange things are less strange than the sense of intellectual obli-

gations. Seldom do I ever see a Review, yet almost as often as that seldomness permits have I smiled at finding myself attacked in strains of thought which would never have occurred to the writer, had he not directly or indirectly learned them from myself. This is among the salutary effects, even of the dawn of actual religion on the mind, that we begin to reflect on our duties to God and to ourselves as permanent beings, and not to flatter ourselves by a superficial auditing of our negative duties to our neighbours, or mere acts *in transitu* to the transitory. I have too sad an account to settle between myself that is and has been, and myself that *can* not cease to be to allow me a single complaint that, for all my labours in behalf of truth against the Jacobin party, then against military despotism abroad, against weakness and despondency and faction and factious goodness at home, I have never received from those in power even a verbal acknowledgment; though by mere reference to dates, it might be proved that no small number of fine speeches in the House of Commons, and elsewhere, originated, directly or indirectly, in my

Essays and conversations.* I dare assert, that the science of reasoning and judging concerning the productions of literature, the characters and measures of public men, and the events of nations, by a systematic subsumption of them, under PRINCIPLES, deduced from the nature of MAN, and that of prophesying concerning the future (in contradiction to the hopes or fears of the majority) by a careful cross-examination of some period, the most analogous in past history, as learnt from contemporary authorities, and the proportioning of the ultimate event to the likeness as modified or counteracted by the differences, was as good as unknown in the public prints, before the year 1795-96. Earl Darnley, on the appearance of my letters in *The Courier* concerning the Spaniards, bluntly asked me, whether I had "lost my senses," and quoted Lord Grenville at me. If you should happen to cast your eye over my character of Pitt; my two

* Cf. Allison's "Europe," vol. ix. p. 3 (ninth edition). The thoughts of Coleridge, even during the whirl of passing events, discovered their hidden springs, and poured forth, in an obscure style, and to an unheeding age, the great moral truths which were then being proclaimed in characters of fire to mankind.

letters to Fox ; my Essays on the French Empire under Buonaparte, compared with the Roman, under the first Emperors ; that on the probability of the restoration of the Bourbons ; and those on Ireland, and Catholic Emancipation (which last unfortunately remain for the greater part in manuscript, Mr. Street not relishing them) and should add to them my Essays in "*The Friend*" on Taxation, and the supposed effects of war on our commercial prosperity ; those on international law in defence of our siege of Copenhagen ; and if you had before you the long letter which I wrote to Sir G. Beaumont in 1806, concerning the inevitableness of a war with America, and the specific dangers of that war, if not provided against by specific pre-arrangements ; with a list of their Frigates, so called ; with their size, number, and weight of metal, the characters of their commanders and the proportion suspected of British seamen—I have luckily a copy of it, a rare accident with me)—I dare amuse myself, I say, with the belief, that by far the better half of all these, would read to you now, AS HISTORY. And what have I got for all this? What for

my first daring to blow the trumpet of sound philosophy against the Lancastrian faction? * The answer is not complex. Unthanked, and left worse than defenceless, by the friends of the Government and the Establishment, to be undermined or outraged by all the malice, hatred, and calumny of its enemies; and to think and toil, with a patent for all the abuse, and a transfer to others of all the honours. In the Quarterly Review of the "Remorse" (delayed till it could by no possibility be of the least service to me, and the compliments in which are as senseless and silly as the censures—every fault ascribed to it, being either no improbability at all, or from the very essence and end of the drama no DRAMATIC improbability, without noticing any one of the REAL faults, and there are many glaring, and one or two DEADLY sins in the tragedy)—in this Review, I am abused, and insolently reproved as a man, with reference to my supposed private habits, for NOT PUBLISHING.

* In one of the lectures delivered at the Royal Institution in May, 1808, Coleridge criticised the Lancastrian system of education, and attacked the founder, Joseph Lancaster, by name.

Would to heaven I never had! To this very moment I am embarrassed and tormented, in consequence of the non-payment of the subscribers to "*The Friend*." But I *could* rebut the charge; and not merely say, but prove, that there is not a man in England, whose thoughts, images, words, and erudition have been published in larger quantities than *mine*—though I must admit, not *by*, or *for*, myself. Believe me, if I felt any pain from these things, I should not make this *exposé*, for it is constitutional with me, to *shrink* from all talk or communication of what gnaws within me. And, if I felt any real anger, I should not do what I fully intend to do, publish two long satires, in Drydenic verse, entitled "Puff and Slander." But I seem to myself to have endured the hootings and peltings, and "Go up bald head" (2 Kings ch. ii. vers. 23, 24) quite long enough, and shall therefore send forth my two she-bears, to tear in pieces the most obnoxious of these ragged CHILDREN in intellect, and to scare the rest of these mischievous little mud-larks back to their crevice-nests, and lurking holes. While those who know me best,

spite of my many infirmities, love me best, I am determined, henceforward, to treat my unprovoked enemies in the spirit of the Tiberian adage, *Oderint modo timeant.*

And now, having for the very first time in my whole life, opened out my whole feelings and thoughts concerning my past fates and fortunes, I will draw anew on your patience, by a detail of my present operations. My medical friend is so well satisfied of my convalescence, and that nothing now remains, but to superinduce *positive* health on a system from which disease and its *removable* causes have been driven out, that he has not merely consented to, but advised my leaving Bristol, for some rural retirement. I could indeed pursue nothing uninterruptedly in that city. Accordingly, I am now joint tenant with Mr. Morgan, of a sweet little cottage, at Ashley, half a mile from Box, on the Bath road. I breakfast every morning before nine, work till one, and walk or read till three. Thence, till tea-time, chat or read some lounge book, or correct what I have written. From six to eight work again; from eight till bed time, play whist,

or the little mock billiard, called bagatelle, and then sup, and go to bed. My morning hours, as the longest and most important division, I keep sacred to my most important Work, which is printing at Bristol; two of my friends having taken upon themselves the risk. It is so long since I have conversed with you, that I cannot say, whether the subject will, or will not be interesting to you. The title is "Christianity, the one true Philosophy; or, Five Treatises on the Logos, or Communicative Intelligence, natural, human, and divine." To which is prefixed a prefatory Essay, on the laws and limits of toleration and liberality, illustrated by fragments of AUTO-biography. The *first* Treatise—Logos Propaideuticos, or the Science of systematic thinking in ordinary life. The *second*—Logos Architectonicus, or an attempt to apply the constructive or Mathematical process to Metaphysics and Natural Theology. The *third*—Ὁ Λόγος ὁ θεάνθρωπος (the divine logos incarnate)—a full commentary on the Gospel of St. John, in developement of St. Paul's doctrine of preaching Christ alone, and Him crucified. The *fourth*—

on Spinoza and Spinozism, with a life of B. Spinoza — this entitled *Logos Agonistes*. The *fifth* and last—*Logos Alogos* (*i.e.*, *Logos Illogicus*) or on modern Unitarianism, its causes and effects. The whole will be comprised in two portly octavos, and the second treatise will be the only one which will, and from the nature of the subject, must be unintelligible to the great majority even of well educated readers. The purpose of the whole is a philosophical defence of the Articles of the Church, as far as they respect doctrine, as points of faith. If originality be any merit, this Work will have that, at all events from the first page to the last.

The evenings I have employed in composing a series of Essays on the principles of Genial Criticism concerning the fine Arts, especially those of Statuary and Painting; and of these four in title, but six or more in size have been published in Felix Farley's *Bristol Journal**—a strange plan for such a publication—but my

* The appearance of these Essays was announced in *The Bristol Journal*, August 6, 1814.

motive was originally to serve poor Allston,* who is now exhibiting his pictures at Bristol. Oh! dear sir! do pray if you have the power or opportunity use your influence with "The Sun" not to continue that accursed system of calumny and detraction against Allston. The Articles by whomever written were a disgrace to human nature, and to my positive knowledge argued only less ignorance than malignity. Mr. Allston has been cruelly used. Good God! what did I not hear Sir George Beaumont say, with my own ears! Nay, he wrote to me after repeated examination of Allston's great picture, declaring himself a complete convert to all my opinions of Allston's paramount genius as a historical painter. What did I not hear Mr. West say? After a full hour's examination of the picture, he pointed out *one* thing he thought out of harmony (and which against my earnest desire Allston altered and had reason to repent sorely) and then said, "I have shot my

* Washington Allston's portrait of Coleridge in the National Portrait Gallery was painted at Bristol, 1814. Coleridge had made Allston's acquaintance in Rome in 1806.

bolt. It is as near perfection as a picture can be!" . . .

But to return to my Essays. I shall publish no more in Bristol. What they could do, they have done. But I have carefully corrected and polished those already published, and shall carry them on to sixteen or twenty, containing animated descriptions of all the best pictures of the great masters in England, with characteristics of the great masters from Giotto to Coreggio. The first three Essays were of necessity more austere; for till it could be determined what *beauty* was, whether it was beauty merely because it pleased, or pleased because it was beauty, it would have been as absurd to talk of general principles of taste, as of tastes. Now will this series, purified from all accidental, local or personal references, tint or serve *The Courier* in the present dearth? I have no hesitation in declaring them the best compositions I have ever written. I could regularly supply two Essays a week, and one political Essay. Be so good as to speak to Mr. Street. I could send him up eight or ten at once.

Make my best respects to Mrs. Stuart. I shall be very anxious to hear from you.—Your affectionate and grateful friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 66.

Post-mark, "Bath."

16 October, 1814.

Dear Stuart,—I thank you for your very kind letters, the latter of which I should have felt as too flattering, from almost any one but yourself. But, as I have a hundred times myself said of you, that I was never in your company in my life, for an hour together, in which I did not acquire some rememberable instruction of more or less value, and all of that kind which I most wanted, and which was most useful to me; and added, that I could assert the same of no other man, it would be unreasonable indeed to expect, that I myself, should be deemed sincere to the very syllable, and yet entertain the least doubt of the sincerity of the praise, high as it is, in a letter of

yours ; who, thank God ! in all the changes and contrasts of your fortune, have preserved that best of the products of sound good sense, simplicity of language, manners, and character. Now I must tell you what has prevented my answering them. I happened to walk with the Morgans to Corsham House,* P. Methuen's, Esq.,† the father of the M.P., to see the famous, or rather far-famed collection of pictures. It was not the showing day, but I sent in my name, as one not regularly resident in the neighbourhood ; and was not only admitted, but a servant begged to know, whether I was *the* Mr. Coleridge, *the* great Author. You may suppose my answer, and given *as* gravely as possible. I was received with every possible attention by the family, who sent off the servant, and accompanied me through the rooms, and afterwards engaged me to spend a few days at Corsham House, which I did. At the Races, the Marquis of Lansdowne expressed to them a wish to meet me. I accordingly went again,

* Ashley Green lies between Bath and Corsham.

† Paul Cobb Methuen, sometime M.P. for Great Bedwin, father of Paul Methuen, member for Wilts, afterwards Lord Methuen.

met the Marquis, and rather suppose that he was not displeased with me, for he invited me home to Bowood.* I went, and was pressed to stay for a week, or more, which I could not do, for various reasons; but he left me with assurances that he would find me out, either at Ashley, or at Bremhill, at Mr. Bowles's.

This has been the sole cause, why I have delayed likewise my third letter, which I send off with this. I hope it does not fall off; indeed, I think it does not. I requested Mr. Street to be so good as to send me *The Courier*, during the time I was writing for it, at least those that contained my own Essays, but I have seen neither of them in *print*. Will you be so good as to speak to Mr. Street? *They* should be directed, Mr. B. Morgan, Chemist, Bridge Street, Bath, but *letters* to me, Ashley Cottage, Box, Bath. He may depend upon having the 4th and 5th, in the course of this week; and, till the Paper fill again with Parliament Reports, I doubt not I shall be able to give *The Courier*

* Bowood and Bremhill are in the neighbourhood of Calne.

one political, and one critical Essay weekly, after I have finished the Fletcher letters,* which (if Mr. Street should choose) I should carry on into a full and fair view of the whole relations of Ireland to Great Britain including the Catholic Question. Should it be convenient to you to send me as soon as possible a few pounds, I should be served by them especially, for the bookseller has treated me in a strange way about a translation of Goethe's Faust. But it is not worth mentioning except that I employed some weeks unprofitably, when it was of more than usual necessity that I should have done otherwise.

My very best respects to Mrs. Stuart and believe me, my dear Stuart, with unfeigned esteem and affectionate regard, your obliged friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

* Eight Letters to Judge Fletcher, on the Irish Question, under the signature of "An Irish Protestant," appeared in *The Courier* at irregular intervals during the months of September, October, November, December, 1814. ("Essays on His Own Times," vol. iii. pp. 678-748.)

LETTER 67.

“Posted Bath, November 23, 1814.”

Ashley, Box, Bath, Wednesday.

My dear Stuart,—Monday after next I expect, as far as so perplexed a being dare expect anything, to remove to Calne, Wilts, at a Mr. Page’s, Surgeon. I suppose that the press of parliamentary and American matter, has prevented the insertion of my communications; for if there had been anything offensive in them, I should have heard from Mr. Street. My next will conclude, making up eight distinct letters, and I almost confide that you will like the last better than any but the second. One of them sent off by Morgan, from an imperfect copy, while I was at Bowood, by mistake (for I had myself rewritten the letter, and left a Press copy) was, either from this cause, or from the carelessness of the compositors, so misprinted, as to be scarcely intelligible. I mean the letter, in which the Bible Society is introduced. I had greatly softened it, and in every respect amended

the style. It was in truth merely my first rude sketch.

The question on the state of Ireland and its causes, involving the Catholic Question, I have thought would be better treated in a separate series. I have been, I may truly say, indefatigable, in collecting information from men, as well as from books; and my object would be, to produce such a work, as would compel even an Emancipator, if a man of an enlightened mind to admit, that I had not omitted, or weakened any one argument, that could be adduced on either side with any show of reason. The more however I think, the more *unsceptical* my dread of what is called a Catholic Emancipation becomes.

I have now, to request your kind advice; first of all acknowledging the receipt of ten pounds, which I was authorized by you to draw for. The eight letters, of which Mr. S. has the 5th and 6th, would form a pamphlet of about a hundred pages with the Notes, which I should add in the Appendix, and the insertions made in the correction of the whole. Now, would you think it

1st advisable to republish them? And, 2nd, do you think that Ridgeway, or any other, would reprint them on any terms, that would be likely to be of any pecuniary advantage to me? or, by giving me so much for the copyright, if such a bargain could be made—which I should prefer, though it should be only £20 or £30; or by taking the risk of an edition, and giving me a portion of the profits? At the same time you would oblige me by asking, whether a collection of political Essays on the most important political subjects from 1795 to the present date, partly selected from my contributions to the *M. Post* and *Courier*, and partly MSS., including the characters of Pitt, Wyndham, Burke, Fox and Buonaparte, would be purchased. With exception of my letters to Fox, which I have not been able to procure, I have them all, ready prepared for the Press.

Since I have received *The Courier*, I have submitted to the painful and disgusting task, of reading the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews* for the last year, and every day have noted down short observations, but more especially on

America and the American War — concerning which I wish I could converse with you.

I have seen many witty, and some very just observations, but I have not yet met with any work which appears to me, to have done anything like common justice to the subject. In order to understand the subject, as a truly great statesman ought to understand it, we ought, first to consider the *Colonial* character *in genere*; then the Colonial character, as modified by the circumstances of English ancestry, laws, language, &c., with the influencing accidents of the different migrations which peopled it; and these again, as modified, and variously differenced, by the vast extent of the country from N. to S., and the indefinite extensibility of the same, &c., &c. Then the causes and errors that produced the Colonial War, and its event; the effects of that War and that event on the character. Then the influence of the times, the *philosophist* times of Franklin and the French Economists; the effect of these effects on their constitution, indiscriminate admission of citizens, &c.; in short, all that follows, from a Colony becoming an independent

nation, a century too early, before it had either a gentry, or a learned class. Finally, the events of the revolutionary War and of increasing commercial cupidity, and envy, &c. All those, and many more ought to be distinctly comprehended, before a Statesman can become a *prophet*; and yet, without the power of prophecy, he is as little a Statesman, as without that power, an Astronomer could be truly called, an Astronomer. But really, I cannot for my life, make out from *The Courier*, what Mr. Street is aiming at; though I see, clearly enough, and God knows, with as much sorrow as I have to spare, that the Ministers are deplorably deficient in *parliamentary* talent, and I fear not overflowing in any other.

I do not know whether you will think me an unabashed mendicant, if, at the receipt of your last letter I should request the farther loan of a £10. I call it *loan* because if this and the former are more than the eight letters are worth to you, it must be repaid by following Articles.

Oh! God! It is very easy to say, Why does not Coleridge do this work and that work? I declare to God, there is nothing I would not do,

consistent with my conscience, which was regular labour for a regular revenue. But to write such poetry or such philosophy as I would wish to write, or not to write at all, cannot be done amid distraction and anxiety for the day.—May God bless you and your obliged, S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 68.

Calne, Wiltshire, October 7, 1815.

My dear Sir,—Unwisely perhaps I mentioned to — and some others connected with the two theatres, my intention and plans for preparing for the Stage three Plays. The one Richard II. into which I had intended to have introduced a female character, and to have attempted the giving a *theatrical* interest to a play, which for the *closet*, is already among the most perfect of Shakespeare's. The second, Beaumont and Fletcher's Pilgrim almost wholly re-written, and the scene placed in Ireland, under the name of Love's Metamorphoses. The third, of the success of which I had the greatest hopes, and which I described most at large with its peculiar *temporary* advantages was the Beggars Bush of B. and F. It is assuredly

an odd coincidence, if it be mere coincidence, that these three, the only ones I ever mentioned or thought of, should be, two of them, brought out, with what success I know not, and the third spoken of in the newspapers as about to be brought out. Things irremediable, I make a point not to complain of, but as for this latter Play, I have made great progress with [it], so that I could completely fit it for the Stage in a fortnight. I have taken little more than the outline of the plot, and not more than the half of the characters, and of the language and speeches more than half are completely original, and I had purposely given a prominence to one character (and the want of a *prominent* character is one grievous defect both of this and some others of Beaumont and Fletcher's best plays) with a view to Mrs. Kean. Now you, my dear Sir, may probably have some means of learning whether all application on my part has been rendered useless by the full acceptance of a Play at Drury Lane; or whether it is only a scheme of simple revival, with no other alteration but omissions. (If so I could almost venture to foretell its failure.) If the latter, I have certainly

some little claim from my having mentioned my design — and received encouragement, so far at least as that the pre-existence of the plot in an older dramatist would be no objection.

I have sent to the Printer at Bristol (Mr. Gutch * an old school-fellow) two volumes,† the first, Biographical Sketches of my literary life and opinions (with the principles on which they are grounded and the arguments by which they were deduced) in politics, religion, philosophy, and *poetry*—the latter in the hope of settling the controversy on the nature of *poetic* diction. I fear that my reasonings may not please Wordsworth ; but I am convinced that the detection of the faults in his poetry is indispensable, to a rational appreciation of his merits. The second volume entitled

* John Matthew Gutch. His brother Robert was a Grecian at Christ's Hospital.

† These two volumes were afterwards enlarged to three, and published in 1817 by Rest Fenner. The first volume, and the second to page 144, of the "Biographia Literaria" was printed by Gutch ; the latter part of the second by S. Curtis, of Camberwell, for Rest Fenner. The single volume of the Sibylline Leaves (vol. ii. is printed on page 1 of the first edition) was printed by John Evans, of Bristol, for Gutch. The latter half of vol. ii. of the "B. L." was added in 1817, and has little or no connection with the original work,

Sibylline Leaves, contains all the Poems I think worthy of publication (exclusive of those in my "Poems" published in 1794),* about one third or little more from MSS., and all corrected and finished to the best of my power. For the last four months, I have never worked less than six hours every day—namely, from ten to four; and more I cannot do, if I am to have any time for reading and reflection, which I do not include in the six hours.

I am now at work on a Tragedy and a dramatic entertainment one half of my time; and the other half, I give to the Work on which I would wish to ground my reputation with posterity, if I should have any—a Work, for which I have been collecting the materials for the last fifteen years almost incessantly. Its Title will be Logosophia, or on the Logos, human and divine, in six Treatises. The *first*, a philosophic compendium of the history of philosophy,† from Pythagoras to the present day, with miscellaneous investigations on Toleration and the obstacles to just reasoning. (No such

* 1796.

† This material was utilized in a course of lectures on the History of Philosophy, of which the first was delivered at the Crown and Anchor, Strand, on Dec. 28, 1818.

Work exists, at least, in our language; for Brucker is a wilderness, in six huge Quartos, and he was no philosopher, and Enfield's Abridgement* is below criticism). The *second*, the science of connected [*reasoning*] (with the history of Logic from Aristotle to Condillac) free from [*illegible*] pedantry, and applied to the purposes of real life—the Bar, the Pulpit, the Senate, and rational conversation. The *third*, the science of premises, or, transcendental philosophy, *i.e.*, the examination of the premises which, in ordinary and practical reasoning, are taken for granted. (As the whole proceeds on actual constructions in the mind, I might call it *Intellectual Geometry*.) The *fourth*, a detailed commentary on the Gospel of St. John, to which the former is introductory—the object of both to prove, that Christianity is true philosophy, and of course, that all true philosophy is Christianity. The *fifth*, on the Mystics and Pantheists, with the lives of Giordano Bruno, Jacob Behmen, George Fox, and Benedict Spinoza; with an analysis of their systems, &c. The *sixth*, on the

* William Enfield, a Nonconformist minister, published in 1791 an "Abridgement of Brucker's History of Philosophy," two vols. 4to.

causes and consequences of Unitarianism. It will comprise two large octavo volumes, six hundred pages each. God knows, whether I shall meet with patronage, to enable me to publish it. I am most willing to work hard, and wish for nothing more, than merely to be enabled to work. But what can I do, if I am to starve while I am working! And I declare to God! I see little other prospect. Would to God, I had been bred a shoemaker! If twenty or thirty of those, who think well of my powers, would agree to receive my manuscripts, such as they themselves should approve, and to allow me on the receipt such a sum, as would simply enable me to live (the money always posterior to the MSS. received), I might be useful; otherwise I must sink, for at present there is nothing to do for the newspapers, and since *The Courier* is so entirely devoted to the Government for the time being, there is no Paper in which I could write, without offence to my own mind; in other words, there does not exist a single London Paper conducted on determined principles, or that would admit a series of articles conducted on principles. No wonder! Is it not even so, in

the political world at large? Who cares what the men are, that are Ministers, provided only the Grey and Grenville party are not? I have tried to negotiate with the booksellers, for a translation of the Works of Cervantes (Don Quixote excluded) and of Boccaccio, and Mr. Rogers promised to use his influence, but all in vain.

Should you visit Bath this winter [*I hope*] you will call on us, as you pass through Calne. My health [*continues*] better than I have known it for the last twelve years. My [*respects*] to Mrs. Stuart and sincere good wishes for all who are dear [*to you*].—Your obliged, S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 69.

“Oct. 30, 1815.”

Dear Stuart,—After I had finished the third letter, I thought it the best I had ever written; but, on re-perusal, I perfectly agree with you. It is misty, and like most misty compositions, *laborious*—what the Italians call *FATICOSO*. I except the two last paragraphs (“In this guise my Lord,” to —“aversabitur”). These I still like. Yet what I *wanted* to say is very important; because it

strikes at the ROOT of all LEGISLATIVE Jacobinism. The view which our laws take of robbery, and even murder, not as GUILT of which God alone is presumed to be the Judge, but as CRIMES depriving the *King* of one of *his* subjects, rendering dangerous and abating the value of the King's Highways, &c., may suggest some notion of my meaning. Jack, Tom, and Harry, have no existence in the eye of the law, except as included in some form or other of the PERMANENT PROPERTY of the realm. Just as, on the other hand, Religion has nothing to do with Ranks, Estates, or Offices; but exerts itself wholly on what is PERSONAL, viz., our souls, consciences, and the MORALITY of our actions, as opposed to mere legality. Ranks, Estates, Offices, &c., were *made* for *persons*! exclaims Major Cartwright and his partizans. Yes, I reply, as far as the DIVINE administration is concerned, but *human* jurisprudence, wisely aware of its own weakness, and sensible how incommensurate its powers are with so vast an object as the well-being of individuals, as individuals, reverses the position, and knows nothing of persons, other than as properties, officaries, subjects.

The preambles of our old statutes concerning Aliens (as foreign merchants) and Jews, are all so many illustrations of my principle; the strongest instance of opposition to which, and therefore characteristic of the present age, was the attempt to legislate for animals, by Lord Erskine;* *i.e.*, not merely, interfering with persons as persons; or with what are called by moralists the imperfect duties (a very obscure phrase for obligations of conscience, not capable of being realized (*perfecta*) by legal penalties) but extending PERSONALITY to *things*.

In saying this, I mean only to designate the general spirit of human law. Every principle, on its application to practice, must be limited and modified by circumstances; our reason by our common sense. Still, however, the PRINCIPLE is most important, as aim, rule, and guide. Guided by this spirit, our ancestors repealed the Puritan

* Lord Erskine's Bill for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was brought forward in the House of Lords, May 15, 1809, and was passed without a division. The Bill was read a second time in the House of Commons, but was rejected on going into Committee, the opposition being led by Windham in a speech of considerable ability (*see* Windham's Speeches). By "imperfect duties" Coleridge probably means "duties of imperfect obligation."

Law, by which adultery was to be punished with death, and brought it back to a civil damage. So too, actions for seduction. Not that the Judge or Legislator did not feel the guilt of such crimes, but that the *Law* knows nothing about guilt. So in the Exchequer; common debts are sued for on the plea, that the creditor is less able to pay our Lord the King; &c., &c. Now, contrast with this, the preamble to the first French Constitution, and I think my meaning will become more intelligible; that the pretence of considering persons not states, happiness not property, always has ended, and always will end, in making a new STATE, or corporation, infinitely more oppressive than the former; and in which the real freedom of persons is as much less, as the things interfered with are more numerous, and more minute. Compare the duties, exacted from a United Irishman by the Confederacy, with those required of him by the law of the land. This, I think, not ill expressed, in the two last periods of the fourth paragraph. "Thus in order to sacrifice . . . confederation."

Of course I immediately recognized your hand

in the Article concerning *The Edinburgh Review*, and much pleased I was with it ; and equally so in finding, from your letter, that we had so completely coincided in our feelings, concerning that wicked Lord Nelson Article. If there be one thing on earth that can outrage an honest man's feelings, it is the assumption of austere morality, for the purposes of personal slander. And the gross ingratitude of the attack ! In the name of God, what have we to do with Lord Nelson's mistresses, or domestic quarrels ? Sir A. Ball himself, exemplary in this respect, told me of his own personal knowledge Lady Nelson was enough to drive any man wild. . . . She had no sympathy with his acute sensibilities, and his alienation was effected, though not shown, before he knew Lady Hamilton, by being *heart starved*, still more than by being teased and tormented by her sullenness. Observe that Sir A. Ball detested Lady Hamilton. To the same enthusiastic sensibilities which made a fool of him with regard to his Emma, his country owed the victories of the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar ; and the heroic spirit of all the officers reared under him.

When I was at Bowood there was a plan suggested between Bowles and myself, to engage among the cleverest literary characters of our knowledge, six or eight, each of whom was to engage to take some one subject of those into which *The Edinburgh Review* might be aptly divided; as Science, Classical Knowledge, Style, Taste, Philosophy, Political Economy, Morals, Religion and Patriotism: to state the number of Essays he could write and the time at which he would deliver each; and so go through the whole of the *Review*—to be published in the first instance in *The Courier* during the Recess of Parliament. We thought of Southey, Wordsworth, Crowe, Crabbe, Wollaston;* and Bowles thought he could answer for several single Articles from persons of the highest rank in the Church and our Universities. Such a plan, adequately executed, seven or eight years ago, would have gone near to blow up this Magazine of Mischief.

As to Ridgeway and the Essays, I have not only no objection to my name being given, but

* William Hyde Wollaston, chemist, President of the Royal Society, 1820.

I should prefer it. I have just as much right to call myself dramatically an Irish Protestant, when writing in the character of one as Swift to call himself a draper. I have waded through as mischievous a Work, as two huge quartos very dull, can be . . . called an Account of Ireland. Of all scribblers these agricultural quarto mongers are the vilest. I thought of making the affairs of Ireland, *in toto*, chiefly however with reference to the Catholic Question, a new series, and of re-publishing in the Appendix to the eight letters to Mr. Justice Fletcher, Lord Clare's (then Chancellor Fitzgibbon's) admirable speech, worthy of Demosthenes, of which a copy was brought me over from Dublin by Rickman, and given to Lamb. It was never printed in England, nor is it to be procured. I never met with a person who had heard of it. Except that one main point is omitted (and it is remarkable that the poet Edmund Spencer in his dialogue on Ireland is the only writer who has urged this point) viz., the forcing upon savages the laws of a comparatively civilized people, instead of adopting measures gradually to render them susceptible of those laws, this

speech might be deservedly called the philosophy of the past and present history of Ireland. It makes me smile to observe, how all the mediocre men exult in a Ministry that have been so successful without any overpowering talent of eloquence, &c. It is true that a series of gigantic events like those of the last eighteen months, will lift up any cock-boat to the skies upon their billows; but no less true that sooner or later parliamentary talent will be found absolutely requisite for an English Ministry. . . .

[*Politics.*]

My best respects to Mrs. Stuart. Do you think of spending any time at Bath this winter? With sincere regard and esteem your obliged,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Please tell Mr. Street that J. J. Morgan will draw for the £20.

LETTER 70.*

Wednesday, 8th May, 1816.

James Gillman's, Esq., Surgeon, Highgate.

My dear Stuart,—Since you left me I have

* This Letter appeared in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, June, 1838.

been reflecting a great deal on the subject of the Catholic Question, and somewhat on *The Courier* in general. With all my weight of faults (and no one is less likely to underrate them than myself) a tendency to be influenced by selfish motives in my friendships, or even in the cultivation of my acquaintances will not I am sure, be *by you* placed among them. When we first knew each other, it was perhaps the most interesting period of both our lives, at the very turn of the flood; and I can never cease to reflect with affectionate delight on the steadiness and independence of your conduct and principles; and how for so many years, with little assistance from others, and with one main guide, a sympathizing tact for the real sense, feeling and impulses of the *respectable* part of the English nation, you went on so auspiciously, and likewise so effectively. It is far, very far, from being a hyperbole to affirm, that you did more against the French scheme of Continental domination, than the Duke of Wellington has done; or rather Wellington could neither have been supplied by the Ministers, nor the Ministers supported by the Nation, but

for the tone first given, and then constantly kept up, by the plain, un-ministerial, anti-opposition, anti-jacobin, anti-gallican, anti-napoleonic spirit of your writings, aided by the colloquial style and evident good sense, in which as acting on an immense mass of knowledge of existing men and existing circumstances, you are superior to any man I ever met with in my life time. Indeed you are the only human being of whom I can say, with severe truth, that I have never conversed with you for an hour, without rememberable instruction. And with the same simplicity I dare affirm my belief, that my greater knowledge of *man* has been useful to you; though from the nature of things, not so useful, as your knowledge of *men* has been to me. Now with such convictions, my dear Stuart how is it possible that I can look back on the conduct of *The Courier*, from the period of the Duke of York's restoration, without some pain? You cannot be seriously offended or affronted with me, if in this deep confidence, and in a letter which, or its contents can meet no eye but your own, I venture to declare that, though since then much has been

done, very much of high utility to the country by and under Mr. Street, yet *The Courier* itself has gradually lost that sanctifying spirit which was the life of its life, and without which even the best and soundest principles lose half their effect on the human mind; I mean, the *faith* in the *faith* of the person or paper which brings them forward. They are attributed to the *accident* of their happening to be *for* such a side or such a party. In short there is no longer any *root* in the paper, out of which all the various branches and fruits and even fluttering leaves are seen or believed to grow. But it is the old tree barked round above the root, though the circular decoration is so small, and so neatly filled up and coloured as to be scarcely visible but in its total effects. Excellent fruits still at times hang on the boughs, but they are tied on by threads and hairs.

In all this I am well aware that you are no otherwise to blame, than in permitting what, without disturbance to your health and tranquility, you could not perhaps have prevented, or effectively modified. But the whole plan of

Street's, seems to me to have been motiveless from the beginning, or at least affected by the grossest miscalculations in respect even of pecuniary interest. For had the paper maintained and asserted not only its independence but its *appearance* of it, it is true that Mr. Street might not have had Mr. Croker to dine with him, or received as many nods or shakes of the hand from Lord this, or that, but at least equally true, that the Ministry would have been far more effectually served, and that (I speak *now* from facts) both paper and its conductor, would have been held by the adherents of Ministers in far higher respect. And after all, Ministers do not *love* newspapers in their hearts, not even those that support them. Indeed it seems epidemic among Parliament men in general, to affect to look down upon and to despise newspapers, to which they owe $\frac{999}{1000}$ of their influence and character—and at least $\frac{2}{3}$ ths of their knowledge and phraseology. Enough! Burn this letter and forgive the writer, for the purity and affectionateness of his motive.

With regard to the Catholic Question, if I

write I must be allowed to express the truth and the whole truth concerning the impudent avowal of Lord Castlereagh that it was not to be a *government question*. On this condition I will write immediately a Tract on the Question which to the best of my knowledge will be about from 120 to 140 octavo pages, but so contrived that Mr. Street may find no difficulty in dividing it into ten or twenty Essays, or leading paragraphs. In my scheme I have carefully excluded every approximation to metaphysical reasoning, and set aside every thought which cannot be brought under one or the other of three heads:—1. Plain evident sense. 2. Historical documental facts. 3. Existing circumstances, character, &c., of Ireland in relation to Great Britain, and to its own interests, and those of its various classes of proprietors. I shall not deliver it till it is wholly finished, and if you and Mr. Street think that such a Work delivered entire will be worth £50 to the paper, I will begin it immediately. Let me either see or hear from you as soon as possible. Cannot Mr. Street send me some one or other of the Daily Papers, without expense to

you, after he has done with them? Kind respects to Mrs. Stuart.—Your affectionate and obliged friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Note by Mr. Stuart.—"I wrote a long letter in reply, stating that as long as I actively interfered, the paper was conducted on the independent principles alluded to by Coleridge. That Street rarely, though sometimes disagreed from me on public topics. But that in giving him advice, though he usually attended to it, yet he so often mis-stated my opinions that he did us mischief with the Ministers. I was desirous of keeping on terms with the Ministers, and the Paper had done so for several years. When we disagreed from them, it was in the most friendly way; and if we thought one thing wrong, we placed forward two that were right. But this course required great delicacy of management. The slightest mistake spoiled the plan. These mistakes Street fell into, and embarrassed himself with the Ministers. I found it better therefore from the year 1810 or 1811 to leave Street entirely to his own course, as I would not take the trouble of conducting the paper. So it gradually slid into a mere ministerial journal, or instrument of the Treasury, Street making it acquire the reputation even of being official. This best served his purposes; but from the year 1816 I resolved gradually to withdraw from the paper altogether. The Paper acquired a high character for being official, and became odious to the mob. To this effect I wrote to Coleridge.—D.S."

LETTER 71.

J. Gillman's, Esq., Surgeon, Highgate.

Monday, 13 May, 1816.

Dear Stuart,—It is among the feeblenesses of our nature, that we are often to a certain degree, acted on by stories gravely asserted of which we yet do most religiously disbelieve every syllable. Nay, which perhaps we know to be false. The truth is that images and thoughts possess a power in, and of themselves, independent of that act of the judgment or understanding by which we affirm or deny the existence of a reality correspondent to them. Such is the ordinary state of the mind in dreams. It is not strictly accurate to say that we believe our dreams to be actual while we are dreaming. We neither believe it, nor disbelieve it. With the Will the comparing power is suspended, and without the comparing power, any act of judgment, whether affirmation or denial, is impossible. The forms and thoughts act merely by their own inherent power, and the strong feelings at times apparently connected with them, are in point of fact, bodily sensations which are

the causes or occasions of the images, not (as when we are awake) the effects of them. Add to this a voluntary lending of the Will to this suspension of one of its own operations, (*i.e.*, that of comparison and consequent decision concerning the reality of any sensuous impression) and you have the true theory of stage illusion, equally distant from the absurd notion of the French critics, who ground their principles on the presumption of an absolute *delusion*, and of Dr. Johnson who would persuade us that our judgments are as broad awake during the most masterly representation of the deepest scenes of Othello, as a philosopher would be during the exhibition of a magic lanthorn with Punch and Joan and Pull Devil, Pull Baker, &c., on its painted slides. Now as extremes always meet, this dogma of our dramatic critic and soporific ironist, would lead by inevitable consequences, to that very doctrine of the unities maintained by the French Belle Lettrists, which it was the object of his strangely over-rated, contradictory, and most illogical preface to Shakespeare, to overthrow.

Thus, instead of troubling you with the idle

assertions that have been most authoritatively uttered, concerning your being under bond and seal to the present Ministry, which I know to be (monosyllabically speaking) *a lie*, and which formed I guess part of the impulse which occasioned my last letter, I have given you a theory which, as far as I know is new, and which I am quite sure, is most important as the ground and fundamental principle of all philosophic and of all common-sense criticisms concerning the drama and the theatre.

To put off however the Jack the Giant Killer seven-leagued boots, with which I am apt to run away from the main purpose of what I had to write, I owe it to myself and the truth to observe, that there was as much at least of partiality as of grief and inculcation in my remarks on the spirit of *The Courier*; and that with all its faults, I prefer it greatly to any other paper, even without reference to its being the best and most effective vehicle of what I deem most necessary and urgent truths. Be assured there was no occasion to let me know, that with regard to the proposed disquisition you were interested as a Patriot and a

Protestant, not as a Proprietor of the particular paper. Such too, Heaven knows, is my sole object! for as to the money that it may be thought worth according to the number and value of the Essays, I regard it merely as enabling me to devote a given portion of time and effort to this subject, rather than to any one of the many others by which I might procure the same remuneration. From this hour I sit down to it tooth and nail, and shall not turn to the left or right till I have finished it. When I have reached the half-way house I will transmit the MSS. to you, that I may, without the necessity of dis- or re-arranging the Work, be able to adopt any suggestions of yours, whether they should be additive, alterative, or emendative. One question only I have to consult you concerning—viz., the *form* which would be the most attractive of notice—simply Essays? or letters addressed to Lord Liverpool for instance, on the supposition that he remains firm to the Perceval principle on this blind, blundering and feverous scheme?

Mr. and Mrs. Gillman will be most happy to see you to share in a family dinner, and spend the

evening with us; and if you will come early, I can show you some most delicious walks. You will like Mr. Gillman. He is a man of strong, fervid and agile intellect, with such a master passion for truth, that his most abstracted verities assume a character of veracity. And his wife, it will be impossible not to respect, if a balance and harmony of powers and qualities, unified and spiritualized by a native feminine fineness of character, render womanhood amiable and respectable. In serious truth I have much reason to be most grateful for the choice and chance which has placed me under their hospitable roof. I have no doubt that Mr. Gillman as friend and as physician will succeed in restoring me to my natural self.

My kind respects to Mrs. Stuart, I long to see the little one.—Your obliged and sincere friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 72.

COLERIDGE TO STREET.

Posted March 22, 1817.

My dear Sir,—I thank you for your handsome

mention of me. The part from the Sermon * is perhaps as well as any. I hope that the writer in *The Times* meant to do me service; but assuredly to affirm that the second sermon was in the same style and manner as the first, is not correct in any sense of the words, and could not but tend to circumscribe its purchasers. My first I never dreamt, would be understood (except in fragments) by the general reader; but of the second, I can scarcely discover any part or passage which would compel any man of common education and information, to read it a second time in order to understand it. The very style is as different as the same man's writings can be, where both works are serious—the one is as plain as the other is stately. And it was an odd whim to take a garbled extract about the Socinians! by the by the only part of the sermon that might as well have been elsewhere; even as the page and note on the difference between sameness and unity, is I

* “The Statesman's Manual; or, The Bible the Best Guide to Political Skill and Foresight. A Lay Sermon. Printed for Gale and Fenner. 1816.” “A Lay Sermon addressed to the Higher and Middle Classes on the Existing Distresses and Discontent. Printed for Gale and Fenner. 1817.”

believe the only one at all recondite, or with the slightest pretence to profundity in the whole Work.

What injudicious advisers must not Southey have had! It vexes me to the quick. Never yet did any human being gain anything by self-desertion. . . . Southey should have rested his defence on the time the Work [*Wat Tyler*]* was written, both respecting himself and the events that happened afterwards. With the exception of one outrageously absurd and frantic passage (p. 67) the thing contains nothing that I can find that would not have been praised and thought very right, *forty years ago*, at all the public schools in England, had it been written by a lad in the first form as a *poem*. For who in the Devil's name, ever thought of reading poetry for any political or practical purposes till these Devil's times that we live in? The *publication* of the Work is the wicked thing. Briefly, my dear Sir,

* "*Wat Tyler*" was published by Daniel Isaac Eaton at the instance of a dissenting minister named Winterbottom. Southey applied to the Court of Chancery for an injunction to restrain the publication, but was refused. "Self-desertion" probably alludes to a letter addressed by Southey to *The Courier* (March 17, 1817). Coleridge's articles in vindication of Southey against the attack of Mr. W. Smith appeared in *The Courier*, March 17 and 18.

every one is in the right to make the best he can honourably of a bad business. But the truth is the truth. The root of the evil is *a public*, and take my word for it, this will wax more and more prolific of inconveniences, that at length it will scarcely be possible for the State to suffer any truth to be published, because it will be certain to convey dangerous falsehood to ninety-nine out of a hundred. Then we shall come round to the *esoteric* (interior, hidden) doctrine of the ancients, and learn to understand what Christ meant when He commanded us not to cast pearls before swine. { Take four-fifths of the Wat Tyler for instance—'tis a wretched mess of pig's meat I grant—but yet take it—and reduce it to single assertions. How many of them, think you, would bear denying as *truths*? But if truth yelps and bites at the heels of a horse that cannot stop, Why—truth may think herself well off if she only gets her teeth knocked down her throat. . . . The Work attributed to Buonaparte says “liberty is for a few, equality for all.” Alas! dear Sir, what is mankind but *the few* in all ages? Take *them* away, and how long would the rest, think you, differ

from the Negroes or New Zealanders? . . . Oh! that conscience permitted me to dare tell the whole truth! I would, methinks, venture to brave the fury of the great and little Vulgar as the Advocate of an insufferable Aristocracy. But either by an Aristocracy, or a fool-and-knavocracy man must be governed.

I shall claim your promise for the insertion of a short review of my second sermon, which you shall have on Sunday morning at the latest. Perhaps you may oblige me by inserting it on Monday. Though written in great part by a friend, yet it will be so written as to suit *The Courier*, and in nothing to compromise you. All phrases of praise are avoided as much as possible, or politic.

An excellent thought has struck me which might perhaps serve you, I mean give you a few leisure hours during the Easter recess—viz., A pretended doubt as to the Wat Tyler having been composed at the early date assigned to it—for it seems nothing but a string of servile plagiarisms from the speeches of the *Opposition* party, from 1792 to the Peace of Amiens. I shall

look over the parliamentary debates to-morrow, and if I am not greatly deceived, the parallels may be run almost *ad verbum*.—Yours truly,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 73.

COLERIDGE TO STREET.

My dear Sir,—I enclose the article written by a friend, but from which I struck every word that seemed more than common justice would dictate. I ask it, as a personal service to me, that you would read it over. You will find that there is not a sentence which could by any possibility compromise *The Courier*. It is open and manly. I pray you therefore to do me this service. Yet you would do me a still greater service, if, in reading over the sermon, you would put a mark (D for instance) on any page, that would require being read twice over in order to be understood by a man of average understanding, and a general reader. If you find more than four such pages out of the 165, I shall

be benefited, because it will enable me henceforward, to write with more confidence.

Mr. Parker, your nephew favoured me with a call yesterday. I told him, that the second article I had sent to *The Courier*, respecting Wat Tyler, was (I feared) an EDGE-TOOL; but that I could see no possible objection to the third. Be so good as to give me ONE line—one and a half will be ample. Or, if you cannot receive them, send them back by the bearer, and just tell me whether or no the plagiaries of Wat Tyler almost word for word, from the speeches of the Opposition would suit *The Courier*?

My friend has given but one extract or specimen which I selected as the most in the spirit of *The Courier*. It is underlined in order to show that it is to be printed in the small close type. I hope to see you to-morrow morning.—Your obliged,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Could you put me in the way of procuring my letters on the Spanish Affairs published in *The Courier* 1809, and the two letters to Mr. Fox during the Peace of Amiens?

LETTER 74.

" 1817."

My dear Stuart,—I have received a letter from R. Southey which gave me great pleasure from one sentence in it. "*You I am sure will not believe it possible that I should ever instruct my counsel to talk of the wickedness of Wat Tyler and express my shame! If anything could mortify me, it would be this*" . . .

It would as it appears to me be right and interesting to show at full, without any very marked reference to Wat Tyler in particular, the detestable sophism of identifying the philanthropic hopes of thousands, just at the very commencement of the French Revolution, and language *founded on the notions* and language which *all* parties, Tories as well as Whigs thought themselves bound to hold as Englishmen, since the ascent of George I. to the British throne, when such language became a positive criterion of loyalty; and while only a few, a *very very* few, obstinate metaphysicians and theologians of the old school dared affirm the principles consecrated at the Revolution (though, thank God! not *acted*

upon) and taught in Mr. Locke's political works to be false and most mischievous—and before twenty years *crammed* and *crowded* experience had demonstrated their falsehood and their mischievous nature—to identify these I say, with the opinions of the wretches, who [*so speak*] in spite of all this experience, nay, though the very liberty they yelp about, had its brains knocked out by the charger of Buonaparte. This I propose to do immediately, unless I hear from you to the dissuasive. I am myself most disinterested in this business; for, as I do not agree with Southey in thinking the first war, at its commencement, wise or necessary, and should apply every word he has written on this in the *Quart. Rev.* to the peace of Amiens, and the recommencement of the war, there is not a single political opinion, which I held at five and twenty which I do not hold now; and the tenth and eleventh Nos. of the *Friend* are strictly accurate. I will try if I can, to dine with you to-morrow; when I will bring with me an Article or two. Pray tell me plainly, if you can, till Street's return—may I consider it as agreed upon, that for the Articles inserted in *The Courier* there will be a

remuneration of two guineas a column? I have told you candidly the state of my affairs, and I have not the slightest wish, much less expectation, that you should be biassed by personal friendship toward me, more than I toward you, when I should prefer writing for *The Courier*, at any abatement of price that you yourself would permit me to accept. I think, that is, I think it sufficiently probable to make it worth the trial, that a succession of Articles for a quarter of a year, or four months, so that they could be confidently looked for, might make it answer to *The Courier*, negatively, if not positively. But you and Mr. Street alone know, how far in the present firm state of *The Courier*, such writing as mine is, or is not, of importance. Would to God, that the quantity I should be likely to send, were a well grounded and the principal objection!—Yours most unfeignedly,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 75.

“1817.” *Saturday morning.*

Dear Stuart,—I do not remember to have ever

read a more interesting Tract, than your “ Report of the present State of the Public ;” for this is its appropriate Title. The remarks appear to me, as judicious, as the facts are important. I reflected, with increased satisfaction, on my own (four first) letters to Mr. Justice Fletcher, in consequence of such a confirmation and development of my convictions. You have said, I doubt not, all that your immediate object required ; and I only wish, that the legal safety of publishing every line of it, as it now stands, were as unquestionable, as the certainty of its making a strong impression on the public mind. But you will agree with me, that this is but the one half of the subject. The weakness, the *unanglicanism*, the *Hodiernity*, or unancestral character,—nay, as far as the absorption and suffocation of the patrial,—for the word patriotic, has been so besoiled and befouled of late, that a man of sense and singleness of heart can scarcely use it without *word-tongs* ; *i.e.*, an explanatory caveat, or a *nota-bene*, “ I don’t mean, &c.” — ; as far, I say, as the mersion of derivative, official and representative duties, powers and privileges in PERSONAL rights is one

of the principal ingredients in Jacobinism, the unconscious Jacobinism of our gentry is the other half. As Jacobinism, properly so called, is a mule monster (see Statesman's Manual, Appendix, page viii.) composed of 1st. abstract reason, and 2nd. bestial passion, with brute force and terrorism; so is this *quality-cousin* of Jacobinism, made up of sickly fastidious refinement (the *chevaux de frise* between the gentry and the yeomanry, spite of Smithfield Clubs and other precious humbugs), and of the self degrading application to themselves of the Jew principle,—Mayn't I do, what I like, with my own?

Perhaps one might represent the truth, with tolerable accuracy, by taking the present spirit and confederacies of the lower orders as the positive pole of the anti-magnet of social disorganization and DISSOLUTENESS; the landmerchantry, and too great—what shall I call it?—*disrustication* of our country gentlemen, with its consequences on the farmers as the negative Pole; and the whole Being (head, heart, hand and tongue) of the dissenters, as the equatorial point, or *punctum saliens* of the mischief.

I am angry with my own weakness and facility, that I suffered myself to be bullied by my publishers, into withdrawing the five or six last sheets of my Second Lay Sermon, on the pretence of the unsaleable size of the pamphlet, and docking, rather than abridging them, into half a sheet or little more. Yet still I am very solicitous that you should read the Sermon, and of its predecessor, p. 25, 26: 41-53; vii.-x., xv.-xviii., xli.-xliii. of the Appendix.

Alas! and the Clergy! it puts me in mind of two lines in my own Ancient Mariner.

“What makes that ship drive on so fast? what is the Ocean doing?”

Still as a slave before its Lord, the Ocean has no blast.”

What are the Clergy doing? Sleeping, with their eyes half open, under attacks and encroachments, such as, that their predecessors a century ago, even if asleep, would have *snored* more indignantly and more to the purpose than they either write or talk. Nay, they not only will not do it themselves, but they will neither protect nor encourage those who try to do it for them. “He is a *warm* man! He is too violent. We must be

moderate. So it is with the Bishops and the parsons, as with Jack and Tom, in the jest book. "What are you doing there, Jack?" "Nothing, your Honour." "What are you doing, Tom?" "Helping Jack, your Honour!" It has been long my opinion, that the Whigs gave a deep wound to our Constitution, when they made it a fundamental and permanent State-maxim, instead of a temporary measure, to do away the Convocation.

As to the Press :

You did not give me the sketch itself or the clauses, but only your general observations ; some of which therefore, I did not clearly understand. My principal objection, as far as I do object is, that punishments so severe and securities so heavy, would have just the same effect that over-taxing an Article in general use never fails to have, *i.e.*, encourage *smuggling*. So, I fear, that such a bill would introduce *contraband* printing, secret presses, and all the evils of smothered fire. Of several of the clauses I approve highly ; but, at all events the law of Libel ought to be revised. It is absurd to say, the Law cannot pre-define in a free country and with a Jury, a libel that stares every man in

the face. If Juries will perjure themselves, it is all over with the *present* law. But a succession of such Juries is not to be feared, *as yet*, at least. Why should not the Law permit, if indeed it does not do so already, the Judge's Charge to run—If, Gentlemen of the Jury, you are persuaded in your minds fully, that this Work had for its object, and does manifestly tend to, the disturbance of all social order and confidence, by rousing criminal passions in the minds of the readers to whom it is addressed, or for whom it was in your belief intended, then, &c.—

I shall be glad to see the Article on Apostasy inserted on Monday should there be room, because it is a fair exposure of the conduct of the Opposition, who are always ready to have a fling at every man who actually *proves* that abhorrence of sedition and seditious publications, which *they* now and then assure Parliament that they *do* entertain, however, and may they keep it to themselves on all particular occasions.

If there are any pamphlets worth reading, be so good as to give me the perusal of them; of such I mean, as you may have happened to purchase.

My kind respects to Mrs. Stuart, and believe me, dear Stuart, with unfeigned regard, yours sincerely,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Highgate, J. Gillman's, Esq.

LETTER 76.

“*Posted March 15, 1822.*”

My dear Sir,—So very seldom as I go to town, it might seem almost a fatality, that I should not be at home for so many successive calls, for which, and the kind purpose of which, accept my sincere thanks. I had suspected, previously to the receipt of your note of enquiry, that the advertisement sent to *The Courier* was not sufficiently clear as to my object; yet how to render it such, without being more explicit, which, from the heavy charge for all but very short advertisements in *The Times* and *M. C.* I could not afford to do, and in fact had not the present means of doing, I did not know;—and so, e'en let it take its way, single and singly, like a solitary wild duck, that has set out on its travels a week or more before the general

mustering. I then thought of sending a full outline of the plan to the Edinburgh and London Magazines ; but I begin to despond, and on the strength of the Apostolic counsel " whatsoever ye do, do it in faith " have done nothing.

The scheme however has no analogy to lectures. I will endeavour to explain it to you, as briefly as possible. Personally, it can have no interest for, nor indeed BEARING of any kind on *you*. But it is possible, though perhaps not probable, that some one, within the object and condition of the plan, might occur to you, on whom your opinion or recommendation was likely to have some influence.

There have been three or four young men (under five and twenty) who, within the last five years, have believed themselves, and have been thought by their acquaintance, to have derived benefit from their frequent opportunities of conversing, reading and occasionally corresponding with me ; this benefit consisting, not merely, nor even principally, in the information received, but in the improvement and accelerated growth of their faculties ; and in the formation, or at least in the

grounding, strengthening and *integration*, as it were, of their whole character. Under this persuasion at least, a young man, respectable in station and prospective circumstances, expressed a strong wish, in fact has importuned me, to suffer him to be with me, on any plan of instruction I should myself think expedient, some one day in each week, from noon to four or five o'clock ; but, as what he could afford would leave it doubtful, whether it would compensate for the expenditure of my time, and the interruption of my literary pursuits (in plain English, whether I could not get more by employing the time in writing for the Magazine, or the bookseller's) it was suggested, that by making my intention publicly and generally known, I might form a class of five or six men, who are educating themselves for the Pulpit, the Bar, the Senate, or any of those walks of life, in which the possession and the display of intellect are of especial importance. That sort of KNOWLEDGE which is best calculated to reappear as power ; all that a gentleman ought to possess, and most of what it is most desirable that every gentleman should possess ; the root and trunk

of the tree, as the antecedent, common to all the different branches ; this, conveniently systematized and divided ;—or, to speak more particularly, the precise import of words, the ready command and quickness in appropriation of words, the principles and laws of language, as the organ of thinking ; of appropriate language and the inherent forms of the understanding, 1st, as the canon or formal outline of all CONCLUSIVE REASONING, 2ndly, as the criterion for the detection of error in all the possible species of conscious or unconscious sophistry ; and lastly the principles of reason as the organ of discovery, whether in man or in the science of nature ; with sufficient psychology to apply the whole to the art of persuasion, whether in writing, or public speaking ; not forgetting, that the constant examples and illustrations, that must, and would be used in the teaching and enforcing of the above, could not but of themselves, comprise no mean body of valuable particular information, or facts.

Such are the intended subjects. The mode was, from 12 to 2 or $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2 I meant TO DICTATE, each of my auditors being his own amanuensis.

The remaining hour and a half, conversations, questions, discussions, &c., so as to enable me to form such opinions, as would guide me in the private advice to each, individually ; as well as to all for the regulation of their studies, professional or otherwise. The *whole* course would be finished in two years ; but each half year contains some important branch of high independent [*thought*]. Of course I could receive no one, not in ALL respects respectable. I must see and talk with him first.

The place might be either here, or in London, Mr. Green having most kindly offered me the use of the drawing room in his noble house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. I should be highly gratified to hear your opinion of the scheme, and to talk with you about it ; there not being a man on earth, on whose sense and judgment, I have so much reliance as I have on yours. But I fear, there is little chance. The young men of the present day are well satisfied with themselves as they are. If you could drop me a single line, what day you were LIKELY to turn your horse's head this way, without any engagement positive,

I would be certain to be at home, and in the house.—Best respects to Mrs. S., and believe me, my dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

March 15, 1822.

Friday, Highgate.

LETTER 77.

“*Postèd July 9, 1825.*”

My dear Sir,—The bad weather had so far damped my expectations, that, though I regretted, I did not feel any disappointment at your not coming. And yet I hope you will remember our Highgate Thursday conversation evenings on your return to town; because, if you come once, I flatter myself, you will afterwards be no unfrequent visitor. At least, I have never been at any of the town conversazione, literary or artistical, in which the conversation has been more miscellaneous without degenerating into *pinches*: a pinch of this, and a pinch of that, without the least connection between the subjects, and with as

little interest. You will like Irving as a companion and a converser even more than you admire him as a preacher. He has a vigorous and (what is always pleasant) a GROWING mind, and his character is MANLY throughout. There is one thing too, that I cannot help considering as a recommendation to our evenings, that, in addition to a few ladies and pretty lasses, we have seldom more than five or six in company, and these generally of as many different professions, or pursuits. A few weeks ago we had present, two painters, two poets, one divine, an eminent chemist and naturalist, a Major, a naval Captain and voyager, a physician, a Colonial Chief Justice, a barrister and a baronet; and this was the most numerous meeting we ever had.

It would more than gratify me to know from you, what the impressions are which my Aids to Reflection make on your judgment. The conviction respecting the character of the times expressed in the *comment* on Aph. vi. page 147 contains the aim and object of the whole book. I venture to direct your notice particularly to the note, page 204 to 207, to the note to page 218

and to the sentences respecting common sense in the last twelve lines of page 252, and the *conclusion* page 377.

Lady Beaumont writes me that the Bishop of London has expressed a *most* favourable opinion of the book; and Blanco White was sufficiently struck with it, as immediately to purchase all my works that are in print; and has procured from Sir George Beaumont an introduction to me. It is well I should have some one to speak for it, for I am unluckily ill off. . . .

[*Reviewers.*]

and you will easily see what a chance a poor book of mine has in these days.

Such has been the influence of *The Edinburgh Review* that in all Edinburgh, not a single copy of Wordsworth's works or of any part of them, could be procured a few months ago. The only copy Irving saw in Scotland belonged to a poor weaver at Pasley, who prized them next to his bible, and had all the Lyrical Ballads by heart. A fact which would cut Jeffrey's conscience to the bone, if he had any. I give you my honour that Jeffrey himself told me that *he* was himself an

enthusiastic admirer of Wordsworth's poetry, but it was necessary that a Review should have a character.

Forgive this egotism, and be pleased to remember me kindly and with my best respects to Mrs. Stuart, and with every cordial wish and prayer for you and yours be assured that I am your obliged and affectionate friend,

Friday, July 8, 1825. S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 78.

April, 1826.

My dear Stuart,—I will not say a word of yourself or your accident, for you know that this time (and I was getting up when your letter reached me) is the worst of my daily Bad, in point of healthy feeling. I tremble at the very imagination of what has happened.

But now for business. Mr. and Mrs. Gillman, in passing through their minds, thus, on the sudden, all the lodgings they can at present think of, are not so satisfied, as to be able to fix on one,

without an actual going round which he will do without delay. But a comfortable bed room, in which a chair bed for a nurse or servant to sleep in may be put, is ready immediately for Miss Stuart at our house; and if Mr. Gillman should not find something in the neighbourhood, that he can pledge himself for as likely to be comfortable (and of this Mrs. Gillman is very doubtful) I can venture to assure Mrs. Stuart, that on such an occasion, we shall MAKE the accommodation for her *here*, which out of the house we cannot find. My dear Stuart, you cannot know to the fulness and extent with which a ten years' day and night domestication has enabled me to know, the disinterested anxiety of Mr. and Mrs. Gillman, to exert themselves in all instances, in which an old and kind friend of mine shall be concerned; or indeed the comparative worth of these two *rare* persons. Mrs. Stuart might attend her daughter with a more loving eye (for indeed a mother's love is above all) but not with a tenderer, or more careful one, than Mrs. Gillman will; and all I *entreat* of you, my dear Stuart, is, that you will interpret this, as it truly is, a mark of regard and respect.

I am so agitated by the thought of your accident,* that, what with this, and what with the time of day, I scarcely know what I have written; but the substance is this:—

A bed room with convenience for a servant for Miss Stuart, is at your service immediately; for a lodging such as you mention Mr. Gillman will forthwith look out; but if it cannot be found, they do not doubt that they shall be able to contrive, so as to receive Mrs. Stuart likewise; and that we all hope that they will come *immediately*, without waiting for the very uncertain result of Mr. G.'s enquiries. Mrs. Gillman is at this moment arranging the room for Miss Stuart.—God bless you and

S. T. COLERIDGE.

* The accident referred to was as follows. As Mr. Stuart was riding through South Audley Street, one afternoon, his horse shied suddenly and threw him under the wheels of a chariot driving by, which passed over his body. Fortunately it belonged to an eminent surgeon who immediately stopped, took him into the carriage and brought him home. Though no bones were broken, Mr. Stuart was a good deal injured, and was confined to his bed for several weeks. His eldest child, just recovering from a bilious fever, was sent up at this time to Highgate for change of air.

LETTER 79.

Tuesday, 19 April, 1826.

Dear Stuart,—It is a great satisfaction to my mind that you have so decided. All will be ready and in expectance for Mrs. and Miss Stuart. We have so handy, gentle and *feminine* a creature in Dinah, a former servant and still especial favourite of Mrs. Gillman's, who will be with us during the day while Miss Stuart remains; and such a staid attentive young woman in the present needle maid (for Mrs. Gillman does not like to hear of lady's maid, though in fact she is the especial attendant on her person, and without being at all out of her proper rank, she is really both in manners and morals, a superior sort of girl *in it*) that I really think, and so does Mr. Gillman, that Mrs. Stuart will find herself more comfortable without bringing a servant. At all events, be so good as to assure her, that Mrs. Gillman will not in the least degree, be inconvenienced by it; and that if Mrs. Stuart should not wish it on her own account or Miss Stuart's, from any *accustomed-*

ness to her own maid, or other ground of preference, there will be no other occasion for one. With regard to all the rest, you may rely on the complete correspondence to your wishes, which I believe myself pretty well able to understand and measure. Perfect neatness, comfort and respectability are aimed at habitually in this family, and I venture to add, successfully, in bed and board, house and home, and more than these you would consider as rather detracting from ease and quiet than as adding to happiness, or even pleasure. You will be received as *friends*, and *I entreat you* let the balance of obligation be struck *between you and me exclusively*, if such a word or thought is to intervene at all; and you know I have a pretty long account in your favour.

Though I believe myself from my own studies and pursuits, better qualified to appreciate the medical talents and reliability of any man, of whom and of whose practice I have had any long experience, than most unprofessional men; and though it is my maxim that, presuming the average quantity of science and practice, the superiority of one medical man over another is

determined by the union of general good sense with a sort of medical *tact*, or good common sense shown in the presence and readiness of mind at the individual bedside ; yet I should not, in the present instance, express my high opinion of my friend Gillman as a general practitioner, especially in the wise treatment of young people, did I not know the high estimation in which he stands with the first and ablest men of his profession in London, as Abernethy, Gooch, Green, Stanley, &c., and I say it now only because it may be perhaps some small comfort and satisfaction to Mrs. Stuart.

Dear Stuart, if your first note this morning greatly affected me, by your second I have been deeply impressed. Within the last two years, and more particularly within the last, my mind, without sustaining any revolution on faith or principles, has yet undergone a *change* ;—I trust a progression ; and I am more practically persuaded, that towards the close of our lives, if we have been at any time sincere in cultivating the good within us, events and circumstances are more and more working towards the maturing of that good,

even when they are hardest to bear for the moment. I have not the slightest cause for even apprehending any tendency in my feelings to a servile and selfish religion of fear, or for applying to myself Pope's remark :

“ That beads and prayer-books are the toys of age.”

On the contrary, on all religious subjects, I think and reason, with a more cheerful sense of *freedom*, because I am secure of my faith in the main points—a personal God, a surviving principle of life, and that I need, and that I have, a Redeemer. But in one point I have attained to a conviction, which, till of late, I never had in any available form, or degree ; namely, the confidence in the efficacy of prayer. I know, by experience, that it is light, strength and comfort.

May God bless you and yours. I shall trust that you will be able to pay us a visit by the time you mention : and if, in the meantime, you should wish to see me, a single line will bring me to your house. For I am, with no everyday feeling, your obliged and affectionate friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 80.

TO MRS. STUART.

“ May 4, 1826.”

My dear Madam,—Two jars of black currant (*alias* Corinth) jelly, though charged by the censorious with a tendency to create intestine jars, and to produce a spurious fruit, differing from grapes, by the substitution of *i* for *a*, are nevertheless, in my deliberate judgment and taste, excellent articles; and in, and for themselves, well worth thanks;—yea, thanks of the inward man. But indeed, and indeed, truth and sincerity compel me to avow, that they are but poor compensations for the loss of the Donor’s society, and a very imperfect atonement for the absenteeism of innocent mirth, frank and genial manners, and cheerful good sense. But—

“ To know, to esteem, to like, and then to part,
Is an old tale with every genial heart.”

And so I rest in hope, and “ I ” here express the whole household, especially Mrs. Gillman and

little Susan, that we shall meet again, without our being obliged to such an affrightful accident, as in this instance.

Remember me most kindly to Mr. Stuart, and beg him, from me, to remember that too little exertion is far safer than even a little too much ; and believe me, with best wishes for all that are dear to you, and kind regards to Mary.—My dear Madam, your and his obliged friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

4th May, 1826, Grove, Highgate.

LETTER 81.

“ Posted July 29, 1826.”

My dear Sir,—We are all uneasy at your not coming, nor your son. Everything was prepared. Surely my letter, which I put myself into the post Monday afternoon, could not have miscarried, the substance being how happy Mrs. Gillman would be to have him here ; and that I was glad to say, that my health presented no obstacle to my endeavours to give you a clear account, of what

he has learnt, and of his progress hitherto, and my best opinion of his talents.

I had not quite half finished a letter in reply to your remarks on Woodstock, and the causes of Sir Walter's unprecedented *Run*, with which I entirely coincide, and to which I should add one or two others, on the character of the Works themselves, and their bearings on the characteristic traits of the age. I wished likewise (for in a letter to a friend, one is not forced to be on one's guard against the charge of envy, and such like amiable dispositions) to point out clearly and distinctly, the essential difference in character, of the Scotch novels from those of Shakespeare; 2nd, of Richardson; 3rd, of Smollett; 4th, of Fielding, and 5th, of Sterne; and then to give the *Recipe* for the construction of these stories in Scott's novels. I say Scott, though, I hear, he has written to the French translator, or his publisher, contradicting the belief, and insisting that his name should be removed from the title pages. But this does not shake me, and I venture to assert, that though he were the author, he would be entitled to do this, if he had reasons for it, without breach of

moral veracity; otherwise every man's secrets would be at the mercy of every knave or fool, whose curiosity was on a par with his impudence. It is idle to say, you might be silent. In how many occasions would silence give consent? The common inference is, I asked him and he could not *deny* it, though he would not own it. . . .

But enough of this. I was about to say that I was interrupted by a run of visitors from one at noon till ten at night, but as soon as I can find a leisure hour I will complete my outline and send it for your amusement in Oxfordshire.

I hope and trust that this letter will cross you on the road; for I shall be, indeed all three of us, unceasingly uneasy till we see or hear from you. And I have another reason for wishing to see you and Mrs. Stuart, that my daughter is to be here some time to-morrow, and though I know Mrs. Stuart has seen her, yet it was, if I mistake not, some years ago. Let me request to have yours and likewise Mrs. Stuart's opinion of marriage between first cousins. Do you or do you not think them objectionable?

Mr. and Mrs. Gillman unite with me in kindest

remembrances to Mrs. Stuart and Mary, and be assured that I am, with sincere esteem and regard, your obliged friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Friday night, July 28, 1826.

P.S.—The sprinkles of ink on this paper are a warning not to clap at a gnat with a pen in one of the hands—if there be ink in it at least.

LETTER 82.

Posted October 18, 1826.

My dear Sir,—I acknowledge with feelings which after so long an acquaintance I need not express, your kind enclosure, which will put it in my power to effect—to the extent necessary—what I had more than self-concerning reasons to wish. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to pass a week or two with you at Banbury. So much so, that any time after my return from Ramsgate, the last week of November at latest, you and Mrs. Stuart should find it convenient, at any time before you come for good to your house

in Harley Street, you have only to write me that you wish and I will be with you.

I have been writing to you on a subject, which is the only public matter that, spite of myself, takes hold of me, and that is *Ireland*. Soon after your arrival at Banbury, if no unforeseen *knock me down* interferes, you will receive my notions, in the form in which I have thought of giving them to the public, by some newspaper; but this, I tell you beforehand, depends entirely on your judgment. I will add no more to this note, for you must most unjustly think me a hypocrite, if you do not know, that I rely more on your knowledge and judgment of men and things, than on those of any other individual.—God bless you and

Saturday.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 83.

Tuesday, 20 February, 1827,

Grove, Highgate.

My dear Sir,—Before Mr. Frere left England, he had a conversation with Lord Liverpool, re-

specting me, in which Lord Liverpool promised that he would do something for me, and mentioned the sum, desiring that he might be reminded of it. Some months ago, Mrs. Aders' * brother-in-law exerted his interest to procure a sinecure place, the salary of which is exactly the same, as that mentioned by Lord L. to Mr. Frere; but was answered, the place (viz. Paymaster of the Gentlemen Pensioners, held by the late Mr. Gifford, the Quarterly Review man) was reserved for Mr. Coleridge. Not hearing any further I wrote (as by Mr. Frere I had been advised to do, only *as usual* in all matters relating to my pecuniary interests, not half so early as I ought to have done) to Lord Dudley and Ward. I received about ten days ago, a very kind answer dated from Brighton, assuring me that he would speak to Lord Liverpool immediately on his arrival in town, which would be in ten days; that he would rather talk with him about it than write, but

* "Coleridge, and my daughter, and I, in 1828, passed a fortnight upon the banks of the Rhine, principally under the hospitable roof of Mr. Aders of Gotesberg" ("Memoirs of Wordsworth." Moxon, 1851. Vol. ii., p. 128). See also "Memoirs of Charles Mayne Young." Macmillan, 1871, p. 111.

that if it needed hurry, I was to say so, and he would instantly write. What has since happened will probably recall these words, with a sad feeling to Lord Dudley's mind; and *you* will not suspect me of hypocrisy when I say, that had not my daughter's face, and the faces of those to whom I have been so deeply obliged forced my *duties* on me, I should not, or more properly I *could* not have mingled any anxiety or regret respecting my own pecuniary loss or gain, with the grief and alarm I feel as an Englishman.

Now, my dear friend! of all men in the world you are the man on whose good sense and knowledge of the world I rely the most, and whose advice has always been as an oracle to me. Advise me what to do. I will write to Lord Dudley of course. But in the meantime if I knew any person likely to be distinctly and officially acquainted with the situation in question and the real existing state of the matter (though I have not the slightest reason to doubt the authority above mentioned. Do you know any one of the Treasury? Lord Lowther? or A. Macnaghten? I am so ignorant as not to know, what the Gentle-

men Pensioners are. If Mr. Canning had been in town and well, I should have written to him. Pray, give me your advice, and if you see anything that can be done by you, pray do it for, my dear sir, your obliged and affectionately attached friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Our kindest regards to Mrs. Stuart.

LETTER 84.

“Posted February 24, 1827.”

My dear Sir,—I wrote immediately to Lord Dudley, on the receipt of yours, and a letter which I think will please him. At least the Gillmans and my daughter admired it very much. I ended by soliciting his advice, whether I should write to Mr. Canning, or whether I might presume so far on his lordship's kindness, as to request him, to state the case to Mr. Canning himself. Now I had no certain information, whether Lord Dudley was still at Brighton, or had returned to Park Lane; so, Mr. Allsop happening to be here, and it being half-past four, our latest post from

Highgate, I entrusted my letter directed Brighton to him, who undertook to proceed instantly to Park Lane, to learn whether Lord D. was, or was not, returned—if the former, to leave the letter—if the latter, to hasten with it to the General Post. And this I doubt not he did, though I have not seen Allsop or heard from him since. But I trust I shall hear from Lord D. to-morrow morning, and regulate my measures accordingly; but if I should be disappointed of an answer from Lord Dudley, I shall go to town, and try to see Mr. Rogers, and to get him to go with me to some one or other. I have some ground for believing, that the intimation that the place held by Gifford was reserved for me, came from a Mr. Hancock, Army Agent.

However, I write to you now, my dear friend, for a less important purpose. Mr. Gillman, with Mr. Jameson (the Chancery barrister), has undertaken to superintend an edition of all my poems,* to be brought out by Pickering; that is to say, I

* "The Poetical Works of S. T. Coleridge: Including the Dramas of Wallenstein, Remorse, Zapolya." In Three Volumes. London, William Pickering, 1828. Another edition, differing in some points from that of 1828, was brought out in 1829.

have given all the poems, as far as this edition is concerned, to Mr. Gillman, and he is desirous to procure a copy of the "Devil's Thoughts," as it originally appeared in the *M. P.* (It is very curious that both at Peele's and the Chapter Coffee House, carefully as they both profess to guard against mutilation of their series, almost every poem of mine has been cut out. If, therefore, you happen to have a copy with you in town, you will oblige Mr. G. by either entrusting it to him for a day or two, or favoring him with a transcript.

While the wind and dust continue to act the part they are now doing, I do not even wish to see you; for, I am sure, the less you expose yourself, the more likely you will be to receive the full effect of the mild weather when it comes.

Be so good, as to remember me respectfully and affectionately to Mrs. Stuart, or rather for ME read us—for I need not tell you, she is a universal favourite with the circle at this fireside.

God bless you, and your's, and your obliged and sincerely attached friend,

Saturday night.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

P.S. Excuse the paper. I did not observe that I had taken a sheet on which Mr. Green had [*delineated*] the digestive organs of an oyster.

LETTER 85.

Monday, October 8, 1827.

Grove, Highgate.

My dear Sir,—If sunshine and shadows are lying as beautifully on the woods and fields round your mansion, as they at this moment are on Caen Wood, and the landscape before my window, while your health and power of enjoying them are, as I hope and trust they are, the reverse of mine, now and for some time back—it is a selfish wish which I seem inwardly to retract before I have expressed it, *videlicet*, that you were in town, and that I could speak to you instead of writing. (Be so good as to turn from here over leaf, to the third side.) The death of Mr. Canning has of course given the settling blow to all the hopes I had built up on the foundation of poor Lord Liverpool's promise to Mr. J. H. Frere, and by an odd compound of vanity and low spirits

I could, in certain moods, bring myself to think that my guardian spirit had foreseen that I should not have received the emolument long enough, for it to compensate for ending my days, as a Pensioner and Sinecurist. Before Mr. Canning's death, I had made a sketch of a memorial, or rather of two or three memorials, on the several distinct, yet closely connected subjects, the Catholic question, the population of Ireland, the questions respecting emigration and colonization, and the increase of crime in the country at large. On the two last subjects, I especially want to know your sentiments, *ex.gr.*, whether, on the supposition that Parliament could or would devote a large sum to the alleviation of the evil, there is any ground for the assertion, that the money would be more profitably expended in bringing the waste lands and bogs into a state of cultivation, than in shipping men off to Canada or Van Diemen's Land? Whether the said waste and bog lands are susceptible of being raised into ordinary farm land, I am perfectly ignorant; but one thing I seem to see clearly, that if the new tenants were to be collected from the Irish peasantry, in the

present state of that priest-bedevided country, it would increase the evil, the troublesome symptoms of which it might for a short period suspend. In fact any scheme of removing a portion of the inhabitants of a country, which should leave those that remain *in statu quo*, would be but quackery. If you could improve the *quality* of the remainder, so as to supersede the repetition of the costly palliative, there would be some sense in it. It is unfortunate for the country in my belief, that the present ministry do not possess the confidence, or even the good will of the clergy, or the landowners; and I suspect that even in our cities and manufacturing counties the attachment to the Cabinet collectively is of that lukewarm character which expresses itself in, But who is there *else*? If the ministry hold out, it will be I fear from the want of *accredited* talent in their opponents. I have thought repeatedly of correcting the one memorial on the only plan on which the so-called Emancipation of the Catholics could be either desirable for Ireland or palatable to the country at large, and of sending it to the Marquis of Lansdowne. But in all the great fundamental

questions of political economy, of religion as a public concern, of morality and of education, I differ so utterly from the leading Whigs, and am so well aware of their inaccessibility to any argument which does not take for granted the truth of *their* first principles, that I shrink from any measure that would be interpreted as a sort of advance towards connecting myself with the party. . . .

I see that I have been giving way to my usual mental cowardice, and that infirmness of will, which makes it little less than hateful to me to speak (almost indeed to *think*) of ought disagreeable that concerns myself exclusively; and that I am making myself appear, what it is not in my nature to be, while I am shrinking from and (to borrow a metaphor from my Malta experience) giving the *Quarantine curve* \ominus to the original purpose of the letter. To the point then at once! and I must leave it to your own choice, whether you will consider your former kindnesses as excusing, or aggravating the present application. If I might interpret the extreme reluctance with which I make it, as a presentiment, I should have

no difficulty in foretelling, which——; nor could I, I believe, have brought myself to it, but for my daughter's increasing anxiety about my health, and the Gillmans' frequent expressions of regret, that, for the late heavy expenses in the repairs &c., of the house, Henry's school bills, and in setting off and settling James at Oxford, they, literally, have it not in their power, to give me a month or six weeks sojourn at Ramsgate this autumn. Now I frankly confess, my dear sir, though with a *bitter* smile, that it does seem somewhat ridiculous in my own eyes, that, because you have, for the last three years, given me £30 for this purpose, I should expect the same this year—and, in lieu of the public purse, fasten myself as a pensioner on yours! But if it be inconvenient to you, FOR GOD'S SAKE, do not think the worse, or feel the less kindly of me, for this letter; and from the very bottom of my heart I promise you, that your refusal will not detract a jot, either from my sense of your past kindness, or from the sincere regard and attachment, which, independent of all pecuniary obligations, I habitually feel for you and yours. S. T. COLERIDGE.

My daughter sends her kind respects to you and Mrs. Stuart ; and *Mrs. Gillman* I keep out of the way of, *quoad hoc*—as I hold it probable, that her “Tell Mrs. Stuart, and ask—and Mary—&c. &c.,” would make a very pretty sized letter of themselves. I need not assure Mrs. Stuart, how truly and warmly attached to her, and all the household that bear her and your name, my good friend and her goodman are ! S. T. C.

LETTER 86.

Posted October 12, 1827.

My dear Sir,—Returning from a long walk taken for the purpose of a long conversation on family matters with my daughter, I find, and have barely time by return of post to acknowledge, I need not say thank you for your kind letter and the order for £30 enclosed. What you tell me I had so far anticipated, that the thought was one of the weights in the scale of my reluctance in applying to you. For such has been the confluence of events, and either crude or unfortunate

measures, that I know and hear of no one however well off, as the phrase is, and however good a manager within the bounds of good sense and that attention to appearances which society and our best feelings for those most identified with ourselves, render a duty, who does not feel himself straightened beyond what those who know of him only as a man of good property are disposed to believe; and who does not find himself at times compelled to keep his hand closed, when a strong gush from the heart makes it a painful effort. Such is the state of things that with the exception of the Jews on the Stock Exchange and their compeers, the lower classes are demoralized by low wages and the nature of the supplement, yet the higher and middle classes find it yearly more difficult to keep their places in society, and make both ends meet, without encroachment on what ought to be sacred to the future—in fact without doing what the Apes (*Simia Longicauda*) are said to do when hungry, *i.e.*, eat a joint or two of the extremity of their tail. Allow me to assure you my dear friend, that thrice £30 would not have given me such lasting satisfaction as the kind-

ness and frankness of your communication. The other parts of your letter I must refer to another time. I will only add that *of late The Standard* has met with my thorough approbation.

May God bless you and yours and your obliged and sincerely affectionate friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Friday, 12 October, 1827.

LETTER 87.

14 October, 1828.

My dear Sir,—Though two or three times indisposed during my tour on the Continent,* and once for a few hours very alarmingly, I returned noticeably improved in health and its agreeable companions, good spirits and mental activity. And this state continued so long that I began to flatter myself that I had taken a new lease of effective life; but a day or two before your very kind letter arrived, I had left the Grove in order

* Coleridge accompanied Wordsworth and his daughter on a tour on the Continent during the month of July, 1828. See "Memoir of Charles Maine Young," pp. 111-19. Macmillan, 1871.

to pay my long promised and often deferred visit to Charles Lamb and his sister at Enfield Chase, and during my stay with them, I lived temperately and took a great deal of exercise. The last day but one, I took a walk beyond Cheshunt, the circle of which exceeded twelve miles, but unfortunately I had a pair of tight-heeled shoes, and the next morning I walked, though in much pain, about three and a quarter miles across the fields to fall in with the Edmonton Stage, and on getting out of the Stage on Snow Hill it was with great difficulty I could walk at all from the almost torture that every step gave me—and not knowing what better to do, I went into the Druggist's shop, midway Skinner Street and Holborn and breast-plated both heels with diachylum plaster—and not doubting that rest, and the mere guarding against friction would bring all right I kept on the plaster for the next twenty-four hours and more, when an inflammation of the left leg warned me to have my heels looked to. And in a miserable plight they were! and it was some days before by poultices and keeping my limbs in a horizontal position I could bring them to heal. Soon after which I was

surprised by an indescribable depression of spirits, a nervous dread of doing, hearing or reading anything, more or less remotely a matter of feeling, and a succession of disturbed nights.

“When dreaded sleep each night repelled in vain,
Each night was scattered by its own loud screams.”

And worse still, I could not sit for ten minutes together whether writing or reading, without an involuntary closing of my eyes, followed by an inward *start* or *subsultus*. I do not remember having been in so thoroughly miserable a state, though a few days before I had the jaundice some years ago, were the most like it; and never in the same time did I make one-tenth of the appeals to my looking-glass, as I did in expectation of discovering the yellow tinge. At length, however, the problem was solved by a smart attack of Erysipelas in both legs alternately, but most severe in the left which unluckily I had scratched during my sleep, before I was aware of the affection. But I trust that by opening medicines and ammoniacal lotions I am on the eve of parting with this sorry visitant—(The heat is entirely gone and

the colour become faint)—parting till this time next year at least; for I strongly suspect, that in my constitution, it is a substitute for the gout, to which my father was subject. The relief indeed is much less perfect than is, I understand, ordinarily received from the first fits of the gout, in proportion perhaps as the sufferings, or rather the pains are less acute. Still it *has* relieved me, and though I remain weak with little or no appetite for animal food and feel *low*, the weight has been taken off from my spirits, or I should not have been able to write even this doleful story, by way of reply to a letter, which deserved and at any other time would have received a very different, as well as much earlier answer. But as one instance of the dreamlike despondency into which I had sunk, I had to struggle against the impression, counterfeiting a presentiment, that I should never more see Ramsgate; and that if I did not die, I should sink into a state which would render such a trip useless. And, though in my inmost mind, I estimated this bodement at its true value, yet it produced a hypochondriacal dread of applying to you, as long as I felt uncertain, whether or no, a

sojourn at the seaside was likely to be of any use, and, *for sickly consciences are always selfish*, I thought too little of dear Mrs. Gillman, who wants it indisputably, and who would not go if I staid behind. In fact Gillman has a nervous aversion, formed during the first year of my inmateship in his family, to my remaining here for any length of time without his wife. Of course for many years past it can be merely a nervous caprice; but somehow or other he attributes to Mrs. G. a sort of talisman in respect of my health and comforts, and is haunted with the thought that some ill-luck would happen. If therefore by your kindness, I am enabled to do it, I propose to set off for Ramsgate on Monday next with Mrs. Gillman, whose sister will join her there, and to spend the month of November by the seaside—and to do nothing but write verses, and finish the correction of the last part of my work *On the Power and Use of Words*. The edition of my poems by Pickering is sold off. There were only (so he says and I have no right to suppose the contrary) three hundred printed. But I have much to write, both as suggested by your letter, and of my own thoughts,

which I will not blend with this dolorous scrawl, but begin anew without waiting for your reply. Pray remember me and likewise Mr. and Mrs. G. affectionately to Mrs. Stuart. What a lovely day!—May God bless you and yours and your obliged and affectionate friend,

14 *October*, 1828.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER FROM MR. STUART TO THE EARL OF
MUNSTER.

19 *July*, 1831.

My Lord,—As it will give you pleasure to do an act of humanity, I take the liberty of addressing you on the subject of the Annuity of £100,* lately derived from the Royal Society of Literature by Mr. Coleridge the Poet. The life of that gentleman who is now upwards of threescore, is threatened more by infirmity even, than by old age. He had no other means of subsistence, and now his literary powers cannot command pecuniary aid. To cast into difficulty at the close of life, a

* The annuity which had been conferred on Coleridge in 1825 was not renewed, but a sum of £300. was ultimately handed over to him by the Treasury.

man who by his writings, has shed a lustre on the age he lives in, would be a reproach to the nation.

In declining years and gnawing infirmity, he could not calculate on the loss of a provision which seemed to have been settled for his life. It has been reported and is generally believed, that the discontinuance of this Annuity is not the act of the Ministry, but of your Royal Father, who if he saw and knew the man, and his circumstances would certainly have made an exception in his favour. Were you to call on Coleridge to judge for yourself, and then to recommend the restoration of his income, I am sure you would thank me for suggesting a step, so gracious, so humane, and so agreeable to the literary world. I have had the honour of knowing Coleridge upwards of thirty years, and during the last eight or ten, I have occasionally assisted him with sums of money, to enable him to take the benefit of sea air, which is essential to his health. This letter is written wholly without his knowledge ; and I address you as I make no doubt you will be inclined to promote a measure so consistent with the popular character of your Royal Father.

REPLY OF THE EARL OF MUNSTER TO MR.
STUART.

13 *Belgrave Street*, 21 *July*, 1831.

Sir,—This is the first opportunity I have had, of clearing up (as no defence is necessary, till a direct charge is made) the circumstances connected with the withdrawal of the six incomes to the stipendiary members of the Royal Society of Literature.

You state, that it has been reported, this act is not of the Ministry, but of my father. You are partly in the right; but I exculpate the King in every way, as I have no doubt you will, on understanding the causes, that led to the establishment of the six incomes, and their being now withdrawn.

The late King, whose income DOUBLED my father's, had the means of giving, out of his Privy Purse, £1100 a year; but it was found quite impossible it should be continued in the present reign, from the very reduced income of his present Majesty, who could not be expected to be saddled with the private largesses of his predecessor. As

appeared, clad in black, leaning on his staff; much bent, his hair snow white, his face pale; but his eyes, those wondrous eyes! large, lustrous, beaming with intelligence and kindness. The first greetings over, we sat down, and my father and he were soon deep in politics. Disestablishment was their subject, against which Coleridge vehemently argued, citing widely from the Old Testament, and mixing up the names of leading statesmen with those of Isaiah and the other prophets, especially Ezekiel, in what was to me a most bewildering maze. I may here mention that Ezekiel seemed his especial favourite. The first time I dined in company at my father's table, I sat between Coleridge and Mr. Hill (known as "Little Tommy Hill") of the Adelphi, and Ezekiel then formed the theme of Coleridge's eloquence. I well remember his citing the chapter of the Dead Bones, and his sepulchral voice as he asked, "Can these bones live?" Then his observation that nothing in the range of human thought was more sublime than Ezekiel's reply, "Lord! Thou knowest!" in deepest humility, not presuming to doubt the

omnipotence of the Most High. But to return to Highgate. Profound as were his arguments, yet the tone, the earnestness, above all the constantly appealing expression of that inspired countenance, fascinated me, and I followed the thread of his discourse delighted, trusting to chance for what I might retain. My father was equally animated, and the conversation lasted upwards of an hour. When we rose to depart, Coleridge took us into the drawing-room to show us a portrait which had lately been taken of himself. He was much dissatisfied with it, and appealed to my father and me that it had not taken his *expression*. But what portrait ever did? He showed us several others, and we stood criticizing,—rather to my amusement, being then but in my teens! But his vanity, if such it might be called, had in it such a mixture of benevolence and fun, that one seemed to love him the better for it. At last we went back through the dining-room into Mr. Gillman's hall, where he took an affectionate leave of me, and stood talking to my father while I mounted my horse. I think the two old friends of nearly

forty years' standing had each a feeling that it might be a last adieu. So loth did they seem to part, Coleridge coming out of the door and shaking hands with my father repeatedly. There he stood while my father mounted! We took our last look, exchanged the last farewell, and rode off. My father was very silent all the way back, while *my* young brain was busy arranging into order the conversation I had listened to, and which I noted down immediately on my return home.

He was a kind old man was Coleridge! particularly so to the young, with a vein of affectionate fun that won the heart, together with a refinement and purity that banished all fear and restraint. My father and he had been almost like brothers; and Coleridge, in one of his letters, now in my possession, characterizes him as the "wisest adviser, and the most steady, disinterested, and generous friend heaven ever bestowed upon man!"

Reciprocal obligations no doubt there were! Coleridge not only received with generosity (for there is a generosity in receiving!), but acknow-

ledged with gratitude, and with every expression of respect and affection, those which fell to his share. "I should be glad to think," he says in another letter, "there were two upon earth as warmly and unmingledly attached to you!" And his last letter, dated October, 1828, concludes thus: "May God bless you, and yours, and your obliged and affectionate friend, S. T. Coleridge."

M. S.

*LETTERS FROM WM. WORDSWORTH
TO DANIEL STUART.*

LETTERS FROM W. WORDSWORTH
TO DANIEL STUART.



LETTER I.

1801. *Grasmere, Kendal, Westmorland,*

Monday, December 21.

Dear Sir,—I know you will excuse the liberty I am going to take. I wrote to Coleridge to request he would send me £10. I find, by a letter which I received from him this day, that he must have left town before my letter could reach him. Now I happen at this moment to have particular occasion for this sum. I have therefore taken the liberty of requesting you would send it down to me here, and consider him your debtor to that amount; or, as you like it best, look to me for the immediate repayment of the sum, or if you have no objection, for articles for your Paper, in

value to that amount. I have written to C. to inform him of this application to you, which I have made because I could not receive the money from himself in time for my purpose. Thanking you for the entertainment your excellent Paper affords me, I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

W. WORDSWORTH.

(THE FOLLOWING EIGHT LETTERS ARE CONCERNING
THE PUBLICATION OF WORDSWORTH'S PAMPHLET
ON THE CONVENTION OF CINTRA.)¹

LETTER 2.

“*Posted February 9, 1809,*”

Sunday Morning.

My dear Sir,—Finding that I have to repropose the two preceding paragraphs, which have been erased, I shall allot the remainder of this sheet to answering your kind letter which I received yesterday. I am greatly pleased that you think so favourably of my labours, both because I value your judgement and because my heart is

¹ Extracts from this correspondence are printed in *The Life of Wordsworth*, by Professor Knight, vol. ii. pp. 129-133. Macmillan. 1889.

deeply interested in this affair. Never did any public event cause in my mind so much sorrow as the Convention of Cintra,¹ both on account of the Spaniards and Portuguese, and on our own. Every good and intelligent man of my friends or acquaintances has been in his turn agitated and afflicted by it. I do not feel so much inclined to express my thanks for the trouble which you have taken with this pamphlet, as my pleasure to find that you attach so lively a feeling to it on account of the cause which it is intended to support.

I was much pleased with a very sensible article in *The Courier*, some time past, on the party feelings connected with the Convention. I supposed it to be written by you. What you say upon Wellesley, as to the French being *entitled* to

¹ "It would not be easy to conceive with what a depth of feeling I entered into the struggle carried on by the Spaniards for their deliverance from the usurped power of the French. Many times have I gone from Allan Bank in Grasmere Vale, where we were then residing, to the Raise-Gap, as it is called, so late as two o'clock in the morning, to meet the carrier bringing the newspaper from Keswick. Imperfect traces of the state of mind in which I then was may be found in my tracts on the Convention of Cintra, as well as in the 'Sonnets dedicated to Liberty' ("Memoirs of Wordsworth," vol. i. p. 384. Moxon. 1851).

such terms, is exactly in its spirit, what I had marked down upon the subject. . . .

Buonaparte may rather be said to *inflict upon* than to *propose* terms to his adversaries.

Of Moore I know nothing further than that his forward movement is unaccountable, and that his retreat appears to have been very disorderly, and that Dalrymple has told us he approved of the Convention. If this be true, he was either a fool or a rascal, or both. Moore in his person was, I believe, a thoroughly brave man. If Ministry do mean to give up the Spaniards, which I suspect with you, they ought to be execrated to the latest posterity. Many thanks for your kind offers. I should like to see all the documents you mention, particularly the official Report of the Board. If you could add to these a small pamphlet of letters published under the name of Decius, and Lecky's pamphlet, I should be obliged to you. I also wish much to see Lord Brooke's Life of Sir Philip Sidney. It is not an uncommon book, and perhaps a bookseller could procure it. You are quite right about the franks. Curwen certainly misled me. Coleridge is gone to Kendal to-day,

to settle finally about the printing of *The Friend*. He is tolerably well. I was with him at Kendal two or three days ago upon the same subject. I have many apologies to make in having been so dilatory in sending off copy; but I shall make all the haste in my power. But I cannot bear much confinement and have many interruptions, and take little pleasure in composing, and *penmanship* is to me unendurable. From all these causes, and from the accidents and misconceptions which you are acquainted with, has proceeded the delay. I shall carefully attend to what you say about a second edition corrected and enlarged.—With many thanks, yours most sincerely,

W. WORDSWORTH.

LETTER 3.

“*Posted March 31, 1809.*”

My dear Sir,—Yesterday I sent off the last sheets of the pamphlet. I have entitled it “Concerning the Relations of Great Britain, Spain, and Portugal, to each other and to the Common

Enemy at this crisis, and specifically as affected by the Convention of Cintra ; the whole brought to the test of those principles, &c.” As I found the *public mind* so completely engrossed with the Duke of York, I thought it better to avail myself of that opportunity to add general matter to the pamphlet, concerning the hopes of the Spaniards and principles of the contest ; so that, from the proportion of Spain which it occupied in the work, the Convention of Cintra might fairly appear, what in truth it is in my mind, an action dwelt upon only for the sake of illustrating principles, with a view to promote liberty and good policy ; in the manner in which an anatomist illustrates the laws of organic life from a human subject placed before him and his audience.

I confess I have no hopes of the thing making any impression. The style of thinking and feeling is so little in the spirit of the age. This country is in fact fallen as low in point of moral philosophy (and of course political) as it is possible for any country to fall. We should have far better *books* circulated among us, if we were as thoroughly

enslaved as the Romans under their Emperors. Witness the state of literature in Germany till within these two or three years, when it has been overrun by the French. The voice of reason and nature was uttered and listened to under the Prussian despotism, and in the Courts of the Princes. But books will do nothing of themselves, nor institutions without books. Two things are absolutely wanted in this country; a thorough reform in Parliament and a new course of education, which must be preceded by some genuine philosophical writings from some quarter or other, to teach the principles upon which that education should be grounded. We have in our language better books than exist in any other; and in our land, better institutions; but the one nobody reads, and the others are fallen into disorder and decay. What can be expected from a Parliament consisting of such pitiful drivellers as the Members of our two Houses are with scarcely an exception? And as to the Army — there's Fergusson who has behaved like a man of sense and honour; but heaven preserve us from the rest! I do not doubt that there are excellent

men, both for knowledge, understanding, and principles, in the Army, but so far are these excellences from being helps to them in getting forward in their profession, that they are the worst obstructions a man can have about him. And in the Fleet! . . . There are however to our comfort some men of distinguished talent pretty high in the Navy who I earnestly wish, were in stations worthy of their talents—Cochrane for example, Commodore Beaver, (now in the West Indies) one of the most enlightened men any country ever produced. Keith and Hood I believe are both able men; but it is deplorable to think what fools are in the highest stations.

I have been exceedingly pleased with the conduct of *The Courier* upon this business of the Duke of York, and particularly with some observations (written I conjecture by you) upon the Army, at the close of the review of the different cases. They are inestimable. And indeed there has appeared so much practical good sense in *The Courier*, that I cannot but regret that you do not take the trouble of putting together some of the most generally and permanently interesting of

these observations, in a separate shape which might ensure their duration. Do think about this!

As to the pamphlet, you will send it to whomsoever you think proper. As I have defended the City, perhaps a few copies might with advantage be sent to the leading Members there; but all this I leave to your better judgement. Nothing would give me so much pleasure as to have such parts of it translated into the Spanish language as were likely to be of any use. If you have any means of bringing that about, or if the thing be feasible, I know your zeal and kindness will prompt you to do it.—I am with great respect and regard, your sincere friend,

W. WORDSWORTH.

Pray let us see you down here this summer. I have said nothing of Coleridge, having not seen him this month past. He is now at Keswick; probably you have heard of him. Pray be so kind as to look over the pamphlet before it is published; so that if there be any error, either as to fact or reasoning, that can be obviated or apologized for, it may be done by preface, note, or erratum.

LETTER 4.

“*Posted May 1, 1809.*”

My dear Sir,—I received your kind letter yesterday, and am obliged to answer it in a hurry, in order to request that you would call at the Printing Office and use your exertions to procure the immediate finishing of the work, which has been most shamefully and injuriously delayed by a drunken compositor whom Mr. De Quincey cannot get changed.

Before I quit the subject, do let me intreat of you to omit no opportunity, in *The Courier* or otherwise, to exhort this country to be true to the Spaniards in their struggles, as they have been, and will be found true to themselves. Buonaparte cannot have lost less than 140 or 150 thousand men already in Spain. A man must know little of human nature who despairs of the cause because the country is overrun, or because the Spaniards cannot beat the French yet in pitched battles. But I have not time to go further into this subject; it is one with many others upon which I wish to converse with you; particularly

upon the military defence of our own country, and to lay before you my reasons for believing that nothing has yet been done towards it (I mean in the arrangements concerning the Volunteers, local militia, &c.), which is not far worse than useless. We are, in fact, in everything but our Fleet, leaning upon broken reeds; and there perhaps (as has been apprehended by some wise men) sleeping upon gunpowder. But I hope this is not so.

How strange that I should have so expressed myself as to lead you to believe that I meant to lay it down as a general position, that freedom of discussion could exist under arbitrary governments, or, under any modification of them could exist for any good purpose! In the comparison which I made between our own and other countries, I did not mean to say any more than this, which might both be concluded *a priori*, and has been proved by the fact, viz., that under arbitrary governments which have been *long established in tranquillity*, and *are confident of their own security*, works of bold disquisition, both in religion, morals, and politics, have been permitted to see the light,

and what is of more consequence, have been generally read, though not to any good purpose. And the reason is plain—because, under such governments, *in such circumstances*, opinions excite no alarm, either to the governors, or among any part of the governed; there being no probable connection between opinion and action. Whereas, in a country like ours, where we have a considerable portion of practical liberty, not only is the government afraid of opinions differing from those on which its own strength is founded, but likewise, there takes place another intolerance, still more to be deprecated, in the minds of large bodies of the community, who set their faces against everything that appears, which is not, in matter and manner, perfectly orthodox; from the apprehension that, if such notions gain ground, a course of *action* will follow, and their privileges, or at least their tranquillity, be sacrificed. Hence, for the most part, such books only are written as flatter existing prejudice and ignorance, or if others be produced, they are cried out against at first, and finally neglected. You will remember that I positively said in my letter, that books avail nothing

without *institutions*—that is, of course, institutions of civil liberty. I am sure that on these points not the smallest difference would exist between us, if we had an opportunity of sifting thoroughly each other's thoughts.

But it is time to thank you for the body of pamphlets. The copious account of the Convention would have been of use to me, to have made out a stronger case in some instances, particularly upon the subject of the plunder. I am obliged to conclude.—Most sincerely yours,

W. WORDSWORTH.

Grasmere, Wednesday, April 26.

LETTER 5.

“Posted May 6, 1809.”

My dear Sir,—I have just been reading an old Magazine where I find that — was fined £100 and imprisoned in Newgate four months (as — was in Dorsetshire Gaol four years) for a libel, as it was termed, upon the Bishop of Llandaff; that is, no doubt, for having spoken, of the Right

Reverend, truth with honest intentions. This has made me look to myself, and therefore I beg that if my pamphlet be not published, you would take the trouble of reading it over, to see whether it may not be made a handle for exercising upon my person a like act of injustice. If any such passages occur, let the leaf be cancelled. As to expense, that I disregard in a case like this. To prevent a hiatus in the sheet, such words may be substituted as you or Mr. De Quincey may think proper. The passage for which most is to be apprehended, according to the best of my recollection and judgement, is where I say (alluding to — and —) “what greater punishment could befall men than to have brought upon themselves the unreasonable contempt and hatred of their countrymen?” This is no doubt a truth at least holds good of all their countrymen who have either sense or patriotism. We see, from the events which have taken place at Oporto and at Lisbon, that victory after victory in the field turns to no account, if the affections of the people are alienated by tyranny. There would have been little occasion for General Beresford’s proclama-

tions, and those of the Portuguese government complaining of reports to the prejudice of the English, if it had not been for D. and W's cursed Conventions. But since it has pleased His Majesty's Ministers, to their infinite disgrace, to send Wellesley back to Portugal, and since he is now at the head of a British Army, it may be said that the truth which I have uttered in the above passage, had better be suppressed or softened down. I think so myself, but submit to your greater experience and better judgement. I have not much fear for any other passage, but should thank you to look over the sheets with this view.

I am much obliged to you for your offer about promoting the circulation. I find, from Coleridge, that the printers accuse Mr. De Quincey and myself of being the cause of the delay of the publication, by the chopping and changing that has taken place. As for myself, the charge gives me no concern. Whatever harm has been occasioned by the delay cannot now be remedied. Mr. De Quincey will be happy to lay before you his opinion of the causes of the delay.

Lord Bacon, in his advertisement concerning

Church Controversies, writes thus: "Indeed, bitter and earnest writing must not hastily be condemned; for men cannot contend coldly and without affection about things which they hold dear and precious. A politic man may write from his brain without touch and sense of his heart, as in a speculation that appertaineth not unto him, but a feeling Christian will express in his words a character of love or hate." Substitute the word Patriot for Christian and the position is equally true, and even more so, inasmuch as we are less liable to be misled about moral duties than points of doctrine.—I am, my dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

WM. WORDSWORTH.

√ Pray excuse my having employed Miss Hutchinson as my amanuensis, my own penmanship being so wretched.

W. W.

LETTER 6.

"1809." *Grasmere, May 25.*

My dear Sir,—I suppose by this time the pamphlet is published, as I received two days

ago some unstitched copies from Mr. De Quincey. I have no doubt that Mr. De Quincey was *the occasion*, though I am at the same time assured that he neither was, nor could be, the necessary *cause*, of the delay. The MS. was submitted to him, now nearly two months ago, nor has a single syllable of *the body of the work* been altered, either by him or me, since that time. It is now printed exactly as I sent it at that time, therefore how could any alterations of his in the text have caused this long delay? The fact is that Mr. De Quincey must have insisted upon his punctuation being attended to, and the printer must have been put out of humour by this, and therefore refused to go on with the work. But this is a matter of little consequence. The evil is done and cannot be amended. My inducement for placing it in Mr. De Quincey's hands was to save time and expense, (our situation being so inconvenient for the post) and also to save you trouble. I shall say no more than that I am very sorry for what has happened, and that you should have had vexation about it; thanking you at the same time for all the trouble you have taken.

I learnt with great concern, from Mr. De Quincey, that a passage which you deemed libellous, was not cancelled. This was in direct opposition to my earnest request conveyed in a letter which I desired him to read to you; in which letter I expressly said that (with the exception of two passages, one of which has been cancelled, and the other I find Mr. De Quincey had previously altered in the MS. agreeable to my request) I referred *to you entirely* to decide upon what was libellous, and what was not, adding that, whenever there was a *doubt*, the passage should be cancelled without remorse. I am therefore very sorry that he should so resolutely have opposed his opinion to yours, but I hope that you were not overborne by his perseverance, or Mr. Baldwin's *authority*, but that your *understanding* was *convinced* by *their arguments*; if not, I should be most grievously vexed upon this occasion.

Of Coleridge or the "Friend" I can say nothing satisfactory. It is nearly three months since he left us and I have not heard from him lately. He is now, I understand, at Penrith, whither he went

from Keswick for the purpose of publishing "The Friend," against the second Saturday of May. This is all I know about his late movements.

I cannot say that I have been so well pleased with the course of *The Courier* lately, neither in the instance of Castlereagh whom it has endeavoured to screen, nor with respect to the extreme bitterness with which it has declared against all those who have countenanced, in connection with Burdett, the attempts at Reform. If we who wish for a temperate reform, are utterly to reject all assistance from all those who do not think exactly as we do, how is it to be attained? For my part, I see no party or set of men with whom in regard to this measure, I could act with entire approbation of their views; but I should be glad to receive assistance from any. If I have a hill to climb, and cannot do it without a walking stick, better have a dirty one than none at all. I do not think the reform will ever be effected, unless the people take it up—and if the people do stir, it can only be by public meetings; and it is natural that in meetings of this kind, the most violent men should be most applauded—but I do

not see that it necessarily follows that their words will be realized in action. The misfortune of this question of reform is that the one party sees nothing in it but dangers, the other nothing but hopes and promises. For my part, I think the dangers and difficulties great, but not insurmountable. Whereas, if there be not a Reform, the destruction of the liberties of the country is inevitable. I repeat a question put to you some time ago. Are we likely to see you here in the course of the summer? We should be happy to show you anything that could interest you about us. We have a large house and plenty of room.— I am, dear Sir, most sincerely yours,

W. WORDSWORTH.

LETTER 7.

“*Post May 31, 1809.*”

My dear Sir,—I learn from a letter received last night from Mr. De Quincey, that the book has been lying now ten days at the printers, finished, and is probably still unpublished. With great

sorrow I have perceived that this has been owing to your not having been apprized that the printing was done, Mr. De Quincey having been satisfied by the printers' assurance made to him, that you had been informed when the sheets were going to be struck off; but at the same time he tells me that they did not wait for your answer. Therefore when the printers had shown themselves so inattentive to their promise to you, viz., that the sheets were not to be struck off till you had examined them, what proof had Mr. De Quincey that this message was sent? Much less that you had received it? But it avails nothing to find fault, especially with one who has taken such pains (according to the best of his judgement) to forward this business. That he has failed is *too clear*, and not without great blame on his own part (being a man of great abilities and the best feelings, but, as I have found, not fitted for smooth and speedy progress in business). I learn that the sheets, as I have said, were struck off without your having an opportunity to ascertain whether they contained anything libellous. This has angered me much, as it is an act of great dis-

respect to you, and may prove of most serious injury to me. In fact, if I were superstitious, I should deem that there was a fatality attending ✓ this, my first essay in politics. I have kept my temper till last night, but I must say that Mr. De Quincey's letter of last night, ruffled me not a little.

I hope you did not take ill my freedom with respect to the late conduct of *The Courier*. I spoke from the best motives.

Of "The Friend" and Coleridge I hear nothing, and am sorry to say I hope nothing. It is I think too clear that Coleridge is not sufficiently master of his own efforts to execute anything which requires a regular course of application to one object. I fear so—indeed I am of opinion that it is so—to my great sorrow.

It is so late that I have little anxiety about the immediate effect of the pamphlet, but I hope that your exertions in its favour will do all that can be done to turn the few days of the Session which remain, to a favourable account.—Affectionately yours,

W. WORDSWORTH.

Excuse this vile paper which I have taken by accident. Should the pamphlet be republished when this reaches you, which I scarcely deem possible, I entreat that if there be any passage or passages which you think libellous, that they may yet be cancelled, and also have this further addition made to the Errata.

* * * * *

LETTER 8.

“1809.” *Sunday Night, June 4.*

My dear Sir,—Nothing but vexation seems to attend me in this affair of the pamphlet. Mr. De Quincey according to my request sent me down ten stitched pamphlets (he had previously sent four unstitched) and it was not till to-day that I discovered that, in two copies of these stitched, the page which was cancelled remains as it first stood, the corrected leaf not having been substituted. Ten copies have been sent me by this last parcel, two of them covered with green

paper—in one of these the corrected leaf has been substituted. Of the other I cannot speak, as it is sent to a friend. The other eight copies were simply stitched. Six have been sent off unexamined, but the two that remain are *both* wrong—*both* containing the passage only as it first stood—from which I conclude that it is the same with all the others. This is a most culpable inattention on the part of some one, the more noticeable, as these copies that have not the corrected leaf, contain, both of them, the Errata, which were printed on another part of the same half sheet. I do earnestly entreat that you would do all in your power to have this remedied. It has mortified me more than I can express, and after so many disappointments, has robbed me of all wish to make any alterations in a second edition, if it should be called for; since I cannot think of saddling you with the trouble of correcting the press, and therefore cannot have the least hope but that such blunders and negligences would take place, in inserting the alterations, as to render the work utterly unintelligible. In fact
c / nothing can be more unfortunate for a work of

this kind than a residence so far from London, and so unfavourable to communication with the post.

I am much obliged to you for your kind suggestions about an amended edition, and if I were in London, it should be done; but situated as I am, I must content myself with requesting you, in case a second edition should be called for, to put a copy into the hands of the printer, with the Errata corrected—both those first printed and those since sent off—and to have it printed as rapidly as possible, which cannot be done with any effect without employing at least three presses, in which case it might be done in a week.

“The Friend” has at last appeared. I am sorry for it, as I have not the least hope that it can proceed.—Most truly yours,

W. WORDSWORTH.

I have addressed a letter to the same purpose to Mr. De Q., lest you should not be in the way; but do not let this prevent your looking to the business yourself, particularly as Mr. De Q.

may have left town. I am grieved to impose this further trouble upon you. Many thanks for the newspaper. Schill is a fine fellow.

LETTER 9.

“Posted June 17, 1809.”

My dear Sir,—In order that you may not be puzzled with my bad penmanship, which I know must too often have been the case, I have begged of Miss Hutchinson to be my amanuensis.

First let me thank you for your kind exertions in favour of the pamphlet. I have some reason now for having better hopes, concerning the sale, than I ventured to encourage, notwithstanding your assurances. It has pleased much several persons who have read it in this neighbourhood, ✓ and I learn from Charles Lamb that everybody whom he has heard speak of it in town extols it highly. On this account, when I combine it with your confident expressions, I can scarcely ✓ doubt but, the edition being so small, a second will be called for. For the reasons which I

assigned to you in my last, I am not disposed to make any other than trifling alterations and additions, but some I must make, and therefore I should be glad to hear from you when a second edition is determined upon, should it be so, and will send you up per coach immediately a corrected copy to print from. I feel more strongly my obligations to you, for the trouble you have taken in this business, when I consider your many occupations. . . .

Coleridge arrived here yesterday morning after an absence of nearly four months. As I thought it my duty, some time since, upon substantial grounds, to express my apprehension, that from the irresolution of the author, "The Friend" might not prosper, which opinion I expressed in order to break the force of your disappointment should my forebodings prove true, I now think it right to say that such appear to be the present dispositions, resolutions, and employments, of Coleridge, that I am encouraged to entertain more favourable hopes of his exerting himself steadily than I ever have had at any other period of this business. I confess that it looks ill that he

should have interrupted the regular publication, so early as even the third number, but there is one circumstance which makes me not sorry that this has been done, as I understand that there is no quantity of paper yet arrived to enable him to carry it on regularly for any length of time. I suspect he has some difficulty in this which he has not laid open to his friends. . . .

[*Booksellers.*]

I find Coleridge is decidedly against *Reform*, and shall be very happy to hear what he has to say upon the subject ; which I believe he will not fail to do in the next, or succeeding numbers of "The Friend." I am glad to find that you do not approve of some of those things in *The Courier* which I objected to. I was interested upon the subject, both with reference to its importance, and the fair fame of *The Courier*, which I know had drawn upon itself the approbation of many true friends of their country, by its conduct concerning the Convention of Cintra, and still more strikingly, for the manly part it took in the Duke of York's affair. I was therefore sorry to hear, as I did hear, imputations cast upon it, which

seemed to me not groundless, both with respect to Reform, and to the manner in which it was disposed to screen Lord Castlereagh; not that Lord C. was, in the instance complained of, a whit more guilty than hundreds, as they know well; but his defence was set upon a wrong footing.—
I am, truly yours,

W. WORDSWORTH.

If the pamphlet should have any sale, I must earnestly entreat, nay, *insist*, that you would reimburse yourself from the profits for all the expense incurred—especially for the copies you have paid for and distributed. 2

LETTER 10.

Posted October 20, 1812.

My dear Sir,—I ought to have thanked you long since for the trouble you took, at my request, concerning the French prisoners. In consequence of your representation, I declined interfering any further in the business. I wish now to trouble you about a matter concerning myself, presuming

upon the kindness which you have always shewn me.

Our powerful neighbour, Lord Lonsdale, has lately shewn a particular wish to serve me, having most kindly given me an assurance that he will use his influence to procure for me any situation, which falls within the range of his patronage, the salary of which would be an object to me, and the duties not so heavy as to engross too much of my time. His Lordship was so good as to express a regret that some time might elapse before such a place, might become vacant, and he added that, if I knew of anything, though not within the circle of his immediate influence, he would be happy to exert himself in my behalf, if he were persuaded there were any chance of success.

Now you know I live chiefly in a retired corner of the world, and therefore there is no chance that I should hear of anything suitable, likely to become vacant, except through the superior information of my friends. Nor is there any one to whom I can apply with greater probability of receiving the requisite knowledge than yourself.

Will you then be so kind as to point out to me anything which is likely to answer my purpose that may come to your knowledge? Of course all this is between ourselves. I have no objection, I may add, to quit this part of the country, provided the salary be adequate, and the duty what I am equal to without being under the necessity of withdrawing myself wholly from literature, which *I* find an unprofitable concern. Do you hear or see anything of Coleridge? Lamb writes to Lloyd that C's play is accepted. Heaven grant it success! If you see him, say we are well.—Believe me, my dear sir, with great regard,
yours,

W. WORDSWORTH.

Grasmere, October 13, 1812.

LETTER II.

1812, *Grasmere, December 22.*

My dear Sir,—I am afraid you will think that I have been insensible of your kindness in taking so much pains on my account, as you have neither seen me nor yet heard from me. In fact,

I have felt myself very much obliged to you for your most judicious letter, and only deferred returning my thanks till I should be enabled to impart to you something decisive concerning the result. Lord L——, happening to be in the country at the time I received yours and another letter from another friend on the same subject, I resolved to ride over, and lay the contents of both before his lordship. This accordingly I did, and found him in the best dispositions to exert himself. He gave me, however, no encouragement to go to London to make enquiries agreeable to your exhortation, but said that he should write to Mr. Long of the Treasury immediately upon the subject. Two or three days ago, I had a letter from Lord L——, in which he tells me that he has had an interview with Mr. Long, and with Lord Liverpool; but that they neither of them gave any encouragement to an expectation of anything being procured within a reasonable time that would answer my purpose; that is, an office that would allow such a portion of leisure as would be requisite for a literary man to continue his pursuits. Lord L—— is so

obliging as to say that Lord Liverpool expressed himself favourably of me, and thought my acquirements deserving of a pension; but that this at first could not be considerable, as the fund was limited. So that you see the business may be said to have fallen through, which is not a very different conclusion from what I expected. As I did not even *wish*, and certainly had not the least right to expect, that Lord L—— should make a *point* with the first Lord of the Treasury of demanding a place of value for me; and unless he had made a point of it, there was not much likelihood of anything coming of it in the present embarrassments under which administration labours. . . .

[*Business details.*]

You will be grieved to hear that my family are in great affliction, the measles having just torn from us, after an alarm of a few hours, a heavenly-tempered boy, six years and a half old, who was the hope, delight, and pride, of us all, and the admiration of all who knew him.—I am, my dear Sir, with many thanks, most faithfully yours,

W. WORDSWORTH.

LETTER 12.

"1815."

Rydal Mount, near Ambleside.

My dear Sir,—I take the liberty of writing this at the wish of Mr. De Quincey. He is a friend of mine whom you will recollect, with no very pleasant feelings, perhaps, as having caused you some trouble while my Tract, occasioned by the Convention of Cintra, was printing. He is preparing a short series of letters, to be addressed to the Editor of some periodical publication, say of *The Courier*, upon the subject of the stupidities, the ignorance, and the dishonesties of *The Edinburgh Review*; and principally it relates to myself whom, perhaps you know, the Editor has long honoured with his abuse. My works have been a stumbling block to him from the commencement of his career. What I have to request is that, if it consist with your plan, you would give these letters a place in your columns, which I see have lately given more space to literature than heretofore—and very properly—I think, for nothing can be more flat and uninteresting than the pre-

sent course of public news. Mr. De Quincey will call upon you, and I hope this letter will serve to remove any little prejudice which you may have against him. I thank you for the notice of the Excursion in *The Courier*. It will serve the book, though I owe the Editor a bit of a grudge for having *appeared* to join in, at least to countenance, the vulgar clamour against me; but—I forgive him.

We hope that you and Mrs. Stuart are well, and Mrs. W. and my sister join in kindest remembrances to her, and to yourself.—I am, dear Sir, with great truth, your obliged servant,

W. WORDSWORTH.

You need not doubt but that the letters will be a credit to any publication, for Mr. De Q. is a *remarkably* able man.

LETTER 13.

April 7, 1817, Rydal Mount.

My dear Sir,—

[*Business details.*]

Many thanks for your communications on the

subject of politics. There has been a general outcry among sensible people in this neighbourhood against the remissness of Government in permitting the free circulation of injurious writings. It has been especially felt in regard to the blasphemous parodies on the Liturgy. No one can comprehend why these things should not be suppressed and the authors or publishers punished. The suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act is a measure approved by all the well disposed who are a large majority of the influential part of the country. In fact also the spirit among the labouring classes (with the exception of the populace of Carlisle) is incomparably better than it was in 1794 and 1795. The agricultural population of Cumberland and Westmoreland is at present sound, but I would not engage that it will continue so, in case rebellion should get the upper hand in other parts of the island. A revolution will, I think, be staved off for the present, nor do I even apprehend that the disposition to rebellion may not without difficulty be suppressed, notwithstanding the embarrassments and heavy distresses of the times. Nevertheless, I am, like

you, an Alarmist, and for this reason. I see clearly that the principal ties, which kept the different classes of society in a vital and harmonious dependence upon each other, have within these thirty years, either been greatly impaired, or wholly dissolved. Every thing has been put up to market, and sold for the highest price it would buy. Farmers used formerly to be attached to their landlords, and labourers to their farmers who employed them. All that kind of feeling has vanished. In like manner, the connexion between the trading and landed interests of country towns, undergoes no modification whatever from personal feeling, whereas within my memory it was almost wholly governed by it. A country squire, or substantial yeoman, used formerly to resort to the same shops which his father had frequented before him, and nothing but a serious injury, real or supposed, would have appeared to him a justification for breaking up a connexion which was attended with substantial amity, and interchanges of hospitality, from generation to generation. All this moral cement is dissolved; habits and prejudices are broken and rooted up, nothing being

substituted in their place but a quickened self-interest, with more extensive views and wider dependencies, but more lax in proportion as they are wider. The Ministry will do well if they keep things quiet for the present; but if our present constitution in Church and State is to last, it must rest as heretofore upon a moral basis—and they who govern the country must be something superior to mere financiers and political economists. Farewell. Do let me hear from you.—I remain very faithfully yours,

W. WORDSWORTH.

Southey is going to town shortly on his way to the South, for a short trip to the Continent. I saw him, a few days ago quite well, and preparing a *rod* for Mr. Wm. Smith.

LETTER 14.

Rydal Mount, June 22, 1817.

My dear Sir,—I am sorry that Mrs. Stuart must be disappointed in her wish to procure honey from this neighbourhood. I cannot learn that

there is any such thing in the country, last summer having been so extremely wet that the bees were incapable of working, and most of them perished through hunger in the course of the winter. The ensuing season is likely to prove more favourable, and care shall be taken to procure for Mrs. S. a supply.

I congratulate you on your settlement in Oxfordshire. What you have done is just what I should have recommended. I dreaded the notion of your throwing yourself far into the north, even in England; and as to Scotland, so long out of it as you have been, what permanent comfort or solid satisfaction could you have found there? Your lot is now cast in a fair land, and both yourself and your posterity will, I trust, feel the benefit. Your purchase, which is at a right distance from the Metropolis, is, both as to quantity and quality, I think, very judicious. In everything, especially in land, it is of consequence to have good stuff in little room. Buying a large tract of inferior soil, or waste, with a view to reclaim it, though flattering to the fancy, is an expedient which within the last few years, has ruined persons with more

certainty than any other sort of speculation. How are you as to Poor Rates? If there be not a preparation for a *radical* reform in this branch of public economy, land, hitherto deemed the most staple species of property, will become the most insecure and treacherous. What an outcry, in parliament and elsewhere, has been made against the absurdity of the Spencean system! Yet a reference to calculations will show that this *absurd thing* does at present regulate the *practice* of the country, as enjoined by law, in a degree truly formidable. The *poor* are at this moment in actual possession of full one-fifth of the *real* estate of the country. They have it; and they are far stronger, a thousand times stronger, in the *admitted right*, than in the possession. There are scarcely any compulsory proceedings for the support of the poor in Scotland, and it is said that many unhappy creatures die of hunger in consequence. I know not how far this shocking statement is true; but sure I am that the Poor Laws, as enacted and administered in this country, have degraded tens of thousands to that point that life is wretched to themselves, a plague to their neighbours, and a burden to the community.

There is not a single opinion stated in your letter, in which I do not coincide. Coleridge you say viewed the matter in the same light some time ago; cogent reason for believing that our impressions, as to facts, are accurate, and our unwelcome inferences, just. Southey's last article in the *Q. R.* I have not yet seen. We have repeatedly conversed upon the state of the country with little difference of opinion; except that in his vivid perception of the danger to be apprehended from the disaffected urging on the rabble, and the consequent necessity of government being empowered to keep them down, he does not seem sufficiently jealous of the power whose protection we all feel to be necessary. There is a maxim laid down in my Tract on the Convention of Cintra which ought never to be lost sight of. It is expressed, I believe, nearly in the following words. "There is, in fact, an unconquerable tendency in all power, save that of knowledge, acting by and through knowledge, to *injure the mind* of him by whom that power is exercised." I pressed this upon Southey's consideration with a wish that his excellent letter to

Mr. W. Smith, in which he proposed to state his opinions and to recommend measures, might contain some wholesome advice to Ministers grounded upon this law of our infirm nature.

If I had access to a Cabinet Minister, I would put these questions: Do you think that the fear of the law, and mere selfish or personal calculations as to profit or loss, in the matter of property or condition, are sufficient to keep a numerous people in due subordination? "No." What loss has the country sustained, within these last twenty or thirty years, of those habits, sentiments, and dispositions, which lend a collateral support, in the way of buttresses, of equal importance for the preservation of the edifice with the foundation itself? If the old props have been shaken or destroyed, have adequate new ones been substituted? A discerning answer to these queries would be the picture of danger, and nothing else can lead to a just consideration of the means by which it is to be lessened. Farewell. Do let me hear from you as it happens to suit.

By the bye, it was not till this morning that I read the case of Stuart *versus* Lovell. What a

miscreant! If I had been upon the Jury and had found the man possessed of property that would bear the damages, I should have fixed upon £700, the precise sum which he accused you of embezzling.*—Best regards to Mrs. Stuart, and believe me, faithfully yours,

W. WORDSWORTH.

A neighbour of mine says you may procure in London Majorca honey better than we get in this country.

[The two following letters refer to the education of Edward Vernon Schalch, Mrs. Stuart's youngest brother, for whom Mr. Stuart afterwards procured a Civil appointment in India; but whose health failing, he returned to England, and obtained, through Sir Charles Wilkins, the Oriental Professorship at Haileybury.]

LETTER 15.

Rydal Mount, Saturday, September 7, 1817.

Dear Sir,—The German scheme is out of the question. C. in recommending it, seems to have overlooked that, when he himself studied at

* The above refers to a trial for Libel against the *Statesman* Newspaper before Lord Ellenborough—damages awarded D. S. £100.

Göttingen, he was 25 or 26 years of age, and before he went thither, had resided several months in a clergyman's house to acquire the language. A public office is wholly undesirable for those who have the means of doing better—that is, of a regular English gentleman's education. I cannot understand what you report from the youth's masters—that he will at Christmas have attained all that they, in the usual way, can teach him,—if by this is meant that he cannot go further under their tuition. If he has done well where he is, why cannot he be continued there, reading such books in classics, as he has not read, and continuing his exercises, in prose and verse composition, in the Latin and Greek languages? But, as they have expressed this opinion, it would seem that they would rather be without the lad than encounter this additional trouble on his account. It remains then to consider how he can make the best use of his time till he can enter one of the Universities. You are perhaps aware that from Cambridge he must be excluded for the ensuing year—not having been entered previous to the commencement, which is, I think, about the

beginning of July ; and as he is so young, there is no reason to regret this. As you intend him for the Bar, I should by all means recommend a public school for the ensuing twelve months, in preference to his being placed in the house of a clergyman. I give due consideration to what you say on the subject of his overgrown stature, but I cannot accede to the truth of his own remark that, should he go to Winchester, Harrow, Rugby, or any other public school of celebrity, he would have everything to go over again. Inconvenience, no doubt, would arise from his not having learnt, perhaps, the same grammar, but if he be well grounded and respectably practised in the Latin and Greek languages, which he must be, if what you say of his late masters be just, then the obstacles from this cause would be easily surmounted. I am decisively of opinion that a public school is the proper place of education for a *lawyer*. I know several eminent English lawyers distinguished for their knowledge of law, as —, who most probably would have been equally distinguished for their happy manner of displaying it in a Court of Justice, if they had fortunately been

educated in public schools, but, not having had that discipline, they are obliged to keep their candle hidden under a bushel. Shyness, reserve, awkwardness, want of self-possession, embarrassment, encumbered expression, hesitation in speaking, &c., &c., are sad impediments to an Advocate; and the best way of obviating all this is to place a lad under the necessity of encountering the shock he will every moment meet with, in those seminaries. As to private tuition, it is such an irksome thing, that scarcely any of those who undertake it, do their duty. If they be persons of known competence, they mostly have several pupils of the same age to qualify for the University. A certain plan of study is chalked out: the scholars and master begin with a resolution that everything shall be understood. This is stuck to for a *while*, but first one lad falls off, and then another, and the course of reading is persisted in when perhaps not one of the three, four, five, or six, that the class is composed of, has any understanding of the subject, but they must go forward, else the master will not seem to have fulfilled his part of the engagement. What then

do I advise? That your *protégé* should be immediately examined, in Latin and Greek, by some competent person who has been himself distinguished at one of the Universities, for his knowledge of classics, and educated at one of the public schools; and, if he find him well grounded and practised in construing and composition, and deems him so far advanced that he can be sent to one of our great public schools with a prospect of benefiting in those studies—that is, without its being probable that he would be thrown back materially by the necessity of learning a new set of Syntax rules, or other things of that sort, that then he should proceed forthwith to such school for the ensuing year, and be admitted at Trinity College, Cambridge, next commencement to reside in October following. I advise Cambridge in preference to Oxford, because, at Cambridge, he will have stronger incitements and inducements to apply to Mathematics, and, if he is able to fix his attention so far as to make a progress in those sciences, the assiduity and steady application of the thoughts requisite for success in law will not be more than he will find himself

already prepared for. I recommend Trinity College in preference to any other, because it is a more liberal foundation. I have now said all that strikes me upon the subject.

The prospect for the ensuing harvest is very encouraging in the north of England and south of Scotland. The weather at present is more promising. I received a newspaper from you, some time ago, in which you had done me the honour of adopting a remark from one of my letters. I have not seen Southey since his return. I learn that he is looking uncommonly well, and has enjoyed himself much.—With best regards to Mrs. Stuart, I remain very truly yours,

WM. WORDSWORTH.

P.S. Your [*Protégé*] might go to College immediately and reside as a Non.-Ens., *i.e.*, without university rank. I have just learned that the masters of the great schools do not like to admit boys after the age of 15, unless from one great school to another; and it is certain that your *protégé* will be less likely to benefit in a general way, from his advanced age. So that,

upon the whole, it is a puzzling case, and I wish you by all means, to go by advice grounded upon his examination, *as before recommended*.

LETTER 16.

Rydal Mount, March, 1818.

Dear Sir,—I sit down with pleasure to give the best answer I am able, respecting your brother's intended College engagements. First, for the *time* of his going to College, supposing him respectably prepared, which can only be ascertained by some qualified person examining him, or taken upon the report of his master. The propriety of trusting this report will depend, entirely, on the grounds you have for deeming him a competent judge, and an honest and honourable man. If your brother have shewn that his talents and character are such as make it probable that he would apply to the severe study of the law, it would then be best that he should be admitted forthwith, with intention of going to reside next October. But if it were more likely that he should

prove unfit for the law, then College patronage would become a most important object to him ; and, in this case, I should not recommend his going to College till the age of nineteen, provided I could ensure a rational probability of his making a good use of the intermediate time. It is, every day, becoming more and more difficult to obtain that degree of superiority which will ensure a man a fellowship at College ; and, unless he be made a fellow, he has nothing to look for from his College, and nothing, that can be an object, from the University. Now the longer a youth puts off going, the better he may be prepared to outstrip his rivals. There is another important point to be considered. If he looks to make his fortune from the University, the Church will be his profession.

Now he cannot get into orders before twenty-three ; and, should he enter at seventeen with a view to the Church, there is an awkward period between the age of twenty and a few months, when he would take his degree of B.A., and three or four and twenty, during which he would scarcely know what to do

with himself. Indeed if one could be *sure* that he would apply, so as to render it most likely that he would get a fellowship (which is generally obtained, if at all, after a man has been four or five years at the University, and can rarely be had after six) this would be of less consequence. But, as the thing is uncertain and difficult to procure, he who *goes* best qualified, and with the most fixed habits of application, is most likely to succeed. I know not whether this long explanation is to you perfectly intelligible. The sum of my opinion is that, if I had strong reasons for believing my son would apply to the law, I should send him to college at seventeen. If I thought he must be obliged to take up with the Church, I should not send him till nineteen, unless I knew that he was so far advanced in his studies, as to encourage a strong persuasion in me that he would distinguish himself, even if sent at seventeen. As to his college, the advantages of a large college are, that he may *choose* his company, and is more likely to be roused by emulation; and the public lectures are more

likely to be good, and everything carried forward with more spirit. The disadvantages are that, seeing so many clever men and able scholars, he may be disheartened, and throw up in disgust or despair. Also, much more distinction is required to obtain a fellowship among so many competitors. But it very often happens that distinguished men educated in large Colleges, when there are not fellowships for them there, are elected into *small Colleges*, which happen to be destitute of persons properly qualified. The chief advantages in a small College are the much greater likelihood of procuring rooms and in the end, College patronage; but there is danger of getting into lounging ways from being *forced* among idle people, and the public lectures are rarely carried on with such spirit. Of the smaller Colleges, Emanuel is, at present, likely to have the greater number of fellowships, owing to the few admissions lately there; but then the reason of this is that the tutors and lecturers, at present, are not in repute. I have a friend, a very worthy man and great scholar, who is one of the tutors at Peterhouse, (his

name, Fellbrook, a clergyman) one of the smaller Colleges. There are only two large ones, St. John's and Trinity; but that is very full. He naturally is partial to small Colleges, and to his own in particular, which, no doubt, must be well managed, else it would not be so crowded. But one knows not which to recommend; so much depends upon the disposition of the party. But there cannot be a doubt but that the noblest field for an ambitious, industrious, properly qualified, and clever, youth is Trinity College. As to Trinity Hall, I know little about it, because it is a College that makes little figure in the University. It is, as you say, appropriated mainly to the Civil Law. Its *Law-fellowships* must be good prizes. There are lay-fellowships also at Pembroke, and a few, I believe, at every College; but the principal thing to look at is a spirited education. With that, a man may turn himself in the world, and, on this ground, I should prefer Trinity College; bearing in mind that, if a student there should be surpassed by others so far as to be excluded from a fellowship, he still might

be distinguished in a way that would recommend him to be chosen for some smaller College. When you determine where, and in what year, you will send your brother, write to the Tutor of the College, and he will give you advice as to the mode of admission, and every other particular. As to rooms, the earlier in the year he is admitted, the better chance; but the great Colleges are not able to contain one-half of their students. In many of the smaller, there is room. I think a private tutor an advantage, but the expense is considerable. His education will be forwarded chiefly by his own habits of application; but that sort of attainment which, is most likely to show off to advantage in the University, is far more sure of being procured at the great public schools. I mean in classics.

I have left myself no more room.—Ever yours,
W. W.

I overlooked one advantage belonging to a smaller College, viz., the tutors know better how the men are conducting themselves as to morals, expenses, &c.—what company they keep

and so forth; and if requested, would make report to parents and friends; especially, if the party belonged to some of their own friends, they would be less scrupulous, in such a case, about speaking unfavourably, if they had reason to do so.

LETTER 17.

“*May 9, 1838.*”

My dear Mr. Stuart,—I have just received your communication. I grieve much for the necessity of the disclosure, which does more, much more, than justify yourself.

There is a question before Parliament in which, as an author both upon personal and higher motives, I am much interested. Among your friends and acquaintances is there no member of the H. C. whom you could interest in doing justice to men of letters in this matter? Pray do your utmost; for the opposition is strong and persevering. I know not where to address you. Believe me to be, yours very faithfully,

WM. WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount, Ambleside, May 9.

LETTER 18.

“*Franked by the Earl of Lonsdale,*

“*May 17, 1838.*”

Dear Mr. Stuart,—In Mr. Gillman’s “*Life of Coleridge*” just published, I find these words:—“The Proprietor of *The Morning Post*, who was also the Editor, engaged Coleridge to undertake the literary department. As contributors to this paper, the editor had the assistance of Mr. Wordsworth, Mr. Southey, and Mr. Lamb. Mr. S., from his extreme activity, and with a rapidity and punctuality which made him invaluable to the Proprietor, &c. The others were not of the same value to the Proprietor.”

In the extracts from the *Gent’s Mag.* you sent me the other day, speaking, I imagine, of *The Morning Post*, you say, “At this time, I do not think Wordsworth sent anything.” You have here been speaking of a salary being given to Mr. C. and Mr. L., as contributors to *The Morning Post*, and the passage, coupled with that of Mr. G.’s, would lead any one to infer that I was a *paid writer* of that paper. Now, for my own part, I am

quite certain that nothing of mine ever appeared in *The Morning Post*, except a very, very, few sonnets upon political subjects, and one poem called "The Farmer of Tillsbury Vale," but whether this appeared in *The Morning Post* or *The Courier*, I do not remember. In *The Courier* were printed two articles in continuation, amounting together to twenty-five pages, of the pamphlet I afterwards published on the Convention of Cintra. The sonnets and the pamphlet were written by me without the slightest view to any emolument whatever; nor have I, nor my wife nor sister, any recollection of any money being received for them, either directly from yourself, as E. and P. of those papers, or mediately through C.; and I wish to know from you if you have any remembrance or evidence to the contrary. But certain I am that the last thing that could have found its way into my thoughts would have been to enter into an engagement to write for any newspaper, and that I never did so. In short, with the exception of the things already mentioned, a very few articles sent to a *Westmorland Journal*, during the first *Westmorland* contest, one article

which I was induced to publish in a London newspaper, when Southey and Byron were at war, and a letter, the other week, to The Kendal Mercury upon the Copyright question, and a letter to Serjeant Talfourd on the same subject, published in *The Morning Post*, not a word of mine ever appeared, sent by myself at least, or as far as I know, by any other persons, in any Newspaper, Review, Magazine, or Public Journal whatsoever. By the bye, I ought to except two sonnets and a light poem, not connected with my works, which were printed in some provincial journal.

I will be obliged to you if you will answer at your early convenience the question put above; as I wish to write to Mr. Gillman, whose book I am sorry to say, is full of all kinds of mistakes. Coleridge is a subject which no biographer ought to touch beyond what he himself was eye witness of.

When you write pray tell me how Mrs. Stuart, yourself, and your family, are. Mrs. W. unites with me in kind regards to Mrs. S. and yourself, and believe me to remain, faithfully yours,

WM. WORDSWORTH.

End of Wordsworth's Letters.

*LETTERS FROM ROBERT SOUTHEY TO
DANIEL STUART.*

LETTERS FROM R. SOUTHEY TO DANIEL STUART.



LETTER I.

Sunday, December 29, 1805.

Dear Sir,—We are under some uneasiness concerning Coleridge. He left Malta early in September, and from Malta we have heard that he had reached Trieste, charged, as we suppose from his former letters, with despatches overland from Naples. He would be at Vienna not much before the French; but the danger of travelling in a country full of soldiers is so great that I am far more alarmed than I think it proper to let Mrs. Coleridge know.

I felt myself much obliged to you for inserting the articles respecting the Spanish captures. There was no intention, on my part, to set the

sailors against the service; but to show government that what they were doing had that inevitable tendency. The way in which the discussion was stopped, fairly deceived me. Had the positive assurance that I was mistaken, and that the sailors were to have the same share as usual, appeared in any other Ministerial paper, I should have been suspicious, knowing that it was not an uncommon manœuvre, last war, in the Anti-Jacobins, to silence enquiry by a downright falsehood. But in this case, I expected that, if my articles had been offensively worded, they would have been softened or suppressed; and that, if you wished them to stop, you would as freely have told me so, as I had applied to you to insert them. However, I consider myself much obliged to you and Mr. Street for letting them appear.

A Mr. Barrell, with whom both Stoddart and Coleridge are acquainted, used to have chambers in Gray's Inn. The person you are in quest of, must be either he, or his brother, who resides somewhere in the north-east of England. Lamb can certainly procure you his address, by means of Tobin, who is intimate with him.

I expect to be in London about the close of March, and shall hope for the pleasure of seeing you.—Believe me, yours very truly,

R. SOUTHEY.

LETTER 2.

Saturday, March 21, 1807, Keswick.

SONNET TO LORD PERCY, ON HIS LATE MOTION FOR
THE GRADUAL ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE
WEST INDIES.

Percy ! “ Of virtuous father, virtuous son ” !
Well hast thou done, and rightly dost advance ;
Thyself like him the friend of the forlorn ;
From bondage to redeem a race unborn,
Abandoned else to their inheritance
Of chains and misery. Rightly hast thou done ;
And England turns an eye of hope on thee
For this fair promise of thine early morn.
In the good path which thou hast chosen, proceed—
Be always thus the friend of liberty ;
And earth and heaven shall give thee both thy meed ;
Yea, greener laurels will be thine in store
Than thy heroic father won of yore
In Teviotdale or on the banks of Tweed.

Dear Sir,—I am almost ashamed to send a single Sonnet from such a distance. Were I

however to detain it, till I produced verses enough to fill a letter, it might remain years in my desk.

Though it is not often that I now accord with the principles of *The Courier*, I do most cordially and entirely in its opposition to any further indulgence to the [*Roman*] Catholics—a question on which I wish Coleridge could be induced to write. . . . I know the whole history of this religion so well . . . that if I were not so much employed as to render it impossible for me to find time, I should feel it my duty to write a pamphlet on the subject.—Yours very truly,

R. SOUTHEY.

LETTER 3.

“*November 27, 1807.*”

My dear Sir,—I am very much obliged both by your letter and the offer that it contains. My occupations are now so many that I could not stipulate to furnish regularly even the small quatum of verse which you require. The habit of versifying, and of catching all things in a poet's

point of view, has gone from me through long disuse. Weeks would pass on, and though few men are more willing, or better able to gird themselves up for the labour of the day, I fear the thought that I ought to be writing for you, and the feeling that I was not in the mood for it, would fret my spirit, and end in abortive attempts. There is, however, another way which may tempt me to recover the habit. Though I cannot work by time, I can by piece. When I can get a sheet full it shall be sent; and the verses may be rated, like oysters, by the hundred, or like bricks, by the thousand.

You have mistaken the mention of the mutineers in the Spaniards' letters. It relates to those poor fellows who were hung, just before Governor Wall, and who mutinied because they were ordered to the West Indies, just when peace was made, and they expected their discharge. I believe more suffered upon this than on the former occasion. . . .

I did not expect you would agree with D. Manuel in some points, where he speaks in my character, and not in his own. The main point

on which we seem to differ is this—that you abominate one party, and that I have the most rooted contempt for all, and a strong conviction that, between them, they will ruin the country, as far as it is possible for any politicians to ruin it. At present the Foxites are the worst, because they clamour for peace, which, no doubt, the Ministry will make as soon as they can, just to keep their places, and prove themselves as bad.

One newspaper will do more for a book than two Reviews. I thank you for the lift you have given *Espriella*, and will write to make Longman follow it up by advertising, which he certainly does not do sufficiently. It is my intention to bring *Espriella* to England again ; and say in two volumes more, what I had not room for in the former work. I shall be very much obliged to you for any anecdotes, and any hints that you will have the goodness to send me. My object is to give as complete a picture of the present state of society in England as my observation and information enable me to do ; and it is impossible that I can have a tithe of your knowledge of the political and the great world. I am straitened enough in

circumstances for profit to be a matter of importance to me. This book seems likely to be more productive than any former attempt. It wants initials, asterisks, and personalities, to make it greatly so. I think however, if the object in view be at all accomplished, that the book will have something more than a temporary value.

There is one subject on which I have much to say—and that, as appears to me, of considerable importance. It is the Navy. But though, God knows, it would be in the spirit of a true Englishman, and would tend to prevent much danger and much evil, I am afraid to do it, lest it should injure my brother, to whom of course the matter would be imputed, immediately that it should be known to be mine. Yet I am certain that I could point out easy remedies for great grievances.

I perfectly agree with you in your opinion of Jeffrey's reviewal of Cobbett, and the vile place-hunting politics of *The Edinburgh Review*, which is labouring to frighten the nation into a peace. They are equally wrong about the Catholic Question. The immediate effect, if it were carried, would be to send an Irish Priest on board every

ship in the Navy; and every one of these men would be in the interest of Buonaparte, and under orders from his vassal, the Pope.

Your account of the cotton mill at Glasgow contains an important fact, in the confirmation of the opinion which I have formed upon the manufacturing system as at present existing. I do not believe that letter which you inserted in *The Courier* contains a syllable of exaggeration. There is, however, an oversight in it; where I have said that the price of labour remains the same as what it formerly was. I know not how this escaped me, and am very sorry it is there; for any misstatement of this kind materially weakens the effect of argument, exciting a just suspicion of unfair play. This I shall of course correct in the next edition, which is likely soon to be called for. In the subsequent volume, I have many important subjects to consider. The East India Company, Ireland, the state of public morals, the want of public virtue, &c., with plenty of lighter matter to carry them off;—not forgetting Mr. Malthus, and the Society for the suppression of Vice.—Yours very truly, R. SOUTHEY.

In a few days I shall fill a foolscap sheet with all the verses I can muster up.

Nov. 27, 1807.

LETTER 4.

Keswick, January 13, 1809.

My dear Sir,—If Wordsworth had not undertaken to write upon the Cintra Convention, I believe I should; for no public event ever distressed me so greatly. He has more leisure than I have, and will do the thing better. Like you, I had strong hopes of Spain, before the public dared entertain any; and shall have strong hopes, long after the public will despair. There is not under heaven so patriotic a people as the Spaniards. They are proud of their past greatness, and sensible of their present degradation; yet with the feeling that the degeneracy is not in them, but in their government. It is the same with the Portuguese. I was never ten minutes in conversation with one, that he did not allude to the state of the country, as if he sought, by expressing

his sense of national shame, to show that none of it attached to him, as an individual. From these people everything is to be expected, except what our Ministry was weak enough to expect : that they should at once be able to stand against equal, or superior, numbers of the French in the field. The war of the Low Countries against Philip the 2nd is the only parallel in modern history ; and then, the first brunt of the business was borne by German mercenaries, till the Dutch themselves became good soldiers by experience. What should have been is so plain, and has been so grossly neglected, that I can neither speak nor think upon the subject with patience ; but I have thought it worth while to trouble you with a letter because a few more blunders will ruin all.

Buonaparte will, beyond a doubt, press for Seville and Cadiz, and for Lisbon. Cadiz is a regular fortification, and may hold out. Seville depends wholly upon the passes of the Sierra Morena. The city itself is larger than Madrid, and equally defenceless. It is hardly of less importance than Madrid, perhaps, indeed, of

more ; as the Junta has no other capital of imposing name to retire to. Now, in the present state of things, ten thousand British could better defend those passes than any force the Spaniards have ; and yet, upon every breath of bad news, we disembark our troops, and countermand sailing orders,—instead of running them over in ships of war, as fast as they could be got on board. If it be possible to ruin that country, and this too, such fancies and such pusillanimity will do it.

I am inclined to think Sir J. Moore has risked himself, for the sake of drawing Buonaparte's main force towards the north, by which means he will be able to land troops at Porto, Lisbon, or Cadiz, before the enemy can march there. Lisbon is effectually defended on one side, by the Tagus, which is fordable no nearer than Santarem (nearly fifty miles up), and then only in the dry season. This too is a passage which never would be attempted against any respectable force on the heights of the town. At Abrantes there is a bridge of boats. If an invading enemy enter Portugal higher up, and keep on the north

of the Tagus, as hitherto they have always done, —then, the river *Zezeze*, which falls into the Tagus about ten miles below *Abrantes*, is supposed to be the strong post on which the safety of *Lisbon* depends. I have crossed the river: it is about as wide as the *Bath* river, and its banks are steep. If the enemy enter from *Galiccia*, and keep along the coast, it is but to break down bridges, and the *Minho*, the *Douro*, and the *Mondego* are each impassable. Higher up, the river is one uninterrupted tract of mountains. Very few countries are so defensible as *Portugal*. Hitherto we have been keeping ten thousand men at *Lisbon*, to preserve *Portuguese* traitors from justice, in virtue of the blessed *Convention of Cintra*. The main part of them are now, it seems, marched into *Spain*, in what direction we know not. If it be towards *Seville* that would be well, but *Portugal* requires at this time 30,000 *English*, and with that force it would be safe unless — or any other old woman in regimentals, be at their head. Not an hour should be lost in sending out all the troops we can spare, as fast as they can go, in frigates and ships of the line, that may

run singly without fear of enemy or weather; some for Porto, some for Lisbon, some for Cadiz. And if we had a floating army off Catalonia, to land just when and where they would be most serviceable, Buonaparte would feel our navy to be a far more formidable power than he has ever yet done.

That letter in *The Courier* of the 10th alludes, I suppose, to some kind of defensive armour. One hears of all new projects with a suspicion just in proportion to the great effects which they promise. Defensive armour was left off, as I happened to discover in some chance passage of an old author, because the tags, as he calls them, of the armour made a worse wound than the ball. If anything be devised, proof against a common musket ball, steel balls would immediately be adopted. Yet I am curious to see more about this discovery; for I have long believed that something might be done towards saving soldiers—a matter of no light consequence to us, who have so much difficulty in raising them, and yet stand in need of so many.

It is hopeless to think about home politics,

and almost impertinent to say anything about them to you. There will be a schism however between the Grenvilles and the Foxites, whenever the question of peace is touched upon; and Canning, who is ashamed of some of his colleagues, hankers to have the Grenvilles in with him. Neither the king nor the people would like this; and every change, that can now be made, must tend to weaken the government, by convincing the people that no good is to be expected from any; unless, indeed, Lord Grenville were bold enough and wise enough, to make himself popular, by insisting upon the necessity of removing the Duke of York. Whatever public man, of adequate talent and respectability, should venture to do this, would stand upon such strong ground that the crown itself could not shake him. I was right glad to see the hint upon this subject in *The Courier*.

I have many fears about "*The Friend*," which however I do not express to Coleridge; for, did he once perceive that we doubted his going on, that would be sufficient effectually to put a stop to all efforts on his part. The main and, as it

appears to me, the insuperable difficulty in the way of his present plan is the unlikelihood, or rather the impossibility, of his carrying on any periodical work with regularity. If his habits were regular enough, his health is not, unless he began with a large stock in hand, which certainly he will not do. My advice to him is that he publish a number of half-crown, or five shillings worth, whenever he is ready with it. A "This day is published" in the newspapers will then be sufficient prospectus, and it will find its way with the other periodicals. *Maty's Review* did the same some years ago, and *The Edinburgh* does so now. I will not say that this is as good a plan as that of a weekly Paper. Perhaps it is not. But I have a strong fear—almost a conviction—that, in any other shape, the thing would soon drop. If indeed he began with ten or twelve weeks in advance, then, if he were at any time incapacitated from keeping that stock up, I would, to the best of my power, supply his place, as long as was necessary, but the first number will be sent off wet from the pen to the press; and unless a sudden popularity should come upon him, like

sunshine, a very few weeks' struggle against inaction will fret and fever him into inability. I, therefore, am pressing him, not to promise anything periodical, nor to trouble himself with prospectuses and subscribers, but to make his way by the weight of his own name and all-commanding powers of mind.

I know not that this letter contains anything worth sending; but some public occasions have gone by, on which I have repented not having written to tell you what I knew upon the point.—
Yours very truly, R. SOUTHEY.

LETTER 5.

Keswick, September 10, 1809.

My dear Sir,—I have been induced, by very liberal terms, to undertake the historical department of an Edinburgh Annual Register, which the Ballantynes are about to start; beginning with last year. Their application to me has been unseasonably late, owing to their having previously engaged some other person, whose sample

disappointed them, and would, I believe, have ruined the work. But, in consequence of receiving this late notice, I come to the task without any previous collection of materials. Under these circumstances it has occurred to me to apply to you. Have you any French or Spanish papers of the late or present year? and can you assist me by any arrangement for transferring them to me, for the future, after they have served your purpose? For, though I have promised only to perform this office for the first year, it is most likely that I shall continue it.

My view of things will differ from yours in only two points. . . . Upon all other points there is hardly a shade of difference between us. Without speaking acrimoniously of Sir John Moore, I shall describe his retreat as what it was. . . . It was my earnest wish to have taken up this subject in *The Quarterly Review*, but it was thought better, by Frere's friends, to entrust it to Ellis, who has had, of course, whatever documents Canning could supply. I am now glad that my offer was declined, inasmuch as I have now an opportunity of doing the

same thing more efficaciously and less invidiously, by a full and faithful narration, written with a perfect knowledge of the ground over which he retreated (for I have travelled it on foot), and with the spirit and feeling of an Englishman.

My brother, who is lying with Admiral Sotheby in Basque Roads, writes in these words: "As for the Rochefort fleet being destroyed, there are eight sail of the line now afloat up the river; the three-decker fresh coppered. They have only their lower masts standing, and have neither men nor stores aboard. The captain of a vessel, which we have just detained and sent in, says, that they are marching every man they can find in the country into Spain. They march them with their hands tied behind." It was impossible not to acquit Lord Gambier, as he was acquitted; but without Cochrane, nothing could have been attempted; and had he had the sole management, more would have been done.

That precious speech of Whitbread's, wherein he represented Austria as the aggressor in this war, and praised Buonaparte's moderation, has been given at full length in the Bordeaux Papers.

Vessels sail from France, with English licenses, under any colours, except French and Dutch. These are easily forged. The merchants may copy them. All men-of-war have not got the list from government of what are granted; and suppose the French merchant sends half a dozen with the same, except the same Man-of-War meets with two of them, they pass safely. They bring nothing but French produce, brandies, &c.

I am sorry to see that experience seems to be of no use, either to the Spaniards or their allies. There is no want of spirit in the people. Zaragoza and Gerona are immortal proofs of their patriotism. But they are paralyzed in field, because they suspect their officers. In the commencement of all such wars, this has ever been the case. The misfortune is that, in this, they have to deal with an enemy who never loses time. It is folly to send a mere auxiliary army. The Spaniards should be left to fight in their own way, which Romana has practised so successfully; and we, with a force adequate to the occasion, should fight in ours. Had Wellesley had fifty thousand men, instead of five and twenty, he could have

annihilated the French army, and borne down everything before him. One signal defeat would prove their destruction, for all who are not Frenchmen would desert, and join the winning side. Over and over, it has been proved that we can always beat the French, if their numbers be not greatly superior. Why then not send a force which they cannot outnumber? A hundred and fifty thousand men could sweep the Peninsula clean, and give a death-blow to Buonaparte's reputation, upon which, and which only, his power is founded. I have no apprehensions for Lord Wellington as yet. He has his brother at Seville, so that something may be expected from them; and he can wait for reinforcements. But, unless we send a great army, the history of last winter will be repeated; except that, when he is compelled to make for the coast, he will retreat, and not run away. Canning, I believe, could act vigorously, if he were not yoked with such colleagues; but, bad as they are, they are better than the Opposition, who would abandon the Spaniards altogether, and finally lay this country at the feet of France. We want M. Wellesley

in power ; he is at least a decisive character, and the country would have some confidence in him, which it cannot have in anybody else.

I know no more of "*The Friend*" than you do ; except that, when a number comes out, I see it some days sooner, because the proof is sent to me to correct. It will, I suppose, intermit in this way, till subscribers enough drop off to give a good reason for discontinuing it. Never was anything so ill-adapted to its mode of publication. THIS, I did not expect. For all other disappointments I was prepared. A proof of the fifth number has just arrived, so that it will appear in time.

I have long been intending to arrange some thoughts for the improvement of the Navy—the result of many conversations with my brother, and made up, in great part, from some of his papers. Whenever I can find leisure for this, I will transmit them to *The Courier*, as the best place in which they can appear. They will certainly excite attention, may possibly lead to some good, and cannot possibly give offence to anybody.—Believe me, yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

LETTER 6.

Keswick, October 22, 1809.

My dear Sir,—I am very much obliged to you for your letter. Were you near enough, there is no person living to whom I could apply, for advice in this undertaking, with so much confidence, nor to whom I should so willingly submit my manuscript for correction. You will perceive that, with respect to the two last ministries, and indeed, to the whole conduct of the war, my opinions perfectly coincide with yours; and upon those points on which we differ, I have expressed myself less positively, and indeed almost with hesitation, in deference to your judgement. That letter of X.Y. is a memorable instance of political foresight. I recollect it well, and am sorry it was not preserved. But the Papers are consumed at Grasmere; a sort of act which I have always regretted.

The Count de Norona, who distinguished himself in Romana's army, and is now commanding at Corunna, published two volumes of poems, which I reviewed for *The Critical*, either in 1802 or

1803. They are of considerable merit, and that Review, or a portion of it, might be read with interest at present, when you want something to fill up your columns in *The Courier*. There is a translated extract from a mock-heroic poem, which is curious, as it shows his opinion of courts, formed, no doubt, from the state of his own. A messenger is sent to seek for Care, and according to the old notion of the moralists, goes to seek for him in a palace; but when he comes there, he finds Indolence in his stead. The satire is new, and very elegantly executed. I think, if it were brought before the public now, it would place the character of this nobleman very high in their esteem. The article is in one of the Appendixes, and you may, if you think proper, mention me as the reputed writer of it.

I had no conception that it could be so difficult to procure a file of Papers only one year old, as it has proved to be. It is a pity they should so very generally be destroyed, and if they were printed in Cobbett's form, it would not be the case. After a six weeks' search, *The Star* has been procured for me; and *The*

Times is now regularly sent me for filing. I shall take as much time as possible, that is to say, I will not slight the work by hurrying it. Part of it, I am conscious, cannot be done well; that is, what relates to financial and commercial questions. All I can do is, to explain things perspicuously, as far as I comprehend them, and pretend to nothing more. The history of Spanish affairs I shall do, perhaps, better than any other person; bringing with me some peculiar knowledge, and certainly a right spirit. For any hints that you can give me, relating to the past or present year, or of things as they are passing, believe me, I shall be very thankful.

Last year's tragedy is about to be reacted in Spain; yet what great things might be done by a floating force, even now, ready to land whenever opportunity incited, or need required them. Such a force would, long ere this, have cut to pieces the besieging army before Gerona. That poor city will fall, after the most heroic defence of modern times; but it is our fault, if we do not essentially assist those places,

which are accessible by sea, whenever their hour of danger comes; and there is a long line of such important posts, between Barcelona and Cadiz, every one of which Lord Cochrane or Sir Sidney Smith, might render another Acre. I do not despair of Spain. I never have despaired of it. I said, both privately and to the public, that this spirit existed in the country; when scarcely any person believed me, and no symptoms had appeared; and it is my firm belief, that that spirit is not to be subdued, though Buonaparte may, and probably will, overrun the country, and, for a time, keep it down. There has been great imbecility in their Juntas, and some treachery. Both were to be expected. The Cortes would be the best remedy, and the same system of Deputies with the armies, armed with full power from the Cortes, which the French adopted with such success in their most perilous times.

Have you seen the reviewal of Moore's book in the last *Quarterly*? I offered to undertake it, but it was done by G. Ellis, and the concluding five pages by Canning. It is not his

fault that we have so grievously mismanaged in Spain. He would have done everything; but the arrangements in the Cabinet were made by compromises and concessions, and the consequences could not but be disgraceful and ruinous.

I was in hopes you meant to have pressed the necessity of a Court Martial upon Lord Chatham. It is only by means of the newspapers that any good can be done. From Parliament nothing is to be expected, in any other way than by making the public feeling act upon them thus; and, when *The Courier* goes against the Ministry, it comes with more weight; than all the regular pressure of opposition. Heaven help this poor country! With a power which, even now, if wielded with only common wisdom, might change the fortune of Europe and the world, we experience nothing, and can look for nothing but disgrace after disgrace, and disaster after disaster. If we balloted the whole empire for a Ministry, the chance is, that we should have a better, and could not have a worse, than any which could

at this time be formed, from any party, or from all. I see two circumstances of considerable danger. One is, that any Ministry will make peace, for the sake of a momentary popularity; the other, that these cursed Congreve arrows will be employed against our ships. You see, the French have analysed them; indeed such compositions cannot possibly long be kept secret in the present state of Chemistry. When Mr. Grenville was at the Admiralty, and they were first talked of, I pressed this danger very earnestly on my friend Williams Wynn. Is it too late to point out the importance of a floating force off the coast of Spain? A few such sieges as Zaragoza would waste even Buonaparte's armies; and there are many cities along the coast which may be expected to make the same resistance; especially if our ships were at hand to remove the women and children, and lend assistance. Even yet we may win the game, if we play it well.

The last delay of "*The Friend*" was owing to a ridiculous cause. The rats eat up the motto at the printer's. A few such numbers as the

8th would win readers to it. I am surprised at the regularity with which it has gone on, and expect, as well as hope, that it will continue.—Yours very truly, R. SOUTHEY.

LETTER 7.

Keswick, March 14, 1814.

My dear Sir,—It is one of the miseries of human life in times like these, to be disappointed of one's newspaper, and for the last three or four weeks, *The Courier* has fallen into such a course of irregularity that I think the cause cannot lie in the post office. To-day we have the paper which ought to have arrived on Sunday, and indeed, the right paper seldom arrives on the right day. For one whole week we were sometimes one, sometimes two days behind hand. I am sure you will excuse me for informing you of this misery.

I cannot but assent to all you say about the Bourbons. Most certainly it is a desirable event that they should be restored; and if I have any feelings which would allay the joy that such an

event ought to excite, they would arise, not so much from a remembrance of the early days of the Revolution, as from the history of the family; for the policy of Louis XIII., XIV. and XV. was little less flagitious than that of Buonaparte, though not upon so wide a scale. They have been bitter and treacherous enemies to England. This, however, was natural, and the Government of France is always likely to be actuated by the same spirit.

At present, I look to the contest with more apprehension than hope. The readiness of our Ministry to make peace, against the opinion both of the Prince and the people, must tend greatly to dishearten such of the Allies as are hearty in the cause, which, no doubt, Russia and Prussia are, and the Germans also, in general. But I distrust some of their Courts. And if peace be made in the course of a year or two, when Buonaparte is strong enough to break it I fear we should see him fighting on German ground, in alliance with Austria. Wordsworth thinks that Austria is playing false, and wilfully exposing Blucher and the Russians to be cut up. If anything were to be got by it, I should think so too, for the Austrian

Government is capable of any baseness. Did I tell you that Hofer took shelter in a prison at Vienna, getting himself arrested under a false name; and that he was actually turned out? Adair assured me that this is a fact!

The campaign in France puts Spain out of sight. The affairs of that country would otherwise excite, and probably baffle, all our political sympathy. Will Ferdinand, or the new Constitution, go to the wall? or is it possible that they can long hold together? Ferdinand was at first a mere stalking horse, and after his arrest, an excellent *nom de guerre*; but in the course of the war, the people may have learnt to believe that they were fighting for him and his rights, and in that case, any able minister will find little difficulty in sweeping away all the sweeping reforms of the Cortes; and the new Constitution will go to the family vault. A Spanish officer told me that if the Duke del Infantado, on his escape from Bayonne, had had the spirit of a mouse (these were his words) he would have been King of Spain. The officer was in Romana's army and spoke his own feelings and those of his comrades.

I know not which is most probable—that he should be deposed, or that he should be re-established in all the despotic power of his forefathers; but either is more likely than that the Constitution should be permanent. For the Cortes have done many things prematurely, many things unjustly. On the one hand, this facilitator to the crown—what must needs be its darling object? The recovery of its uncontrolled authority! On the other—the same spirit which has produced these measures is ready to go farther;—perhaps, and probably, the whole length of Republicanism.

Why does *The Courier* attack Madame de Stael so often? There is no person who abhors Buona-parté more heartily than she does; or who would more zealously maintain the necessity of carrying on the war against him, as long as he is at the head of the French Government. The pictures which I heard her draw of France, when talking on this subject to Mackintosh and Davy, would have figured as a leading article in *The Courier* or *The Times*. I am sorry to hear her attacked. The Opposition flatter her, and though she is fairly astonished at their political blunders, in the

ordinary course of human nature, she will learn to think well of those who speak well of her.

Wordsworth is about to put his great poem "The Recluse" to the press; which has been the great work of his life. Sooner or later, it will no doubt place him in his proper rank among the English poets. If I were to supply him with a motto for it, it should be *Parturiunt Montes*, without any fear that the remainder of the line could be added; and in defiance of it.

Mrs. S. and her sisters beg to be remembered to Mrs. Stuart. Present my respects to her also; and believe me, my dear Sir, yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

LETTER 8.

Keswick, 25th March, 1818.

My dear Sir,—*The Courier*, which you have been friendly enough to send us for so many years, for about six months past has always come a day later than it ought, and very much worn at the folds as if it had been carried in the pockets. It

has wholly failed several times, and never arrived when it ought. Rather than trouble you upon the subject, we wrote to Mr. Freeling, and I enclose you the result of his investigation at the Post Office. It comes always in the regular wrapper.

I have not seen Wordsworth since his return from London. My time is indeed fully occupied at my desk and among my books. You will probably see in the next *Q. Review*, a proposal (in a paper upon the Poor Laws) for organizing an efficient civil force by which any disturbances to be excited upon that ground may speedily be suppressed. Do not hint at me as the author of this paper, in *The Courier*. From its matter and manner I am not likely to be suspected; and I have desired that it may be kept secret, having no desire to draw upon myself any cut-throat libels upon that subject. The suspension and the last harvest, and the effect of time in opening new channels for capital to employ itself have done much for us; but another unfavourable season would throw us back into confusion; nor can any Government be safe which suffers itself to be continually libelled with impunity. Oh! that it

were as easy to counteract the mischief, which the Opposition are effecting out of door, as it is to expose their folly and their falsehood, and to trample upon it in argument.

Mrs. S. and her sisters beg their remembrances to Mrs. Stuart.—Believe me, my dear Sir, yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

LETTER 9.

Westminster, December 6th, 1830.

My dear Sir,—Your paper has been delayed some days; a little, I confess, from inattention on my part; which, however, would not have been the case if I had not known that you were not anxious about speedily receiving it. Will you allow me to retain the rough copy, that I may make use of some of its information as occasion may serve? You shall have Brougham's bill as soon as it is printed. It would be very mischievous if it were carried into effect; and lawyers whose opinion is of any weight, see this so clearly, that the experiment most probably will not be made.

A letter will find its way to me at any time under cover to Mr. Rickman, but the packet must be under two ounces. Any larger communication might be sent under a double cover, the inner one directed to Henry Taylor, Esq., the outer, to the Under Secretary of State, Colonial Office. I shall always be glad to receive any information and any remarks, from you: and indeed, should often be glad to talk over public affairs with you, if we were within reach of each other.

I am reprinting my Moral and Political Essays, chiefly from the *Q. Review*; correcting them, of course, and improving them where I can. They will form two such volumes as those of the Family Library; and are for the most part, as applicable to the state of affairs now, as when they were written. Otherwise, indeed, they would have been little worth preservation.

There is an intention, on the part of some of those who have gone out of office, to set up an Evening Paper, and support it with all the ability they can muster. They are also looking out for aspirants who may be capable of

distinguishing themselves in Parliament; thus doing what they left undone when it was most their interest to do it. But better thus late than never! For myself, I am no Oppositionist by choice, and would support the Government, in whose hands soever it might be vested, as long as I could without a sacrifice of principle. And I would gladly see this Ministry, or any other, set up a newspaper, which should tell all the truth that a Government can tell, and never delude the public by false statements. If it contained merely an authentic *exposé*, and an exposure of all the falsehoods and fallacies brought against it in Parliament, or in Newspapers and other Journals, I am persuaded that such a paper, though not exceeding the Gazette in size, would, when it had established a character for probity, have a great effect upon the public, both in preventing delusion and in establishing confidence.

The state of affairs, both at home and abroad lead me to look upon three things as neither impossible nor improbable;—that the Whigs while in power, may find it necessary to suspend

the Habeas Corpus ; to curb the Press, and to go to War. Restoring the one pound bills would follow as a matter of course.

Excuse the haste in which I write and believe me always, my dear Sir, yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

LETTER 10.

Keswick, 27 February, 1832.

My dear Sir,—I thank you for both your letters, one of which is not the worse for being a year old. I am always glad to know your opinion of passing affairs, and if we were within reach of each other, it would be a great satisfaction for me sometimes to talk them over with you, and profit by your experience, and your knowledge of men and things. There would be little difference between us, at this time, upon any point of importance ; for, though I am more opposed in principle to Parliamentary Reform than you are, some alterations I could willingly propose as being desirable. - Some I would not resist, looking

upon them as nugatory; and others I must be content to witness, though I would oppose them to the last, as hurtful. If I am less alarmed than you, it is because my disposition is habitually hopeful, (one of the greatest blessings for which I have reason to be thankful) and because, when no human probabilities appear of escaping from Revolution;—when we have such a Press, such a Ministry, such a King, and worst of all, such a people—an abiding trust in Providence serves me for a sheet anchor. I cannot think it is in the order of Providence that Europe should be rebarbarized, and yet rebarbarized it would be, if England were revolutionized. This is sufficient for my comfort, and keeps me in heart and hope. But if you ask me, how we are to be saved? I confess myself utterly at a loss. I could have answered the question confidently, before the fatal concession to the Catholics, and were there but one man of commanding mind, as a leader, I could answer it now. . . .

Some circumstances make me think you are mistaken in believing that George the Fourth intended always to concede the R. Catholic

claims. The present Bp. of Winchester was a person for whom he had a more than ordinary regard; insomuch that when the bishopric of Jamaica was proposed to him, the king objected to it, giving as a reason that he did not know how near his own death might be, and it was his particular wish that Sumner should be with him in his last illness. That was a wish he said, which he might reasonably look to be indulged in, and Sumner should lose nothing by having this promotion withheld from him. This I *know* took place. Sumner voted for the Relief Bill, and the King resented it so strongly that he never forgave him, and had no intercourse with him afterwards. I think this could not have happened if the king had really approved that measure.

Another fact which would lead to the same inference is that, when the measure had been determined on by Ministers, but this determination had not been made known—scarcely indeed surmised—I wrote a paper upon the subject, in the *Q. R.* (the last paper in the Collection of my Political Essays) and a wish of the King's was conveyed to Murray that he would print that

paper for separate circulation: Murray refused, because he expected an extra sale for the number, for the purpose of distribution, in which I believe he was totally disappointed.

That remark of yours upon the tendency which men of loose lives have to bring the general standard of morals nearer their own, is very just. I have little doubt that Fox was influenced by it, and the greater part of his associates. They wanted a French system of society, in which no profligacy however open, would be considered disreputable.

I have often wished that you would write such Memoirs of your own Times as your recollection and observations could supply. The employment would be very interesting. You might leave it, if you thought best, for posthumous publication at any fixed time; and you have a great deal to communicate which would throw light on a busy and important age.

I am closely employed upon the Peninsular War, which will now be finished in a few days. I have also some Colloquies in hand, relating chiefly to vulgar errors in public opinion upon political

affairs. Some good they may do hereafter, though little is to be hoped from them now. I never dream of changing any man's opinions when he has once taken his course in life; but you may form the opinions of the young, and fix those of the wavering, and in this way my writings have been useful.

You are right in not fearing the Cholera; but, if it approaches your neighbourhood, you will not be right in remaining in town. It is the Indian Cholera. Hitherto its progress has been comparatively slow; but it has established itself in the Island, when a good police might have extinguished it in the first street, when it appeared.

I am glad to hear that your family are all in health; and wish that I could say the same of mine; but my daughters are not strong. My son hitherto has been so.—Our kind regards to Mrs. S., and believe me always, yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

LETTER II.

Keswick, September 9, 1834.

My dear Sir,—I have heard that poor Coleridge bequeathed his papers to the care of a Mr. Green, one of his most constant listeners, who is, I believe, in the medical or surgical line. But if there be, as there ought, a general edition of all that he has left, it seems most likely that the superintendence of it would be undertaken by his nephew and son-in-law, Mr. H. N. Coleridge of Lincoln's Inn. The Editor, however, be he who he may, if he knows anything of Coleridge's history, will apply to you, as one of the first persons from whom information is to be solicited.

If there had been anything left in a state of preparation for the Press, the newspapers would probably have said so ; there may, more likely, be many fragments, and H. N. C. has I know, for several years, made notes from all that he could remember of his conversation. Others have perhaps done the same. Of this, indeed, there can be little doubt ; and from these materials, and his correspondences, a Work of extraordinary interest,

and of no inconsiderable extent, may be composed. Besides this, the published Works would amount to from ten to twelve such monthly volumes as are now in vogue. And there are many scattered pieces which his old friends could indicate. No one better than yourself.

* * * * *

Mackintosh himself has been ill-treated in the publication of his posthumous fragment. Rogers, whom I met lately at Lowther, complained of it to me with proper indignation. The Memoir, he said, was written, if not in an unfriendly, at least in a disrespectful, spirit; and the Work had been continued by some thorough paced Radical. Mackintosh's friends, he added, were exceedingly displeased; and the publishers, in consequence, were likely to be great losers by the publication—as they deserved to be.

You can communicate with me at any time (and your communications I am always glad to receive) under cover *first* to Henry Taylor, Esq.; and *secondly* to R. W. Hay, Esq., &c., &c., &c., Colonial Office. That cover will frank any reasonable weight.

I shall be in London for one week, in October, on my way to the West of England; and for another week, in November, on my way homewards. Of course, I shall call at your door, to see if you are in town, as I have never, upon any of my visits there, failed to do. I have not been in the south, except on a hasty summons to Cheltenham, since I saw you in the winter of 1830. A change in my family may now perhaps draw me thither more frequently. My eldest daughter was married in January last. The Archbishop of Canterbury has just, for my sake, presented her husband to the Vicarage of Patching with Tarring, near Worthing, and there they are now settled. There, after a circuit into Somerset, Devon and Dorsetshire, I mean to visit them during the autumn, and leave my son with them to be prepared for Oxford by his brother-in-law Mr. Warter.

These are great changes in a fireside circle which had previously been much reduced. My wife, I grieve to say, is in bad health and miserable spirits; the disease being of that nervous kind which is most distressing to the patient and most perplexing to the physician. For myself, I

have entered on my sixty-first year in good health and strength. Cheerful, in the ordinary meaning of the word, no man can be, who understands the present state of public affairs, and who, in his own private prospect, sees before him much that may certainly be apprehended, and nothing that can confidently be hoped. But God has blessed me with an active mind, a buoyant spirit, and a calm and settled faith.

Present Mrs. S.'s kind remembrances, with mine, to Mrs. Stuart, and believe me always, my dear Sir, yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

LETTER 12.

Keswick, May 3, 1838.

My dear Sir,—I will not let a post pass without acknowledging the receipt of your paper concerning Coleridge. What can I say upon so sad a subject? What, but that I always looked on with discomfort and sorrow to the disclosures which would be made after his death; by some persons in mere senseless indiscretion, by others

in malice, and by some, as in your case, in proper self-defence. How few would content themselves with saying as little as you have done !

There is one misapprehension concerning myself. My engagement as your Poet-Laureate did not commence till 1798 ; and the quantity which I supplied was never intended to be considered as making up Coleridge's deficiency.

I never think of that Laureateship without satisfaction. The guinea a week, while I held it, came every quarter very seasonably in aid of slender means ; and a very considerable part of those Minor Poems which I have thought worth preserving, and upon which much careful correction has recently been bestowed, were written in your employ, and otherwise would not have been written.

Present my kindest regards to Mrs. Stuart, and believe me always, yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

End of Southey's Letters.

LETTER FROM THOMAS HILL, ESQ., TO
MR. STUART.

I, *James Street, Adelphi, 8th May, 1838.*

My dear Stuart,—I have only this moment read your Article in the *Gentlemen's Magazine*, although the number has been upon my table ever since the 1st. You have done yourself immortal honour by repelling the puny and unjust attacks made upon you by the biographers of Coleridge. You were the most *substantial* and "*current friend*" he ever had, especially during the early part of his career. I have often heard Coleridge declare, he never could have published his "*Friend*" without your aid and assistance,—Yours very sincerely,

THO. HILL.

*POEMS CONTRIBUTED TO THE "MORN-
ING POST," AND SENT TO THE EDITOR,
D. STUART, BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.*

POEMS BY ROBERT SOUTHEY
SENT TO MR. STUART.



No. I.

My Dear Sir,—Whether or no the following Dramatic Fragment is upon too invidious a subject, you must be a better judge than me. If you think so, throw it behind the fire. I wrote it with a feeling of interest that makes me think it good.—Yours truly, R. SOUTHEY.

DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

The scene in Holland. The time about 1570.

ELLIS.

Not complain?

Endure in silence? Suffer with beast patience
Oppressions such as these?

KLAUS.

Nay, an it please you,
Rail on, rail on. No doubt when you are feeling
The vengeance of the State, 'twill comfort you,
Amid your dungeon miseries to reflect
How valiantly you talked : You know Count Roderick,
He would be railing too.

ELLIS.

And what has followed?

KLAUS.

I saw him in his dungeon ! 'Tis a place
 Where the hell haunted murderer might almost
 Rejoice to hear the hangman summons him.
 By day he may divert his solitude
 With watching through the grate the snow-flakes fall,
 Or counting the long icicles above him,
 Or he may trace upon the ice glazed wall,
 Lines of most brave sedition ! And at night
 The frosty moonbeam for his meditation
 Lends light enough. He told me that his feet
 Were ulcered with the biting cold. I would
 Thou hadst been with me, Ellis.

ELLIS.

But does Philip
 Command these things ? or knowingly permit
 The punishment to go before the judgement ?

KLAUS.

Know'st thou not with what confidence the King
 Reposes upon Alva ? and admit,
 As sure I trust, to hear and to redress
 Injustice, be with him one act, the groans
 Of misery reach not to the royal ear.

ELLIS.

But sure Count Roderick's service—

KLAUS.

Powerful plea !—
 He served his country, and his country paid him
 The wages of his service. Why, but late,

A man that in ten several fields had fought
 His country's battles, by the hangman's hand
 Died like a dog—and for a venial crime—
 A deed that could not trouble with one doubt
 A dying man. At Lepanto he had shared
 The danger of that day, whose triumph broke
 The Ottoman's power; and this was pleaded for him.
 Six months they stretched him on the rack of hope.
 Then took his life.

ELLIS.

I would I were in England!

KLAUS.

Aye! Get thee home again! You Islanders
 Live under such good laws, so mild a sway,
 That you are no more fit to dwell abroad
 Than a doating mother's favorite to endure
 His first school-hardships. We in Holland here,
 Know 'tis as idle to exclaim against
 These State oppressions, as with childish tears
 To weep in the stone, or any other curse
 Wherewith God's wrath afflicts us. And for struggling—
 Why—'twould be like an idiot in the gout,
 Stamping for pain.

No. 2.

FRAGMENT WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF THE
 ABOVE.

* * * *

Or, if the drudge of housemaids daily toil
 Cobwebs and dust thy pinion white besoil,
 Departed Goose! I neither know nor care.
 But this I know, that thou wert very fine
 Seasoned with sage and onions and port wine.

 No. 3.

DESCRIPTIVE FRAGMENT.

Everywhere

Nature is lovely ! On the mountain height,
 Or where the embosomed mountain glen displays,
 Secure sublimity ; or where around
 The undulated surface gently slopes
 With mingled hill and valley. Everywhere
 Nature is lovely. Even in scenes like these,
 Where not a hillock breaks the unvaried plain,
 The eye may find new charms that seeks delight.
 At eve I walk abroad ; the setting sun
 Hath softened with a rich and mellow hue
 The cool fresh air,—below, a bright expanse,
 The waters of the Broad lie luminous.
 I gaze around ; the unbounded plain presents
 Ocean immensity, whose circling line
 The bending heaven shuts in.

No. 4.

ODE.

To whom of all the powers that throng
 The earth, and air, and sea,
 Unknowing have I offered wrong ?
 Laments some wood-nymph for her favourite tree ?
 Or Satyr for his summer bower,
 By me destroyed in evil hour ?
 Falls for my crime the Naiad's wrathful tear ?
 Or have I chased to death Diana's hallowed deer ?

Or, Lord of Ocean ! is it thou
Whose anger I am doomed to know ?
That from the fountains of my head
The briny floods must flow ?
Earth-shaking Neptune ! for no broken vow,
Dost thou thy fury on the sufferer shed.
I never yet put out a Cyclop's eye !
Did ever I profane
High Jove or Juno's fane ?
Or make too free with subtle Mercury ?
That like the fair Sicilian virgin coy,
A spring of living streams I flow away ;
Or as the wretch who on his desert way,
Bit by the Seps, dissolving lies,
Hisses like melting snow on the hot sands, and dies.

Weave the warp and weave the woof,
The pocket-handkerchief for me.
Give ample room and verge enough
To hold the flowing sea.
Heard ye the din of trumpet's bray ?
Nose to napkin—nostril force ?
Long currents urge their way,
And through the kindred fountains speed their course.
Mark the social hour of night,
When the house roof shall echo with affright.
The sneezes sudden thunder !
The neighbours leap with wonder !
A room-quake follows ; each upon his chair
Starts at the fearful sound, and interjects a prayer.

Days of delight ! return, return !
Ye angry powers, enough !
Relent, and give me once again
The joys of health and snuff !

Oh give me once again to feel
 The gentle titillation steal
 Through all the windings of the ethmoid maze!
 And thou return, thou wanderer Smell!
 Back to thy native home return in haste,
 And with thee bring again thy brother wanderer Taste.

Dreams of recovery, are ye 'fled?
 That sneeze has scared the fairy forms away!
 And yet again, out rushing from my head,
 The torrent tides have forced their way.
 So, when the Senators of Gaul require,
 Defensive armour for their courser's feet,
 The civic Mulciber prepares his fire,
 With quick obedience meet.
 The chimney's leathern lungs he works away,
 And blow, blow, blow, becomes the order of the day.
Thursday, December 19, 1799.

No. 5.

FRANCES DE BARRY.

A MONO-SCENIC DRAMA.

*The circumstances historical.*SCENE.—*The Ramparts of Leucate.*

FRANCES DE BARRY—HERALD—DE LOUPIAN.

FRANCES.

Bid here the Captains of the garrison,
 And the chief citizens.

HERALD.

My errand, Lady,
 Is for your private ear.

FRANCES.

Reserve it therefore.

I have no private ear ! The day your craft
 Entrapped De Barry (whom by courage, never
 Ye had subdued) that day did I become
 My husband's image here ; like him the servant
 Of France, and faithful to my trust like him.

HERALD.

Your husband's—

FRANCES.

Peace ! Anon, and thou shalt have
 Thy scope of speech.

(Enter Captains, &c.)

Now, Herald, do thine errand.

HERALD.

Thus say the leaders of the League. Their troops
 Hem in Leucate ; they hold the country round.
 The tyrant, daily weakening, daily prest
 Closer and closer by their righteous arm,
 Desperate himself of safety, can afford
 No succour here. Resistance boots not here.
 Your town, perforce, must fall. Yet are the League
 Mindful of mercy ; rightly, as befits
 The Champions of the Church ; and, like the Church
 By wholesome terror, as by promised grace,
 Would make you wise to safety. Yield the town,
 And, ransomless, your husband shall be free.
 But if relying on deceitful hopes,
 Lady ! and obstinate in waste of blood
 Still you provoke their vengeance, my return
 Condemns De Barry. Yonder he is bound
 Waiting the event, and—ye shall see him die,
 The victim of your crime.

FRANCES.

Ye turn your eyes,
 Defenders of Leucate, as though in doubt,
 Towards me. Look ! My husband from his prison
 Sent me this handkerchief, with charcoal traced :
 "Keep the town well." Say to De Barry, Herald,
 His wife received the token. If he die,
 I have a woman's feelings ; but his honour—
 That is beyond your power ; and in my grief
 There will be consolation.

HERALD.

This your answer ?

CAPTAIN.

Yet more. Ye see the hostage in our power,
 By Montmorency sent—De Barry's pledge
 Of safety. As a noble gentleman
 Has he been guarded here.

DE LOUPIAN.

With all indulgence,
 Never was foe by foe more honourably
 Entreated.

CAPTAIN.

Tell the League his life depends
 Upon De Barry.

(Exit Herald.)

FRANCES to DE LOUPIAN.

Think you they will act
 Their threatening ?

DE LOUPIAN.

As a soldier I must deem
 The crime impossible :—but as my life
 Hangs on the issue, Lady, I have fears.—
 But look ! What stir is yonder in the camp ?
 Oh base and bloody men !

FRANCES.

It is my husband !

DE LOUPIAN.

He kneels as though for death.

(Frances veils her face.)

CAPTAIN.

Your life, De Loupian,

Is in the event.

(A gun is heard.)

DE LOUPIAN.

Then Christ have mercy on me !

That was De Barry's death.

(Many voices.)

Away with him !

Away with him ! Vengeance ! Away with him !

FRANCES *(uncovering her face).*

Hold, Frenchmen ! Unpolluted by a crime,

Unspotted in his honour, has my husband

Died in his country's cause. No cruelty,

No act of impotent revenge, shall stain

The memory of his fate. Shall I revenge

In innocent blood, the life that by a treason

I would not save ?—De Loupian, thou art safe !

Return to Montmorency ; say to him

De Barry's *widow* will defend Leucate.

WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF THE ABOVE.

My dear Sir,—I received the bill, as you have probably heard by Coleridge. My attention will

be directed hereafter to Works of length; but any piece which I may chance to write, of suitable extent, I will not fail to transmit to you.

—Believe me, yours truly, R. SOUTHEY.

Dec. 24, 1799.

APPENDIX.



THE story of the publication of *The Friend*, which is recorded at length in the preceding letters, may be summed up in a few words. In order to give the world the benefit of his stores of learning, and to set forth his general principles in philosophy, literature, and politics, Coleridge proposed to write a weekly article in the form of a newspaper, and hoping to save the heavy drawback of booksellers' profits, he determined to be his own publisher. With this object in view, in the autumn of 1808 he opened negotiations with a Kendal printer named Pennington, but his proposals were declined on the score of old age and approaching retirement. His next plan was to set up a printing press at his own expense, and, with the help of a single compositor, to issue the weekly sheet from Grasmere.

Before, however, this plan was matured, a printer at Penrith, named John Brown, on the understanding that Coleridge should purchase a new fount of type, undertook the work at a moderate price. The cost of the paper, the printing, and the stamps for an issue of five hundred copies amounted to about £11 11s., and as the postage of the entire issue was franked by Curwen, the Member for Carlisle, and Stuart inserted the advertisements both in *The Courier* and *The Morning Post* gratis, a considerable margin of profit would have been left if five hundred copies a week at a shilling a number had been subscribed and paid for. The distance of Penrith from Grasmere, the uncertainty of posts, and the expense of the postage of letters containing subscribers' remittances, were drawbacks to success, but the real cause of the failure of *The Friend* was a lack of *bonâ fide* subscribers. Out of a list of names finally exceeding six hundred, perhaps not a third of that number had ever seriously intended to take the paper in. Many, no doubt, promised zealous canvassers to take a copy on trial, but had no intention of acquiring principles

at the rate of £2 12s. a year. Others never so much as authorized their names to be given in, but were suggested as likely people by friends' friends, and so came to be included in the list. Twenty numbers had to be issued before payment was due, and when that time arrived, the list on which Coleridge had relied proved to be wholly delusive. Of course, if the matter of *The Friend* had been of a popular character, the nominal subscribers would have become permanent supporters, and the drawbacks, with which, as it has been said, Coleridge "severely handicapped" himself, would have been triumphantly overcome. *Dis aliter visum*, and after the issue of the 27th number, which appeared March 15, 1810, *The Friend* ceased to exist.

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