

For while it lasted I had many many hours of pure
happiness Dream not Coleridge of having tasted all
the grandeur and wildness of Fancy till you have gone
mad - all now seems to me vapid; comparatively so
Excuse this selfish digression - your monody is so
superlatively excellent, that I can only wish it perfect
which I can't help feeling it is not quite Indulge me
in a few conjectures. What I am going to propose would
make it more compress'd and I think more energetic
tho' I am sensible at the expense of many beautiful
lines let it begin "To this the land of song - ennobled line"
and proceed to "Owens famished form" then "The Chatterbox"
to "blaze of Seraphim" then "clad in nature's rich array"
to "over a day" then but soon the scathing lightning" to
"blighted land" then "sublime of thought" to "his bosom
glows" then "but soon upon his poor unprotected head did
penury her sickly mildew shew & soon are fled the charms of
early grace and joys wild gleams that-lighten'd on his face"
then "Youth of tumultuous soul" to "sigh" as before. The rest
~~may be made into a monody~~ to go upon the words "retro"
follows now may come next as detached verses, sug-
gested by the monody rather than a part of it. They are in
themselves very sweet "and we at sober eve would ro-
thee throug. Hauging enraptur'd on thy stately song" -
particular perhaps. If I am obscure you may understand
me by counting lines. I have proposed omitting 24 lines
I feel that thus compress'd it would gain energy, but tho'
it most likely you will not agree with me, for who shall
go about to bring opinions to the bed of Procrustes and
introduce among the sons of men a monotony of
identical feelings. I only propose with diffidence
to you, if you please with as little remove as you would
color of a coat or the pattern of a buckle where our
differed. The lines "Friend to the Friendless &
you may think "rudely disbranched" from the
will patch in with the man of Rops, where they
once quite at home with two more which I recd
"and o'er the dowried virgin's snowy cheek had
love suffus'd his blushes meek" very beautiful. There
is a perfect thing and so are the lines on the
page 28 the epitaph on an Infant - like a Jack of

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has danced about (or like Dr. Foster's Scholars) out of
the Main: Chron: into the watchman and thence
back into your collection - it is very pretty and you
seem to think so, but may be have overlooked its
chief merit, that of filling up a whole page I had
once deemed Sonnets of unrivalled use that way but
your epitaphs I find are the more diffuse: Edmund
still holds its place among your best verses "Oh fair
delights" to "roses round" in your poem called Absence
recall (now more forcibly) to my mind the tones
in which you recited it I will not notice in
this tedious (to you) manner verses which have been
so long delightful to me, and which you already
know my opinion of - of this kind are Bowles Priestly
and that most exquisite and most Bowles-like of all
the 19th effusion - It would have better ended with
"a agony of care" the two last lines are obvious and
unnecessary and you need not now make 14 lines of it

now it is unchristened from a Sonnet to an effusion -
Schiller might have written the 20 effusion 'Tis worthy
of him in any sense I was glad to meet with those
lines you sent me, when my sister was so ill. I had lost
the copy and I felt not a little proud at seeing my
name in your verse. The complaint of Minathoma
(1st Stanza in particular) is the best or only good
imitation of Opian I ever saw - your "restless gale" excepted
"To an Infant" is most sweet - is not "foodful" tho' very
harsh would not "dulcet" fruit be less harsh or some
other friendly bis syllable in Edmund "Fire eyed child"
is not so well as frantic - tho' that is an epithet adding
nothing to the meaning "Slander" couching was better
than squatting In the Man of Ross it was a better
line thus "If neath this roof thy wine cheered moments
pass" than as it stands now 'Tis true nor nothing can
reconcile me to the concluding five lines of Kosciusko
call it any thing you will but sublime In my 12th
effusion I had rather have seen what I wrote myself
though they bear no comparison with your exquisite

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lines "On rose leaved beds amid your faery bowers
 &c" I love my sonnets because they are the
 reflected images of my own feelings at different
 times, To instance in the 13th "Thou reason reeled &c"
 are good lines but must spoil the whole with me
 who know it is only a fiction of yours and that
 the rude dashings aid in fact not rock me
 to repose I grant the same objection applies not
 to the former sonnet, but still I love my own
 feelings They are dear to memory tho' they now
 and then wake a sigh or a tear "Thinking on
 divers things fore done" I charge you bol spare
 my ewe Lambs and though a Gentleman may
 borrow six lines in an Epic poem (I should
 have no objection to borrow 500 and without acknowledging
 still in a sonnet - a personal poem I do not "ask
 my friend the aiding verse" I would not
 wrong your feelings by proposing any improvements
 (Did I think myself capable of suggesting em
 in such personal poems as "Thou bleedest my
 poor heart - Od so' I am catch'd I have already
 done it - but that simile I propose abridging
 would not change the feelings or introduce any
 alien ones - Do you understand me? in the 2^d
 however and in the "Sigh" and that composed at
 Clevedon, things that come from the heart direct,
 not by the medium of the fancy - I would not
 suggest an alteration when my blank verse is
 finished or any long fancy poems "propino tibi alterand
 ut - up - andum abridg - andum" just what you
 will with it - but spare my ewe Lambs! That to
 Mrs Siddons now you were welcome to improve
 it had been worth it - but I say unto you
 bol spare my ewe Lambs - I must

confess were they mine I should omit in Editione
secund: effusions 2-3 because satiric and below
the dignity of the poet of religious musings 5-7
half of the 8th - that written in early youth as
far as "thousand eyes" - tho' I part not unreluctantly
with that lively line "Chaste joyance dancing in
her bright blue eyes" and one or two more just thereabouts
- But I would substitute for it that sweet poem called
"Recollection" in the 5th No of the Watchman
better I think than the remainder of this poem,
tho' not differing materially as the poem now
stands it took altogether confused - and do
not omit those lines upon the "early blossom"
in your 6th Number of the Watchman
and I would omit the tenth effusion - or
~~what would do better alter and improve~~
the last 4 lines In fact I suppose if they
were mine I should not omit "sunt em"
but your verse is for the most part so
exquisite, that I like not to see ought of meaner
matter mixed with it - Forgive my petulance
and often I fear ill founded criticisms and
forgive me that I have by this time made
your eyes and head ache with my long
Letter - but I cannot forgo hastily the pleasure
and pride of thus conversing with you - If
did not tell me whether I was to include
the conciones ad Populum in my remarks
our poems - They are not infrequently so
and I think you could not do better
turn 'em into verse - if you have no
to do. Allen I am sorry to say is a co