

with Hawley, if not too moderate -
Don't you think Louis the Desperate
is in a sort of a quandary?

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9095

single

After all, Bonaparte is a fine fellow, as
my Bishop says, and I should not mind standing
barricaded at his table to do him service in his
hall. They should have given him Hampton Court
or Kensington with a letter extending forty miles
round London. In. would not the People have ejected the
Brunswicks some day in his favor? Well, we shall see what

Dear Southey,

P.S. my kind love
to Mrs. M. & C. & D.
to all. I had not room at
the end of the card to
write Robinson is not on the

Circuit, as I erroneously stated in a letter to
W. W. which travels with this, but is gone to
Brussels, Ostend, Ghent &c. But his friend
the Colliers whom I consulted respecting your
friend's fate, remember to have heard him say
that Father Pardo had effected his escape
(the cunning greasy rogue) and to the best of
their belief is at present in Paris. To my
thinking it is small matter whether there
be one fat friar more or less in the world.
I have rather a taste for clerical Executions,
imbued from early recollections of the
fate of the excellent Dodd.

I hear Bonaparte has sued his
Habeas Corpus, and the Twelve Judges are
now sitting upon it at the Rolls -

Your Boule Joy (Bonfire) must be
excellent of its kind. Poet Settle presided
at the last great thing of the kind in London
when the Pope was burnt in form.
So you provide any verses on this occasion.

Your fear for Hartleys intellects
is just and rational. Could not the Chancellor
be petitioned to remove him? His Lordship
took Mr Betty from under the Paternal
wing. I think at least he should
go thro' a course of matters of fact with some
other man after the mysteries. Could
not he spend a week at Poole's before
he goes back to Oxford? Tobin is dead.
But there is a man in my Office
a Mr Hodges, who prosecutes it away from
morning to night & never gets beyond
corporal & material verities. He'd

get these crack brain metaphysics out
the young gentlemen's head as soon as any
one I know. When I can't sleep a night
I imagine a dialogue with Mr Hodges
upon any given subject, & go prising on in
fancy with him, till I either laugh or fall
asleep. I have literally found it answer.

I am going to stand Godfather,
I don't like the business, I cannot
muster up decorum for these occasions.
I shall certainly disgrace the font.
I was at Hazlitt's marriage & he'd
like to have been burnt out several times
during the ceremony. Any thing awful makes me
laugh. I misbehaved once at a funeral. I can't
even read about these ceremonies with pious & proper
feelings. The realities of life only seem the
mockeries. I fear I must get cured along