

Dear Coleridge

Memoranda
84

June 10 1820

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A Letter written in the blood of your
poor friend would indeed be of a nature to startle you,
but this is wrought but harmless red ink, or as the witty
mercantile phrase hath it, Clerk's Blood. Down in sin,
my brain, guts, skin, flesh, bone, carcase, soul, ~~temper~~,
is all theirs. The Royal Exchange, Gresham, Holby hath
me body & spirit. I admire some of Lloyd's lines on
you, & I admire your post - having read them. He
is a sad Letter, but this is understood. 20 years
ago he estranged my friend from me quite, whom I
have been regretting but never could regain since; he
almost unconnected you (also) from me, or me from you,
I don't know what. But that breach is closed, the
dreary sea is filled up. He has lately been about B,
"telling a gain" as they call it, a most gratuitous piece
of mischief, & has caused a coolness between me & a
(not friend exactly but) intimate acquaintance. I
suspect also, he shakes Manning's faith in me, who
am to Manning more than an acquaintance. Still
I like his writing verses about you. Will your kind
host & hostess give us a dinner next Sunday; and
better still, not expect us if the weather is very bad.
Why you should refuse D. G.'s P. Sheet for Blackw.
or any other Magazine, passes my poor comprehension.
But as Strap says, you know best. I have no quarrel
with you about pre-juicial avocations, so don't
worry me. That Manchester Sonnet, I think very
good. Another Sonnet appear'd both
in the Paper which turned
out to be the same. Am I
surprised every

