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My dear friend

I fear it is my turn to be the ablogist; but luckily, thy letter has no date to it, so that it does not reproach me so bitterly for my delay, as it might do if its precise arrival were so notified; but I know it has remained a deal longer unanswer'd than I intended it should. But I have only one head, and only one pair of hands, he who has to act the Post, the Banker's Clerk, and keep up a pretty extensive correspondence too, had need to be better furnished. My Clerkship has of late been more than I have known how to get through with, and being without the most imperative of any comforts, to least more pleasing associations for its sake. But the long light mornings of Summer are coming, so the Calendar says at least, and the Wax Hutterum should not lie, and in some of these long light mornings, I hope the Muse may favor me with a visit, or so, in frequent musings. In the interim my Assurance will, I was going to call it, but in the continuation of more sober folks than Rhymers, my fleshly and sensible employment has called forth among other tributary endowments from literary acquaintances one so beautiful from a Druggist near this place, that one is half reconcil'd, pro tem, to an exertion which is in itself tiresome enough. Next to being able to write good Poets, to a genuine lover of the art, it must be gratifying to be its subject, and I have felt both gratified and encouraged by the tribute.



referred to. Unfortunately I have it locked up very safely  
in my desk, and cannot find the foreman which he  
indicates, so I cannot vindicate my praise by showing  
it. Its author is a Gentleman of the name of Mifflin,  
the same address in my volume on his departure for  
home; he resides in one of most elegant Vicarages I ever  
saw, has the most valuable Library to which I ever had  
access, and is, I believe a relation of Lord Redeford's. He  
edited Gray's works, some years ago, and once published  
a little Poem entitled *Lines on the Indian Captives*, with  
some minor pieces attached to it. His intention in writing  
this Sonnet was most friendly, being to call upon the poet  
of Luakers to place their Poets in some more congenial place,  
a very kind design certainly, but not very likely to be  
effected by a Sonnet in a Provincial Paper, and such was  
the intended destiny of the one in question. His destiny,  
however is averted; and so he has sent it to some one  
of his numerous literary friends, in Town who will perhaps  
find it a more honorable asylum. What a piece of work  
about a Sonnet! explains my impatient wishes relative to  
these a moment's patience. In the first place a really fine  
Sonnet is no every day affair, and this has been struck such;  
mind I do not say which by - but in the second place it just  
now shines in both a very engaging subject, and that is my  
perseverance in, or resignation of Authorship. The former seems  
incompatible with my continuance in my present situation, on  
the latter I now begin to determine. Hence I cannot but feel  
an interest in any expression of sympathy which may ultimately  
be a tracing of my future prospects - and even if nothing  
were ever to result from it, as is most probable, the very  
expression of such sympathy, and the candid appreciation of  
the difficulties with which one has to struggle, is in itself  
consoling & strengthening. But enough on this subject.

Now - Mercy on us! how often are giving to things; but by  
all means think me so, if possible, for the chances are we  
may never meet, and then shall pass for a very good  
Adonis in the imagination in defiance of facts, and may

over himself, face; only remember, in case we ever should  
meet I ascertained my self to be incomparably unhandsome, I  
woud say ugly, because ugly, is every unpretty word for  
a Poet to apply to his own person - but as they are for the  
best of the best, I regret, with which some inhuman slaves have  
been very refreshingly cheered. Pray let me know how  
soon to return them. Thy lively description of a winter in the  
country amused me highly - but every friend has its centre, and  
vice versa, read English winter with its snow, no winter in  
town will ever inspire such Poetry - also love paintings, and of  
course read with great interest the report of the Exhibition of  
Laguays. I should like to see it extremely - but I must wait for  
its exhibition at Woodbridge, which will I do not presume occur just  
at present - I long to hear the report of Chas. I do not expect  
it will excite my own, the Book cannot please many at it has  
done me, I am in the supulative figure, if it could it would  
be so popular - but I think detached parts of it must  
iron, body, with pleasure - My Biography is  
meaning abundant, but it will be a million  
times more anticipated. I see in one of the  
city gazettes an acknowledgment of Clerk's Poems,  
but they have never been published, and are rather of  
the longest. By the by I have again begun to take in the City  
Gazette in a cheaper plan, by writing a letter longer for it, and  
I am not far behind for I have seen the beautiful Dramatic  
science. They, please is still one of the chief attractions of the  
Paper - many as it has - The Meddles's Papers are very elegant,  
for first I ever saw come as a seal of a letter from my good  
friend it - I have read nothing new lately, except a letter not  
my friend Bouquet has sent me, entitled *ellations & Fishes*, it  
has many, I had passage in it, but a volume of *Dictionary*  
*Poetry* by an American had some sad deficiencies in it, to my  
reader whose religious principles embrace salvation through the  
purification, abatement of the sinners - yet flow and abate,  
what the Book thus, while I regret what it has not - I had  
a letter from Chas a few days since, within the day, after he  
had dined with Woodworth, Gladys, Rogers, and Tomlinson.  
Such a letter was a treat, for it smelted of the good company,  
I never had just left, it was written with a vivid remem-  
brance of recent enjoyment - Farewell - I will try and write  
a less stupid letter next time, if my presents do but procure  
me the favour of a reply. Yours truly  
Bernard Barton