

W. J. Clarke

George Dyer
No 45
Mr Woodworth
1115 Washington Street
Somerset
London

My Dear Sir I received your second letter - last night - your first which required an immediate answer should not have remained unanswered so long voluntarily - but I have been very ill with a rheumatic fever - thank God, I am recovered.

In a late letter you tell me not to be too sanguine in my expectations of the profits of the Latin text - I rated those profits at one hundred pounds - and I have now 450 subscribers - 300 copies pay all the ~~cost~~ expenses - However, I assure you, I speculate not on that work.

There is one sentence in your last letter which affected me greatly - "I feel a degree of languor & ennui and by seeing & frequently feeling much misery acquire something of misanthropy" - It is melancholy to think that the best of us are liable to be shaped & colored by surrounding objects - and a demonstrative proof, that man was not made for the great cities! Almost all the physical evil in the world depends on the existence of moral evil - and the long-continued contemplation ^{of the latter} does not tend to meliorate the human heart. - The pleasures, which we receive from rural beauties, are of the little consequence compared with the moral effect of those pleasures - beholding constantly the best people we at last become ourselves the best people. In the country, all around us smile ^{good} and beauty - and the images of this divine beneficence are imprinted on the minds of the beholders.

as a Landscape on a Convex Mirror. Thompson
in that most lovely Poem, the Lute of Sordana, says
I can not, Fortune! what you ne deny

You cannot rob me of free Nature's Grace!

You cannot shut the windows of the sky
Through which the Morning shows her deary face.

You cannot bar my constant feet & nose

Through Wood and Vale by driving Steam at us

That what she can deny us all this - and ^{can} ^{force}

force us fettered and handcuffed by our
Dependencies & Wants to wish and wish away ~~the~~

the bitter Little of Life, in the felon-crowded
Dungeons of a great City!

God love you, my very dear Sir! I would that

we could form a Patriocracy in England and

that you could be one of us! - The finely-fibred

Heart, that like the Statue of Minerva, trembles into

melody on the sun beam touch of Benevolence, is

not easily forced into the diaphanous of Misanthropy.

But you will never ~~let~~ suffer your feelings to

be benumbed by the torpedo touch of that.

Fiend - I know you - and know that you will

drink of every Mourners sorrows, even while your

own Cup is trembling over its Brink.

We certainly shall not come to London without

a certainty of Employment - but what I most ardently

wish is to be employed in some ~~of~~ department of

Literature which ~~do~~ require my Residence in Town.

So it is possible that I could gain an employment

in this or look the other? - When the time is

nothing of the ~~best~~ Profit sure" - with one sentence

you have encompassed the whole extent of my wishes.

swear not more sabblicly, than to labor and live

to be useful & to be happy - / Not to be poor - would

make me very rich. - If by any means I could

procure a ^{safety} ~~quantity~~ of a guinea ~~week~~, I would be

well content to work like a Russian - / In short,

we wish and mean to live (in all the severity of

Economy) in Wales - near some Town, where there is

a speedy Communication with London - I can any

thing be procured, which may employ us ^{there}.

I did not expect that you would have thought

so well of my Political Lecture - the second & third

are far superior to it in point of Composition, but

I had no necessity for publishing them - and therefore

no Sceptical - I was soon obliged by the

Persecutions of Deakins to discontinue them - Southey

is now about to give a course of Historical Lectures

unconnected with the politics of the Day! - Southey desires his

remembrance to you in warmth of esteem.

A friend of mine is soon coming to London - who

will convey to you a little packet from me -

I shall soon transmit to the Morning Chronicle

5 more Sonnets of Eminent characters - among

the rest, one to Lord Staircase!

I receive great Pleasure from your Letters -

write soon.

My Dr Gregory bears to my respects - to Gilbert

Wakefield. So my friend in Town?

God love you & you obliged & grateful

J. T. Coleridge

Poor Brothers! They'll make him know Malaw as well as the

Prophet!