

Dear Sir You must pack the whole blame on  
the suffering shoulders of our friend, Mr Wordsworth,  
who had held forth to me, believing Seneca's  
three weeks' Fair, as the extreme limit in Time  
and let the Poet, mihi magnus Apollo! and his fair  
Laughter have by pure force of attraction carried me  
on, o'er Dutch and Bell, River and Plain, not to speak  
of the <sup>German</sup> Mountains and Dutch Steeples and  
Rhenish Towers, like the Pringel I'm in scripture washing  
my substance (i.e. my obesity, especially during the hot weather)  
in a foreign land, on and on, I roamed about, even to the  
commencement of the 7<sup>th</sup> week - / However, I am come back -

and trust that the result will be ultimately be to the advantage  
of the Keep. sake no less than it has been to the health  
and spirits of your friend  
S. J. Coleridge

8. August, 1822. Friday I believe.

P.S. - By Tuesday morning I shall be prepared to be  
in receipt in most calligraphic shape for the paper  
Will you come to me, and take a sandwich and a glass  
of wine between 12 & 1, on Tuesday - or ~~shall~~ <sup>may</sup> I come  
to you. - You see a line, (Grove, Westgate) by the  
two party Post.

Coleridge