

Coleridge

My dear Sir I thank you for your kind present, and as you may be assured, with the left warmth for the delicacy with which you have wove a veil for your kindness out of a compliment, I sincerely gratify myself in it.

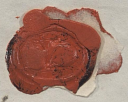
Per vos volo C. amicis guardo
Omnibus est pium cortice
Disiuglic et sorriso.

And I don't say so, but acknowledgments by anticipation. I doubt not that your friendly words will germinate in the soil, to which you sowed them. But have you not mistaken Desmet for his elder Brother, Featles? The only unearring, ~~that~~ ^{of} ~~Desmet~~ ^{Desmet} suffered in Desmet's account, was from some fallacy called free thinking opinions, which he had caught at Cambridge in the society of Huxley, Macculay, and some others whose talents & superior acquirements were but too well fitted to render their infidelity infectious. But thro' the circumstance pointed out for the time, it did not ^{quite} make an any serious disreputable, for I felt even, that it was not the true Smago of the Psyche, but only one of the Larva that he would soon slough. And the result, thank God! has verified my presentiment. Desmet has very fine talents; and a particularly fine sense of musical music. His lyric Fantasiae are among the most musical schemes or movements of verse, that I have ever met with in our later poetry at least. But he is confessedly not equal to Shelley in original conception and either depth or splendor of intellect. Poor dear Featles! He was hardly, nay, exactly used by the British press. And it fell with a more crushing weight on him, than with all his defects Love had followed him like his shadow - & all does, as you can conceive, in conceives with an excellent heart, and

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the religious principles, ^{the mind} consistently religious, and lofty, an
active and powerful intellect - if you can conceive, Long, in connection
with all these, not a mania, not a derangement, but an ideology
of Will or rather of Volition, you will have formed a tolerably correct
conception of Hartley Coleridge. Wordsworth says I lament it; but
have ceased to condemn him. All this I have written in
confidence. What Queen Mary said, on the lips of our last Stray in
France - but if her heart were open, Calais would be found
written at the base - I might say of my poor dear Hartley. I
can never read Wordsworth's delightful lines "To H. C. at six
years old" without ^{a feeling of} ~~awe~~, blended with tenderest emotions, so
prophetic even they. - but now for pleasanter themes. I trust,
but before I see you again, I shall have brought together
as a part of my critique some remarks or translation on the
principle of compensation, proportional to the difference in the
Genius of the two Languages that will be worth your attention.
But I cannot help expressing my wish, that you could
find leisure to amuse yourself with trying the Achilles of
Statius. The interest of the tale, the beauty, the interesting criticism,
you might profit, on the genius & characteristic traits of Statian
critique to occasion it - & thus it is a finished whole of my two books.

Pray my cordial & respectful remembrance to
Miss Solly, to your Daughters and to all of your Household,
and wishing you fine weather, and safe horses, I remain,
my dear Sir,

with unfeigned regard
your obliged S. T. Coleridge

P.S. Hartley is at present, I believe, at Edinburg with
Mr Wilson. It is probable, that he may fall in your way.

