

and offering payment at a higher rate than he had received for the Annual Review. His reply shows that his principle was, "whatsoever his hand found to do, to do it with his might."\* The contemplated separation of the editor from the Review did not, however, take place, and the articles were consequently transferred to the Annual, my father stating that nothing but the circumstance of the Review having changed hands, and their needing a ready writer, would induce him to have any thing to do with it, disapproving as he did the principles upon which it was conducted.

To the Messrs. Longman and Co.

June 5, 1807.

DEAR SIRS,

"I will review the books as soon as they arrive, and as well as I can, but I can not do them better for an Edinburgh Review than for an Annual one. There are many articles which are valued precisely in proportion to the time and labor bestowed upon them, and which, therefore, can be accurately fixed accordingly; these articles are not of that description. The worst reviews you have ever had from me have cost me more time and labor than the best. When the subject is good, and I am acquainted with it, the pen flows freely; otherwise it is tilling an ungrateful soil. I can promise you a better review of Clavigero than any other person could furnish; upon the other books, I will do my best. All reviews, however, which are not seasoned either with severity or impertinence, will seem flat to those whose palates have been accustomed to ———'s sauce-damnable.

"Some time ago, the Bishop of Llandaff observed to me that few things were more wanted than a regular collection of translations of the ancient historians, comprising the whole of them in their chronological order. It is worth thinking of; and if you should think of it, modern copyright need not stand in your way. Littlebury's Herodotus is better than Beloe's, and Gordon's Tacitus far superior to Murphy's. Such a collection, well annotated, &c., could not fail to sell, and might best be published volume by volume; if it were carried to the end of the Byzantine history, so much the better both for the public and the publishers. This is not a plan in which I could bear any part myself, but it is worth your consideration.

"The Spanish Joinville, I fear, perished at Hafod. If, however, by good fortune, it should have been returned to you before the fire, have the goodness to inclose it in the next parcel. I wait the arrival of one, expected by every carrier, to make up a bundle for Dr. Aikin: the reason is this; one of the books which I sent for implies by the title that I have been deceived in one of the Omnia articles, and I ordered the book for the sake of ascertaining the truth and correcting the error.

"Is there not a new edition of Whitehead's Life of Wesley? If you will send me it, and with it the life published by Dr. Coke for the conference, I will either review it for you, or make a life myself for the Athenæum, having Thompson's here, and also a complete set of Wesley's journals, which I have carefully read and marked for the purpose.

Yours truly, R. SOUTHEY.

"I hope you will accommodate matters with Jeffrey; for if there should be two Edinburgh Reviews, or if he should set up another under a new title, you would probably be the sufferer, even though yours should manifestly be the best—such is the force of prejudice."

The following playful effusion was addressed to Hartley Coleridge, who is often referred to in the earlier letters by the name of Moses, it being my father's humor to bestow on his little playfellows many and various such names. When those allusions and this letter were selected for publication, my cousin was yet among us, and I had pleasantly anticipated his half-serious, half-playful remonstrances for thus bringing his childhood before the public. Now he is among the departed; and those only who knew him intimately can tell how well-stored and large a mind has gone with him, much less how kind a heart and how affectionate a disposition. He has found his last peaceful resting-place (where Dr. Arnold so beautifully expresses a wish that he might lie) "beneath the yews of Grasmere church-yard, with the Rotha, with its deep and silent pools, passing by;" but his name will long be a "living one" among the hill-sides and glens of our rugged country,

"Stern and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetic child."

To Hartley Coleridge.

Keswick, June 13, 1807.

NEPHEW JOB,

"First, I have to thank you for your letter and your poem; and, secondly, to explain why I have not done this sooner. We were a long time without knowing where you were, and, when news came from Miss Barker that you were in London, by the time a letter could have reached you you were gone; and, lastly, Mr. Jackson wrote to you to Bristol. I will now compose an epistle which will follow you further west.

"Bona Marietta hath had kittens; they were remarkably ugly, all taking after their father Thomas, who there is reason to believe was either uncle or grandsire to Bona herself, the prohibited degrees of consanguinity which you will find at the end of the Bible not being regarded by cats. As I have never been able to persuade this family that catlings, fed for the purpose and smothered with onions, would be rabbits to all eatable purposes, Bona Marietta's ugly progeny no sooner came into the world than they were sent out of it; the river nymph Greta conveyed them to the river god Derwent; and if neither

\* Ecclesiastes, ix., 10.