

about a month. You may have heard or seen that D. Manuel has a friend in the *Courier* and in the *Morning Post*. This is Stuart's doing, who will befriend him still more by giving me some facts for what further is to be added to complete the object of the book. As for the *Specimens*, I am perfectly satisfied that it will be very easy to metamorphose them into a good book, if ever there should be a second edition.

"I have seen only one review of it, which was in the *Monthly Magazine* some months ago, and then the author contrived to invalidate all the censure which he had cast upon it by abusing me *in toto* as a blockhead, coxcomb, &c., &c.

"I am a good deal surprised at your saying that the dunces of 1700 were like the dunces of 1800. Surely you have said this without thinking what you were saying: they are as different as the fops of the two periods. You are wrong, also, in your praise of Ellis's book: his is a very praiseworthy book, as far as matter of fact, history, and arrangement go; but the moment that ends, and the series of specimens begins, all views of manner, and all light of history, disappear, and you have little else than a collection of amatory pieces selected with little knowledge and less taste.

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"Captain Guillem is at home in the Isle of Man, having realized from ten to fifteen thousand pounds. He has no chance of being employed, having no interest to get a ship, and, what is better, no wish to have one. Yet he is precisely such a man as ought to be employed—a true-bred English sailor. Let him be at sea forty years, and there would be no mutiny on board his ship; boy-captains are the persons who make mutinies. Oh, Grosvenor Bedford, what a pamphlet would I write about the navy if my brother were not in it!

"I do not send you Henry White's *Remains*, because, though as many copies were offered me as I should choose to take, I declined taking any more than one for myself. I hope they will sell, and believe so; his piety will recommend the book to the Evangelicals, and his genius to men of letters.

"God bless you!

R. S."

My father's acquaintance with Sir Walter Scott, commenced by the short visit he had made to Ashestiel in the autumn of 1805, and continued, as we have seen, by letter, now began to assume a closer character, and, through his friendly mediation, some overtures were now made to him to take service in the corps of his opponent Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh Review*. "As you occasionally review," Sir Walter wrote to him at this time (November, 1807), "will you forgive my suggesting a circumstance for your consideration, to which you will give exactly the degree of weight you please? I am perfectly certain that Jeffrey would think himself both happy and honored in receiving any communications which you might send him, choosing your books and expressing your own opinions. The

terms of the *Edinburgh Review* are ten guineas per sheet, and will shortly be advanced considerably. I question if the same unpleasant sort of work is any where else so well compensated. The only reason which occurs to me as likely to prevent your rendering the *Edinburgh* some critical assistance, is the severity of the criticisms upon Madoc and Thalaba. I do not know if this will be at all removed by my assuring you, as I do upon my honor, that Jeffrey has, notwithstanding the flippancy of these attacks, the most sincere respect both for your person and talents. The other day I designedly led the conversation on that subject, and had the same reason I always have had to consider his attack as arising from a radical difference in point of taste, or, rather, feeling of poetry, but by no means from any thing approaching either to enmity or a false conception of your talents. I do not think that a difference of this sort should prevent you, if you are otherwise disposed to do so, from carrying a portion, at least, of your critical labors to a better market than the *Annual*. Pray think of this; and, if you are disposed to give your assistance, I am positively certain that I can transact the matter with the utmost delicacy toward both my friends. I am certain you may add £100 a year, or double that sum, to your income in this way, with almost no trouble; and, as times go, that is no trifle."

In this letter (which is published in Sir Walter Scott's *Life*) he speaks also of his intention of publishing a small edition of the *Morte d'Arthur*, which, as the reader has seen, was ground already preoccupied by my father, who, in his reply, explains this, as well as answers at length his friend's proposal.

To Walter Scott, Esq.

Keswick, Dec. 8, 1807.

MY DEAR SCOTT,

"I am very much obliged to you for the offer which you make concerning the *Edinburgh Review*, and fully sensible of your friendliness, and the advantages which it holds out. I bear as little ill-will to Jeffrey as he does to me, and attribute whatever civil things he has said of me to especial civility, whatever pert ones (a truer epithet than severe would be) to the habit which he has acquired of taking it for granted that the critic is, by virtue of his office, superior to every writer whom he chooses to summon before him. The reviews of Thalaba and Madoc do in no degree influence me. Setting all personal feelings aside, the objections which weigh with me against bearing any part in this journal are these: I have scarcely one opinion in common with it upon any subject. Jeffrey is for peace, and is endeavoring to frighten the people into it: I am for war as long as Bonaparte lives. He is for Catholic emancipation: I believe that its immediate consequence would be to introduce an Irish priest into every ship in the navy. My feelings are still less in unison with him than my opinions. On subjects of moral or political importance, no man is more apt to speak in the very

gall of bitterness than I am, and this habit is likely to go with me to the grave; but that sort of bitterness in which he indulges, which tends directly to wound a man in his feelings, and injure him in his fame and fortune (Montgomery is a case in point), appears to me utterly inexcusable. Now, though there would be no necessity that I should follow this example, yet every separate article in the Review derives authority from the merit of all the others; and, in this way, whatever of any merit I might insert there would aid and abet opinions hostile to my own, and thus identify me with a system which I thoroughly disapprove. This is not said hastily. The emolument to be derived from writing at ten guineas a sheet, Scotch measure, instead of seven pounds, Annual, would be considerable; the pecuniary advantage resulting from the different manner in which my future works would be handled, probably still more so. But my moral feelings must not be compromised. To Jeffrey as an individual I shall ever be ready to show every kind of individual courtesy; but of Judge Jeffrey of the Edinburgh Review I must ever think and speak as of a bad politician, a worse moralist, and a critic, in matters of taste, equally incompetent and unjust.

"Your letter was delayed a week upon the road by the snow. I wish it had been written sooner, and had traveled faster, or that I had communicated to you my own long-projected edition of *Morte d'Arthur*. I am sorry to have forestalled you, and you are the only person whom I should be sorry to forestall in this case, because you are the only person who could do it certainly as well, and perhaps better, with less labor than myself. My plan is to give the whole bibliography of the Round Table in the preliminaries, and indicate the source of every chapter in the notes.

"The review of Wordsworth I am not likely to see, the Edinburgh very rarely lying in my way. My own notions respecting the book agree in the main with yours, though I may probably go a step further than you in admiration. There are certainly some pieces there which are good for nothing (none, however, which a bad poet could have written), and very many which it was highly injudicious to publish. That song to Lord Clifford, which you particularize, is truly a noble poem. The Ode upon Pre-existence is a dark subject darkly handled. Coleridge is the only man who could make such a subject luminous. The Leech-gatherer is one of my favorites; there he has caught Spenser's manner, and, in many of the better poemets, has equally caught the best manner of old Wither, who, with all his long fits of dullness and prosing, had the heart and soul of a poet in him. The sonnets are in a grand style. I only wish Dundee had not been mentioned. James Grahame and I always call that man Claverhouse, the name by which the devils know him below.

"Marmion is expected as impatiently by me as is by ten thousand others. Believe me, no man of real genius was ever yet a pu-

ritanical stickler for correctness, or fastidious about any faults except this own. The best artists, both in poetry and painting, have produced the most. Give me more lays, and correct them at leisure for after editions—not laboriously, but when the amendment comes naturally and unsought for. It never does to sit down doggedly to correct.

"The *Cid* is about half through the press, and will not disappoint you. It is much in the language of *Amadis*, both books having been written before men began to think of a fine style. This is one cause why *Amadis* is so far superior to *Palmerin*. There are passages of a poet's feeling in the *Cid*, and some of the finest circumstances of chivalry. I expect much credit from this work.

"To recur to the Edinburgh Review, let me once more assure you that, if I do not grievously deceive myself, the criticisms upon my own poems have not influenced me; for, however unjust they were, they were less so, and far less uncourteous, than what I meet with in other journals; and, though these things injure me materially in a pecuniary point of view, they make no more impression upon me than the bite of a sucking flea would do upon *Garagantua*. The business of reviewing, much as I have done in it myself, I disapprove of, but, most of all, when it is carried on upon such a system as Jeffrey's. The judge is criminal who acquits the guilty, but he is far more so who condemns the innocent. In the Annual I have only one coadjutor, all the other writers being below contempt. In the Edinburgh I should have had many with whom I should have felt it creditable to myself to have been associated, if the irreconcilable difference which there is between Jeffrey and myself upon every great principle of taste, morality, and policy did not occasion an irremovable difficulty. Meantime, I am as sincerely obliged to you as, if this difference did not exist, and I could have availed myself of all its advantages, to the importance of which I am fully sensible.

"I am very curious for your *Life of Dryden*, that I may see how far your estimate of his merits agrees with my own. In the way of editing, we want the yet unpublished metrical romances from the Auchinleck MS., of which you have just given such an account as to whet the public curiosity, and a collection of the Scotch poets. K. James, who is the best, has not been well edited; *Blind Harry* but badly; *Dunbar*, and many others, are not to be procured. Your name would make such a speculation answer, however extensive the collection might be. I beg my respects to Mrs. Scott, and am,

"Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHBY."

#### CHAPTER XIV.

BRAZILIAN AFFAIRS—DISLIKE OF LEAVING HOME  
—CONDEMNS THE IDEA OF MAKING PEACE WITH  
BONAPARTE—THE INQUISITION—THE SALE OF