

79. W. W. to Francis Wrangham

MS. Henry Huntington Library.

K. MY i. 304, p. 133.

Grasmere July 12 [1807]

My dear Wrangham,

I received your Letter (directed to Coleorton) at Halifax in your own County; yet seventy or eighty miles from your place of abode. I am in your debt for two Letters, one received many months ago; to that I made reply from London (which I visited this Spring) in a sheet which was to be filled up by Montagu: but as you do not mention this Letter, I take for granted that Montagu, with his usual fidelity in the art of forgetting, neglected not only to add his own part but to forward mine. -- --

Your epigrams were amusing enough; the last, I think, was the best; I heard a good deal of the Yorkshire Election where I was, but my Friends were among the blues; of course I did not hear much good of Lord Milton, except in the streets: and there indeed I heard enough. [247](#)

I am glad you had received so much pleasure from those of my poems which you had read. -- I am so much of your opinion with respect to Lord Nelson that I shall omit the note [248](#) in future. Is your objection to the word `immediately' or to its connection with the others? The word itself seems to have sufficient poetical authority, even the highest.

Immediately a place

Before his eyes appeared, sad, noisome, dark. [249](#)

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I am well aware that the *nimia simplicitas* of my diction will frequently be complained of. I am prepared for that, being confident that the more an intimacy with our best writers is cultivated, the less dislike of this kind shall I have to encounter. --

Do not you write in the Critical Review occasionally? I know you are intimate with the publisher, Mawman. I put this question to you because there is a most malignant Spirit (his fleshly name is Legrice) [250](#) whose gall and venom are discharged upon the public through that review. This wretch, for such I cannot but call him, has taken Coleridge, his quondam School-fellow at Christ's hospital and contemporary at Cambridge, into his most deadly hatred, and persecutes him upon all occasions in which hatred all Coleridge's friends have a share, and I among the rest. I have therefore to request that you would take so much trouble as to keep the review of my Poems in the Critical out of this Creature's hands, either by reviewing them yourself which I should like best or in any other way. I have requested this of you not that I think the criticisms of this man would have the slightest influence on the final destiny of these poems, or that they would give me a moment's concern on any other account than this; that some of my relations and friends who have not strength of mind to judge for themselves might be wound[ed] but chiefly because the immediate sale of

books is more under the influence of reviews than is generally supposed, and the sale of this work is of some consequence to me. -- If you stir in this affair there is no time to be lost. --

Are we not likely to see you here? Your place is too much out of the way for my purse.
Affectionately yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

Pray let a copy of your sermon [251](#) be sent by Mawman to Longman's, to be forwarded by him in the first parcel of books he sends to Southey.