

120. W. W. to JOSEPH COTTLE

L(--), i. 122. EL(--), 229.

Sockburn, [Summer?], 1799.

My dear Cottle,

. . . Southey's review [625](#) I have seen. He knew that I published those poems for money and money alone. He knew that money

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was of importance to me. If he could not conscientiously have spoken differently of the volume, he ought to have declined the task of reviewing it.

The bulk of the poems he has described as destitute of merit. Am I recompensed for this by vague praises of my talents? I care little for the praise of any other professional critic, but as it may help me to pudding. . . . Believe me, dear Cottle, your affectionate friend,

W. Wordsworth.

625 In the *Critical Review* for Oct. 1798, of *The Idiot Boy* he says: `No tale less [[return](#)] deserved the labour that appears to have been bestowed on this, it resembles a Flemish picture in the worthlessness of its design and excellence of its execution . . . the other ballads of this kind are as bald in story, and are not so