My dear Friend,

I have been eager to hear from you lately. You know the anxiety of the disappointments I have undergone, you would attribute my silence to any thing but unkindly motives. I allude to the employment affair in which I thoughtfully engaged, for when I come home to thank you for the kindness which you know I must feel at your visit to Hanover. I hope it will be early in the month, that you will arrange matters so in London that it may be concluded to the utmost possible extent. Be sensible people live here in a cottage extensive & fancy enough for the villa of an Italian prince. The rent as you may conceive is large, but it is an object with us, that they allow it to remain unpaid until Sam of age. What said Hamet of America? you must take your place in the mail as far as Cape and inform me of the time you mean to be there & I will meet you. I do not think that you have seen visited this part of North Wales. The scenery is more strikingly grand on the way from Llanberis to our house than ever I beheld. The road passes at the foot of Snowdon, all around you see lofty mountain peaks rising their summits far above the clouds, widely wooded valleys below. One turns reflecting every tint & shape of the scenery above them. The crags are permanently rough, I shall bring a horse for you, as soon as we are better able to see the country than when jumblin on a chair.
That has gone on but slowly, all the while it is nearly finished. They
have kept me out of all society, with some restrictions. I have
taken your advice, and I have not been at the liberty myself to
visit. The dedication is in blank verse, & the description in
blank lycical measure. If authority is of any weight in
support of this singularity. Milton’s Samson Agonistes, The
Greek Chorus, & (you will laugh) Bulfinch’s Tarabas may be
added. — I have seen your last letter to Harriet. She
will answer it by one to you. I need not say that your letter
delighted me, but all your principles do not. The species
of pride which you hope to encourage appears to men who
had the habit of bearing the test of reason. Now do not tell me that
reason is a cold and unenrth artistic. Reason is only an upper
stage of our better feelings, passion considered in its peculiar
mode of its operation. — True chivalric pride alike of excellent
are in an age of vandalism & brutality is unworthy of the
nineteenth century. A more elevated spirit has begun to define
itself which without deducting form the warmth of love or
the constancy of friendship considers all private feelings to
public duty, & seems to have one passion & one reason to
continue at war. — You mistake a desire of being
esteemed to that of being really estimable. — I scarce think
that the mere humility of Christian hypocrisy is more
upgrading & blind. I remember when once our forefathers
were used to discuss various subjects. Among me present with
you in spirit & own “how vain is human pride”.
Whatefer you will say that my Republicanism is good.
It certainly is far removed from full-house democracy, but with what spirit to hear the severe epithets, often incisive and not without a touch of insult, to which the soul would shrink neither from the scaffold for the stake, nor from those deeds and habits which are directed to slaver in power. My republicanism at its base is true would bear with an equipoise of chivalry, the universality, before an ending of common vulgarity, but however from pride that because the one I consider as approaching most nearly to what man ought to be — I much for pride.

Since I wrote the above I have finished the rough sketch of my Poem — as I have not stated in it the remembrance of every line of it, sufficient will remain, and I consider it unrememberable faults invisible to partial eyes to make my work tolerable. Like all ghosts I shall continue myself with what I may call of all the situations of the chosen few who think & feel, or those friends whose personal partialities may blind them to all defects. — I mean to subject it to your philosophical tests.

Harriet has a bold scheme of writing you a Latin letter. If you have an idea of Metamorphoses she will thank you for advising it. — I do not teach her grammatically, but by the usual laborious method of teaching her the English of Latin words, intending afterwards to give her a general idea of grammar. — The laws with me in all

Wish you a kind letter,

John Murray (1726)

May 1843
you in spirit & own how vain is human
whales you will say that any depur
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, A. L. [S.], 7 February 1813, to Thomas Jefferson Hogg.

Tanyralt Feb. 7. 1812

My dear Friend

I have been teased to death for the last fortnight. Had you known the variety of the discomfitures I have undergone, you would attribute my silence to any thing but unkindness or neglect. I allude to the Embankment affairs in which I thoughtlessly engaged, for when I come home to Harriet I am the happiest of the happy.—I forget whether I have expressed to you the pleasure which you know I must feel at your visit in March. I hope it will be early in the month, & that you will arrange matters so in London that it may be protracted to the utmost possible length.—We simple people live here in a cottage extensive & tasty enough for the villa of an Italian prince. The rent as you may conceive is large, but it is an object with us that they allow it to remain unpaid until I am of age.—What said Harriet of America?—You must take your place in the mail as far as Capel Curig & inform me of the time you mean to be there & I will meet you. I do not think that you have ever visited this part of North Wales, the scenery is more strikingly grand in the way from Capel Curig to our house than ever I beheld. The road passes at the foot of Snowdon; all around you see lofty mountain peaks lifting their summits far above the clouds, wildly wooded vallies below, & dark tarns reflecting every tint & shape of the scenery above them. The roads are tremendously rough, I shall bring
a horse for you, as you will then be better able to see the country than
when jumbled in a chaise—

[p. 2] Mab has gone on but slowly altho she is nearly finished.
They have teazed me out of all poetry. With some restrictions I have
taken your advice, tho I have not been able to bring myself to rhyme.
The didactic is in blank heroic verse, & the descriptive in blank lyrical
measure. If authority is of any weight in support of this singularity,
Miltons Samson Agonistes, the Greek Choruses, & (you will laugh)
Southeys Thalaba may be adduced.—I have seen your last letter to
Harriet. She will answer it by next post. I need not say that your letters
delight me, but all your principles do not. The species of Pride which
you love to encourage appears to me incapable of bearing the test of
Reason. Now do not tell me that Reason is a cold & insensible arbiter.
Reason is only an assemblage of our better feelings, passion considered
under a peculiar mode of its operation.—This chivalric pride altho
of excellent use in an age of vandalism & brutality is unworthy of the
nineteenth century. A more elevated spirit has begun to diffuse itself
which without deducting from the warmth of love or the constancy
of friendship reconciles all private feelings to public utility, & scarce
suffers true Passion & true Reason to continue at war. Pride mistakes
a desire of being esteemed to that of being really estimable.—I scarce
think that the mock humility of Christian hypocrisy is more degrading
& blind. I remember when over our Oxford fire we used to discuss
various subjects. fancy me present with you in spirit & own "how vain
is human pride."

Perhaps you will say that my republicanism is proud. [p. 3] it
certainly is far removed from pothouse democracy, & knows with what
smile to hear the servile applauses of an inconstant mob.—but tho its
cheek could feel without a blush the hand of insult strike, its soul
would shrink neither from the scaffold nor the stake, nor from those
deeds & habits which are obnoxious to slaves in Power. My repub-
licanism it is true would bear with an aristocracy of chivalry, & refine-
ment, before an aristocracy of commerce & vulgarity, not however
from pride but because the one I consider as approaching most nearly
to what man ought to be.—So much for Pride.

Since I wrote the above I have finished the rough sketch of my
Poem.—As I have not abated an iota of the infidelity or cosmopolicy
of it, sufficient will remain, exclusi[ve of] innumerable faults invisible
to partial eyes to make [it] very unpopular. Like all egotists I shall
console my[elf] with what I may call if I please the suffrages of the
chosen few who can think & feel, or those friends whose personal
partialities may blind them to all defects.—I mean to subjoin copious
philosophical notes.

Harriet has a bold scheme of writing you a Latin letter. If you
have an Ovids Metamorphoses she will thank you to bring it.—I do
not teach her grammatically, but by the less laborious method of teach-
ing her the English of Latin words, intending afterwards to give her a
general idea of grammar.—She unites with me in all kindest wishes

AL, signature cut off, 3 pages. Double sheet, 22.7 x 18.7 cm.
Wove paper. Watermark: W TURNER & SON.
Seal: Liberty (in script), red wafer.
Postmarks: CARNARVON | 257 [straight-line mileage stamp];
A | 10 FE 10 | 1813 [evening duty stamp]. Postal fee: 1.
Address: T. Jefferson Hogg Esq. | 70 Chancery Lane | London
[heavily underscored].
Provenance: Hogg sale, Sotheby, 30 Jun 1948 (lot 50). Listed
in De Ricci, p. 129 (no. 202).
Published in Hogg (not consulted); Ingpen, I, 380–383; Ingpen
and Peck, IX, 43–46; Jones, I, 351–353 (no. 223), with 5
accidental variations from the Lewis MS.

Notes: 1. The last digit of the date has been lined out lightly in MS ink, and
a 3 put beside it. At the bottom of p. 3 is a 3-line MS ink note in shorthand
except for: John Murray, 13 Apr 1833, T. J. H.
2. For details as to Shelley’s subscribing 100 pounds toward closing the
Tremadoc embankment see White, I, 254–258.
3. Shelley had written his friend the bookseller Thomas Hookham (26
January) that he expected to have Queen Mab finished by March. He wrote
again of progress about 15 February, and in March sent Hookham the poem
(minus notes, still in progress), with instructions to print 250 copies. For
further information on the printing see White, I, 291.
4. Here published by permission of Frederick L. Jones and the Clarendon
Press, Oxford.
Tanyralt Febr. 7, 1812/3

My dear friend

I have been to death for the last fortnight. Had you known the variety of the discomfitsures I have undergone, you would attribute my silence to any thing but unkindness or neglect. I allude to the embankment affairs in which I thoughtlessly engaged, for when I come home to Harriet I am the happiest of the happy.—I forget whether I have expressed to you the pleasure which you know I must feel at your visit in March. I hope it will be early in the month, & that you will arrange matters so in London that it may be protracted to the utmost possible length.—We simple people live here in a cottage extensive & tasty enough for the villa of an Italian prince. The rent as you may conceive is large, but it is an object with us that they allow it to remain unpaid until I am of age.—What said Harriet of America?—You must your plan in the mail as far as & inform me of the time you mean to be there & I will meet you. I do not think that you have ever visited this part of North Wales. The scenery is more strikingly grand in the way from our house than ever I beheld. The road passes at the foot of Snowden; all around you see lofty mountain peaks lifting their summits far above the clouds, wooded vallies below & dusk reflecting every tint & shape of the scenery above them. The roads are tremendously rough, I shall bring a horse for you, as you will then be better able to see the country than when jumbled in a chaise.—Mab has gone on but slowly altho she is nearly finished. They have teezed me out of all poetry. With some restrictions I have taken your advice, tho I have not been able to bring myself to rhyme. The dedication is in blank heroic verse, & the description in blank lyrical measure. If
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, the greek choruses, & (you will laugh) Southeys Thalaba may
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public utility, & suffers true passion & true Reason to continue
at war.—Pride mistakes a desire of being esteemed to that of being really
estimable.—I scarce think that the humility of christian hypocrisy
is more degrading & blind. I remember when over our Oxford fire we used
to discuss various subjects. fancy me present with you in spirit & own
"how vain is human pride".....

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certainly is far removed from pubhouse democracy, & knows with what I wish to
rear the servile applause of an inconstant mob.— but tho its cheek could
feel without a blush the hand of insult strike, its soul would I think neither
from the scaffold nor the stake, nor from those deeds & habits which are
obnoxious to slaves in Power. My republicanism it is true would bear with
an aristocracy of chivalry, & refinement, before an aristocracy of commerce
& vulgarity, not however from pride but because the one I consider as
approaching most nearly to what man out to be.—So much for Pride.
I have finished the rough sketch of my poem.—as I have not abated an iota of the infidelity or policy of it, sufficient will remain, (word partly missing) immemorable faults invisible to partial eyes to make (word missing) may unpopular. Like all egotists I shall console myself with what I may call if I please the suffrages of the chosen few who those think & feel, or those friends whose personal partialities may blind them to all defects.—I mean to subjoin philosophical notes.

Harriet has a bold scheme of writing you a Latin letter. if you have an Metamorphoses she will thank you to bring it.—I do not teach her grammatically, but by the less laborious method of teaching her the English of Latin words, intending afterwards to give her a general idea of grammar.—She unites with me in all kindest wishes.

(Signature cut out.)

(Some shorthand notes appear in the lower left-hand corner)
50  A. L. (signature cut out), 3 closely written pp. 4to, Tanyralt Febr., 7, 1812/3, to T. Jefferson Hogg (Hogg, II, 198; Ingpen, 166), a long and interesting letter:

"We simple people live here in a cottage extensive and tasty enough for the villa of an Italian prince. The rent as you may conceive is large, but it is an object with us that they allow it to remain unpaid until I am of age."

Contains an allusion which suggests that he had thought of going to America, and interesting references to Queen Mab, on which he was at work. His wife meanwhile was otherwise employed:

"Harriet has a bold scheme of writing you a Latin letter."