

65  
Llangrath Hotel. 7. 10. 1843

My dear Friend

I have been seized by death for the last fortnight. Had you known the variety of the discomforts I have undergone, you would attribute my silence to any thing but indifference 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. — The 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 Lewis & 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 Lewis 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 valleys 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 —



What has gone on but slowly, altho she is nearly finished. They  
have kept me out of all party. With some restrictions I have  
taken your advice, tho I have not been able to bring myself to  
Olympus. The didactic is in blank <sup>heroic</sup> verse, & the description in  
blank lyrical measure. If authority is of any weight in  
support of this singularity. Milton's Samson agonistes, The  
Greek choruses, & (you will laugh) Southey's Thalaba may be  
adduced. — I have seen your last letter to Harriet. She  
will answer it by mail & 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 in a  
habble of bearing the test of Reason. Now do not tell me that  
Reason is a cold & measureless arbiter. Reason is only an aspen  
stage of our better feelings, passion considered in its 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 most humility of christian hypocrisy is more  
degrading & blind. I remember when once our Oxford five  
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.



it certainly is far removed from posthumous democracy, & knows  
with what smile to bear the severe applause 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 odious  
to Slaves in Power. My apothecary it is true would beam  
with an anxiety of civility, & refinement, before an an-  
tagonism of common & vulgarity, but however from pride  
but because the one I consider as approaching most nearly  
to what man ought to be. — So much for Pude.

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 ~~ecce~~ policy of it, sufficient will remain, even to  
innumerable faults invisible to partial eyes to make  
any unpopular. Like all egotists I shall consult myself  
with what I may call of I please the suffrages of the  
chosen few who than think & feel, or those friends whose  
personal partialities may blind them to all defect. — I  
mean to subjoin various philosophical notes.

Harriet has a bold scheme of writing you a Latin letter.  
If you have an older 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. — The Union with me in all  
kindest wishes

John  
Murray (1, 12 57) —  
58 13 Apr. 1833 — J. M.



Neura  
Hag  
mod.



5  
Jefferson Whigg Sq.  
10 Chancery Lane  
London



you in spirit & own "how vain" is true  
Perhaps you will say that my reput

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 teased 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) Southey's *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 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 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 cosmopolity 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 mys[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 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

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<sup>r</sup>. | 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 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 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 to 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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 by next post. I need not say that your letters delight me, but all your  
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 certainly is far removed from pubhouse democracy, & knows with what I wish to  
 rear the servile applauses 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  
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my Poem.---as I have not abated an iota of the infidelity or policy  
of it, sufficient will remain, (word partly missing) innumerable faults  
invisible to partial eyes to make (word missing) nay 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.”

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