

Dear Sir

My state of body, and mind and of circumstances
in consequence of both, has almost disqualified me from
passing a reliable judgement even on subjects, which
I had familiarized to myself by study. Now the fit or
unfit, the promising or discouraging, in a Theatrical
view, I know as little of as an Infant. In my own play,
to which you refer, I never ventured a single suggestion
to the Managers or ever offered an objection. - Yet I have
seen or heard enough of the present state of the Theatre
to be convinced, that the faults & beauties, of which
I have some perception, have little influence on the
success of the piece. To destroy all sense of Metre is
the avowed aim of Mr Kear, so long as his constant
practice. All then, I can say, of your Tragedy that it
would be of any use to say, is that I read it with
more interest, felt myself carried on with the plot,
with a keener sympathy than I felt in the perusal
of any one of the Tragedies that have been brought out
for ^{my} recollection - and that I find nothing, in style,
sentiment or imagery, that seems to me likely or calculated
to contravene its theatrical merit. Perhaps, "I shall not be myself
for many months" is an exception - which it would be
prudent to remove. That, indeed, would depend on the actress -
but it might be made ludicrous. -

I am obliged to set about the to me exhausting
task of packing up: as to-morrow morning I leave
this place for Ramsgate, my medical friend entertains
more hope of the beneficent effect of Sea air than I
dare myself do. Sincerely wishing you the success, ^{to which}
I believe your frame entitles you, and regretting for
your sake that my name of opinion will be more likely
to weigh in the wrong scale and prejudice rather
than prosper, I am,

Dear Sir,

very sincerely

Yours,
J. T. Coleridge

Hampgate

Sunday evening

30 Sept^r 1826.

From
J. T. Coleridge