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From
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Williams Sotheby Esq.
High Beach
Essex.



My dear Sir -

I have been for some little time in Devonshire - otherwise your kind note should have been answered sooner. I think the Edinburgh reviewer intended handsomely by you, & the perusal of the article left a favorable impression of your specimens on my mind. Thanks to you & the gentleman for the commendation.

I will not translate the passage to which you refer me into verse, because you can do it much better; the clearest prose account I can give of the matter is as follows:-

"They lifted up (or took out) the car or waggon, having good wheels, adapted for mules, beautiful, newly built, & bound the basket or receptacle for luggage upon the cart; & took down from the peg the yoke proper for mules, made of box-wood, having a knob, button or peg in it; ^{the rope being} well fitted with

Thus with the reins were panted
 rings; - & they brought out the thong
 or rope which fastens the yoke to the
 pole, being nine cubits in length,
 at the same time with the yoke; &
 they placed this thong or rope on
 the furthest extremity of the well-
 polished pole, & first hitched the
 hook or peg of the pole into ^{the} ~~the~~
 ring of the ^{thong} yoke; & they bound
 the ^{one end of the} thong or rope thrice from the
 extremity of the pole upon or round
 the knob or button on the yoke, &
 after that, they properly or with
 the rest of the thong bound the yoke,
 & twisted the end into a noose."

How can we translate such
 descriptions as these, knowing
 nothing of the actual forms of
 the different parts of the harness
 in that remote age! For instance
 what sort of thing was the ζυγόν,
 with we call 'yoke'? It was certainly

very different from our 'collar'! It
 seems to have been nearer the
 clumsy fixed wooden affair under
 which we see the poor oxen bend
 & labor in the country. ὕψαιον
 ζυγόν ἴππων - put the horses under
 the yoke - seems to prove this.
 You must remember that the
 gifts are put on a cart drawn
 & driven by ^{slaves}
 by mules, - & that Dorian drove
 his own curricle. This has been
 often overlooked.

My uncle is in a delicate -
 perhaps a precarious state of
 health.

Ever, my dear Sir,
 faithfully yours

H. N. Coleridge

Downshire Hill
 Hampstead 8. Sept. 1830.