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Sydney. 11th September 1844.

My dear Coleridge

Mindful of your kind desire that
no ship should be allowed to depart without
at least a few lines from me, I set down to comply
with that wish by writing at, literally, the ele-
venth hour: for at eleven this day the Mail by
the *Hardee* is to close, and it is now past ten.
By this same conveyance you will receive two or
three newspapers conveying longer reports than
you will be able to read of proceedings here on
the subject of General Education. We have made
our stand: and there has been no backward step,
except in individual cases, and among the
worldly wise, in answering the call. We shall have
not fewer than 15000 signatures to our petitions.
But the Council! what will that do? It is beyond
my power to say exactly. But the prevalence
in it of a shocking spirit of democracy and
sectarianism makes me dread the worst. It is
a fearful thing to contemplate what is termed a

a Conservative Government establishing a power
upon such principles in any British dependency.
It is very plain that the Executive has not an atom
of power. They are defeated upon every point: sometimes
upon five or six divisions in one evening. And "the
people love to have it so": and already talk of
resistance and rebellion; and calculate how long
it will take to give them the requisite power. The
latest and now favourite calculation is fifty
years. The wish is father to the thought: and if the
propagators of such opinions could do as seemed
them good, it would be accomplished before the
termination of fifty days. There is nothing to stem
the propensity; and so we seem to be handed over,
without hope of recovery, to a system of government laid
which will abolish monarchy and then turn its heel
jury upon the Church. However, ~~you~~ and I have
something more important to think and talk
about than local politics. Indeed they would wear
exhaust a word from me did not too plainly see
their misgiving connexion with the fortunes of that
course

which I hold to be the sacred cause of truth. You will
be gratified by learning that your late influx of
bounty, the fruit of piety, has relieved me from every
pressing difficulty and enabled me to resume
several undertakings but lately in abeyance.
Of these I shall have further reports hereafter to make.
From New Zealand I have not a line since the
receipt of those which have been forwarded to
you. Our intercourse with that colony, owing
to their inability to purchase articles
of consumption from this port, and the dread
our merchants have (as burnt children) of
burning any body. But we are every day looking
for an arrival. By the St George yesterday we
had news from England to 26 May: but I cannot
hear that the "Rajah" had then arrived with
my letter to you, by Lady Franklin. By the Jane
and the Constant you would have heard: and
subsequently to that there will have been I
trust, no such intermission of correspondence
as you can again complain of. By the next ship
the

the Ceylon Sparrow sending a box for Mrs
Coleridge containing some fac-similes (for such
they really are) in wax of a few of the indigenous
flowers of this country: which I trust she will
accept as a token of the sincere attachment of a
very old friend. I have also a model (indifferently
executed) of our intended Cathedral, which I hope
to send to you, if there be any possibility of packing
it securely to endure the voyage. It is not worth
your acceptance: but I thought it possible there
might be among those who have so generously
contributed to our welfare some one who might
like to have it as a curiosity, and to whom
it might gratify you to be able to offer it. Pray
tell Dr. Keate that Mr Shore went to Melbourne
700 miles off: or else I should most readily have
shown him any attention in my power. We are all
quite well: and have at present my dear child
Phoebe on a visit to us, while her husband is gone
far away to shear sheep and sort the wool. If
you can read any of the speeches in the news papers
let it be Alford's. He is an excellent person, as I hope the
Bishop of Gloucester & Exr. who introduced him to me may have
been informed. I remain to be yours most truly W. G. Ainslie