

MOORE COLLEGE: BROUGHTON PAPERS

Broughton to Coleridge, 13/11/1847

I am to set out presently on a long journey which will occupy me several weeks. Either, time must be found for writing to you before I go, or an engagement made with an honest and respectable man must be broken. I must write therefore in haste and briefly. The individual alluded to is a Mr S.K. Salting a merchant in Sydney trading with the firm of "Salting and Flower". Both he and his wife are Danes: but in law and in fact naturalized English. The traces of the foreigner about them are next to none at all. When Mrs Selwyn was here I recollect he was civil in helping her to procure some articles of merchandize which she wished to take to N.Z. You will wonder what all this preamble can tend to. Now to apply the key. Mr Salting has some sons, I do not know how many. But he is desirous like a wise man of beginning with the oldest, and giving him the best education possible: and very wisely also in order to effect that he is desirous to send the lad to Eton. He therefore called on me last week to explain his wishes; and at the same time to say that he had heard so much of you in connexion with the affairs of the Church here and in N.Z. that it would be the height of satisfaction to him if the boy could be placed under your direction. My reply was that I really was so little acquainted with the routine of Eton as not to be able to tell him whether that could be or no: but that if it could not, I was quite sure I might rely on your kindness to advise what would be the next best step. I mentioned the brother of Mrs Fras (sic) Vidal, whom he recollected, though I believe he did not know her. However in conclusion the matter was left in this stage of settlement: that Mr Flower, the London partner of the house, should communicate with you; upon the understood ground that he had my approval of his doing so: and that you would be so kind as to inform him of what steps he must take in preparation for young Salting's admission, when he should be found qualified. As to his being placed under your care and instruction I told him it was out of my power to say whether that could be: but that at any rate I was sure you would give

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the best advice they could desire. In the event therefore of such an application reaching you from Mr Flower, may I beg you will lend a benignant ear. The boy is between 12 and 13, seemingly quiet and gentlemanly in disposition and deportment. He goes to England by the "Penyard Park", to sail in January 1848. By him I will, if living, send you a book, as you desire, "with a long inscription".

With regard to matters ecclesiastical among ourselves, I have nothing very important to communicate. Our prospects it may be feared are not improving: first through a want of clergymen, and next through a failure of means to support them. At this moment I am losing three, whose places it is quite a problem how to supply. From our College I may obtain one or two: and you will judge from this of what importance the institution is, and how anxious I must be for its continued support. As yet, I am certain, the Colony itself will not maintain it. In a year and a half we have spent £250 more than the income: but having still some hopes from the lady you recommended my writing to, and from Dr Warneford, and perhaps some others, I am not yet dismayed. When the Bishop of Newcastle arrives, it will form of course a subject of very serious conversation and deliberation between us; and the continuance of the attempt upon the present footing, or upon any scale enlarged or diminished will be determined by our united judgment on the means in hand and the prospect before us.

You made a request to me sometime ago that I would forward to you when I had read them the letters received from the B. of N.Z. (sic). However valuable to me I would not grudge them to you whose claim in all things connected with him is so superior. The only hesitation which arises is upon this point: whether it might not check the freedom of his correspondence with me, and so both I should be a loser and you no gainer. For though it must be very clear that he could have nothing to say to me which he could not wish you to know,

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yet there is an individuality of character in every letter which arises I suppose from the writer fixing his attention for the moment exclusively upon his correspondent; by consideration of whose relative position, peculiarities of character, degree of intimacy and a hundred other circumstances the entire expression of the thoughts may be insensibly modified. If a man while writing knew for certain that his letter was to be read, not by an indefinite number of persons, sometimes one sometimes another, but invariably by one and the same third party, would he not by degrees begin to have a constant tacit reference to the two whom virtually he would be writing to at the same instant: and would not this have physiologically (sic) an effect upon his manner of writing? In conversation often with two men together, one may have a reserve which would not be felt in speaking to each separately: because though you might willingly tell the same things to each, yet you might not like to tell them in the same terms exactly, or always to the same extent as one might understand and relish references, allusions, details etc which to the other would seem out of place or of little moment. This is my theory: and I have spun it out truly to a wearisome length. But after all, I was but purposing to say when able to stop myself, that there is one letter of G.A.N.Z. so excellent in spirit sentiment expression and all that constitutes excellence, that it ought to be in the hands of his biographer, whoever that may be. I have not the letter by me at this moment; but you shall receive it by an early opportunity: and I put it in your hands as a sacred charge not to be lost to the world.

From Archdeacon Harrison I have an excellent letter written on St Peter's Day; giving an account of proceedings, the progress of which if you should suppose I could witness without deep searchings of heart and even without tears, you would think more meanly of me than I deserve. All that I can say is Fiat voluntas Dei. It is his (sic) doing, not my seeking: and in the presence of



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the Searcher of hearts I may declare to you that far from experiencing elation of mind, my ruling, nay my single feeling is despondency, and yet not a repining despondency, at reflecting where I am now placed, and what men they are who are placed under me. My heart seems to sink as under some insupportable weight, whenever my thoughts turn that way. Pray let me hear from you and be assured that I am at all times sincerely and affectionately yours: W.G.

Australia.