

MOORE COLLEGE: BROUGHTON LETTERS

Broughton to Coleridge, 27/3/1843

My dear Coleridge: On Saturday I sent you by the "Hamlet" a Copy of the Circular Letter and Protest, of which I now forward a Duplicate. At that time I had not leisure to write even a line as the ship was hauling out, nor am I much better situated now. But a few lines I must write to you.

It is not without a full sense of the risk of great annoyance, and the possibility even of destruction to myself that I have taken this step; so well do I know the disposition and power to sting of the hornets whom I have provoked. My chief anxiety is to learn that the Archbishop will not disown me or disavow his participation in my declaration of resistance. In my own solitary reflexions (for there are few here to counsel or support me) I seem to myself entitled not only to the credit of good intention (which may be coupled with deficiency of judgment) but also to that of having done what was right and expedient, and which if left undone would have left me exposed to the charge of not knowing, or omitting to do, what my own station and the good of the Church required. I am sure we have perilous times at hand, and that it is best and safest to meet them boldly and in advance. It would be a great consolation to me to receive any testimonies of approval from those whose voice in such matters is entitled to command respect.

A thought has occurred to me that if there are such, who are exposed to the imputation of looking with a wistful and too favorable eye towards Rome, this would be the time for them to rectify that misapprehension of their tenets by taking some public share in expressing approval of what I have done here: for I can assure you that to stand up naked in one own proper person in support of a principle, is enough to try a man's courage. We are absolutely overrun with Romanists; Dr Polding brought a ship-load English Irish and Italian; and their

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schemes are bold, artful, and diversified beyond description or calculation. You must not let me fall; but send me in God's name such help as those who are earnest for the truth can afford. I begin to be very anxious for answers to our Letters of last April and May when the Selwyn's (sic) were with us. We lately read an account of his mother's death. Poor fellow, the destroyer has been about him in every shape, on every side. I anticipate next hearing of poor Whytehead's departure. Your ever faithful friend, W.G. Australia.