

TO BENJAMIN BAILEY

*London, June 10th, 1818*

My dear Bailey,

[...]

Circumstances – on my word 'tis extraordinary. Women must want Imagination and they may thank God for it – and so m[a]y we that a delicate being can feel happy without any sense of crime. It puzzles me and I have no sort of Logic to comfort me – I shall think it over. I am not at home and your letter being there I cannot look it over to answer any particular – only I must say I felt that passage of Dante – if I take any book with me it shall be those minute volumes of carey for they will go into the aptest corner. Reynolds is getting I may say robust – his illness has been of service to him – like eny one just recoverd he is high-spirited. I hear also good accounts of Rice – With respects to domestic Literature – the Endinburgh Magasine in another blow up against Hunt calls me 'the amiable Mister Keats' and I have more than a Laurel from the Quarterly Reviewers for they have smothered me in 'Foliage' I want to read you my 'Pot of Basil' if you go to scotland I should much like to read it there to you among the Snows of next Winter. My Brothers' remembrances to you.

Your affectionate friend

John Keats