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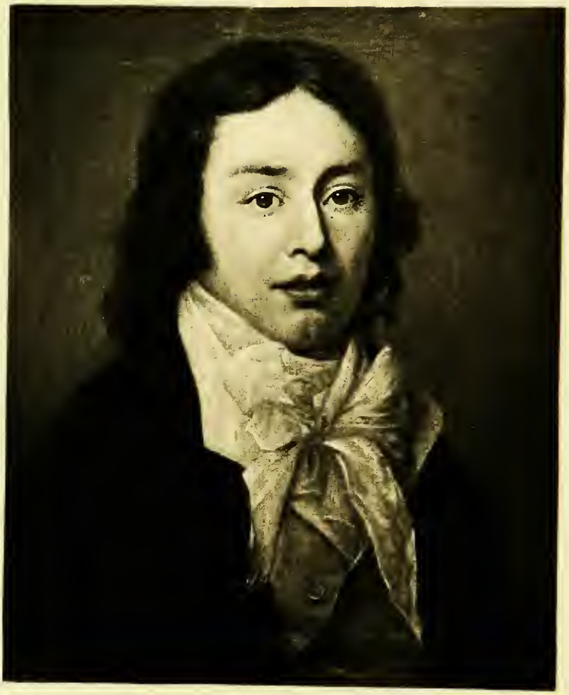

S. T. Coleridge

1795.

From the original painting by
Vandyke, now in the National Portrait Gallery

London Published by Macmillan & Co 1893.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

A NARRATIVE OF THE EVENTS OF HIS LIFE

BY

JAMES DYKES CAMPBELL

SECOND EDITION

WITH A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR BY

LESLIE STEPHEN

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JAMES DYKES CAMPBELL

The Life of Coleridge to which these pages are prefixed was accepted by all competent critics on its first appearance as a remarkable contribution to the history of English literature. Although the genius of Coleridge has been sufficiently appreciated, his personal history had been left in singular obscurity. Campbell for the first time fixed many dates and facts, cleared up misunderstandings, and unravelled tangled passages for the benefit of all future students. The man who rendered this service to one of the greatest of our authors was not himself a professional author, nor a man of literary leisure. He had been from his childhood fully occupied in business. Readers of his book may be led to inquire how he came to undertake so difficult a work and to qualify himself for its successful discharge. Mrs. Campbell has entrusted me with materials which should enable me to give some answer to that inquiry.[1] I hope that I may also be able to show why Campbell's premature death has not only been regretted by lovers of literature, but brought sorrow to a very wide circle of personal friends.

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[1] I have to offer my sincere thanks for various information to Canon Ainger, Sir Walter Besant, Mr. E. H. Coleridge, Mr. A. Constable, Mr. G. W. Davidson, Campbell's former partner, Mr. James Dick, Dr. Oswald Dykes, Mr. Fleming, of the Verreville Pottery, Dr. Furnivall, Mr. A. Taylor Innes, Mr. N. MacColl, Mr. C. W. Mason, Mr. Coventry Patmore, Mrs. Sandford, and Mr. Charles Dudley Warner.

The family of J. D. Campbell belonged to the Breadalbane branch of the Campbells, and was long settled at Killin at the head of Loch Tay. There Campbell's great-grandfather was drowned with his eldest son, in sight of wife and home, while fording the flooded Dochart. The Earl of Breadalbane[1] was left guardian to the widow and her two infant boys. A vague tradition remained about the subsequent disappearance of certain title-deeds in the 'black kist' of Breadalbane, and the loss of the corresponding land. Anyhow Duncan, the elder of the two boys, migrated to Greenock, married, and in 1800 set up business at the newly established town of Port Glasgow as 'shipwright and blockmaker.' Duncan was a quiet man, much given to books, and the business was chiefly managed by his partner, James Dykes, who came from Ayrshire. The firm of Campbell and Dykes was concerned in fitting out some of the earliest Clyde steamboats and became fairly prosperous. Duncan Campbell's son, Peter, the only child who grew to manhood, married Jean, daughter of James Dykes, in 1825, and settled in a cottage built by the two fathers on 'Barr's Brae,' behind Port Glasgow. Peter Campbell kept on the business after the death (about 1833-34) of the two first partners, but it gradually declined, from the disuse of hand-made blocks, and finally expired about 1850. Peter Campbell is said to have been a man of high integrity and strong religious convictions. He was for many years an elder of the Free Kirk congregation in Port Glasgow. He left three children: Duncan, born in 1830; Agnes Oswald, born 1836; and James Dykes, born 2nd November 1838. The youngest child was in some ways precocious. He was able to prove long afterwards that his mental picture of a visit on which he was taken at the age of two and a half corresponded to facts, and was not, as his friends had maintained, a construction of his fancy. He learnt to read early, and exercised the art upon books left by his grandfather. Among them was a volume of Voltaire. His father discovered the fact and solemnly burned the set. What he did to the reader is not recorded.

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[1] I presume John, third Earl of Breadalbane (1696-1782).

Campbell was sent to the Burgh School at six, and there received such education as he ever possessed. The teaching, he used to say, was sound, and one fact may surprise English schoolboys—the classical master knew so well how to inspire zeal that the boys actually 'read Virgil for pleasure.' Campbell acquired another taste, less generally approved, though it may perhaps have caused as much gratification. His big brother forced him to smoke a pipe of strong tobacco when he was six years old. The consequences, for the moment, were the natural ones; but at the age of ten he returned to the charge, and from that early period till his death was a systematic smoker.

Campbell picked up an unusually good knowledge of colloquial French from a stray refugee who was making a living—not, one fears, a very easy one—by teaching dancing and fencing in this uncongenial atmosphere. Campbell learnt, as was natural, to sail boats and take an interest in ships, and acquired a taste for military life from the yarns of a fine old veteran who had served in the Black Watch. He grew to be a strong healthy lad, with a keen interest in all his surroundings. There was one exception. His father naturally wished him to become a minister. Campbell not only objected, but took an unfortunate expedient for indirectly resisting the scheme. He obstinately refused to learn Greek, and had to regret his ignorance in later life. The reluctance implies that he had already rebelled, like other lads, against the Puritanical strictness of the domestic circle. Campbell, it is enough to say,—for he took little interest in theological controversy—was a man of very decidedly liberal principles in such matters through life. In early years his love of music inclined him to High Church services; but he had no leaning to the doctrine. His dissent from the family creed prevented him from being on terms of easy confidence with his father, who, however, consented to find another career for the son. In 1852 the lad was taken from school and placed in a merchant's office. The father was already declining in health, and died on 13th November 1854. His fortune had dwindled; the elder son was at sea, where he was lost in the following year, and James had to become the bread-winner of the family. In February 1855 the cottage was let, and the family moved to Glasgow. Campbell was employed in the house of Messrs. Cochrane and Co., who had a large manufactory in the city called the 'Verreville Pottery.' He did well, and formed a life-long friendship with some members of the firm. He lived with his mother and, till her marriage in the following year, with his sister. Meanwhile he was finding time for various literary recreations. He had at this period a taste for Elizabethan drama, and read so much, he would say, that he became sick of it for life. He was beginning to collect books as far as limited means allowed, and in 1858 picked up an old volume containing manuscript essays by Addison. He is said to have contributed to *Notes and Queries*, and he had something to do with the Slang Dictionary.[1] He described long afterwards[2] the delight with which he heard one of Dickens's readings at Glasgow. In 1857 he attended the performance of the *Frozen Deep* by Dickens and his friends at Manchester. Campbell had the good luck to meet two of the minor performers at his hotel and join them in consuming grog and tobacco till some unmentionable time of night.

In April 1860 he went to Canada on behalf of his employers to establish an agency for their goods. He stayed for two years at Toronto ; and with his usual talent for making friends, speedily became a member of a very pleasant society. It included men of literary and scientific reputation. Among them I need only mention Edwin Hatch, afterwards Vice-Principal of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, and author of the Bampton Lectures upon the organisation of the early Christian Church. His power of compressing into a small space the results of wide reading and acute and accurate inquiry has been recognised in Germany even more than at home. Hatch's work is thus remarkable for qualities which, I may venture to say, are exhibited on a smaller scale in Campbell's own work upon Coleridge. Campbell was already showing his interest in close criticism in a way not quite fortunate. He was an industrious student of Tennyson, many of whose books he had already collected. It occurred to him to print privately a small volume exhibiting the changes and suppressions made since the 1830 and 1832

[1] Published by Hotten in 1864.

[2] *Anti-Jacobin* for 3rd October 1891.

editions of the poems. A publisher in London procured a copy and proposed to publish it, when Tennyson obtained an injunction and suppressed the book. Tennyson was very angry, says Campbell in a letter, 'but I quite smoothed him down by a fulsome letter such as poets love. I should think it fulsome now,' he explains (1883), 'but when I was twenty-four it was pretty genuine.'

Campbell made one acquaintance at this period, characteristic in its way. He was always kind to children, and he made much of a little girl, named Adelina Patti, who was travelling with a party of professional musicians, and, as he fancied, rather thrown into the background. He therefore paid her special attention, and she showed her sense of his kindness by singing him 'her prettiest songs.'

In 1862 Campbell returned to Glasgow, and set up house with his mother and his sister, who was now a widow. He started in business for himself and had to work hard. He found time, however, both for friendship and literature. One of his friends, Mr James Dick, now a magistrate in Glasgow, has sent me some notes of rambles which they took together in those days to Inveraray and other places in the West Highlands. That they were constantly getting drenched is not surprising; nor that Campbell made all his adventures into food for laughter, and was ready, for he had grown up to be a tall and powerful man, to perform forced marches on occasion. It is more noticeable that he always had a book in his pocket, in order to initiate his company into the beauties of English literature.

In 1864 he printed privately the little volume of Addison MSS. It consists of materials for three of the *Spectators*, and was certainly a noteworthy find for so young a collector. The genuineness of the manuscript was impugned at the time in the *Athenæum;* but, says Campbell, 'I floored the enemy completely by the aid of Sir F. Madden and H. O. Coxe, both of them kind old friends.' I do not know where or when he made the acquaintanceship of these high authorities. By this time, however, he had undertaken a piece of work which brought him new literary connections. The great Dictionary which is now being published under the editorship of Dr. Murray was at that time in the hands of Dr. Furnivall, upon whom it had devolved on the death of Herbert Coleridge in 1861. Campbell called upon Furnivall and offered his co-operation. He undertook to sub-edit the letter M, and collected a number of materials which were unfortunately lost on the railway. A permanent friendship with Furnivall resulted. His love of literary work prompted him to apply in 1863 for the librarianship of the University of St. Andrews. He had some strong testimonials: one, for example, from Edwin Hatch, who says that he had 'seldom met any one with a more thorough knowledge of bibliography.' He failed, however, in this, and in a similar application at Glasgow. He was meanwhile writing reviews in the *Glasgow Herald*, and in 1866 received the offer of the editorship of the *Friend of India.* The letter conveying the offer was lost in the wreck of a steamboat, and meanwhile Campbell had accepted a proposal to join a mercantile firm in Mauritius.

Campbell's commercial career may be briefly summarised. Soon after his arrival in Mauritius the business which he had joined was wound up, and he started the new firm of 'J. D. Campbell & Co.', taking a member of the old firm as partner. In 1869 he visited Australia upon business, and found upon his return that affairs in Mauritius had been allowed to fall into confusion. This business had to be wound up in 1871. Meanwhile he had formed a friendship with Mr. Davidson, a member of 'Ireland, Fraser, & Co.', the leading firm of merchants in the island. Mr. Davidson invited Campbell in 1871 to take part in managing the business. After two years working at a fixed salary Campbell became a partner. He finally retired on 30th June 1881. He was, of course, frequently absorbed in business, and at first sight it would appear that he could have little chance of keeping up his literary tastes.

The island of Mauritius[1] is about 36 miles long by 25 broad, or not very much bigger than the Isle of Wight. It has a curiously mixed population of from 300,000 to 400,000: there are Negroes, Malagasy, Chinese, and Malays; but two-thirds are immigrants from India, employed upon the sugar plantations. The white population included a garrison of a couple of English regiments, with engineers and artillery. There were, of course, officials, governors, judges, and magistrates; a dozen English clergymen, half a dozen doctors, five or six college professors, and a commercial community, chiefly Scottish. There is also a French element descended from the colonists who became our subjects in 1810. Altogether there were about 4000 Englishmen, a small minority of whom could be called cultivated. There was a Royal Society and a Museum, and a good meteorologist, Mr. Charles Meldrum; but there were 'no lectures, no concerts, no picture galleries, no attempts whatever (except Mr. Meldrum's meteorology) for the advancement of literature, science, and art.' In a tropical climate, too, business is enough to absorb all available energy. 'After dinner one is not equal to do more than lie in a long chair in the verandah, with tobacco and a cooling drink, and exchange a few casual observations, if the piercing notes of the cigale allow them to be heard. The art of conversation requires too great an effort, and therefore is not generally cultivated.' The climate, it is said, is delicious during the cooler half of the year, April to October; and Campbell and his friends generally lived at some station, at a moderate height above the sea, whence they could reach the low and unwholesome town of Port Louis for business hours. The island might, as faint recollections of *Paul and Virginia* may suggest, be an agreeable place for sentimentalising, but hardly propitious to any active occupation not strictly necessary. Yet, as Sir W. Besant adds, 'the group of young men who held appointments in that little island during the sixties was surely more remarkable than is generally found in a small tropical colony.' Campbell, as I have already shown, had a real genius for attracting all congenial elements in any society into which he was thrown. He formed warm friendships in Mauritius, as he had already done in Glasgow and in Canada, and I must directly show how strong and how important to him they became.

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[1] I have to thank Sir Walter Besant for some recollections of the early period of Campbell's stay, from which I have quoted in the text.

I must, however, first say a word or two as to the general conditions of his life. After reaching Mauritius, he made a trip to Bombay in 1866. On his return he found the island suffering from an outbreak of malarial fever, which carried off some 30,000 people. There was at the time no quinine in the island. Campbell caught the fever. He was sent to a hotel at 'Curepipe' in the hills, and took with him a native servant called Coonjah. Coonjah was seized himself, and master and man nursed each other alternately. They became devoted friends. Coonjah, a very intelligent and handy fellow, became his master's factotum until Campbell's final departure for Europe, and would have followed him but for the ties of a wife and family. Campbell after his recovery settled at a little house called the 'Cage,' eight miles from Port Louis, and 800 feet above the sea. He describes in a letter of 1868 the beauties of the view. A mile away a perpendicular mass of rock rises for 1000 feet; the upper half bare lava, the lower in 'a tangle of brush and creepers.' It is, he says, a 'joy for ever.' He can stand for hours and watch the white clouds gathering slowly after sunset, and mounting through a deep gash in it to their limitless 'pastures among the stars.' They make this display nightly, 'when one would think the slow unwilling shepherd was sleeping too.' Campbell seldom indulged in description, and when he does, he modestly borrows phrases, as we see, from his favourite poets. He had, however, other consolations. He was one of a little party who, according to the custom of bachelors in those parts, diminished the troubles of housekeeping by forming a 'mess.' One of Campbell's first chums was (Sir) Walter Besant, who had for some time held an educational appointment in the island. They joined their modest libraries and had pleasant talks, in which Campbell already showed his keen interest in the personal history of great writers. The intercourse was interrupted soon afterwards by Besant's return to England. There were, however, other friends with whom he could exchange ideas. Sir W. Besant mentions especially Frederick Guthrie, afterwards Professor at the School of Music, known for original researches in chemistry, who also showed literary tastes by some attempts at poetry. Another friend was William Mather Anderson, the Manager of the Oriental Bank, a man of wide reading, who is described (as Sir W. Besant observes) in Whitty's *Friends of Bohemia*. He had tried poetry, like Guthrie, unsuccessfully, but had been on friendly terms with many distinguished people, especially with Miss Mulock, afterwards Mrs. Craik, with Woolner the sculptor, and the great painter Fred Walker. With these and other members of the little community, such as Besant's successor, Mr. Mason, Campbell's literary tastes were not in danger of being atrophied for want of sympathy. He complains, indeed, in one of his letters that the conversation was apt to be rather small and to turn upon local gossip—a peculiarity not confined to the society of Mauritius. A book-club, of which he was a main support, languished and died; but he imported books on his favourite topics. Sir W. Besant remarks that the circumstances were in one way not unfavourable to his peculiar turn. Limited as he was to a very few books, he had to read what he had over and over again, and restricted himself mainly to a certain province, within which he could obtain all the important books that came out. He had taken very early to the study of the Coleridge circle, though I cannot fix the date. One little indication of his taste at the time is worth notice. Writing long afterwards to a friend who had more or less blamed Keble's conduct in a particular case, he says: 'Say not a word against Keble: he lives in my Pantheon. How vividly I remember reading Coleridge's *Memoir* on deck during a passage from Melbourne (where I bought the book) to Mauritius in 1869! The Captain (a Gaul) plied me with scrofulous French novels, and I used to read a bit of Keble's *Memoir* and of his *Christian Year* (which I *never* travel without) to take the taste out of my mouth.'

In April 1871 Campbell gained one of his warmest friends by the arrival of (Sir) Adam Gib Ellis, who had been appointed Substitute Procureur-Général in Mauritius. Campbell received Ellis with his usual hospitality, heightened by a letter of introduction from their common friend, Mr. A. Taylor Innes. Mrs. Ellis was sent home for her health in 1873, and died soon afterwards. Ellis was a man of very tender and sensitive nature, and was fortunate in finding deep sympathy from his more masculine and generally undemonstrative friend. The two formed a brotherly affection, and, at a later period, became brothers-in-law. In 1874 Campbell and Ellis were chumming together at a house called the 'Castle' in Beau Bassin, some 6 miles from Port Louis and 600 feet above the sea. It belonged to Campbell's partner, Davidson, who was absent for a time. There was a lovely view from a creeper-covered verandah. The ground sank from the garden to a deep wooded ravine, descending to the sea. A waterfall, 200 feet high, plunged into it from above, though, as is the way of waterfalls, it sometimes reduced itself to 'a silver thread.' The grounds were beautifully kept, watered by a perennial stream, flowing under tropical vegetation. A rosary supplied flowers, there was a kitchen-garden productive of strawberries, and in front of the house a lawn, sheltered by two large banyan trees, which made croquet and tennis possible at an early hour.

Campbell was by this time one of the most important elements of Mauritian society. He was a member of the leading firm in the island, which kept up a tradition of hospitality worthy of merchant princes. He was always eminently sociable. His dinners and dances were famous. He was never a sportsman, and when his friends made shooting expeditions Campbell chose the better part of staying at home and entertaining the ladies with like-minded persons. The French element was favourable to more refinement than is usual in English colonies, and in a place where bachelors were in a large majority, ladies' society was at a premium. Campbell also delighted in giving children's parties, and his taste for music enabled him to take an effective part in a church choir. He welcomed any one who could contribute to the amusement of his party; one of the best performers being the American Consul, Colonel Pike, author of a book on Mauritius.[1] He was full of strange stories of the Civil War, and was once induced to admit that he had 'made the eagle soar a little.' Distinguished strangers, such as Lord Lindsay (now Lord Crawford and Balcarres), who came out to observe the transit of Venus, often joined his parties.

In 1874, General F. R. Chesney, who had for a year been Commandant of the Royal Engineers, was joined by his wife and daughters. Campbell showed them his usual hospitable attentions at the 'Castle.' From this, on the return of its proprietor in May 1875, he had to remove, and again took up his abode at the 'Cage.' It had fallen into decay, but he soon put it to rights, restored the garden, and filled the rooms with his favourite books and ornaments. Soon afterwards, in June 1875, he was engaged to Mary Sophia, elder daughter of General Chesney. They sympathised in love of poetry and music, and, for the rest, I may only say that the marriage, which took place on 13th November following, was one of unqualified happiness. It began, however, under apparently ominous circumstances. Campbell was evidently unwell upon his wedding day, and the illness soon developed into typhoid fever. They had gone for the honeymoon to a hunting-lodge, remote from doctors, whence he had to be brought back to the 'Cage.' Mrs. Campbell was a young girl with no experience of illness. Her mother, however, undertook the charge of nursing, energetically helped by the devoted Coonjah, and after weeks of anxiety, Campbell just turned the corner and slowly regained his strength.

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[1] *Subtropical Rambles in the Land of the Aphanapteryx* (1873).

At the end of January 1876 the Campbells were finally settled at the 'Cage.' Henceforth they led a comparatively quiet life. Campbell was for a time weakened by his severe illness, and, moreover, was now becoming anxious to secure the means of retiring from business. He therefore devoted himself more vigorously than ever to his labours, seeing a few friends, taking quiet evening strolls to enjoy the scenery round the 'Cage,' and occasionally amusing himself with archery. In 1878 the Campbells took a holiday. They caught glimpses of Egypt and Italy; looked up some old friends in England; travelled through the Lakes, carefully going over the ground sacred to Coleridge and Wordsworth; and visited the Loch Tay country whence Campbell's ancestors had sprung. They returned to Mauritius in September 1878.

Two or three years more of business placed Campbell in the position which he had long desired. He had always said, as his friend Mr. Mason reports, that he would retire as soon as he could prudently do so, and devote himself to the pursuits in which his soul delighted. He had now made money enough to secure a modest income. The climate was too hot for comfort, and he resolved to settle within reach of books and authors and devote himself to literary work. He left Mauritius finally in June 1881, Mrs. Campbell having preceded him to avoid the heat. They reached London in July, passed a short time in Margaret Street, where Campbell liked to attend the services at All Saints' Church, and resolved to begin the new life by a visit to the Continent. They enjoyed a ramble of eleven months, passing through Switzerland, visiting Florence, Rome, and Venice, and returning through the Italian lakes to England in July 1882. Campbell, of course, made acquaintances everywhere, and one especially warm friend. At Capri, where he spent a fortnight in the beginning of 1882, he met the distinguished American author, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner. They speedily became intimate, and during Mrs. Campbell's attendance upon a sick relation, Campbell and Mr. Warner made a trip to Sicily. They were of thoroughly congenial tastes, and delighted in curiosity hunting. Rare books were, of course, Campbell's special delight, but he had an eye for artistic antiquities generally. 'In such pursuits he was,' says Mr. Warner, 'about the most congenial companion I ever had.' The friendship thus formed lasted till Campbell's death; and the affectionate letters which Mr. Warner has kindly sent to me give a vivid impression of Campbell's later pursuits. At the end of 1882 the Campbells took a flat in the Albert Hall Mansions, Kensington Gore. They moved into their new possession on 3rd February 1883, and stayed there for six years. The happiest men, Campbell used to say, are those who do for their living what, if they had been rich, they would have done for pleasure. He was now well enough off to be in no need of working for money; but he took up his self-imposed tasks as keenly as if they had been a matter of necessity. I have said enough to show that, from early days and under all limitations, he had gratified as far as he could his innate impulse for literary activity. That now became the ruling passion of his life. Till the age of forty-five his main occupation had been different. Yet, in one way or other, he had already accumulated a store of knowledge, remarkable for its accuracy rather than for its width; and before long he had acquired a familiarity with the personal history of English authors in the earlier part of this century such as is possessed, I should judge, by hardly any living person.

The flat in Albert Hall Mansions was charming, with a view over the park to Hampstead. He describes it enthusiastically in an early letter to his friend Mr. Warner. Here was the cosy library, where he had the pleasure of ranging his 'higgledy-piggledy' collections in decent order. Here, too, there was a medallion of Tennyson by Woolner; and a terra-cotta princess, picked up at Florence, 'one of the sweetest faces ever moulded,' and some marble carvings brought from a demolished house at Venice. In other rooms were lamps from mosques and Italian churches, and old tapestry; and a Certosa table so richly inlaid with ivory that you could not place the end of a cedar pencil so as to touch only the wood. But I must not go through the catalogue intended to excite his friend's envy. It is enough to say that he had a very comfortable nest to which he welcomed his friends, and that friends rapidly collected. Literary society is not what it was when an introduction to one or two clubs would bring you into contact with every author worth knowing. Men of letters are scattered through the vast wilderness of London without any common centre. Campbell, however, who could not go to a remote colony without attracting whatever literary elements might have drifted there, was equally adapted to the most opposite conditions. Congenial people gravitated to him spontaneously. He was so cordial, so modest, and so free from any petty jealousies that it was impossible not to welcome his friendly advances. His old friendships with Sir W. Besant and Dr. Furnivall were of course renewed, and many new ones formed. The dwellers in the Albert Hall Mansions felt a certain neighbourly spirit. The most remarkable inhabitant at this time was Mrs. Procter. She gathered her friends twice a week, and Campbell was a regular visitor. She could talk to him at first-hand of Coleridge and Lamb and Hazlitt, and had known almost every notable person of her day. At the age of eighty-five, she had, as he testifies, more 'go' than most women of forty, and could talk with abundant wit and point, and with 'as little prejudice and wilfulness as was becoming at her age.' The most eminent frequenter of her parties was Robert Browning, of whom Campbell had long been a hearty admirer. He possessed a copy of Mrs. Browning's *Prometheus Bound*, in which there were some manuscript additions. Furnivall identified them as made by Mrs.

Browning herself. He spoke of this to Browning, who invited Campbell to bring the book, and confirmed Furnivall's conjecture. This interview (early in 1883) began a warm friendship. Browning was a frequent and charming guest. Nobody was a pleasanter talker or could display a more retentive memory, and Campbell was soon intimate enough to have also proofs of the singular tenderness and depth of feeling which could not always appear on the surface in general conversation. The Browning Society had been started two years before by Dr. Furnivall, not without some sputter of critical ridicule. Campbell now threw himself heartily into the enterprise, and in the spring of 1884 became Honorary Secretary. He imparted a more business-like spirit into the management, and worked hard to get satisfactory meetings and addresses from competent people. Lowell, who presided at one of them, spoke, according to Campbell, with incomparable felicity, and was added to his list of friends. To this Society Campbell owed other friendships, especially one with Mrs Sutherland Orr, Browning's friend and biographer. He thought, and I will not dispute his opinion, that it had done much to promote an intelligent study of a poet whom he cordially admired, though he honestly confesses that he could not read *Sordello*. I will quote a few lines from a letter written shortly after Browning's death. 'We miss him more and more,' says Campbell (18th Feb. 1890), 'as the weeks go on. He had such an abundance, such an overflowing of *life*, that if one were in the dumps at any time, one had only to go over and see him, and in ten minutes one had absorbed enough vitality to put one in spirits again. His vitality was simply tremendous, and so was his kindness and *bonhomie*. I think he was undoubtedly the most remarkable man of his century. His very last work before he left London was to write into my copy of his collected works all the corrections he wished made for the next edition—upwards of 250 in the first ten volumes. . . . I did not ask him to do this ; he asked me to let him do it. The first time I let it pass, not wishing to give him so much trouble, but he again proposed it, and I could not resist.'

I will not go through the long list of other friends who became known to Campbell in these years. There were few literary celebrities with whom he did not come into relation. He was as quick in recognising rising talent as in offering homage to those already known. Among the younger men whose later reputation he anticipated were Mr Birrell, whose *Obiter Dicta* charmed him on their first appearance, and Mr Barrie, whose 'Thrums' articles he greeted with enthusiasm when they first appeared in the *St. James's Gazette*, and whose later works confirmed his previous opinion. But I will pass to the employment which became the centre of his chief labours. I happened by good fortune to have some personal connection with this undertaking. I first made Campbell's acquaintance in 1883 or 1884. He was introduced to me by Dr. Garnett, then Superintendent of the reading-room at the British Museum, as its frequenters have good reason to remember with gratitude. Campbell had, of course, become known to him, and at his suggestion brought me the little book of Addison's Essays, with a view to a forthcoming article in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Soon afterwards I was preparing for the same work a life of Coleridge, and naturally asked Campbell to look at my performance, of which I knew that he would be a competent judge. The result amazed me: it ought to have overwhelmed me with gratitude —and I hope that it did—though I must confess that the gratitude was mingled with dismay. I had, as I fancied, done my duty in the spirit of a conscientious biographer. I had consulted the obvious authorities, and got my dates and facts into decent order; but I was confounded by the brilliance of the new light which was poured upon me by Campbell. The margins of my proof-sheets were speedily covered with annotations revealing my countless inaccuracies, omissions, and hasty assumptions. When I had, as I fondly hoped, remedied a defect by a proper patch due to Campbell's help, he would drop in with a beaming countenance and inform me that he had just discovered something in an old magazine, or a manuscript letter, which made a fresh interpolation necessary. The author of that article became, as Carlyle put it, 'a passive bucket to be pumped into'; and the resources from which the stream of information flowed seemed to be boundless. Happily the limits of the book and of time enabled me to offer a mild resistance. I ought, I say, to have been grateful, for certainly the life ought to have been the most complete and exhaustive that I—if I might still use the singular pronoun—ever wrote. It would have been brutal not to express gratitude, for Campbell obviously took it for granted that my zeal would be equal to his own. Personally, indeed, I felt genuine pleasure, for I had gained a friend as well as a literary ally. But the flesh is weak, and, as an author, I did occasionally wish that some of these sweepings from countless waste-paper baskets had not been rescued from oblivion.

Campbell knew more than any one at this period about Coleridge, and yet he was still at the threshold of his inquiries. Coleridge and Coleridge's friends were to occupy him for years to come. Attentive readers of his book may form some impression of the extent and minuteness of the knowledge which Campbell ultimately acquired. But as it is difficult to judge from an orderly collection of facts what was the chaotic mass from which it has been evolved, I may say a little of the nature of Campbell's voyage of discovery into the realms of Dryasdust.

Coleridge and his biographers had behaved as if it had been their deliberate intention to provide puzzles for the coming antiquary. Coleridge, as we know, was a man of astonishing intellectual activity, with equally surprising incapacity for ever finishing anything. His writings are a vast collection of fragments. He was always beginning—providing 'logical swimming bladders' and never decidedly starting. He wrote many volumes in the shape of *marginalia* upon other books, and a great mass of his notes is still uncollected. He spent as much time in writing letters to explain why he had not leisure for various undertakings as would have sufficed for doing the work itself. He was always jotting down remarks, often most suggestive, for future use—never using, and yet never destroying them. The books which may be called finished are themselves merely the more solid fragments in the chaotic labyrinth of still less finished fragments. Coleridge, again, was throughout his life always attracting friends by his sweetness of character, and impressing them by his genius. From the first, therefore, they preserved a variety of documents which might be expected to be interesting as connected with his story. Some day he would be the object of universal curiosity, and any trifle would have its value. Then, many even of his early friends were men of eminence, whose correspondence has been published in voluminous works and contains constant references to him. In later days he was surrounded by eager disciples treasuring up fragments. Finally, when his death made biography possible, his friends had reasons for covering his weaknesses by judicious reticence. Consequently, no life even approximately adequate was ever published by the only persons really acquainted with the facts.

When Campbell, who was attracted both by the literary and the personal charm of the man, set about his inquiries, he had thus a wide and to him delightful field of research. There were, in the first place, the books directly dealing with Coleridge. Then there was all the literature connected with Wordsworth and Southey and Lamb, and many others more or less connected with Coleridge. But this was only a beginning, which often supplied only tantalising hints as to unexplained incidents. All manner of information was to be found in old magazine articles, long forgotten on obscure shelves ; in accidental references to Coleridge's lectures, and so forth, to be found in the columns of contemporary newspapers ; and communications in keepsakes and annuals and other ephemeral literature. Besides what was in print, there were indefinite stores of manuscript : letters preserved up and down the country in all manner of obscure receptacles, as well as Coleridge's own jottings upon books dispersed through England and America.

Campbell took up the quest, not with patience, still less with complaints, but with unbounded enthusiasm and delight. To observe some indication in a letter, which perhaps required to be dated by an incidental allusion, to notice any obscure passage elsewhere which by collation with it might be made to give and receive light, to fit this in with previously established dates, and by such means gradually to establish some sound footing in the morass, was to him a delightful and absorbing pursuit. His accuracy was unfailing, and he had the scent of a bloodhound for the faintest traces of knowledge. He kept his eye upon current literature, and pounced at once upon any reminiscence that might contribute data for his inquiry. He was a steady attendant at sales of books and autographs. If he was unable to buy, he might obtain leave to copy any memorandum likely to come in useful. He dug into the manuscript collections of great libraries. Besides the British Museum, he went, for example, to Dr. Williams's Library, where are preserved the diaries of Crabb Robinson, only a part of which have been published. He hoped, I believe, to bring out the hitherto unpublished entries, and had gone steadily through a great part of them. I find him in a letter of 1886 describing himself as 'wallowing' in a box of manuscripts referring to Thomas Lovell Beddoes, author of *Death's Jest-Book*, which had been lent to him by Browning, and were afterwards handed to Mr. Gosse. In 1887 he was introduced by Mrs. Andrew Crosse to Mrs. Sandford, who was preparing her life of her grand-uncle, Thomas Poole. She had a large mass of correspondence between Poole, Coleridge, and other friends. Campbell plunged into it with delight, and went through Mrs. Sandford's book with her during a holiday sojourn in Yorkshire. She speaks cordially of the value of help from one whose knowledge of every detail about

Coleridge was only equalled 'by his readiness to open all his stores to any one who sought his aid.' A warm friendship followed, due to other than merely literary services on both sides. Mrs. Sandford's experience of Campbell's co-operation led her to speak of the advantages of an acquaintance with Campbell to her friend Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge. Mr. Coleridge, the poet's grandson, was in possession of very important materials, and was contemplating the life of his grandfather, upon which he is now engaged. A note or two had passed between him and Campbell some time before, when Campbell offered a sight of his own collections. Nothing had resulted at the time, but Mr. Coleridge now visited Campbell in the Albert Hall Mansions, and was not long in recognising the value of his new ally. They formed a close friendship, which was cemented by an excursion in the summer of 1888. Campbell had already in 1886 made a pilgrimage with Mr. Taylor Innes to the Somersetshire country sacred to Coleridge and Wordsworth. He was now going there with one of his most valued and congenial friends, Canon Ainger, who is as familiar with Lamb as Campbell was with Coleridge. Mr. Ernest Coleridge asked Mr. Bottome, an American clergyman then vicar of Over-Stowey, to take lodgings for them at the village, and joined them there himself. They visited, as Canon Ainger tells me, 'in the loveliest of weather, Nether-Stowey and Alfoxden, and "Kilve's delightful shore,"' and found in Mr. Bottome the 'kindest and most hospitable of neighbours.' The trio visited the place where Wordsworth read his tragedy to Coleridge and C. Lloyd; and voted, upon Ainger's motion, unanimous approval of Thelwall's statement that it was a spot to make one forget all the jarrings of the world. The experience, says Ainger, 'remains among my happiest memories.' Campbell returned to the same country in 1892, when a meeting was held for securing Coleridge's cottage.

Henceforth he was in close alliance with Mr. Ernest Coleridge. Mr. Coleridge could supply from private materials many gaps in Campbell's knowledge, while Campbell welcomed Coleridge to make free use of his own accumulations. I have before me the correspondence which followed. It is chiefly concerned with the discussion of a number of biographical and bibliographical details, and affords ample proof of the care and impartiality with which Campbell considered every point that turned up. Many of the notes in the books of which I shall speak directly may be passed, by too hasty readers, with a casual glance; but the more thorough student will not be surprised to learn that they often represent much labour, careful balancing of probabilities, and discussions with his friend. Such collaboration has its dangers for authors of less generosity. Campbell, however, was, as Mrs. Sandford has noticed, absolutely free from the slightest touch of the dog-in-the-manger spirit. His collections were free to his friends, and, on the other hand, he was, as Mr. Coleridge testifies, scrupulously careful not to make any such use of the information given to him as could prejudice the freshness and interest of the biography upon which his friend was labouring. The intercourse was never clouded by a shade of jealousy. Campbell had, I think, at one time contemplated a life of Coleridge, but had felt that such a work must be left in the hands of Coleridge's natural representative. He intended to put together some of his annotations upon Coleridge's life and works. When, however, Messrs.

Macmillan asked him to prefix a notice to a new edition of Coleridge's *Poetical Works*, he thought that he might give a modest summary of the facts. The work naturally expanded in his hands, as his abundant stores of information pressed for utterance. He had been asked for 30 pages and gave over 120. The merits of the 'Life' were speedily recognised in a way at which he frankly expressed his pleasure. A separate edition of the 'Life' was generally felt to be desirable, and was published on January of the following year. Campbell took advantage of the opportunity to introduce various additions and improvements. He was all along continually consulting Mr. E. H. Coleridge, and they sometimes had long though friendly controversies. He repaid the services by helping his ally in preparing the two volumes of S. T. Coleridge's letters which appeared in 1895. He also encouraged the publication of the interesting volume called *Anima Poetæ*, selected by Mr. Coleridge from his grandfather's note-books. He strongly recommended it to the publishers, and promised his help in revision. He lived long enough only to see type-written copies of some of the earlier pages.

To this account of Campbell's labours upon Coleridge I need only add that he frequently communicated notes upon incidental points to the *Athenæum*. I return to the story of his life. Campbell's circle of friends had been widening: he was a member of the Savile Club, where he met many congenial friends; and he was keenly interested in all the little events of the literary world. I may notice, too, that his taste extended to other arts. He had a great love of pictures, and gives a characteristic account to his friend Mr. Warner of the eagerness with which he followed the contest at an auction, which ended with the acquisition of a Mantegna for the National Gallery. The pleasant days at the Albert Hall Mansions, however, were coming to an end. Mrs. Campbell had a severe illness in 1885, which was unfortunately the precursor of many others. They were obliged more than once to let their rooms and make prolonged visits to the country. In the autumn of 1888 one of these visits took them to Hastings. Mrs. Campbell became worse in the winter, and they finally decided to give up London and take a house at St. Leonards. Here they settled in the spring of 1889. Bad seasons in Mauritius, and the failure of the Oriental Bank, of which Campbell had just become a director, made economy necessary at the same time.

The Campbells remained at St. Leonards till the end of 1894, with some change of domicile. Campbell's good fortune still followed him in one respect: he could go nowhere without meeting brothers in literature. At St. Leonards he was the neighbour and speedily became the friend of Mr. Coventry Patmore, and of Dr. Greenhill—a man of great learning, especially, I believe, in regard to the medical science of the Middle Ages; a critical student of English literature, as he showed by editions of Sir Thomas Browne; and an old intimate of the leaders of the Oxford Movement. Another valued friend was Mr. Hale White, who could tell him stories of 'George Eliot' in the old *Westminster Review* days. With these and Mr. Patmore Campbell could enjoy the talk in which his soul delighted. Other friends visited him there at intervals, and he made frequent trips to London, generally for some purpose of literary investigation. It was a happy day for his old friends — I can speak for myself especially, but not for myself alone—when Campbell would ask for a night or two's lodging, charm the children by his genial good-humour, and retire to some book-lined snuggery where he could enjoy his pipe and pour out his stores of knowledge. I used to feel as though he had just come in from a talk with Lamb and Coleridge at the 'Salutation and Cat.' Anxieties, however, were coming upon him. His pecuniary losses made it necessary to turn his pen to profit. The hurricane which devastated Mauritius in the spring of 1892 caused a very serious diminution of income. He was not, as he says, a rapid writer, and was often not satisfied with a trifling notice till it had been three times written. He set to work, however gallantly, and his friends could see no difference in his habitual cheeriness. Losses of a worse kind followed. Campbell's mother had died at a good old age in January 1886. His contemporaries began to follow. His dear friend, Sir Adam Gib Ellis, was now Chief-Justice of Jamaica. He visited England in the autumn of 1893, and a few months later confided his youngest daughter to the care of the Campbells. Campbell became devoted to the child, was unhappy if she was long out of his sight, and asked for her as long as he could speak intelligibly. Sir A. Ellis had returned to Jamaica, and in August 1894 he accidentally set fire to his nightdress and died without being able to explain the circumstances.

The blow struck Campbell very heavily, and it brought responsibilities which he felt the more because his own health was now declining. Towards the end of 1893 he had suffered from what was called a bronchial catarrh. He never quite recovered, and in the course of the next summer his heart had showed serious symptoms. He took the illness bravely, and was led to believe that with care and rest he would completely recover. Various business troubles worried him in the autumn. The sudden death of Dr. Greenhill (19th September) shocked him again. In the winter he was seriously ill, but improved a little, and undertook to prepare a short memoir of Archibald Constable, Scott's publisher. My last talks with him referred to this subject, and he was greatly interested in the light which he expected to throw upon the tragic story of Scott's speculations.

In the spring of 1895 the lease of the St. Leonards' house ended, and the Campbells decided to settle at Tunbridge Wells. His beloved books had followed him. While staying for a time in lodgings he had found it necessary to take a separate room for them at St. Leonards, where he could work in quiet. One of his last employments was the arrangement of his old favourites in a similar room at Tunbridge Wells. The effort was tiring, but he would accept no help. His friends had seen with pain the change in his condition. Any effort caused difficulty of breathing, and he frequently fell into dozes. Finding it hard to struggle against this inability to work, he came for a holiday to London in May, and saw his friends Canon Ainger and Mr. Coleridge. Both of them were alarmed at his appearance, and at Ainger's request he saw a physician, who ordered his immediate return. Mr. Coleridge saw him off, and received at parting a friendly word, showing, as it afterwards seemed, that he was aware that a serious struggle might be approaching. He reached Tunbridge Wells safely, and was still able to enjoy the sight of the country, and often spoke affectionately of his friends. He soon, however, became weaker; he was never conscious of actual danger, and on Saturday 1st June 1895 he died in perfect calm. On the following Wednesday he was buried in the lovely churchyard of Frant, a village where he had stayed with Mrs. Campbell just before their final move. He had incidentally remarked that the churchyard was one in which one might wish to be buried, were one to think of such things at all; and his grave is at the spot where he often sat to look at the view.

Campbell was six feet in height, and a man of massive, though not unwieldy figure. He weighed eighteen stone, though rather stout than corpulent. Mr. Coleridge says that he should have taken him for a retired Indian judge or general, the whiteness of his hair increasing his apparent age. Till his last illness, however, he seemed to be full of physical vigour. What his friends will best remember is the genial smile which was never long absent from his face, indicating a mixture of sagacity and good-nature, blended by a strong Scottish humour. He was indeed a thorough Scot, but of the type which does not look askance at whisky-toddy, and which appreciates Burns's poetry a good deal more than the theology of John Knox. Nobody could be freer from any excessive indulgences, but he liked the good things of life as an accompaniment of genuine social enjoyment. He was the most cordial of hosts, and, as a guest, invaluable in promoting a hearty flow of conversation. He had a marked faculty for calling out the sympathies of his companions. His friendliness acted like a social cement to bind together all the best elements in his surroundings. The word 'genial' has perhaps been a little spoilt, but it occurs whenever I think of Campbell. When I call up any of the scenes in which I met him, they seem to glow with the warm atmosphere of diffused friendliness. He had, indeed, far too much shrewdness to lapse into sentimentalism, or the kind of amiability which is spoilt by want of discrimination. He had very decided tastes in men as in books, but though he despised meanness and detested inhumanity, he would speak of offenders in terms rather of pity and good-natured contempt than of bitter indignation. Indeed, he had not a drop of bitterness in his nature. One of his correspondents remarks, and with perfect truth so far as I have gone, that I might read through every letter he ever wrote without finding an unkind word about any one, or any saying which would have to be suppressed to spare the feelings of survivors.

This may suggest what has to be said about his literary work. Campbell never attempted pure literature. He wrote a playful little parody of Marvell's exiles to Bermuda, and another, which I have not seen, of *In Memoriam*. He was a great admirer of both poems, but takes liberty to apply them to little incidents in his own voyages. His serious work, however, was confined to his studies of Coleridge and the Coleridge circle. I have said enough of the knowledge displayed. I may add that he brought into literature something of the habits of a man of business. He must have had from nature the scholar's instincts of accuracy and minute observation. They were no doubt heightened by his experience of a merchant's office, which taught him how to work systematically; to keep accounts, whether of money or of facts, clearly; and to appreciate the bearing of minute indications with unfailing common sense. I think, too, that his consciousness of having come into literature without the regular training was favourable to his characteristic modesty.

He made no pretence of being more than an amateur, and even exaggerated the advantages of the professional. I have heard of a gentleman who claimed to be an authority about Shakespeare (Shakespeare was in his opinion Bacon) because, being a rich man, he had bought all the early editions. Campbell was at just the opposite pole. His position outside of the literary profession had enabled him to retain his illusions—he could believe in authors. He never lost his faith, and worshipped Browning and other great men of his time as heartily as the most enthusiastic neophyte.

He therefore always approached the great men with a certain reverence—a tacit admission that he was not qualified to sit in the critic's chair. He was not a critic, as one of his friends remarks, in the proper sense. That was as much a gain as a loss. It means that he could not give, or find, reasons for his tastes. He had not learnt and did not care for the regular technical phrases, and never sought to cover his opinions with a varnish of philosophical verbiage. The advantage was, that he also did not care to force his own tastes into any fashionable mould, and cared nothing for the special shibboleths which might be current in the orthodox circles. His tastes were as independent as they were strong. He knew perfectly well what it was that he liked, and did not care to justify himself or to force his likings upon others. What he liked, too, was always good, for it was always what really appealed to a man of strong sense and feeling.

Campbell, in short, so far as he was a critic at all, approached literature from the human side. He was profoundly interested by the indications of character as well as intellectual power. He loved Coleridge, no doubt, in the first place as a poet. He enjoyed *Christabel* and the *Ancient Mariner* as heartily as any one; but he became even more interested in Coleridge as a man. Every one of Coleridge's poems, he said, has a distinct autobiographical reference; and it specially delighted him to trace out a precise significance of this kind. He felt, with curious fulness, the peculiar charm of Coleridge's character. A severe moralist or a stern prophet might be repelled by the weaknesses, of which Campbell was fully aware; but then Campbell, with his characteristic good-nature, felt the pathetic side of Coleridge's career. The lovableness which attracted so many contemporary friends in spite of all backslidings attracted the posthumous admirer. I remember well how Campbell in early days read to me some manuscript letters of Coleridge referring to some business question. To the harsh critic, the obvious remark was, that it was totally impossible to make head or tail of the facts, which Coleridge mentioned only, as it seemed, to wind gradually out of all responsibility; and, moreover, that the queer sanctimonious whine which ran through the whole gave a very low impression as to the writer's respect for commonplace morality. Campbell was not in the least blind to such remarks; on the contrary, they tickled his sense of humour deliciously. He laughed over them in the heartiest way, but he also felt pity and sympathy for the poor human creature whose goodness of heart and aspirations for better things appeared through all his strange entanglements. Campbell was just the right man to appreciate the character of one to whom whatever presented itself as a duty appeared, therefore, to be a physical impossibility. In reading this Life it will, I think, appear that in this case a lenient judgment meant, not any blindness to faults or feeble display of excessive sentiment, but a genuine appreciation of the hero all round; and therefore a power of understanding a singularly complex character, exposed to all manner of temptations and difficulties, and, in spite of everything, attracting love by his goodness, and making his weaknesses rather contribute to than detract from the general impression. I shall only add one remark. Campbell wrote under the necessity of close compression. He tried to pack his information into the smallest possible space. To my mind, wearied with the many examples of the contrary defect, that is a high merit; but it also demands more than usual attention from the reader, who in default of such attention will hardly be awake either to the amount of labour involved, or to the singular accuracy and sanity of judgment which are everywhere implied.

The loss of such a friend as Campbell is not to be compensated; but I must leave it to my readers to comment upon that text for themselves.

LESLIE STEPHEN.

Many of the articles contributed by Campbell to the *Athenæum* are reviews of current literature. Others contain notes upon various matters which turned up in the course of his studies, and might have swelled in time to make a volume of literary miscellanies, comparable to De Morgan's *Budget of Paradoxes* or Dilke's *Papers of a Critic.* Although in their present state republication would be unadvisable, I venture to give a list of the more interesting, partly to indicate the nature of his work, and partly because it may be of some service to fellow-inquirers.

Campbell's first article was a review of Brandl's *Life of Coleridge* (18th June 1887). He published some of Coleridge's marginalia on 7th January, 7th April, 5th May, and 23rd June 1888. On 10th March 1888 he discusses the 1828 edition of Coleridge's poems. He produces some new reports of Coleridge's lectures of 1818 on 16th March and 4th May 1889; and of lectures of 1818-1819 on 26th December 1891 and 2nd January 1892. He writes upon the sources of the *Ancient Mariner* on 15th and 22nd March 1890. He describes the manuscripts of *Osorio* (afterwards *Remorse*) on 5th April 1890 and 25th June 1892. He examines Coleridge's method of quotation on 20th August 1892, and writes upon Scott's early references to Coleridge's poetry on 12th November 1892. He gives Coleridge's view of Quakerism on 16th September 1893, and he produces the original prospectus of the *Watchman* on 9th December 1893.

Campbell publishes a criticism of Charles Lamb's upon Cooke's *Richard III.* on 4th August 1888; he shows on 3rd August 1889 how Lamb reviewed himself in *Moxon's Magazine*, and describes the same magazine on 7th December 1889. He gives an account from a manuscript of an earlier form of Lamb's *John Woodvil* on 31st October and 14th November 1891; he comments upon some letters of Charles and Mary Lamb's on 24th December 1892, and gives an account of Lamb's *Specimens of the Dramatic Poets* and of his *Lines to Sara and her Samuel* on 25th August and 8th September 1894.

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Campbell reviews Professor Dowden's edition of the *Lyrical Ballads* on 10th May 1890, and discusses the edition of 1800 on 22nd November 1890. He gives the variations in some of Wordsworth's verses as they appeared in the *Guide to the Lake Country*, on 16th and 23rd August 1890. A review of a book upon the *Birds of Wordsworth* on 7th May 1892, led to some discussion of other poetical references to birds on 14th, 21st, and 28th May, and 2nd and 16th July 1892. He comments upon some letters of Wordsworth on 8th April 1893, and inquires into the history of *Goody Blake and Harry Gill* on 23rd September 1893.

Campbell contributed various remarks upon the history of the *Anti-Jacobin* on 31st May and 14th June 1890; upon various

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points connected with the Murrays' publications on 11th and 18th April and 16th May 1891; upon a notice of John Keats on 22nd August 1891; upon Mrs. Browning's early *Battle of Marathon* on 7th November 1891; upon a new version of Blanco White's famous sonnet on 12th September 1891; upon a description of Leigh Hunt by himself on 25th March 1893; and upon the bibliography of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* on 5th May and 2nd June 1894.

Campbell also gives accounts of various manuscript collections about to be sold, and points out the bearing of the contents upon points of literary history: 19th July and 6th September 1890; 23rd and 30th July 1892; 25th February and 18th November 1893, 8th December 1894 and 6th April 1895.

Finally, Campbell wrote the obituary notice of Dr. Greenhill on 29th September 1894.

PREFACE

THIS Memoir is mainly a reproduction of the biographical sketch prefixed to the one-volume edition of Coleridge's *Poetical Works*[1] published last spring. Such an Introduction generally and properly consists of a brief summary of some authoritative biography. As, however, no authoritative biography of Coleridge existed, I was obliged to construct a narrative for my own purpose. With this view, I carefully sifted all the old printed biographical materials, and as far as possible collated them with the original documents; I searched all books of Memoirs, etc., likely to contain incidental information regarding Coleridge; and, further, I was privileged by being permitted to make use of much important matter, either absolutely new or previously unavailable.

My aim had been, not to add to the ever-lengthening array of estimates of Coleridge as a poet and philosopher, but to provide something which appeared to be wanting—a plain, and as far as possible, an accurate narrative of the events of his life; something which might serve until the appearance of the full biography which is expected from the hands of the poet's grandson, Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge.

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[1] *The Poetical Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.* Edited, with a Biographical Introduction, by James Dykes Campbell. London: Macmillan and Co. 1893.

In preparing the present reprint of the 'Biographical Introduction' I have spared no effort towards making it worthy of separate publication, and of its new title. It has been carefully revised; and though neither form nor scale has been materially altered, I have not hesitated to expand the narrative wherever a fuller or clearer statement appeared to be desirable, or new facts which had come to light in the interval required to be mentioned.

Although in the footnotes I have found frequent opportunity of offering thanks for help rendered in the preparation of this work, I am indebted to many others who are not there mentioned; and to each of them I now tender my sincere thanks. To the generous sympathy and assistance of Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge my work owes more than I can adequately express; and in no less measure am I grateful to two other friends, Canon Ainger and Mr. Leslie Stephen, whose help in every direction has been invaluable to me.

The portrait which forms the frontispiece has been reproduced directly from the original, now in the National Portrait Gallery. This belonged to Cottle, and was admirably engraved in his *Early Recollections*, where he thus writes of it: 'This portrait of Mr. Coleridge was taken in oils by a Mr. [Peter] Vandyke (a descendant of the great Vandyke). He was invited over from Holland by the late Sir Joshua Reynolds, to assist him in his portraits, particularly in the drapery department; in which capacity he remained with him many years. Mr. Vandyke afterwards settled in Bristol, and obtained great and just celebrity for his likenesses. His portrait of Mr. Coleridge did him great credit, as a better likeness was never taken, and it has the additional advantage of exhibiting Mr. C. in one of his animated conversations, the expression of which the painter has in good degree preserved.' Hancock's portrait of the following year has been more frequently engraved, and is therefore more familiar. Cottle says it 'was much admired at the time, and has an additional interest from having been drawn when Mr. C.'s spirits were in a state of depression, on account of the failure of the *Watchman*.' Several later portraits are mentioned in the text.

J. D. C.

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CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD—CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

A.D. 1772–1791

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born at the Vicarage of Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, on the 21st October 1772. His father was the Rev. John Coleridge, Vicar of the Parish, and Chaplain-Priest and Master of its Free Grammar School (commonly called the 'King's School'), founded by Henry VIII. His mother was the Vicar's second wife, and her maiden name was Anne Bowdon. By his first wife, Mary Lendon, the Vicar had three daughters, who were all alive in 1797; and by his second, nine sons (of whom Samuel Taylor was the youngest) and one daughter. The poet's paternal grandfather, who had been 'a considerable woollen trader in South Molton,' fell into poor circumstances when his son was about sixteen (*c.* 1735), and John was then supported at school by a friend of the family. When, in 1748,[1] he matriculated at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, he was already married, and on leaving the University, without a degree, he settled as a schoolmaster at South Molton,[2] where his wife died in June 1751. Having remarried *circa* 1754, he removed in 1760 to Ottery St. Mary, on being appointed to the living and the mastership of the school. At that time there were, besides a son who died in infancy, two children of his second marriage—John, who died in 1786, a captain H.E.I.C.S.; and William, who died in 1780, both unmarried. In 1760 was born James, who entered the army and married one of the co-heiresses of Robert Duke, of Otterton, Esquire. James's second son became Sir John Taylor Coleridge (better known as 'Mr. Justice Coleridge'), the father of the present Lord Chief-Justice. James's fourth son was Henry Nelson Coleridge, who married his cousin Sara, the poet's only daughter. The Vicar's next two sons, Edward and George, both took orders. The latter succeeded (though not immediately) to the Grammar School, and to the private boarding-school which his father had carried on. The seventh son, Luke Herman, became a surgeon, but died at an early age, in 1790, leaving but one child, a son, who became in 1824 the first Bishop of Barbadoes. Next came Ann ('Nancy'), whose early death, swiftly following on that of Luke, deeply affected the young poet. The eighth son was Francis Syndercombe, who died in 1792, a lieutenant H.E.I.C.S. The ninth son, and latest born of the Vicar's thirteen children, was the poet, baptized 'Samuel Taylor,' after one of his godfathers. Of all the thirteen, four alone have living descendants—James, Edward, Luke, and Samuel Taylor. Descendants of James are numerous; of Edward there is a daughter; of Luke there are a grandson and great-grandson; and of the poet, a grandson with his four children, and two grand-daughters.

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[1] When about twenty-nine years of age, not 'twenty,' as misprinted in *Biog. Lit.* 1847, ii. 314.

[2] Not 'Southampton,' as misprinted in *Biog. Lit.* 1847, ii. 314.

The Vicar is said to have been an amiable, simpleminded, and somewhat eccentric scholar, sound in Greek and Latin, and profound in Hebrew. Many stories of his absent-mindedness were told in the neighbourhood,[1] some of them probably true. His famous son thus describes him to Poole: 'In learning, good-heartedness, absentness of mind, and excessive ignorance of the world, he was a perfect Parson Adams.'[2] He printed several books[3] by subscription. In *A Critical Latin Grammar*, he proposed (among other innovations) to substitute for the vulgar names of the cases ('for which antiquity pleads in opposition to reason') 'prior, possessive, attributive, posterior, interjective, and quale-quare-quidditive.'

The Vicar's wife was fortunately of a more practical turn than himself. She was comparatively an uneducated woman, and unemotional; but was an admirable wife, mother, and housekeeper; and although she disliked 'your harpsichord ladies,' determined to make gentlemen of her sons—an ambition in which their father was deficient.

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[1] See Gillman's *Life of S. T. C.* chap. i., and De Quincey in his *Works* (1863), ii. 70.

[2] *Biog. Lit.* 1847, ii. 315.

[3] (I) *Miscellaneous Dissertations* arising from the XVIIth and XVIIIth chapters of the Book of Judges. 1768. 8vo, pp. 275.

(II) *A Critical Latin Grammar*, containing clear and distinct rules for boys just initiated; and Notes explanatory of almost every antiquity and obscurity in the Language, for youth somewhat advanced in Latin learning. 1772. 12mo, pp. xiv.; 161.

(III) Also, 'For the use of Schools,' price 2s. bound, *Sententiæ Excerptæ*, explaining the Rules of Grammar, and the various signification of all the Prepositions, etc. [Advertisement in II.]

(IV) *Government not originally proceeding from Human Agency, but Divine Institution*, shewn in a Sermon preached at Ottery St. Mary, Devon, December 13, 1776, on the Fast Day, appointed by reason of our much-to-be-lamented American War, and published at the request of the hearers. By John Coleridge, Vicar of and Schoolmaster at Ottery St. Mary, Devon. London: printed for the Author, 1777. 4to, pp. 15.

To No. I. is appended a long school prospectus, setting forth the method of teaching, etc., and to No. II. an advertisement referring to the prospectus. From these we learn that the Vicar took about twenty boys, who paid two guineas entrance-fee, and sixteen guineas a year for board and the teaching of Latin, Greek, and Mathematics. 'A Writing-Master attends, for those who chuse it, at sixteen shillings per year; and a Dancing Master (at present *Mr. Louis*, of *Exeter*) once a week, at two guineas per year.'

Our knowledge of Coleridge's childhood is derived entirely from his letters to Poole[1] written in 1797—compositions which as fully as any of his poems are instinct with the writer's extraordinary genius. Even remembering the best successes of Charles Dickens and George Eliot, it may be affirmed that no more vivid and essentially truthful picture of a solitary and imaginative childhood has ever been drawn.

Coleridge describes himself as a precocious and imaginative child, never mixing with other boys. At the age of three he was sent to a dame's school, where he remained till he was six. 'My Father was very fond of me, and I was my Mother's darling; in consequence whereof, I was very miserable. For Molly, who had nursed my brother Francis, and was immoderately fond of him, hated me because my Mother took more notice of me than of Frank; and Frank hated me because my Mother gave me now and then a bit of cake when he had none'—Frank enjoying many titbits from Molly, who had only 'thumps and ill-names' for 'Sam,' which through life was the family abbreviation of the poet's name. 'So I became fretful and timorous, and a tell-tale; and the schoolboys drove me from play and were always tormenting me. And hence I took no pleasure in boyish sports, but read incessantly.' He read all the children's books he could find—*Jack the Giant-Killer*, and the like.

> And I used to lie by the wall and mope; and my spirits used to come upon me suddenly, and in a flood; and I then was accustomed to run up and down the churchyard and act over again all I had been reading, on the docks and the nettles and the rank

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[1] 'Biog. Supplement' to *Biog. Lit.* 1847, ii. 315–330.

grass. At six years of age, I remember to have read *Belisarius*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and Philip Quarll [*The Hermit*]; and then I found the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, one tale of which (the tale of a man who was compelled to seek for a pure virgin) made so deep an impression on me (I had read it in the evening while my Mother was at her needle) that I was haunted by spectres whenever I was in the dark; and I distinctly recollect the anxious and fearful eagerness with which I used to watch the window where the book lay, and when the sun came upon it, I would seize it, carry it by the wall, and bask and read.[1] My father found out the effect which these books had produced, and burned them.

So I became a dreamer, and acquired an indisposition to all bodily activity. I was fretful, and inordinately passionate; and as I could not play at anything, and was slothful, I was despised and hated by the boys; and because I could read and spell, and had, I may truly say, a memory and understanding forced into almost unnatural ripeness, I was flattered and wondered at by all the old women. And so I became very vain, and despised most of the boys that were at all near my own age, and before I was eight years old I was a *character*. Sensibility, imagination, vanity, sloth, and feelings of deep and bitter contempt for almost all who traversed the orbit of my understanding, were even then prominent and manifest.

That which I began to be from three to six, I continued to be from six to nine. In this year [1778] I was admitted into the Grammar School, and soon outstripped all of my age.

About this time the child had a fever. His nightly prayer was the old rhyme, beginning 'Matthew, Mark, Luke, John,' and 'frequently,' he adds, 'have I (half-awake and half-asleep, my body diseased, and fevered by imagination) seen armies of ugly things bursting in upon me, and then four angels [" Four good angels round me spread "] keeping them off.'

And so the child went on, living by himself in a fairy world of nursery tales, and Arabian Nights, 'cutting down weeds and nettles, as one of the Seven Champions of Christendom.' 'Alas!' he exclaims, 'I had all the simplicity, all the docility of the little child, but none of the child's habits. I never thought as a child, never had the language of a child.' Happily, wandering in Fairy Land is one of the habits of most children, but in Coleridge's case the usual correctives were wanting. One adventure of those days is worth recalling, as it is not improbable that its effects on his constitution were never entirely got rid of. One evening, fearing punishment for a somewhat serious fault, he ran away, not stopping until he was a mile from home. Both rage and fear passed off, but he felt 'a gloomy satisfaction in making his Mother miserable,' and determined not to return. He fell asleep, and in his slumber rolled down to the unfenced bank of the Otter. The night had become stormy, and he awoke about five o'clock, wet, and so cold and stiff that he could not move. The Sir Stafford Northcote of the period, who, with the Vicar and many of the neighbours, had been searching all night for the lost child, found him, and he was carried home.

---

[1] See this reminiscence repeated, with some others, in *The Friend*, 1818, i. 251 *et seq.*

> I remember, and never shall forget, my Father's face as he looked upon me while I lay in the servant's arms—so calm, and the tears stealing down his face; for I was the child of his old age. My Mother, as you may suppose, was outrageous with joy. . . . I was put to bed, and recovered in a day or so. But I was certainly injured; for I was weakly and subject to ague for many years after.

Apparently, when Coleridge was no more than eight, a career was marked out for him.

> My Father (he writes), who had so little parental ambition in him, that but for my Mother's pride and spirit, he would certainly have brought up his other sons to trades, had nevertheless resolved that I should be a parson. I read every book that came in my way without distinction; and my Father was fond of me, and used to take me on his knee, and hold long conversations with me. I

remember, when eight years old, walking with him one winter evening from a farmer's house, a mile from Ottery; and he then told me the names of the stars, and how Jupiter was a thousand times larger than our world, and that the other twinkling stars were suns that had worlds rolling round them; and when I came home, he showed me how they rolled round. I heard him with a profound delight and admiration, but without the least mixture of wonder or incredulity. For, from my early reading of fairy tales and about genii, and the like, my mind had been habituated to the Vast; and I never regarded my senses in any way as the *criteria* of my belief. I regulated all my creeds by my conceptions, not by my sight, even at that age.

The few glimpses of his childhood afforded by the poems are invariably pleasant.[1]

The child seems to have been petted, not only by his parents, but by his brother George, whom he describes as his 'earliest friend.' All this, or the best of it, came to an end when the boy had hardly completed his ninth year. His father died suddenly on the 4th October 1781, and was succeeded, both as vicar and as schoolmaster, by Mr. Smerdon, with whom Coleridge remained as a day-scholar until the following April, when a presentation to Christ's Hospital was obtained for him from a Mr. John Way, through the interest of Mr. Francis Buller (afterwards the famous judge), who had been a pupil of the late Vicar. Thus 'too soon transplanted, ere his soul had fixed its first domestic loves,' Coleridge entered the great school on the 18th July 1782, an intervening period of about ten weeks having been spent in London with his mother's brother, Mr. John Bowdon, who had a shop in Threadneedle Street. This affectionate but injudicious uncle, he relates, 'used to carry me from coffee-house to coffee-house, and tavern to tavern, where I drank, and talked, and disputed as if I had been a man.'

---

[1] Dear native Brook! wild Streamlet of the West!
How many various-fated years have past,
What happy, and what mournful hours, since last
I skimmed the smooth thin stone along thy breast,
Numbering its light leaps! yet so deep imprest
Sink the sweet scenes of childhood, that mine eyes
I never shut amid the sunny ray,
But straight with all their tints thy waters rise,
Thy crossing plank, thy marge with willows grey,
And bedded sand that veined with various dyes
Gleamed through thy bright transparence! On my way
Visions of Childhood! oft have ye beguiled
Lone manhood's cares, yet waking fondest sighs:
Ah! that once more I were a careless Child!

This sonnet was addressed *To the River Otter*, about 1792-93. Six years later, in *Lines composed in a Concert-room*, Coleridge exclaimed—

O give me, from this heartless scene released,
To hear our old musician, blind and grey,
(Whom stretching from my nurse's arms I kissed,)
His Scottish tunes and warlike marches play,
By moonshine, on the balmy summer-night,
The while I dance amid the tedded hay
With merry maids, whose ringlets toss in light!

Further reminiscences of youthful Ottery days are to be found in *Frost at Midnight* and in *Lines to a beautiful Spring in a Village.*

After six weeks of the Junior School at Hertford —'where I was very happy on the whole, for I had plenty to eat and drink'—he was removed, in September, to the great London school, being placed in the second, or 'Jefferies' Ward, and in the Under Grammar School. Christ's Hospital, he says, then contained about seven hundred boys, about one-third being the sons of clergymen. The school and the Coleridge of those days have been described for all time in Lamb's essays — 'Recollections of Christ's Hospital' (1813), and 'Christ's Hospital five-and-thirty years ago' (1820). The former is a serious historical account of the Foundation and its advantages; the latter presents the reverse of the medal—the side which impressed itself most indelibly on the Blue-coat boys of the essayist's time. Although Lamb was Coleridge's junior by a little more than two years, he entered Christ's Hospital a few months earlier. His parents lived close at hand,

and Coleridge was the 'poor friendless boy' for whom he speaks—

> My parents and those who should care for me were far away. Those few acquaintances of theirs which they could reckon upon as being kind to me in the great city, after a little forced notice, which they had the grace to take of me on my first arrival in town, soon grew tired of my holiday visits. They seemed to them to recur too often, though I thought them few enough; and, one after another, they all failed me, and I felt myself alone among six hundred playmates. . . . How, in my dreams, would my native town (far in the west) come back, with its church, and trees, and faces! How I would wake weeping, and in the anguish of my heart exclaim upon sweet Calne in Wiltshire!

'Calne,' of course, is only Lamb's device for concealing his friend's identity, and was selected, doubtless, partly for its cadence, and partly because Coleridge resided there shortly before going to Highgate. The words about the boy's dreams are but a reflection of Coleridge's own lines in *Frost at Midnight*—

> How oft, at school, with most believing mind,
> Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars,
> To watch that fluttering *stranger!* and as oft
> With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
> Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church-tower,
> Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang
> From morn to evening, all the hot Fair-day,
> So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted me
> With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear
> Most like articulate sounds of things to come!
> So gazed I, till the soothing things, I dreamt,
> Lulled me to sleep, and sleep prolonged my dreams!
> And so I brooded all the following morn,
> Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye
> Fixed with mock study on my swimming book:
> Save if the door half opened, and I snatched
> A hasty glance, and still my heart leaped up,
> For still I hoped to see the *stranger's* face,
> Townsman, or aunt, or sister more beloved,
> My play-mate when we both were clothed alike!

It is the same poem, written in the Stowey cottage in February 1798, which contains the remarkable prophecy how his beloved Hartley should wander like a breeze by lakes and mountains, unlike his father, who was

reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars,

—sky and stars seen from the roof of Christ's Hospital, as we learn through Wordsworth—

Of rivers, fields,
And groves I speak to thee, my Friend ! to thee
Who, yet a liveried schoolboy, in the depths
Of the huge city, on the leaded roof
Of that wide edifice, thy school and home,
Wert used to lie and gaze upon the clouds
Moving in heaven ; or, of that pleasure tired,
To shut thine eyes, and by internal light
See trees, and meadows, and thy native stream,
Far distant, thus beheld from year to year
Of a long exile.[1]

A long exile it proved, for it seems probable that the boy did not return to Ottery until the summer of 1789. But Coleridge's school-days were not a monotony of weeping and day-dreaming. Such, in some measure, they may have been, perhaps, at first ; but the clouds broke. A few of his letters from Christ's Hospital have been preserved.[2] The earliest is dated February 4, 1785, when the writer was in his twelfth year, and was addressed to his mother. He acknowledges 'with gratitude' 'two handkerchiefs, and the half-crown from Mr. Badcock,' another half-crown and the prospect of 'a plumb-cake' from Mrs. Smerdon ; and he promises to take great care of the tips, 'as I now consider that were it not for my kind friends I should be as destitute of many little necessaries as some of my school-fellows are; and Thank God and my relations for them!' The letter ends with affectionate messages, in which he is joined by his Bowdon 'uncle, aunt, and cousins.' The many acknowledgments of kindnesses received from the Bowdons incline one to believe that there is a touch of artistic exaggeration in Lamb's words quoted above. 'Miss Calerica,'[?] Coleridge writes, May 12, 1787, 'and my cousin Bowdon behave more kindly to me than I can express. I dine there every Saturday.' 'But, above all,' he continues, 'I can never sufficiently express my gratitude to my brother George. *He* is father, brother, and everything to me.' About two years before this, George had taken a situation as master in Newcome's Academy at Hackney, where he remained until he took up his permanent residence at Ottery in 1794. He was probably the 'Dear Brother' to whom the following request was addressed in a letter described as 'undated, from Christ's Hospital, before 1790': 'You will excuse me for reminding you that, as our holidays commence next week, and I shall go out a good deal, a good pair of breeches will be no inconsiderable accession to my appearance,' his present pair being 'not altogether well adapted for a female eye.'

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[1] *Prelude*, Book VI.

[2] *Unpublished Letters of S. T. Coleridge.* Edited by his Grandson, Ernest Hartley Coleridge. *Illustrated London News*, April 1, 1893.

From the first Coleridge was full of 'natural gladness,' and possessed in an extraordinary degree the invaluable faculty of making friends. As close companions, he had Lamb, and a little host beside; for protector and encourager, Middleton (afterwards Bishop of Calcutta); and as tolerable substitutes for a home, the house of his Bowdon uncle, and, later, that of Mrs. Evans, the mother of Mary and other daughters. Boyer (whose floggings did his pupil no serious harm that we know of) took a paternal headmaster's interest in him, and brought him up in the way a good scholar, and even a good poet, should go;[1] so that Coleridge, in spite of his persistent waywardness, was enabled to carry off the best honours the school afforded. In the letter of May 12, 1787, already quoted from, he informs his brother Luke: 'I suppose I shall be a Grecian in about a year. Mr. Boyer says that if I take particular care of my exercises, etc., I may find myself rewarded sooner than I expected. I know not exactly what he means; but I believe it is something concerning putting me in the first form.' These anticipations of promotion were not belied, for it was in 1788 that he entered the ranks of the 'Grecians'—the small band selected by the headmaster for special training under his own eye for the University Exhibitions of the school,[2] one of which Coleridge gained in due time.

But there were interruptions. When about fifteen he took a fancy to be apprenticed to a friendly cobbler in the neighbourhood of the school, and induced the cobbler to make formal application to Boyer. This was more than Boyer could stand, and with assault and battery he drove the astonished applicant from his sanctum. Coleridge himself seems to have escaped unhurt from the fray. It was soon after this that his brother Luke came up to walk the London Hospital, and Coleridge then thought of nothing but how he too might become a doctor. He read all the medical and surgical books he could procure, went round the hospital-wards with Luke, and thought it bliss if he were permitted to hold a plaster. 'Briefly' (he says) 'it was a wild dream, which gradually blending with, gradually gave way to, a rage for metaphysics, occasioned by the essays on "Liberty" and "Necessity" in *Cato's Letters*,[1] and more by theology. After I had read Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary* I sported infidel! but my infidel vanity never touched my heart.'[2] Boyer took his 'short way,' and reconverted his pupil by means of a sound flogging—'the only just one,' Coleridge was pleased in after-life to say, he ever received from his master. This was doubtless but a fond and passing conceit, for elsewhere he blesses the floggings which saved him from being emasculated into a 'juvenile prodigy.' Yet prodigy he must have been, if his own and Lamb's reminiscences are to be accepted—accepted even with a substantial grain of salt; how he read straight through a whole circulating library, of which he was made free by a singular incident (his account of which is needlessly romantic); and how he invaded the murky caves of the third-century Neo-Platonists[3] with his boyish rush-light.

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[1] *Biographia Literaria*, chap. i.

[2] See Lamb's account of the group—'seldom above two or three at a time were inaugurated into that high order'—in *Recollections of Christ's Hospital.*

Truth there must be, and even something of fact, in Lamb's famous passage—

> Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the dayspring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge—Logician, Metaphysician, Bard!—How have I seen the casual passer through the Cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb* of the young

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[1] By John Trenchard and Thomas Gordon. 4 vols. 12mo, 1755.

[2] Gillman's *Life*, p. 23.

[3] In these adventures he was doubtless aided by the Latin translations usually supplied with the original Greek, and by Thomas Taylor's, which appeared about that time (translations which he once described as 'difficult Greek transmuted into incomprehensible English'), though he asserts (*Biog. Lit.* i. 249) that he had translated the eight hymns of Synesius from the Greek into English Anacreontics before his fifteenth year!

John Picus Mirandula), to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus, or Plotinus (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts), or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar—while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the *inspired charity boy!* [1]

We hear nothing of games, but Coleridge enjoyed bathing excursions in the summer holidays. Once, as he told Gillman, he swam across the New River in his clothes, and let them dry on his back, with the consequence, apparently, that 'full half his time from seventeen to eighteen was passed in the sick-ward of Christ's Hospital, afflicted with jaundice and rheumatic fever.' [2] Coleridge was doubtless rendered the more susceptible by the effects of his runaway adventure eight years before. If the tradition [3] be true, that *Genevieve* was addressed to the daughter of his school 'nurse,' the attachment may have been formed during this illness—

When sinking low the suff'rer wan
Beholds no hand stretcht out to save,
. . . . .
I've seen thy breast with pity heave,
And therefore love I thee, sweet Genevieve!

He has dated the poem '*æt.* 14,' and the illness '17-18,' but Coleridge was never sure of his own age, and such figures of his are, as a rule, untrustworthy. According, however, to his own statement,[4] he was about sixteen (1788) when he made the acquaintance of the Evans family—a connection destined to exercise an important influence on his career. It is Gillman who thus reports:—

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[1] 'Christ's Hospital five-and-thirty years ago,' in *Essays of Elia.*

[2] Gillman's *Life*, p. 33.

[3] There was a tradition in Christ's Hospital that *Genevieve* was addressed to the daughter of Coleridge's school 'nurse.' For the head boys to be in love with these young persons was an institution of long standing. The lines quoted are taken from the earliest MS. text of the poem.

[4] Gillman's *Life*, p. 28.

About this time he became acquainted with a widow lady, 'whose son,'[1] says he, 'I, as upper boy, had protected, and who therefore looked up to me, and taught me what it was to have a mother. I loved her as such. She had three daughters, and, of course, I fell in love with the eldest. From this time to my nineteenth year, when I quitted school for Jesus, Cambridge, was the era of poetry and love.'

In 1822 he said in a letter to Allsop[2]—

> And oh! from sixteen to nineteen what hours of paradise had Allen and I in escorting the Miss Evanses home on a Saturday, who were then at a milliner's, . . . and we used to carry thither, of a summer morning, the pillage of the flower-gardens within six miles of town, with sonnet or love-rhyme wrapped round the nosegay. To be feminine, kind, and genteelly (what I should now call neatly) dressed, these were the only things to which my head, heart, or imagination had any polarity, and what I was then, I still am.

The latter reminiscence reflects more accurately than the former the earlier relations between Coleridge and the Evans sisters. Of the letters he wrote to the family from Cambridge—which doubtless were numerous—five have been preserved,[3] the latest being dated February 10, 1793. They are all strictly family letters, such as a son and brother would write—he seems to have been called 'Brother Coly' by the family—and are addressed indifferently to Mrs. Evans, and to her daughters. The only exception noticeable is that it is to Mary he addresses all his rhymes.[4] But there have been preserved also two letters addressed to Mary towards the end of 1794, in one of which Coleridge first declares himself her lover, a passion which he says he has 'for four years endeavoured to smother.' These letters will receive notice in their proper place—here it is enough to show that in all probability Coleridge was fancy-free until the end of 1790. As Mrs. Evans was as a mother or an aunt to him, so were her daughters as his sisters or cousins. Unless we are to believe implicitly Coleridge's dating of *Genevieve*, it is clear that 'Poetry' (or, at all events, verse) preceded 'Love' in his development, for the contributions to Boyer's albums[1] begin with 1787; and the dates attached to these are the only ones which can be depended on. But it was not until the end of 1789 that the poetical faculty in Coleridge was quickened. The school exercises[2] were regarded by him strictly as such, and at this particular period poetry had become 'insipid,' and everything but metaphysics distasteful.[3]

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[1] Afterwards a fellow-clerk with Lamb in the India House.

[2] *Letters*, etc., 1864, p. 170.

[3] Now in the great collection of Mr. Alfred Morrison at Fonthill, who has kindly permitted me to use them.

[4] *A Wish*, the two poems which follow it, and the *Complaint of Ninathóma*. See *Poetical Works*, 1893, pp. 19, 20.

From 'this preposterous pursuit' he was 'auspiciously withdrawn,' first by 'an accidental introduction to an amiable family' (Evanses); next, and 'chiefly,' by another accidental introduction—to the poetry of Bowles. 'I had just entered on my seventeenth year [October 1789] when the Sonnets of Mr. Bowles,[4] twenty in number, and just then published in a quarto pamphlet, were first made known and presented to me.'[5] The donor was his friend Middleton, who had left Christ's Hospital for Cambridge a year before. These mild sonnets stirred Coleridge.

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[1] The books into which the headmaster of Christ's caused his boys to transcribe their best exercises, and which his grandson, Mr. James Boyer of Coopers' Hall, has kindly placed at my disposal.

[2] See *Dura Navis*, *Nil pejus est cœlibe vitâ*, *Quæ nocent docent*, first printed in *Poetical Works* (1893); and *Julia*, first printed in Trollope's *History of Christ's Hospital*, 1834 (*P. W.* 1893, p. 4).

[3] *Biog. Lit.* 1817, i. 16.

[4] Probably the second edition, which contained twenty-one sonnets. The first was anonymous: *Fourteen Sonnets, Elegiac and Descriptive, written during a Tour.* Bath, MDCCLXXXIX. Quarto.

[5] *Biog. Lit.* i. 13.

> My earliest acquaintances (he adds) will not have forgotten the undisciplined eagerness and impetuous zeal with which I laboured to make proselytes. . . . As my school finances did not permit me to purchase copies, I made within less than a year and a half more than forty transcriptions as the best presents I could offer to those who had in any way won my regard, and with almost equal delight did I receive the three or four following publications of the same author.

One cannot help regretting that the inspiration did not come more directly from Cowper or Burns, or from both ; but I confess my inability to join in the expression of amused wonder which has so often greeted Coleridge's acknowledgments of his obligation to Bowles. Had he first met with Cowper, or with Burns, doubtless Coleridge would have been less strongly impressed by Bowles—certainly less strongly impressed by his novelty or originality; perhaps (but only perhaps) less influenced by his work as a whole. As a matter of fact, however, it happened that the first breath of Nature, unsophisticated by the classical tradition, came to Coleridge from Bowles's sonnets ; and he recognised it at once. Nor was he alone in this experience. Four years later, the same sonnets captivated Wordsworth. He first met with them as he was starting on a walk, and kept his brother waiting on Westminster Bridge until, seated in one of its recesses, he had read through the little quarto. Of course, much that Coleridge and Wordsworth saw in Bowles's sonnets is hidden from us ; but surely, even to eyes looking across the century, they exhibit qualities, both intrinsic and adventitious, which sufficiently explain the influence they exercised.

How this influence affected Coleridge is set forth in the opening chapters of the *Biographia*, and is best illustrated by the youthful poems of 1790 and following years, which can now be read in something which approximates to chronological order.[1] In one of the earliest, the *Monody on Chatterton* (1790), he passed beyond his master, but the new influence pervades others of succeeding years. The old leaven was not purged out all at once, and throughout there is discernible more of the besetting weakness of the new, as represented by the model, and less of the individuality it helped to emancipate, than we could have wished or expected. Even at the end of 1796 Coleridge wrote to Thelwall of Bowles as 'the god of his idolatry,' and presented Mrs. Thelwall with a copy of his idol's poems (Bath, 1796)—it is now in the Dyce collection at South Kensington—thus inscribed: 'I entreat your acceptance of this volume, which has given me more pleasure, and done my heart more good than all the other books I ever read, excepting my Bible' (Dec. 18, 1796). How closely Coleridge would sometimes follow his model in subject, sentiment, and language, may be seen by comparing his sonnet *To the River Otter*, written either in 1792 or 1793 (p. 7 *supra*), with Bowles's verses *To the River Itchin, near Winton.*[2]

The winter of 1790-1 brought two severe trials to

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[1] *The Poetical Works of S. T. Coleridge.* Macmillan and Co. 1893.

[2] Itchin, when I behold thy banks again,
  Thy crumbling margin, and thy silver breast,
  On which the self-same tints still seem to rest,
Why feels my heart the shiv'ring sense of pain?
  Is it, that many a summer's day has past
Since, in life's morn, I carol'd on thy side?
Is it, that oft, since then, my heart has sigh'd
  As Youth, and Hope's delusive gleams, flew fast?
Is it, that those, who circled on thy shore,
Companions of my youth, now meet no more?
  Whate'er the cause, upon thy banks I bend
Sorrowing, yet feel such solace at my heart,
  As at the meeting of some long-lost friend,
  From whom, in happier hours, we wept to part.
(*Fourteen Sonnets*, 1789. No. VIII.)

Coleridge in the deaths successively of his brother Luke—who had been the kindest of elder brothers during the time they were together in London—and his sister Ann. In the short space which intervened between these bereavements he wrote the well-known lines *On receiving an account that his only sister's death was inevitable*—

> The tear which mourn'd a brother's fate scarce dry—
> Pain after pain, and woe succeeding woe—
> Is my heart destined for another blow?
> O my sweet sister! and must thou too die?

And four years later, during a serious illness of Mary Lamb, Coleridge thus wrote to her brother Charles:—

> I too a Sister had, an only Sister—
> She loved me dearly, and I doted on her!
> To her I pour'd forth all my puny sorrows,
> (As a sick Patient in his Nurse's arms)
> And of the heart those hidden maladies
> That even from Friendship's eye will shrink ashamed.
> O! I have woke at midnight, and have wept,
> Because she was not!—Cheerily, dear Charles!
> Thou thy best friend shalt cherish many a year:
> Such warm presagings feel I of high Hope.[1]

The sadness of this winter was doubtless greatly relieved by the knowledge that the next would be spent at Cambridge. The worst of the school-boy hardships had already been left behind, but even the life of a Grecian was subject to restraints unknown to an undergraduate; and no doubt Coleridge had long been looking forward to freedom. Yet when the day came round for entering upon it, it was but natural that the drawbacks of the change should have been uppermost in his mind. Of his special school-friends, only Middleton, who was three years his senior in age, would greet him at Cambridge, while he was leaving behind not a few with whom his relations had been on a footing of greater equality—Lamb, who, though he had left the Cloisters two years before, was still within hail; Robert Allen, the brothers Le Grice, Favell, and others, doubtless, whose names have not come down to us. For the moment at least the boy felt as the child had done nine years before,—that he was leaving *home*, and it was in this regretful strain that he sang his *Dulce Domum* :—

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[1] *To a Friend together with an unfinished Poem.*

Farewell parental scenes! a sad farewell!
To you my grateful heart still fondly clings,
Tho' fluttering round on Fancy's burnish'd wings
Her tales of future Joy Hope loves to tell.
Adieu, adieu! ye much-loved cloisters pale!
Ah! would those happy days return again,
When 'neath your arches, free from every stain,
I heard of guilt and wonder'd at the tale!
Dear haunts! where oft my simple lays I sang,
Listening meanwhile the echoings of my feet,
Lingering I quit you, with as great a pang,
As when erewhile, my weeping childhood, torn
By early sorrow from my native seat,
Mingled its tears with hers—my widow'd Parent lorn.

CHAPTER II

CAMBRIDGE, ETC.

A.D. 1791–1794

On the 12th January 1791 the Committee of Almoners of Christ's Hospital appointed Coleridge to an Exhibition at Jesus College, Cambridge, on the books of which he was entered as a sizar on the 5th February. His 'discharge' from the school is dated September 7th, 1791, and he went into residence at Jesus in the following month. He became a pensioner on November 5, and matriculated on March 26, 1792. The Official 'List of [C.H.] University Exhibitioners' states that Coleridge 'was sent to Jesus College, Cambridge, as the prospect of his preferment to the Church would be very favourable if he were preferred to that College.' His Exhibition from the Hospital (besides the usual allowance of £40) was fixed at £40 per annum for the first four years, and £30 for each of the three remaining years of the then usual period of C.H. Exhibition tenure. Mr. Leslie Stephen states,[1] on official authority, that Coleridge obtained one of the Rustat scholarships belonging to Jesus which are confined to the sons of clergymen. 'He received something from this source in his first term, and about £25 for each of the years 1792-94. He became also a Foundation scholar on 5th June 1794.'

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[1] *Dictionary of National Biography*—Art. 'S. T. Coleridge.'

There is no certainty that Coleridge's London school-life was ever broken by holiday visits to his old home. A letter to his mother of 1785 suggests a bare possibility that he went to Ottery in 1784; if we are to accept the family date of 1789 given to *Life*, and that of 1790 to *Inside the Coach* and *Devonshire Roads*, he must have spent some of the holidays of these years at Ottery. But these family dates seem little to be depended on. There is, however, no reasonable doubt that Coleridge went home in 1791, between school and college, or that *Happiness* must have been written at Ottery in that year. In some cancelled lines of that doleful poem he drew an unflattering portrait of himself, the faithfulness of which is to some extent certified by the testimony of the member of the family who transcribed the verses: 'The Author was at this time remarkable for a plump face'—

> Ah! doubly blest, if love supply
>   Lustre to this now heavy eye,
> And with unwonted Spirit grace
>   That fat vacuity of face.
> Or if e'en Love, the mighty Love
>   Shall find this change his powers above;
> Some lovely maid perchance thou'lt find
>   To read thy visage in thy mind.

Of his University career we know little. On entering, he found Middleton at Pembroke College, and to this old school 'patron and protector' he probably owed the stimulus which made him an industrious student for the first year or two. He certainly began well, for in his first year (1792) he gained the Browne Gold Medal for a Sapphic Ode on the Slave Trade;[1] and in the winter of the same year he was selected by Porson as one of a 'short leet' of four (out of seventeen or eighteen) to compete for the Craven Scholarship.[2] This was gained by Samuel Butler, afterwards headmaster of Shrewsbury and Bishop of Lichfield; but as Coleridge's failure has been reported to have depressed his spirits and injuriously affected his future, it may be mentioned that this view receives no confirmation from his letter to Mrs. Evans, written immediately after the award.

> My dear Mrs. Evans— . . . The event of our examination was such as surpassed my expectation, and perfectly accorded with my wishes. After a very severe trial of six days' continuance, the Number of the Competitors was reduced from 17 to 4—and after a further process of ordeal, we, the survivors, were declared equal each to the other, and the Scholarship, according to the will of the Founder, awarded to the youngest of us, who was found to be a Mr. Butler of St. John's College. I am just two months older than he is; and though I would doubtless have rather had it myself, I am not yet at all sorry at his success, for he is sensible and unassuming, and, besides, from his circumstances, such an accession to his annual income must have been very acceptable to him.—So much for myself.

I should be afraid to guarantee the strict accuracy of this account of the award, but it shows clearly enough that Coleridge did not take his loss of the scholarship very much to heart. The whole letter is a cheerful and hopeful one, much occupied by mock-heroics on his sufferings from toothache, and thus it ends:—

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[1] Printed only in *Poetical Works*, 1893, p. 476. He also entered for the Latin Ode and the Epigrams.

[2] The other three were Butler, Keate (afterwards headmaster of Eton), and Bethell (afterwards Bishop of Bangor). One of the subjects set was a Greek poem on 'Astronomy,' and though no copy of Coleridge's composition is extant, an English translation of it was made by Southey, and included by him in the 1806 collection of his *Poems*. The translation is reprinted in the Appendix to *The Poetical and Dramatic Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, ed. 1878 (i. 219).

My dear Mrs. Evans! excuse the wanderings of my castle-building Imagination! I have not a thought which I conceal from you. I *write* to others, but my Pen *talks* to you. Convey my softest affection to Betty [an old servant], and believe me, your grateful and affectionate Boy, S. T. COLERIDGE.

Feb. 5th [1793].

Unfortunately, Middleton, from whom a coveted and deserved fellowship had been withheld as a punishment for his 'republicanism,' left the University in 1792, and there seems to have been no one to take his place as a steadying influence. In a letter to the Evanses of February 14, 1792, Coleridge speaks of a wine-party he attended, at which 'three or four freshmen were most deplorably intoxicated.'[1] On the way home two of them fell into the gutter, and one who was being assisted 'generously stuttered out' a request that his friend might be saved as he (the speaker) 'could swim.' In another letter,[2] written a year later, he describes himself as 'general' of a party of six undergraduates who 'sallied forth to the apothecary's house with a fixed determination to thrash him for having performed so speedy a cure' on Newton, their mathematical tutor, who had been half-drowned in a duck-pond a week before. The same letter announces that he is taking lessons on the violin in self-defence against fiddling and fluting neighbours. It also contains this passage—'Have you read Mr.

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[1] Writing to his wife from Gottingen in March 1799, Coleridge describes a wild supper-party of students he had been attending, at which nearly all but himself had drunk to excess: 'I thought of what I had been at Cambridge, and of what I was, of the wild bacchanalian sympathy with which I had formerly joined similar parties, and of my total inability now to do ought but meditate, and the feeling of the deep alteration in my moral being, gave the scene a melancholy interest to me' (*Illustrated London News*, April 29, 1893). I have an assured faith in the accuracy of the Cambridge reminiscence.

[2] Printed in full in the *Illustrated London News* for April 8, 1893. It was addressed to Mary Evans, and included a copy of *The Complaint of Ninathóma*.

Fox's letter to the Westminster Electors? It is quite the *political Go* at Cambridge, and has converted many souls to the Foxite Faith.' Coleridge himself had already been converted to a political faith far in advance of that held by the average Foxite. C. V. le Grice[1] describes Coleridge's rooms at this time as crowded by friends who came to hear their host declaim, and repeat 'whole passages verbatim' from the political pamphlets which then swarmed from the press. The rooms were also a centre for the sympathisers with William Frend, a Fellow of Jesus, who in May 1793 was tried in the Vice-Chancellor's Court for having expressed too freely liberal views in politics, and Unitarian opinions in religion. Coleridge, who was in everything but mathematics, the earnest disciple of Frend, made himself dangerously conspicuous at the trial.[2]

In October of that year Christopher Wordsworth entered at Trinity (of which he was afterwards Master), and speedily became acquainted with Coleridge.[3] In November they joined with some other undergraduates in forming a Literary Society. On the 5th the pair discussed a review in the current *Monthly* of the poems of Christopher's brother

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[1] *Gentleman's Magazine*, Dec. 1834. He had come up, a year after Coleridge, with a C.H. Exhibition to Trinity.

[2] In the long vacation of this year Coleridge visited his family at Ottery. See the following note attached in *Poems*, 1852, to the verses called *Kisses* (beginning 'Cupid, if storying legends tell aright'): 'This *Effusion* and *The Rose* were originally addressed to a Miss F. Nesbitt, at Plymouth, whither the author accompanied his eldest brother, to whom he was paying a visit, when he was twenty-one years of age. Both poems are written in pencil on the blank pages of a copy of Langhorne's *Collins*. *Kisses* is entitled *Cupid turned Chymist;* is signed S. T. Coleridge, and dated Friday evening, [July] 1793. *The Rose* has this heading: "On presenting a Moss Rose to Miss F. Nesbitt." In both poems the name of Nesbitt appears instead of Sara, afterwards substituted.' The *Songs of the Pixies* belongs also to this summer. In the 'Pixies' Parlour,' near Ottery, Coleridge's initials, cut by his own hand in the rock, are still legible.

[3] *Social Life at the English Universities*, by Christopher Wordsworth, M.A., Fellow of Peter House, Cam., 1874. *Appendix.*

William, on which occasion Coleridge spoke of the esteem in which William 'was holden by a Society at Exeter.[1] . . . Coleridge talked Greek, Max. Tyrius, he told us, and spouted out of Bowles.' On the 7th he repeated his *Lines on an Autumnal Evening* and had them criticised. On the 13th the Society met for the first time at Wordsworth's rooms. 'Time before supper was spent in hearing Coleridge repeat some original poetry (he having neglected to write his essay, which is therefore to be produced next week).'

But there is no record of that essay having ever been read, and it is probable that before the Society's next meeting Coleridge had left Cambridge. Of the immediate causes of his flight nothing positive is known. Gillman[2] attributes it to debts incurred for the furnishing of his college rooms; Coleridge himself[3] to his debts generally, denying passionately a report, believed by his family, that they had been incurred disreputably; Cottle[4] ascribes to Coleridge the statement that he ran away in a fit of disgust arising from Mary Evans's rejection of his addresses. It is not improbable that debts and disappointed love combined to drive him out of his course. Debts, however contracted, were evidently weighing on him at the time. The artless appeal *To Fortune—On buying a Ticket in the Irish Lottery*[5] seems to point to a speculative attempt to retrieve his position. The lines are described as having been 'composed during a walk to and from the Queen's Head, Gray's Inn Lane, Holborn, and Hornsby and Co.'s, Cornhill,' and in spite of the conventionality of the phraseology are quite as characteristic of the suppliant at any given period of his life as anything he ever wrote. 'Mine is no common case,' was Coleridge's constant plea. It always came from his heart as well as from his lips, and to the end he never fully realised that the goddess Fortune is deaf as well as blind :—

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[1] See an allusion to such a Society in *Biog. Lit.* i. 19.

[2] *Life*, p. 42.

[3] *Ib.* p. 64.

[4] *Early Recoll.* ii. 54; and *Rem.* p. 279.

[5] First collected in *Poetical Works* (1893) from the *Morning Chronicle* of Nov. 7, 1793. This probably was the poem Stuart tells us Coleridge sold about this time to the *Morning Chronicle* for a guinea (*Gent. Mag.* Aug. 1838, p. 125).

Promptress of unnumber'd sighs,
O snatch that circling bandage from thine eyes!
O look, and smile! No common prayer
Solicits, Fortune! thy propitious care!
For, not a silken son of dress,
I clink the gilded chains of *politesses*,
Nor ask thy boon what time I scheme
Unholy Pleasure's frail and feverish dream;
Nor yet my view life's *dazzle* blinds—
Pomp!—Grandeur! Power!—I give you to the winds!

. . . . . .

But oh! if ever song thine ear
Might soothe, O haste with fost'ring hand to rear
One Flower of Hope! At Love's behest,
Trembling, I plac'd it in my secret breast:
And thrice I've viewed the vernal gleam,
Since oft mine eye, with joy's electric beam,
Illum'd it—and its sadder hue
Oft moistened with the tear's ambrosial dew!
Poor wither'd floweret! on its head
Has dark Despair his sickly mildew shed!
But thou, O Fortune! can'st relume
Its deaden'd tints—and thou with hardier bloom
May'st haply tinge its beauties pale,
And yield the unsunn'd stranger to the western gale!

In one of his accounts of the adventure Coleridge speaks of having spent only a couple of days in London, in another he gives himself a week.[1] The latter is probably the correct version, for he may have come up to await the lottery drawing, and, having drawn a blank, he apparently could not face a return to Cambridge. On the 2nd December 1793 he enlisted under the name of Silas Tomkyn Comberbacke, in the 15th, or King's Regiment of Light Dragoons. Two days later he was inspected, attested, and sworn at Reading, the headquarters of the regiment. His Majesty's military needs must have been urgent at this time, for Comberbacke was one of the few Englishmen of any degree who could truthfully affirm that he had had all his life 'a violent antipathy to soldiers and horses.' Of course, the dragoonship was a sorry farce. He could not stick on his horse; he could not even groom it, or clean the accoutrements. But he could charm his comrades into taking these latter duties off his hands by writing their love-letters, telling them stories, and nursing them when they were sick. In rather less than two months Coleridge, feeling that he had had enough of it, revealed his whereabouts in a letter to certain of his old cronies who were still at Christ's, and they in turn confided the intelligence to another—Tuckett, by name—who had gone up to Cambridge. Tuckett seems to have forwarded the letter to Ottery, and also to have communicated with the commanding officer, duly informing the trooper of what he had done. In his reply to Tuckett, Coleridge makes some show of indignation at what he calls the abuse of his confidence; but his gratitude for the results is even more apparent. Tuckett seems to have sent on a letter from Ottery, the seal of which Coleridge feared to break—the earliest recorded instance we have of what was a life-long habit:—

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[1] Gillman's *Life*, pp. 57 and 64 respectively.

> A letter from my brother George! I feel a kind of pleasure that it is not directed—it lies unopened—am I not already sufficiently miserable? The anguish of those who love me, of him beneath the shadow of whose protection I grew up—does it not plant the pillow with thorns and make my dreams full of terrors? Yet I dare not burn the letter—it seems as if there were an horror

> in the action. . . . Alas! my poor mother! What an intolerable weight of guilt is suspended over my head by a hair on one hand; and if I endure to live—the look ever downward—insult, pity, and hell! God or Chaos preserve me! What but infinite Wisdom or infinite Confusion can do it?[1]

Coleridge apparently soon summoned up courage to open the letter, and it was probably after some confidential correspondence with George that a properly humble and dutiful letter was concocted, and addressed, on February 20, by Samuel to the head of the family, his brother Captain James Coleridge.[2] His discharge was procured, but not until the 10th of April. The many romantic stories afloat as to the circumstances of Coleridge's release have little, if any, foundation. Miss Mitford's and Mr. Bowles's Captain Ogle, who did not appear on the scene until the secret was out, may have rendered some kindly assistance, but the caged bird himself took the initiative, and the business of uncaging him, no doubt a troublesome one, was carried through by his brothers. Little time was lost by the prodigal son in returning to his Alma Mater—for, according to Jesus College Register, it was on the 12th April that he was admonished by the Master in the presence of the Fellows. No further notice of the escapade seems to have been taken by the College authorities, nor any report made to those at Christ's Hospital, so that Coleridge got off very cheaply.

Before the middle of June, and in company with J. Hucks (who afterwards became a Fellow of Catherine Hall), Coleridge went to Oxford on a visit, which was prolonged to three weeks, to his old schoolfellow Allen, who had gone up two years before to University College with a C.H. Exhibition. One of Allen's friends was Robert Southey of Balliol, who thus wrote to Grosvenor Bedford on June 12th:—

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[1] To G. L. Tuckett. Written Feb. 6 and 7, 1794, from Henley-on-Thames Workhouse Hospital, where he had been left behind in charge of a sick comrade. The letter is printed in full in the *Illustrated London News* for April 15, 1893.

[2] See the letter (or part of it), in Brandl's *Life of Coleridge*, p. 65, where it was first printed.

> Allen is with us daily, and his friend from Cambridge, Coleridge, whose poems you will oblige me by subscribing to, either at Hookham's or Edwards's. He is of most uncommon merit,—of the strongest genius, the clearest judgment, the best heart. My friend he already is, and must hereafter be yours.[1]

The poems mentioned by Southey must have been a proposed volume of *Imitations from the Modern Latin Poets*, which Coleridge was at this time advertising in the *Cambridge Intelligencer*,[2] interesting chiefly as the first in a long series of 'projected works' which came to nothing. Probably little had been provided for the volume except the translation of Casimir's *Ad Lyram*,[3] printed in the *Watchman* two years later. The first draft of *Lewti* had probably been written shortly before, for in it the lines are addressed to 'Mary'—doubtless Mary Evans—but they underwent much polishing before publication in 1798. Even in its earliest form, however, the poem marks a great advance in lightness and individuality of touch.[4]

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[1] *Life and Corr. of R. S.* i. 210.

[2] June 14 and July 26, 1794. 'Proposals for publishing by subscription *Imitations from the Modern Latin Poets, with a Critical and Biographical Essay on the Restoration of Literature.* By S. T. Coleridge, of Jesus College, Cambridge. 'The work will consist of two volumes, large octavo, elegantly printed on superfine paper: Price to Subscribers, 14s. in boards; to be paid on delivery. [Here follows a lengthy "Design."] In the course of the Work will be introduced a copious Selection from the Lyrics of Casimir, and a new Translation of the Basia of Secundus. The Volumes will be ready for delivery shortly after next Christmas. *Cambridge, June* 10, 1794.'

[3] *Poetical Works*, 1893, p. 28.

[4] It opened thus:—

High o'er the silver rocks I roved
To forget the form I loved;
In hopes fond fancy would be kind
And steal my Mary from my mind.

It was during the visit to Oxford that Pantisocracy was hatched. Southey gave his recollections of the matter to Cottle in a letter dated March 5, 1836:—

> In the summer of 1794 S. T. Coleridge and Hucks came to Oxford on their way into Wales for a pedestrian tour. Then Allen introduced them to me, and the scheme was talked of, but not by any means determined on. It was talked into shape by Burnett and myself, when, upon the commencement of the long vacation, we separated from them, they making for Gloucester, he and I proceeding on foot to Bath. After some weeks, S. T. C., returning from his tour, came to Bristol on his way and slept there. Then it was that we resolved upon going to America, and S. T. C. and I walked into Somersetshire to see Burnett, and on that journey it was that he first saw Poole. He made his engagement with Miss [Sarah] Fricker on our return from this journey at my mother's house in Bath, not a little to my astonishment, because he had talked of being deeply in love with a certain Mary Evans. I had previously been engaged to my poor Edith [Fricker]. . . . He remained at Bristol till the close of the vacation [?]—several weeks. During that time it was that we talked of America. The funds were to be what each could raise—S. T. C. by the *Specimens of the Modern Latin Poets*, for which he had printed proposals, and obtained a respectable list of Cambridge subscribers before I knew him; I, by *Joan of Arc*, and what else I might publish. I had no . . . other expectation. We hoped to find companions with money.[1]

The material required for filling in Southey's rapid sketch is happily abundant. A minute itinerary of the Welsh tour was published by Coleridge's com-

'Twas twilight, and the lunar beam
Sailed slowly o'er Tamaha's stream
As down its sides the water strayed.
Bright on a rock the moonbeam play'd,
It shone half-sheltered from the view,
By pendent boughs of tressy yew.

In another early MS. 'Sara' held the place of 'Mary,' but in this the poet's pen crossed out 'Sara' and substituted the impersonal 'Lewti.'

[1] The letter is printed in Cottle's *Reminiscences*, pp. 402-407, but very inaccurately. I quote from the original now in the Fonthill collection. Cottle has falsified the second sentence of the above extract, printing it thus: 'Allen introduced them to me, and the scheme of *Pantisocracy* was introduced *by them*; talked of, by no means determined on.' (The italics are Cottle's). There are many other garblings, but this is the most important.

panion Hucks,[1] and Coleridge himself wrote a brief account of part of it to a friend at Jesus,[2] while the earlier developments of the visionary scheme which then absorbed all the energies of both Southey and Coleridge are vividly pictured in contemporary documents supplied by Mrs. Sandford in her admirable account of *Thomas Poole and his Friends*.[3] It was on the 18th August that the visit to Poole mentioned by Southey took place, and, fortunately for us, Poole had an opportunity given him of recording his impressions while they were yet fresh. An acquaintance who had heard rumours of Pantisocracy asked for information, and to him Poole replied at length on the 22nd September :—

> 'Coldridge' [for so he spells the name], whom I consider the Principal in the undertaking, and of whom I had heard much [probably from George Burnett] before I saw him, is about five and twenty [read, barely two and twenty], belongs to the University of Cambridge, [and] possesses splendid abilities. . . . He speaks with much elegance and energy, and with uncommon facility, but he, as it generally happens to men of his class, feels the

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[1] *A Pedestrian Tour through North Wales, in a Series of Letters.* By J. Hucks, B.A. London : printed for J. Debrett, 1795, 12mo, pp. 160. It was on this tour that Coleridge wrote the *Lines at the King's Arms*, *Ross*, and *On Bala Hill.* The last-mentioned poem is printed only in *Poetical Works*, ed. 1893.

[2] H. Martin, to whom *The Fall of Robespierre* was dedicated, and afterwards incumbent of Cucklington, Somerset. The letter was written at Carnarvon, July 22, 1794, and was first printed in the *New Monthly Mag.* for August 1836 ; and again in *Biog. Lit.* 1847, ii. 338, but somewhat inaccurately.

[3] *Thomas Poole and his Friends.* By Mrs. Henry Sandford. 2 vols. 1888. Vol. i. chap. vi.—Thomas Poole was then his father's partner in a large tannery business carried on in the little market-town of Nether Stowey, which lies at the foot of the Quantock Hills, about seven miles from Bridgwater. In August 1794 he had almost completed his twenty-ninth year—a man of high and strong character, eagerly interested in all that was going on in the national life, and himself a centre of progress in his neighbourhood. Unlike the great majority of his family connections, he was in full sympathy with the principles of the French Revolution, until the Reign of Terror began. So much is all that need be premised regarding this sterling Englishman, whose name is indissolubly connected with that of Coleridge. The poet's vivid sketch of Poole in the tenth chapter of *Church and State* has been worthily filled in by Mrs. Sandford, whose book is one of the best biographies in our literature. It comprises the fullest account of Coleridge's life from 1795 to 1804.

justice of Providence in the want of those inferiour abilities which are necessary to the rational discharge of the common duties of life. His aberrations from prudence, to use his own expression, have been great; but he now promises to be as sober and rational as his most sober friends could wish. In religion, he is a Unitarian, if not a Deist; in politicks a Democrat, to the utmost extent of the word.

Southey impressed Poole as lacking his companion's 'splendid abilities,' but as more violent in his principles. 'In Religion, shocking to say in a mere Boy as he is [Southey was just twenty], I fear he wavers between Deism and Atheism.' And then Poole goes on to give the most complete account[1] which has come down to us of the scheme which soon afterwards was named 'Pantisocracy,' and which I thus summarise:—

'Twelve gentlemen of good education and liberal principles are to embark with twelve ladies in April next,' fixing themselves in some 'delightful part of the new back settlements' of America. The labour of each man, for two or three hours a day, it was imagined, would suffice to support the colony. The produce was to be common property, there was to be a good library, and the ample leisure was to be devoted to study, discussion, and the education of the children on a settled system. The women were to be employed in taking care of the infant children and in other suitable occupations, not neglecting the cultivation of their minds. Among other matters not yet determined was 'whether the marriage contract shall be dissolved, if agreeable to one or both parties.' Every one was 'to enjoy his own religious and political opinions, provided they do not encroach on the rules previously made.' 'They calculate that every gentleman providing £125 will be sufficient to carry the scheme into execution.'

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[1] A less detailed account was written about this time by Coleridge himself to Mr. C. Heath of Monmouth. See *Biog. Lit.* 1847, ii. 344-5.

It is necessary here to revert to the Welsh tour of the previous month. In the letter written by Coleridge to Martin, there is a remarkable passage regarding Mary Evans. The travellers were at Wrexham on the 13th and 14th of July.

> It had entirely escaped my memory (wrote Coleridge on the 22nd) that Wrexham was the residence of a Miss E. Evans, a young lady with whom, in happier days, I had been on habits of fraternal correspondence; she lives with her grandmother. As I was standing at the window of the inn she passed by, and with her, to my utter astonishment, her sister Mary Evans, *quam efflictim et perdite amabam*, yea, even to anguish. They both started, and gave a short cry, almost a shriek. I sickened, and well-nigh fainted, but instantly retired. Had I appeared to recognise her, my fortitude would not have supported me.
>
> Vivit, sed mihi non vivit—nova forte marita.
> Ah! dolor! alterius nunc a cervice pependit.
> Vos malefida valete accensæ insomnia mentis
> Littora amata, valete! vale, ah! formosa Maria.
>
> Hucks informed me that the two sisters walked by the window four or five times, as if anxiously. Doubtless, they think themselves deceived by some face strangely like me. God bless her! Her image is in the sanctuary of my bosom, and never can it be torn from thence but with the strings that grapple my heart to life. This circumstance made me quite ill. I had been wandering among the wildwood scenery and terrible graces of the Welsh mountains to wear away, not to revive, the images of the past! But love is a local anguish: I am fifty miles distant, and am not half so miserable.

This incident makes it clear that the even flow of brother-and-sisterly affection between Coleridge and Mary Evans had been disturbed, and imparts some colour to the theory that disappointed love had had more or less to do with the flight from Cambridge eight months before. It explains, though it hardly justifies, the readiness with which Coleridge, to

Southey's natural surprise, engaged himself, a few weeks afterwards, to Sarah Fricker. The engagement seems to have been a mere detail in the preparations for carrying out the Pantisocracy.

> Coleridge (wrote Southey to his midshipman brother Tom) was with us nearly five weeks [*read* four] and made good use of his time. We preached Pantisocracy and Aspheterism everywhere. These, Tom, are two new words, the first signifying the equal government of all, and the other the generalisation of individual property; words well understood in the city of Bristol. . . . The thoughts of the day, and the visions of the night, all centre in America. Time lags heavily along till March. . . . In March we depart for America, Lovell, his wife [*née* Fricker], brother and two of his sisters; all the Frickers; my mother, Miss Peggy, and brothers; Heath the apothecary, etc.; G. Burnett, S. T. Coleridge; Robert Allen, and Robert Southey. . . . We shall be on the bank of a navigable river, and appoint you admiral of the cock-boat.[1]

One of the distractions of the Pantisocrats met together in Bristol had been the joint composition of a drama on the *Fall of Robespierre*. 'It originated,' remembered Southey, 'in sportive conversation at Lovell's, and we agreed each to produce an Act by the next evening—S. T. C. the first, I the second, and Lovell the third.' But it ended in Southey writing both second and third. 'A dedication to Mrs. Hannah More was concocted, and the notable performance was offered for sale to a bookseller in Bristol, who was too wise to buy it.' So, towards the end of August, Coleridge carried off the MS. to London, but in spite of encouragement from George Dyer (who, as Lamb said, had an utter incapacity of comprehending that there could be anything bad in poetry), no publisher could be found. Cambridge was more hospitable, and there it appeared in October, with Coleridge's sole name on the title-page and 'Dedication.'[1]

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[1] Sept. 20, 1794, *Life and Corr. of R. S.* i. 220, 221.

While in London, Coleridge saw much of an old schoolfellow, who had returned from a five-years' residence in America to act as agent for the sale of land there, and who strongly recommended the banks of the Susquehannah as suitable for the Pantisocrats' purpose—'from its excessive beauty, and its security from hostile Indians,' bisons, and mosquitos. 'Literary characters,' added this precursor of Generals Scadder and Choke, 'make money there.' These delightfully practical details were transmitted to Southey on the 6th September. A fortnight later Coleridge announces his arrival at his rooms at Jesus:—

> Since I quitted this room what and how important events have been evolved! America! Southey! Miss Fricker! . . . Pantisocracy! Oh! I shall have such a scheme of it! My head, my heart, all are alive. I have drawn up my arguments in battle-array; they shall have the *tactician* excellence of the mathematician, with the enthusiasm of the poet. The head shall be the mass; the heart, the fiery spirit that fills, informs, and agitates the whole. . . . C—— has been laughing at me. Up I arose, terrible in reasoning. He fled from me because 'he would not answer for his own sanity, sitting so near a madman of genius.' He told me that the strength of my imagination had intoxicated my reason, and that the acuteness of my reason had given a directing influence to my imagination. Four months ago the remark would not have been more elegant than just; now it is nothing.

There were few periods in Coleridge's life at which this remark would have been unjust, but it could hardly be expected that he should have detected its special aptitude just then. In the largest possible letters he goes on: 'SHAD GOES WITH US: HE IS MY BROTHER!!

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[1] *The Fall of Robespierre.* An Historic Drama. By S. T. Coleridge, of Jesus College, Cambridge. Cambridge: Printed by Benjamin Flower, for W. H. Lunn [etc.], 1794. Price One Shilling. The Dedication was addressed to 'H. Martin, Esq., of Jesus College, Cambridge,' and served as preface.

—'Shad' being the man of all work of Southey's rich aunt, Miss Tyler, who a month later turned Southey out of her house on a wet night on hearing of his projected marriage and of Pantisocracy, vowing never to see his face again. If Coleridge gave any attention to his duties and privileges as an undergraduate at this period, it must have been intermittent. On the 24th October, Pantisocracy overflowed into, if it did not suggest, a serio-comic *Monologue to a Young Jackass in Jesus Piece*,[1] which was afterwards toned down into unmitigated sentimentality and sent to the *Morning Chronicle*.[2]

In November Coleridge lost a friend (a son of Mr. Smerdon, the Vicar of Ottery), and mourned over him in an elegy. It contains lines bewailing his own condition—lines ever memorable, though rather as a prophecy than on account of the passing mood which prompted them.

> As oft at twilight gloom thy grave I pass,
> And sit me down upon its recent grass,
> With introverted eye I contemplate
> Similitude of soul, perhaps of—Fate!
> To me hath Heaven with bounteous hand assigned
> Energic Reason and a shaping mind,
> The daring ken of Truth, the Patriot's part,
> And Pity's sigh, that breathes the gentle heart—
> Sloth-jaundiced all! and from my graspless hand
> Drop Friendship's precious pearls, like hour-glass sand.
> I weep, yet stoop not! the faint anguish flows,
> A dreamy pang in Morning's feverish doze.[3]

But there was another and a principal cause of distraction and agitation of which nothing has hitherto been known. It is revealed in the two letters to Mary Evans before mentioned. The sight of her in July had stirred his heart; but out of sight was out of mind, and believing there was a vacuum he incontinently filled it—as he thought, honestly enough, no doubt — with love for Sarah Fricker. Again, in respect of Sarah, out of sight was out of mind, and, further, he learned that there had been no vacuum to be filled. The old love was still there, and from his despair of any fruition of it were wrung the well-known lines *On a discovery made too late*, the precise interpretation of which has hitherto been a puzzle. When first published in 1796 the title was *To my own Heart*:—

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[1] Printed only in *Poetical Works*, 1893, 'Appendix C,' p. 477.

[2] The well-known lines *To a Young Ass, its mother being tethered near it*, to be found, in their modified form, in all editions of Coleridge's *Poems*.

[3] *Lines on a Friend who died of a Frenzy Fever.*

Thou bleedest, my poor Heart! and thy distress
Reasoning I ponder with a scornful smile
And probe thy sore wound sternly, though the while
Swoln be mine eye and dim with heaviness.
Why didst thou listen to Hope's whisper bland?
Or, listening, why forget the healing tale,
When Jealousy with feverish fancies pale
Jarred thy fine fibres with a maniac's hand?
Faint was that Hope, and rayless!—Yet 'twas fair
And soothed with many a dream the hour of rest:
Thou should'st have loved it most, when most opprest,
And nursed it with an agony of care,
Even as a mother her sweet infant heir
That wan and sickly droops upon her breast!

The autograph copy of these lines is dated 'Oct. 21, 1794.' The very despair which would seem to have prompted them appears to have provoked a final attempt to fan an answering spark should such remain; or, in default, to learn his fate, beyond all doubt. This attempt was made by a letter to Mary Evans which, though undated, was probably written some time in December. It opens thus abruptly:—

> Too long has my heart been the torture-house of suspense. After infinite struggles of Irresolution, I will at least dare to request of you, Mary! that you will communicate to me whether or no you are engaged to Mr. —— [*sic in orig.*] I conjure you not to con-

sider this request as presumptuous Indelicacy. Upon mine Honor I have made it with no other design or expectation than that of arming my fortitude by total hopelessness. Read this letter with benevolence, and consign it to oblivion. For four years I have *endeavoured* to smother a very ardent attachment—in what degree I have succeeded, you must know better than I can. With quick conceptions of moral Beauty, it was impossible for me not to admire in you your sensibility regulated by Judgment, your Gaiety proceeding from a cheerful Heart, acting on the stores of a strong Understanding. At first, I voluntarily invited the recollection of these qualities into my mind. I made them the perpetual object of my reveries—yet I entertained no Sentiment beyond that of the immediate Pleasure annexed to the thinking of You. At length it became a habit. I awoke from the delusion and found that I had unwittingly harboured a Passion which I felt neither the power or the courage to subdue. . . . I thought of you incessantly: yet that Spirit (if Spirit there be that condescends to record the lonely Beatings of my Heart), that Spirit knows that I thought of you with the purity of a Brother. Happy were I, had it been with no more than a Brother's ardor. . . . I saw that you regarded me merely with the kindness of a sister.——What expectations *could* I form? I formed no expectations. I was ever resolving to subdue the disquieting Passion: still some inexplicable suggestion palsied my efforts, and I clung with desperate fondness to this Phantom of Love, its mysterious Attractions, and hopeless Prospects. It was a faint and rayless Hope![1] Yet it soothed my solitude with many a delightful Day-dream. It was a faint and rayless Hope! yet I nursed it in my bosom with an agony of Affection, even as a Mother her sickly infant. . . . Indulge, Mary! this my first, my last request—and restore me to *Reality*, however gloomy. Sad and full of heaviness will the intelligence be—my heart will die within me. . . . I will not disturb your peace by even a *look* of Discontent, still less will I offend your ear by the whine of selfish Sensibility. In a few months I shall enter at the Temple,[2] and there seek forgetful calmness where only it can be found — in incessant and useful activity.

The letter closes with an assurance that if a rival is to be made happy he will be congratulated and not hated; and ends as abruptly as it began, with the simple signature, 'S. T. Coleridge,'—followed by this postscript, 'I return to Cambridge to-morrow morning.' This seems to show that the letter was written before the end of the term (middle of December), in which case Mary's answer was far from being prompt, for Coleridge's response to it is dated '24th December, 1794.' It opens thus:—

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[1] Compare with the lines *To my own Heart.*

[2] So far as I am aware the sole record of this project—if any such was ever seriously entertained. About this time, proposals respecting the adoption of a profession were made to Coleridge by his brothers, and the study of law may have been one.

> I have this moment received your letter, Mary Evans. Its firmness does honor to your understanding, its gentleness to your humanity. You condescend to accuse yourself most unjustly: you have been altogether blameless. In my wildest day-dream of Vanity, I never supposed that you entertained for me any other than a common friendship. To love you, habit has made unalterable. This passion, however, divested, as it now is, of all shadow of Hope, will lose its disquieting. Far distant from you, I shall journey through the vale of Men in calmness. He cannot long be wretched who dares to be actively virtuous. . . . May God infinitely love you!—S. T. Coleridge.

I think the Mary Evans affair, the termination of which brought about one of the most important crises in Coleridge's life, is only to be understood by assuming that, soon before his enlistment he had become convinced that while Mary continued to look upon him as merely a clever boy whose companionship was pleasant, she was giving her affections to 'Mr. ——'; and that thereupon, and without a word of declaration or explanation, he had suddenly broken off all relations with the family. It is clear that, at Wrexham, the Evans sisters had been anxious to meet Coleridge, hoping, doubtless, in their innocence, to receive some explanation of conduct which appeared to them mysterious; while Coleridge's determination to avoid the encounter is easily comprehensible. His first letter of the December following must have come to Mary as at once an explanation and a surprise, and the delay in her reply was natural enough. The letter was one not easy to answer, and she must have learned from it that the writer could no longer be looked upon as a boy, and was worthy of a serious response. That her reply was dictated by the old sisterly affection mingled with pity and remorse, and that it was expressed in terms of simple womanliness may readily be gathered from the soothing effect it exercised on Coleridge's mind. Had he carried out his wise resolve to 'seek forgetful calmness in incessant and useful activity,' he would no doubt have been successful. The whole episode, so far as we know it, appears to have been highly creditable to Mary Evans, and in no respect discreditable to Coleridge.

About the middle of December, a few days before the close of term, Coleridge quitted Cambridge without taking his degree. Apparently, on the authority of Dr. Pearce himself, Dr. Carlyon[1] informs us that the Master of Coleridge's college 'made repeated efforts to reclaim' his errant pupil, but to no purpose. 'Upon one occasion, after a long discussion on the visionary and ruinous tendency of his conduct and schemes, Coleridge cut short the argument by bluntly assuring him, his friend and master, that he mistook the matter altogether—"he was neither Jacobin," he said, "nor Democrat, but a Pantisocrat."' Dr. Brandl[2] suggests that Coleridge did not take his degree because he could not have signed the Thirty-nine Articles, and adds (on what authority is not stated) that 'Dr. Pearce gave him the benefit of the whole winter term for his return, before removing, as he was bound to do, his name from the College boards. Finally, he obtained for him one reprieve more, up to the 14th June 1795.'

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[1] *Early Years*, etc. i. 27.

[2] *Life of Coleridge*, p. 80.

In the official 'List of [C.H.] University Exhibitioners' it is stated that, on the 22nd April 1795, Coleridge's case was considered by the C.H. Committee, which then seems to have learnt for the first time of his absence from Cambridge from Nov. 1793 to April 1794; and also that he had left Cambridge a few days before the expiration of the Michaelmas term in 1794. In this way ended Coleridge's official relations with Christ's Hospital and Jesus College.

He left Cambridge,—but not for Bristol. He did not even write, either to his *fiancée* or to Southey. They, and also Pantisocracy, seem to have been forgotten. He went to London and remained there, solacing his grief in the sympathetic society of Charles Lamb, and confiding his opinions on things in general to the public by way of 'Sonnets on Eminent Characters,' which were printed in the *Morning Chronicle*. It was of this period that Lamb wrote two years later: 'You came to town, and I saw you at a time when your heart was yet bleeding with recent wounds. Like yourself, I was sore galled with disappointed hope. . . . I image to myself the little smoky room at the "Salutation and Cat," where we have sat together through the winter nights, beguiling the cares of life with Poesy.'[1] The friends at Bristol gradually lost all patience. 'Coleridge did not come back to Bristol,' wrote Southey to Cottle,[2] 'till January 1795, *nor would he, I believe, have come back at all*, if I had not gone to London to look for him. For having got there from Cambridge at the beginning of winter, there he remained without writing to Miss F[ricker] or to me, till we actually apprehended that his friends [family ?] had placed him somewhere in confinement.' After some difficulty, Southey found him at the 'Angel' Inn in Butcher Hall Street, and carried him off to Bristol. There was probably too much joy there over the recovery of the truant to permit of reproaches, for the relations with Sarah and with Pantisocracy, broken by Coleridge's long silence (the result, it is to be feared, of faded interest), were renewed. At all events they were patched up, and Coleridge recommenced ardent lover and Pantisocrat. 'The scheme,' Cottle assures us, was 'the favourite theme of his discourse.'

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[1] Letter to Coleridge, June 10, 1796. *Letters*, i. 14. (Cf. letters of June 14 and December 2, 1796.) The tavern (17 Newgate Street) survived as such till 1884, when it was burnt down.

[2] Cottle's *Reminiscences*, p. 405—text corrected by the original letter.

Finance, naturally, was the difficulty. Coleridge, Southey, and Burnett lodged together at 48 College Street. Burnett's father was a well-to-do Somersetshire farmer, and sympathetic; Southey had nothing, and such of his relatives as had something were antagonistic; Coleridge had nothing, and ignored his relatives altogether. Lovell, who had married Mary Fricker, could probably have provided his share of the common capital, but without Coleridge and Southey no move could be made. About a month after Coleridge's recapture, Southey wrote to Bedford (February 8, 1795)[1]: 'Coleridge is writing at the same table; our names are written in the book of destiny, on the same page'; and he went on to expound a plan for publishing a magazine, to be edited by Coleridge and himself. Both hoped to get money by journalism, but their opportunities were few; and they tried lecturing—Coleridge on politics and religion, Southey on history. Their relations seem to have been 'Aspheteric,' for two years later Southey declared that his earnings during the earlier half of 1795 were as four to one of Coleridge's, and that, besides supporting himself, he almost supported Coleridge. Of all the lecturing, nothing remains to us but what is contained in three little pamphlets.[1]

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[1] *Life and Corr. of R. S.* i. 231. On January 29, 1810, Southey wrote to Miss Barker (*Letters of R. S.* ii. 188) of his intercourse with Coleridge in 1795: 'Disliking his inordinate love of talking, I was naturally led to avoid the same fault; when we were alone, and he talked his best (which was always at those times), I was pleased to listen; and when we were in company, and I heard the same things repeated—repeated to every fresh company, seven times in the week if we were in seven parties—still I was silent. . . . His habits have continued, and so have mine.' This habit of unlimited repetition was noted by Coleridge's clerk at Malta. (Dilke's *Papers of a Critic*, i. 32.)

Lovell had lost no time in introducing Coleridge to Cottle, then a young printer, bookseller, and poetaster. He was very friendly to the Pantisocrats, and when they could not quite make up a seven weeks' lodging bill, he lent them a five-pound note, delighted to be thus assured that the foolish emigration scheme was not progressing materially. Soon after this he offered Coleridge thirty guineas[2] for a volume of poems, the money to be advanced as required. Coleridge had a good many short poems ready, but his *magnum opus* of those days, *Religious Musings*, was incomplete,[1] and, indeed, was not completed until the following year, after all the rest of the volume had been printed. Probably one of the first of the early poems which he revised was the *Monody on the Death of Chatterton*, adding to the Christ's Hospital version,[2] which had been printed in Lancelot Sharpe's edition of 'Rowley's Poems' (1794), the lines respecting Pantisocracy, which scheme, however, had become but a bitter memory before the volume was published. We are principally dependent on Cottle for information regarding this period, and he may be believed when he pictures Coleridge as spending much time in 'conversation.' It was probably, as in after-days, chiefly monologue, and besides Pantisocracy ('an everlasting theme'), his 'stock subjects were Bishop Berkeley, David Hartley, and Mr. Bowles, whose sonnets he delighted in reciting.' Cottle forgets politics, but the lecture-pamphlets are there to testify to the vigour of Coleridge's campaign against the tyranny of Pitt.

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[1] *A Moral and Political Lecture*, delivered at Bristol, by S. T. Coleridge, of Jesus College, Cambridge. Bristol: printed by George Routh, in Corn Street. Price Sixpence. [1795.] This was probably published soon after the oral delivery in February. In November it was reprinted with some alterations as the first of two *Conciones ad Populum; or, Addresses to the People.* By S. T. Coleridge. 1795. I. Introductory Address. II. On the present War. The Preface is dated 'Clevedon, Nov. 16, 1795.' At the same time was published *The Plot discovered; or, An Address to the People against Ministerial Treason.* By S. T. Coleridge. Bristol, 1795. On the wrapper was the legend: A Protest against certain Bills. Bristol: printed for the Author, Nov. 28, 1795.' The 'Bills' were the Pitt and Grenville Acts for gagging Press and Platform. The *Conciones* and *The Plot discovered* are reprinted in *Essays on his own Times.* The first-named pamphlet is excessively rare. The other two have survived in numbers, and are constantly advertised as 'privately printed.' The title pages have no publisher's name, but they were advertised for sale at ninepence each, and sent to the magazines for review.

[2] A statement that he only received half the sum, having been forgetfully made by Coleridge in later life, and adopted by some biographers, it seems only fair to Cottle to say that I have seen Coleridge's stamped receipt for the whole. It runs as follows:—'Received, the 28th March 1796, the sum of Thirty guineas, for the copyright of my Poems, beginning with the "Monody on the Death of Chatterton," and ending with "Religious Musings." (Signed) S. T. COLERIDGE.'

The course of true love seems to have run smooth, but not so that of friendship. Letters written by Southey and Coleridge show that up to the middle of September no breach had taken place, but on July 19, 1797, Southey states[3] that he had lost confidence in his friend 'as early as the summer of 1795.' The joint lodging had to be given up, for financial reasons, says Southey, who returned to his mother at Bath. 'Our arrears were paid with twenty guineas which Cottle advanced [to Southey]. During all this —— [Coleridge] was to all appearance as he had ever been towards me; but I discovered that he had been employing every possible calumny against me, and representing me as a villain.'[1] The only probable explanation of the conduct attributed to Coleridge is that he must have seen that Southey's enthusiasm for Pantisocracy had been waning. When summer came it had so far waned that, although he could not agree to prepare for the Church, as he was urged to do by his uncle Hill, he somewhat suddenly determined to study law. In Coleridge's eyes this must have been black treason, and it is much to be regretted that he did not at once accuse Southey to his face. It was only in November, that Southey, when about to sail for Lisbon, formally announced to Coleridge his abandonment of Pantisocracy. Coleridge then broke out in extravagantly-worded upbraidings, and the quarrel was not made up until Southey's return in the summer of the following year.[2]

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[1] It was doubtless the 'unfinished poem' sent to Lamb (*Poetical Works*, 1893, p. 37).

Thus far my scanty brain hath built the rhyme
Elaborate and swelling: yet the heart
Not owns it.

[2] Given in *Poetical Works*, 1893, p. 8.

[3] *Letters of R. S.* i. 41.

When he betook himself to his solitary lodging at 25 College Street, Coleridge must have earned some ready money by his pen, for the thirty guineas received for the copyright of his poems could not nearly have sufficed to support him during the many months which preceded publication, or the settlement of accounts with Cottle which took place on the 28th March 1796. But Cottle must be held responsible for Coleridge's determination not to postpone his marriage. He offered to buy an unlimited number of verses from the poet at the fixed rate of a guinea and a half per hundred lines (which works out at nearly fourpence apiece), for when asked by a friend 'how he was to keep the pot boiling when married,' Coleridge 'very promptly answered that Mr. Cottle had made him such an offer that he felt no solicitude on that subject'![1]

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[1] *Letters of R. S.* i. 41. See also letter in Cottle's *Rem.* p. 406.

[2] Cottle's *Rem.* pp. 104-107.

We are fortunate in possessing two graphic descriptions of Coleridge as he appeared in this autumn of 1795. The acquaintance with Thomas Poole, made a year before, appears to have been renewed on Coleridge's return to Bristol, and to have ripened into intimacy. In September he paid a visit to Stowey, during which he was thus sketched in the diary of a keen but unsympathetic cousin of his host, Miss Charlotte Poole of Marshmills:—

> Tom Poole has a friend with him of the name of Coldridge: a young man of brilliant understanding, great eloquence, desperate fortune, democratick principles, and entirely led away by the feelings of the moment.[2]

There is a fact undeniable in every stroke of the etcher's needle, and a certain incomplete truth in the general impression produced by the whole portrait. It will be interesting as well as instructive to compare and contrast it with another, drawn just a week before, by an artist at least equally keen-sighted, but whose vision was directed by sympathy. It is contained in a copy of verses addressed to Coleridge by Poole.

'However conventional the phrasing,' says Mrs. Sandford, '*they describe Coleridge*—and Coleridge as he was in the first early freshness of the dawn of his marvellous powers"[1]:—

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[1] *Rem.* p. 39. To Poole, Coleridge wrote on the third day after his marriage:—'Cottle has entered into an engagement to give me a guinea and a half for every hundred lines of poetry I write, which will be perfectly sufficient for my maintenance, I only amusing myself in the mornings—and all my prose works, he is eager to purchase.' In the same letter Coleridge says he is going to return to Cambridge, but free from 'University control,' there to finish his 'great work on *Imitations* in two volumes.' (Unpublished portion of a letter partially printed in the Biographical Supplement to *Biog. Lit.* ed. 1847, ii. 347.)

[2] *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 124.

Hail to thee, Coldridge, youth of various powers!
  I love to hear thy soul pour forth the line,
To hear it sing of love and liberty
  As if fresh-breathing from the hand divine.

As if on earth it never yet had dwelt,
  As if from heaven it now had wing'd its way;
And brought us tidings how, in argent fields,
  In love and liberty blest spirits stray.

I love to mark that soul-pervaded clay,
  To see the passions in thine eye-balls roll—
Their quick succession on thy weighty brow—
  Thy trembling lips express their very soul.

I love to view the abstracted gaze which speaks
  Thy soul to heavenward towering—then I say,
He's gone—for us to cull celestial sweets
  Amid the flowerets of the milky way.

And now at home, within its mortal cage,
  I see thy spirit pent—ah me! and mourn
The sorrow sad, that weighs it down to earth,
  As if the Cherub Hope would ne'er return.

And then I mark the starting tear that steals
  Adown thy cheek, when of a friend[2] thou speak'st,
Who erst, as thou dost say, was wondrous kind,
  But now, unkind, forgets—I feel and weep.

I hear thee speak indignant of the world,
  Th' unfeeling world crowded with folly's train;
I hear thy fervent eloquence dispel
  The murky mists of error's mazy reign.

Anon thy Sarah's image cheers thy soul,
  When sickening at the world, thy spirits faint;
Soft balm it brings—thou hail'st the lovely maid,
  Paint'st her dear form as Love alone can paint.

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[1] *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 124-126. It seems strange that the Pooles should still have mistaken Coleridge's name. There is a Devonshire village named 'Coleridge,' which, says the Rev. Isaac Taylor, in *Words and Places*, means *Cold*-ridge (cf. *Mount Algidus*). In 1811, a 'John Coldridge' compiled a 'Survey of the Rectorial Tythes of Pinhoe.' Poole first spells his friend's name correctly in a letter of the following month.

[2] Southey, doubtless.

No reader of Poole's opening stanzas can fail to be reminded of Lamb's description, written in 1816, of Coleridge's recitation of *Kubla Khan*—'which said vision he repeats so enchantingly that it irradiates and brings heaven and elysian bowers into my parlour when he sings or says it . . . his face when he repeats his verses, hath its ancient glory; an archangel a little damaged.' Lamb was writing as he watched Coleridge retiring from the battle: Poole as he saw him entering it, radiant as the Michael of Perugino.

CHAPTER III

MARRIAGE—*THE WATCHMAN*

A.D. 1795–1796

THE visit to Stowey took place on the eve of Coleridge's marriage. In August a cottage at Clevedon had been taken—that

> cot o'ergrown
> With white-flowered Jasmin, and the broad-leaved Myrtle[1]—

which is still shown to the pilgrim and the tourist; and on the 4th October, Coleridge and Sarah Fricker were married at the great church of St. Mary Redcliffe, and the honeymoon began. The cottage wanted papering, and a good many indispensable housekeeping articles[2] had been forgotten, but Cottle promptly supplied all deficiencies. Burnett and one of Sarah's sisters for a time shared the limited accommodation of the jasmin-bound dwelling; and we learn by some jottings in a note-book that the household work was shared by all. The two men got up at six, put on the kettle and cleaned the shoes; at eight Sarah laid the breakfast table, and so on. But Clevedon being found too far from Bristol Library, was soon abandoned for rooms on Redcliffe Hill. No doubt it had been an idle honeymoon, and Coleridge's conscience smote him. 'Ah! quiet dell!' was one of his 'Reflections on leaving' this 'place of retirement'—

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[1] *The Eolian Harp;* but the poem did not receive its title until 1817. When first published in *Poems*, 1796, it was called 'Effusion XXXV. Composed August 20th, 1795, at Clevedon, Somersetshire.'

[2] The amusing list is given in *Rem.* p. 40.

> dear cot, and mount sublime!
> I was constrained to quit you. Was it right,
> While my unnumbered brethren toiled and bled,
> That I should dream away the entrusted hours
> On rose-leaf beds, pampering the coward heart
> With feelings all too delicate for use?

The *Poems on various subjects* still lingered at press, and Cottle's printers often waited in vain for 'copy.'

Religious Musings was still on the anvil, but it was left there, for the prosecution of a great project in which he had interested a number of friends, probably as inexperienced, if not quite as enthusiastic and unbusinesslike, as himself. One evening in December the party met 'at the Rummer tavern,' in Bristol, and it was settled that Coleridge should bring out a periodical, something between a newspaper and a magazine, to be called *The Watchman.*[1] To avoid the stamp-tax it was to be issued, not weekly, but on every eighth day; and No. I. was announced to appear on 'Friday the 5th day of February, price four-pence.' Early in January, Coleridge started on a tour of the north country to procure subscribers—'preaching,' as he says,[2] 'by the way in most of the great towns, as an hireless volunteer, in a blue coat and white waistcoat, that not a rag of the woman of Babylon might be seen on me. For I was at that time and long after, though a Trinitarian (i.e. *ad normam Platonis*) in philosophy, yet a zealous Unitarian in religion.' Through eight pages of the *Biographia* Coleridge gives a most vivid and humorous account of his tour, from which, he says, he returned with a subscription list of nearly a thousand names.[1]

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[1] A document which Cottle calls the prospectus of *The Watchman* was printed by him in his *Early Recollections* and *Reminiscences* (p. 75). It may possibly be a transcript of some later hand-bill, but it is not the original prospectus. A copy of this, unique so far as I am aware, recently came into the possession of Mr. H. Buxton Forman, who kindly allows me to print it. See APPENDIX.

[2] *Biog. Lit.* chap. x.

Not on the 5th February, but on March 1st, No. I. appeared, but it disappointed the subscribers by its dulness. No. II. offended many by reason of an essay it contained on 'National Fasts,' with the motto —'Wherefore my Bowels shall sound like an Harp'; succeeding numbers gave umbrage to Jacobin, Democrat, and Godwinite patrons, without attracting opposite factions—and on the last page of 'No. X.' (May 13, 1796) an 'address to the reader' informed him that 'this is the last number of the *Watchman.* Henceforward I shall cease to cry the state of the political Atmosphere. . . . The reason is short and satisfactory—the Work does not pay its expenses.' Six weeks before, the ever-helpful Thomas Poole had foreseen the inevitable. He set to work to gather a little money for Coleridge, and on the last 'magazine-day' of the *Watchman*, its baffled proprietor was cheered by the receipt of a well-filled purse, together with a kindly and delicately-worded letter.[2] This produced a grateful reply, which the ex-dragoon ended by asking for 'a horse of tolerable meekness' on which to ride over to Stowey. The request was granted, and he spent a peaceful fortnight with Poole.

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[1] See also an account of the *Watchman*, with some letters written by Coleridge on the tour, in Cottle's *Rem.* pp. 74 *et seq.*

[2] Which see, with Coleridge's response, in *Thomas Poole and his Friends*, i. 142-145. Poole's scheme was a testimonial in the form of an annuity. Each subscriber was to give five pounds a year for six years. Some seven or eight of Coleridge's friends subscribed, so that the purse must have contained £35 or £40. It will be seen that the scheme was again acted on in the following year, but not afterwards, as, says Mrs. Sandford, 'it may have been thought that the Wedgwoods' annuity [begun in 1798] removed all further necessity for going on with it.' There is an allusion to Poole's scheme in the Biog. Supp. to *Biog. Lit.* ed. 1847 (ii. 366), but it is inaccurate.

Before this, probably in the first days of April, the *Poems*[1] had been published. The volume attracted the notice of the principal reviews and magazines—its reception being generally favourable, and in one or two instances enthusiastic. Some reviewers detected 'turgidness'—the *Monthly Magazine* thought that *Religious Musings* reached 'the top scale of sublimity.' Coleridge agreed with both sets of critics, and so did Lamb.

The praise was gratifying, but the pudding had long ago been eaten; the *Watchman's* audience was dwindling; and when the purse collected by Poole arrived in mid-May the cupboard was empty. The purse had probably been considerably lightened by the end of June when Coleridge received, through the famous Dr. Beddoes, a proposal to go up to London to become assistant editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, then the leading daily paper. This he at once accepted, and on the 5th July he was hourly expecting to receive particulars from James Perry, the proprietor and editor-in-chief. 'My heart is very heavy' (he wrote to Estlin[2]), 'for I love Bristol, and I do not love London. Besides, local and temporary politics are my aversion. . . . But there are two giants leagued together, whose most imperious commands I must obey, however reluctant,—their names are BREAD and CHEESE.' An undated letter from S. Purkis to T. Poole[1] shows that Coleridge intended to go up to London to see Perry, but at this point our information fails, and we only know that the negotiations ended fruitlessly. Next came an arrangement by which Coleridge was to undertake the education of the sons of Mrs. Evans of Darley Abbey, near Derby—a lady, it may be as well to mention, entirely unconnected with the family of his old sweetheart, Mary Evans. This having been settled during a visit to Darley Abbey, Coleridge left his wife there, and, about the end of July, paid a visit of reconciliation to his family at Ottery. Of this visit he wrote to Estlin[2]: 'I was received by my mother with transport, and by my brother George with joy and tenderness, and by my other brothers with affectionate civility.' I describe this visit as one of reconciliation, because, although I have seen no documentary evidence of any preceding rupture, there is good reason for believing that Coleridge's intercourse with his family had been suspended since his departure from Cambridge in the winter of 1794. Proposals made by his brothers, to aid him on the adoption of some profession, had been rejected, and they cannot have failed to disapprove of most of his doings in the interval—his devotion to Pantisocracy, his revolutionary lecturing, and his imprudent marriage.

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[1] POEMS on various subjects, by S. T. Coleridge, late of Jesus College, Cambridge.

> Felix curarum, cui non Heliconia cordi
> Serta, nec imbelles Parnassi e vertice laurus!
> Sed viget ingenium, et magnos accinctus in usus
> Fert animus quascunque vices.—Nos tristia vitæ
> Solamur cantu.—Stat. *Silv.* Lib. iv. 4.

LONDON: Printed for G. G. and J. Robinsons, and J. Cottle, Bookseller, Bristol, 1796. Octavo pp. xvi.; 188 (plus one page of 'Errata'). See Preface, Contents, etc., in *Poetical Works*, 1893, p. 537. The volume included four sonnets by Lamb, signed 'C. L.'

[2] *Unpublished Letters of S. T. C. to the Rev. J. P. Estlin*, printed for the Philobiblon Society, p. 17.

On his return home from Ottery on the 7th August, a fresh disappointment awaited him in the shape of a letter from Mrs. Evans, informing him that her trustees would not consent to the arrangements which had been made, but begging him to come to her at once. This request he complied with. At the end of a ten days' visit there was an affectionate parting, and Mrs. Evans, he wrote, 'insisted on my acceptance of £95, and she had given Mrs. Coleridge all her baby-clothes, which are, I suppose, very valuable.'[1] Before leaving Derby, Coleridge was further consoled by a proposition made by Dr. Crompton, that he should set up a school there, under the active patronage of Mrs. Evans's influential family connections. An unfinished house was at once engaged 'to be completed by the 8th October, for £12 a year,' and the landlord won Coleridge's heart by promising 'to Rumfordize the chimneys.'[2] This scheme also came to nothing. On September 24, Coleridge writes to Poole[3] that his 'heart is heavy respecting Derby'—which I interpret as meaning that he feared to settle so far away from Bristol and from Poole. A house at Adscombe (near Stowey), with some land attached, was his desire, and apparently with Poole's approval Derby was given up,'[4] and a letter written to Dr. Crompton to which Coleridge received 'a very kind reply.'[5]

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[1] Printed in *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 151, 152.

[2] *Estlin Letters*, p. 11. The letter is there misplaced.

On his way home from Derby, Coleridge had spent a week at Moseley, near Birmingham,[6] and there renewed the acquaintance with the Lloyds which had been formed during the *Watchman* tour in January. Charles Lloyd had been fascinated by Coleridge, and having a turn for verse-making and meditation, rather than for the family business of banking, was extremely desirous of becoming a philosopher and a poet under the guidance and under the roof of the philosopher and poet who was but two years his senior. Nothing was then settled, but towards the end of September, Lloyd's parents gave their consent, and invited[1] Coleridge to pay them a visit. Mrs. Coleridge having miscalculated times and seasons allowed him to go, and while at the Lloyds' house he was surprised by an announcement that on the previous day, the 19th September, he had become a father. He hastened home, taking Charles Lloyd with him. The poet's and the father's tumultuous feelings in presence of this crisis required three sonnets[2] for their expression, but they were summed up in these lovely lines with which the third closes:—

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[1] *Estlin Letters*, pp. 12, 13.

[2] *Biog. Lit.* 1847, ii. 372. See the Sonnet to Count Rumford in *Poetical Works*, 1893, p. 64. See also letter of S. T. C. to Poole, Dec. 1796, *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 196.

[3] *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 158.

[4] *Ib.* i. 188.

[5] *Biog. Lit.* 1847, ii. 377. See Lamb's letters to Coleridge of October 17 and 24, and November 8, 1796 (Ainger's ed. i. 39 *et seq.*)

[6] 'I preached yesterday morning from Hebrews iv. 1, 2. It was my *chef d'œuvre.* I think of writing it down and publishing it with two other sermons. . . . I should like you to hear me preach them. I lament that my political

> So for the mother's sake the child was dear,
> And dearer was the mother for the child.

The father having at this period a great dislike for all sacramental rites,[3] the child was not baptized, but he was named 'David Hartley,' in honour of the

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notoriety prevented my relieving you occasionally at Bristol.' S. T. C. to Estlin, 'Moseley, Birmingham, August 22, 1796' (*Estlin Letters*, p. 15). To Poole he wrote (same date):—'In preaching on Faith yesterday, I said that Faith was infinitely better than Good Works, as the cause is greater than the effect,—as a fruitful tree is better than its fruits, and as a friendly heart is of far higher value than the kindnesses which it naturally and *necessarily* prompts. It is for that *friendly heart* that I now have thanked you, and which I so eagerly accept of; for with regard to settlement, I am likely to be better off now than before, as I shall proceed to tell you.' (*Biog. Lit.* 1847, ii. 370, corrected by original.)

[1] S. T. C. to Poole, September 24; printed in *Biog. Lit.* 1847, ii. 374.

[2] *Poetical Works*, 1893, p. 66.

[3] Letter to Estlin (*Estlin Letters*, p. 35).

'wisest of mortal kind,'[1] and solemnly dedicated to the service of the truths 'so ably supported by that great master of Christian Philosophy.'[2] So he informed Poole, going on to write about his other son, born to him, as it were, on the same day as David Hartley.

> Charles Lloyd wins upon me hourly. His heart is uncommonly pure, his affections delicate, and his benevolence enlivened, but not sicklied, by sensibility. He is assuredly a man of great genius. . . . His joy and gratitude to Heaven for the circumstance of his domestication with me, I can scarcely describe to you; and I believe his fixed plans are of being always with me. . . . My dearest Poole, can you conveniently receive us in the course of a week? We can both sleep in one bed, as we do now; and I have much, very much, to say to you, and to consult you about; for my heart is heavy respecting Derby; and my feelings are so dim and huddled, that though I can, I am sure, communicate them to you by my looks and broken sentences, I scarcely know how to convey them in a letter. C. Lloyd also wishes much to know you personally.[3]

Poole, of course, replied, 'Come at once'; and truly Coleridge was never more in need of the wise sympathy and advice which always awaited him at Stowey. He had no settled prospects. Lloyd's contribution to the household expenses was limited to £80 a year, and this was supplemented only by the proceeds of a little reviewing, etc., which Coleridge hoped might yield £40 in a year.[4] The deficiency could not always be filled up by sympathetic offerings, nor could he have contemplated with complacency the continued acceptance of such aid. His consuming desire was to live in the country, near Poole, and to support himself by a combination of literature and husbandry.

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[1] *Religious Musings*, ll. 368, 369.

[2] Letter to Poole, Sept. 24, 1796 (*T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 157).

[3] *Biog. Lit.* 1847, ii. 375—corrected and supplemented from the original.

[4] *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 189.

A vivid and comprehensive picture of Coleridge, and of his views and tastes at this period, survives in a series of unprinted letters addressed by him to Thelwall, which once had a place in the late Mr. F. W. Cosens's MS. collections. When Coleridge wrote the passage which follows (Nov. 19, 1796) the two men had not yet met.

> Your portrait of yourself interests me. As to me, my face, unless when animated by immediate eloquence, expresses great sloth, and great, indeed almost idiotic, good nature. 'Tis a mere carcase of a face: fat, flabby, and expressive chiefly of inexpression. Yet I am told that my eyes, eyebrows, and forehead are physiognomically good; but of this the Deponent knoweth not. As to my shape, 'tis a good shape enough, if measured—but my gait is awkward, and the walk of the whole man indicates *indolence capable of energies*. . . . I cannot breathe through my nose, so my mouth with sensual thick lips is almost always open. . . . I am, and ever have been, a great reader, and have read almost everything—a library cormorant. I am *deep* in all out-of-the-way books, whether of the monkish times or of the puritanical æra. I have read and digested most of the historic writers, but I do not *like* history. Metaphysics and poetry and 'facts of mind' (*i.e.* accounts of all strange phantasms that ever possessed your philosophy-dreamers, from Theuth the Egyptian to Taylor the English pagan) are my darling studies. In short, I seldom read except to amuse myself, and I am almost always reading. Of useful knowledge—I am a so-so chemist, and I love chemistry—all else is *blank*—but I *will be* (please God) an horticulturist and a farmer. I compose very little, and I absolutely hate composition. Such is my dislike that even a sense of duty is sometimes too weak to overpower it. . . . In conversation I am impassioned, and oppose what I deem error with an eagerness which is often mistaken for personal asperity, but I am ever so swallowed up in the *thing* that I perfectly forget my opponent. Such am I.

A month later he writes to the same unseen friend: 'As to my own poetry, I do confess that it frequently, both in thought and language, deviates from "nature and simplicity." But that Bowles, the most tender, and with the exception of Burns, the only always *natural* poet in our language, that he should not escape the charge of Della-Cruscanism, this cuts

+ See the Life and works of Thomas Taylor, the [illegible] in The [illegible] the skin and surface of my heart.' His own poetry, he goes on to say—

> seldom exhibits unmixed and simple tenderness or passion. My philosophical opinions are blended with or deduced from my feelings, and this, I think, peculiarises my style of writing, and like everything else it is sometimes a beauty and sometimes a fault. But do not let us introduce an Act of Uniformity against Poets. I have room enough in *my* brain to admire, aye, and almost equally, the *head* and fancy of Akenside and the *heart* and fancy of Bowles, the solemn lordliness of Milton, and the divine chit-chat of Cowper: and whatever a man's excellence is, that will be likewise his fault.

In the same letter he speaks of Bowles as 'the bard of my idolatry,' and sends a commission to Thelwall to buy for him the works of Iamblichus, Proclus, Porphyry,[1] the Emperor Julian, Sidonius Apollinaris, and Plotinus—a little Neo-Platonic library.

In the summer of this year (1796) Southey had returned from Portugal. The quarrel revived, but about the time of Hartley's birth Southey made overtures which were accepted with seeming cordiality.[2] But it was only seeming, for at the end of the year Coleridge wrote to Thelwall: 'We are now reconciled; but the cause of the difference was solemn, and "the blasted oak puts not forth its buds anew"; we are *acquaintances*, and feel *kindliness* towards each other, but I do *not esteem* or *love* Southey as I must esteem and love whom I dare call by the holy name of Friend! . . . And *vice versa*, Southey of me.'[3]

As the days shortened, Coleridge grew more and more impatient with the delays and disappointments which dogged his efforts to find a house near Poole. He was sick at heart, and the depression brought on neuralgia, and the neuralgia brought on laudanum—

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[1] See also Lamb's letter to Coleridge, July 1st, 1796. *Letters*, i. 28.

[2] *Biog. Lit.* 1847, ii. 376.

[3] Unprinted letter once in Mr. F. W. Cosens's collection.

a disease of which he was never completely cured. The attack of the temporary evil, which began on the 2nd November, was renewed on the 3rd, when Coleridge took

> between 60 and 70 drops of laudanum, and *sopped* the Cerberus just as his mouth began to open. . . . My medical attendant decides it to be altogether nervous, and that it originates either in severe application or excessive anxiety. My beloved Poole, in excessive anxiety, I believe, it might originate. I have a blister under my right ear, and I take 25 drops of laudanum every five hours, the ease and *spirits* [italics in original] gained by which have enabled me to write you this flighty but not exaggerating account.[1]

'Two days later,' says Mrs. Sandford, 'he wrote that he was better, though "totally inappetent of food, and languid even to an inward perishing."'

The baby son flourished, but not so Lloyd; and the epileptic fits to which he was subject, caused the household much anxiety. Its master had yet found no money-making employment, so that a gift of fifteen guineas, which came through Estlin, must have been welcome. On the 15th November Coleridge wrote to Poole: 'My anxieties eat me up. . . . I want consolation—my Friend! my Brother! write and console me.'[2] Poole's consolation was of a modified character. He told his friend of a wayside cottage obtainable at Stowey, but had little but evil to say of its accommodations. These seemed to be unequal even to the poor poet's modest requirements. But by the end of the month Coleridge confesses to Poole that he is 'childishly impatient,' and, as nothing better offers, will put up with the cottage. One day he writes, 'I will instruct the maid in cooking'; the next that he will 'keep no servant'—will himself be everything, even 'occasional nurse.' This last heroic resolve was communicated to Poole in a letter of the 11th December. It was crossed by one in which Poole not only reiterated the disadvantages of the cottage, but dissuaded the poet strongly from burying himself in a village so remote, as was Stowey, from libraries and from the society of a stimulating and helpful group of friends. This letter caused Coleridge 'unexpected and acute pain.' His frenzied reply must be read at its full length of ten printed pages in Mrs. Sandford's book (i. 184-193). No summary could do it the least justice. It is a whirl of appeals, adjurations, reproaches, cries *de profundis*, plans and plans of life framed and torn up, and resumed to be again abandoned, in bewildering profusion: a vivid and sincere (because unconscious) revelation, not merely of the passing mood, but of the very deeps of character and nature, which is probably unique in autobiography. As truly as of any Lucy Gray—

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[1] S. T. C. to Poole, Nov. 5, 1796 (*T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 177, and *Biog. Lit.* 1847, ii. 380).

[2] *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 179.

> 'Tis of a little child
> Upon a lonesome wild,
> Not far from home, but she hath lost her way:
> And now moans low in bitter grief and fear,
> And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother hear.
> *Dejection: an Ode.*

CHAPTER IV

NETHER STOWEY—*LYRICAL BALLADS*

A.D. 1797–1798

THIS letter was begun immediately on the receipt of Poole's, and concluded on the following day, but it concluded as it began, with the expression of a determination to settle at once in the cottage, if only Poole will assure him that he has kept back no reason to the contrary—for he fears that Poole's family connections are at the bottom of the dissuasion. He must have received the reassurance he wanted, for he took up his abode in the cottage on the last day of the year.[1] A poor cottage now, then a poorer; but then it had a garden of an acre and a half, and that garden touched Poole's at the rear. Just at that time no place in the world could have been more attractive. 'Literature,' he told Poole, 'though I shall never abandon it, will always be a secondary object with me. My poetic vanity and my political furor have been exhaled, and

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[1] On June 9, 1893, a tablet inscribed, 'Here Samuel Taylor Coleridge made his home—1797-1800,' was affixed to the cottage. An effort is now being made to obtain funds for the purchase of the cottage, that it may be preserved as a memorial of Coleridge, as Dove Cottage has been secured as a memorial of Wordsworth. For the moment it has been saved from impending mutilation by a lease, with option of purchase, and will be used as a Village Lending Library. The treasurer, both for the temporary scheme, and for the purchase money, is H. St. B. Goldsmith, Esq., Manager of Stuckey's Banking Company, Bridgwater. (See *Athenæum* for June 17, 1893—Art. 'Coleridge and Nether Stowey.')

I would rather be an expert self-maintaining gardener than a Milton, if I could not unite both.’ To Thelwall he wrote, in an unpublished letter, Dec. 17, 1796:—

> My farm will be a garden of one acre and an half, in which I mean to raise vegetables and corn enough for myself and wife, and feed a couple of snouted and grunting cousins from the refuse. My evenings I shall devote to literature, and by reviews in the Magazine [*Monthly*] and other shilling-scavenger employments, shall probably gain £40 a year—which Economy and Self-denial, gold-beaters, shall hammer till it covers my annual expenses. . . . I am not fit for *public* life; yet the Light shall stream to a far distance from the taper in my cottage window.

Coleridge’s last employment before finally quitting Bristol with his wife and child on the 30th December was ‘to get some review-books off his hands.’[1] A week before, he had executed an order from his friend Benjamin Flower for an ode to be published on the last day of the year in the *Cambridge Intelligencer*—the paper he had recommended to the disappointed subscribers to the *Watchman*. The ode duly appeared, and at the same time Coleridge published it in an expanded form in a thin quarto pamphlet with the title, *Ode on the Departing Year*,[2] and a dedication to Thomas Poole. The superfluous page at the end he filled with the lines *Addressed to a Young Man of Fortune who abandoned himself to an indolent and causeless melancholy*—probably intended for Charles Lloyd’s benefit.

When Lamb heard of the ‘farm,’ he asked sceptically, ‘And what does your worship know about farming?’ and recommended the cultivation of the muse as something more in his friend’s way, reminding him of a project for an epic on the Origin of Evil. But the first thing to be done at Stowey was to continue preparations begun three months before for a second edition of the *Poems*, the first having been sold out. Passages contributed to Southey's *Joan of Arc* were to be reclaimed, and recast into an independent poem, *The Visions of the Maid of Arc*, with which the new edition was to lead off. 'I much wish' (wrote Coleridge to Cottle early in January 1797) 'to send my *Visions of the Maid of Arc* and my corrections to Wordsworth, who lives not above 20 [really about 40] miles from me, and to Lamb, whose taste and *judgment* I see reason to think more correct and philosophical than my own, which yet I place pretty high.'[1]

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[1] *Estlin Letters*, p. 25.

[2] Ode on the Departing Year, by S. T. Coleridge. [Motto from *Æschylus*.] Bristol: Printed by N. Biggs, and sold by J. Parsons, Paternoster Row, London, 1796. Quarto, 16 pp.

The arrangements for a 'second edition' of the *Poems* had been made in October 1796. Cottle proposed to give Coleridge twenty guineas for an edition of five hundred, reminding us (as he probably reminded Coleridge) that this was an act of pure charity, the copyright being his. If the poet chose to omit and alter and add, it was his affair. In his reply, Coleridge hinted very strongly that he thought the proposal unjust, but that 'bartering' with Cottle was 'absolutely intolerable.' He was clearing out the rubbish, and especially the political verses—the absence of which would 'widen the sphere of his readers'—and supplying their place with new poems of better and more attractive quality. If he left Cottle to reprint the old volume, and himself published the new, he would make more money, and save the copyright in them. He ends, however, by accepting Cottle's proposal, being 'solicitous only for the omission of the sonnet to Lord Stanhope, and the ludicrous poem' (*Written after a Walk before Supper*).[1] The printing dragged on till March 1797, and when the volume was almost completed, Coleridge wrote thus to Cottle, in a letter which has not been fully published: 'Charles Lloyd has given me his poems, which I give to you on condition that you print them *in this volume*—after Charles Lamb's poems.' He goes on to explain that although the bulk of the volume will thus be increased, so also will be its saleability, seeing that, he doubts not, 'Lloyd's connections will take off a great many, more than a hundred.'

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[1] The letter is mutilated and inaccurately printed by Cottle. This portion occurs at p. 130 of the *Reminiscences*—another at p. 100. Wordsworth and his sister were then living at Racedown, in Dorsetshire (the post-town being Crewkerne), a house lent to them by a member of the Bristol family of Pinney. The precise date of the first meeting of Coleridge and Wordsworth (a point which has been discussed) has not been ascertained, but a careful examination of all the evidence available, published and unpublished, has all but convinced me that it may have probably taken place as early as September 1795. The men do not appear to have met a second time until the autumn of 1796, after which intercourse seems to have become more or less frequent. Nothing, however, like intimacy was formed until Coleridge's visit to Racedown in June 1797, when Dorothy saw him for the first time.

Cottle has added to the difficulty by garbling seriously the letter of Coleridge printed in the *Early Recollections*, i. 159 (*Reminiscences*, pp. 81-82). In Coleridge's list of persons to whom presentation copies of the *Poems* (1796) were to be sent, Cottle has *inserted* the names of Wordsworth, Lamb, and Dr. Parr; and *omitted* a suggestion that a copy should be sent by him to Mrs. Barbauld, or to her brother Dr. Aikin.

It was about this time that Coleridge received a request from Sheridan that he would write a play for Drury Lane, and with a feeling in which confidence and misgivings were pretty equally mingled, the attempt was begun. The composition occupied a good deal of his time until the middle of October, when the finished manuscript of *Osorio* was despatched to the theatre. But these months were varied by many other interests and occupations, and by one fateful event—the settlement of the Wordsworths at Alfoxden. On most Sundays—whether in blue coat and white waistcoat, or in some more conventional costume, is unknown—Coleridge preached in the Unitarian chapels of Bridgwater or Taunton, often travelling on foot, and never receiving hire: on week-days he learned a hundred practical things by precept and example in the kindly companionship of Thomas Poole, whose well-assorted library was as much at Coleridge's service as if it had been his own: Charles Lloyd occupied some hours of each morning when the neophyte's health permitted. Stowey had not brought wealth or even competency, but it had revived hope, and Coleridge generally found that a sufficing diet. He had not, perhaps, like another great poet, waited very patiently, but nevertheless his cry had been heard, he felt that his feet had been set upon a rock, and his goings established, and he was soon to learn that a new song had been put into his mouth.

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[1] See Cottle's *Rem.* p. 115. In the *E. Recoll.* (1837) Cottle suppressed most of Coleridge's letter; but in the *Reminiscences* professes to give it complete. I have not seen the original.

Coleridge was certainly not idle, but money was not coming in, and about the beginning of June, Poole saw that a fresh subscription was needful. Confiding his views to Lloyd and Estlin, he begged the latter to be treasurer,[1] and to apply to none 'but to those who love him, for it requires affection and purity of heart to offer, with due associations, assistance of this nature to such a man.' Coleridge had 'preached an excellent sermon at Bridgwater' on the previous day 'on the necessity of religious zeal in these times,' and from Bridgwater he seems to have proceeded to Racedown on a visit to Wordsworth.

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[1] 'I stated to Mr. Garnett that, according to our agreement, it was necessary we should again come forward, and desired him to call on you, and make the necessary arrangements.' (Poole to Estlin, June 5, 1797, in *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 230.) Poole wrote to Lloyd on the same day, a letter of similar purport, which is printed at the same reference. Lloyd had not been one of the original subscribers, but, now that he had ceased to live at Stowey, Poole assumes he will join them. 'You will, I know, become one of us.'

Thence, probably on the 9th, and again on the 10th, he wrote to Estlin asking him to give to Mrs. Fricker and to Mrs. Coleridge five guineas each, out of the subscription money, expressing 'a hope and a trust that this will be the last year' in which he can conscientiously accept of those contributions, which, 'in my present lot, and conscious of my present occupations, I feel no pain in doing.' To Cottle he wrote[1] with some corrections for the *Ode on the Departing Year* (then at press for the *Poems*, 1797) and announcing his return to Stowey on a 'Friday,' which may be calculated as probably the 16th June. Wordsworth, he announces, admires his tragedy, 'which gives me great hopes'; and then he goes on to estimate Wordsworth's own tragedy in terms which, when we remember he is speaking of *The Borderers*, compel a smile. 'His drama is absolutely wonderful. . . . There are in the piece those *profound* truths of the human heart, which I find three or four times in the *Robbers* of Schiller, and often in Shakespere, but in Wordsworth there are no *inequalities*.' He feels himself a 'little man' by Wordsworth's side; and adds (a passage suppressed by Cottle), 'T. Poole's opinion of Wordsworth is that he is the greatest man he ever knew. I coincide.' This seems to point to a previous visit or visits to Stowey paid by Wordsworth, or of meetings with Poole at Bristol, of which direct record is lacking. Curiously enough the letter makes no mention of Miss Wordsworth, who then saw Coleridge for the first time. Yet in 1845—across the mists of nearly half-a-century—she as well as her brother retained the 'liveliest possible image' of Coleridge on his arrival at

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[1] Cottle prints this important letter (*Rem.* p. 142) in a form both garbled and incomplete, and with the date 'June 1796.' The original was lent me by the late Mr. F. W. Cosens.

Racedown, how 'he did not keep to the high road, but leapt over a gate and bounded down the pathless field, by which he cut off an angle.'[1] And at the time she thus recorded her first impressions of the visitor:—

> He is a wonderful man. His conversation teems with soul, mind, and spirit. Then he is so benevolent, so good-tempered and cheerful, and, like William, interests himself so much about every little trifle. At first I thought him very plain, that is for about three minutes: he is pale, thin, has a wide mouth, thick lips, and not very good teeth, longish, loose-growing, half-curling, rough black hair. But, if you hear him speak for five minutes, you think no more of them. His eye is large and full, and not very dark, but grey—such an eye as would receive from a heavy soul the dullest expression; but it speaks every emotion of his animated mind; it has more of 'the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling' than I ever witnessed. He has fine dark eyebrows, and an overhanging forehead.[2]

If Coleridge carried out his first intention of returning to Stowey on the 16th June, he must soon have gone back, for he appears to have arrived again at Stowey from Racedown on the 28th, and again on the 2nd July, on the last occasion bringing with him[3] the two Wordsworths on that famous visit to the Quantock country, which was destined to be prolonged for a whole year. The visitors spent a fortnight with Coleridge, and it was then that he drew his famous portrait of Wordsworth's 'exquisite sister.'[4]

It was about this time that the second edition of Coleridge's *Poems* appeared.[5] Much of the ultrajuvenile and most of the political verse had been discarded in favour of new, or at least hitherto uncollected, matter, and he intended (as he expressed it to Cottle) to admit nothing to the new volume 'but my choicest fish, picked, gutted, and clean'd.' The most notable additions were the dedicatory poem to his brother George; a much revised version of the *Ode to the Departing Year;* the second and third sonnets on the birth of Hartley; and the companion poem to *The Eolian Harp*, entitled *Reflections on having left a place of retirement* (Clevedon). The *Religious Musings* was included, but in a much altered form.[1] *The Visions of the Maid of Arc*, intended, as we have seen, for the first place in the new edition, was never completed, having been abandoned in deference to the adverse criticisms of Lamb—possibly also to those of Wordsworth. The fragments first saw the light in 1817, when they were printed in *Sibylline Leaves*, under the title of *The Destiny of Nations.* Cottle pretends to remember that the 'Dedication' was prompted by himself, but the reasons he assigns for his alleged suggestion are so absurd that it is probable that his memory was altogether at fault. Opening with a description of his brothers' happy fate in being settled prosperously amid the surroundings of their youth, Coleridge proceeds to contrast it with his own:—

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[1] Knight's *Life*, i. 111.

[2] *Memoirs of Wordsworth*, i. 99.

[3] Information from unpublished letters, kindly given me by Mr. Ernest H. Coleridge.

[4] Letter to Cottle, *Rem.* p. 144.

[5] POEMS by S. T. Coleridge, Second Edition. To which are added POEMS by Charles Lamb, and Charles Lloyd.

Duplex nobis vinculum, et amicitiæ et similium junctarumque Camœnarum; quod utinam neque mors solvat, neque temporis longinquitas! *Groscoll. Epist. ad Car. Utenhov. et Ptol. Lux. Tast.*

Printed by N. Biggs, for J. Cottle, Bristol, and Messrs. Robinsons, London. 1797. Octavo, pp. xx.; 278.

Lloyd's verses occupied pp. 153-213: and Lamb's, pp. 217-240.

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[1] The 'Preface to the Second Edition' thus opens:—

'I return my acknowledgments to the different Reviewers for the assistance, which they have afforded me, in detecting my poetic deficiencies. I have endeavoured to avail myself of their remarks: one-third of the former Volume I have omitted, and the imperfections of the republished part must be considered as errors of taste, not faults of carelessness. My poems have been rightly charged with a profusion of double-epithets, and a general turgidness. I have pruned the double-epithets with no sparing hand; and used my best efforts to tame the swell and glitter both of thought and diction. This latter fault however had insinuated itself into my *Religious Musings* with such intricacy of union, that sometimes I have omitted to disentangle the weed from the fear of snapping the flower.'

To me the Eternal Wisdom hath dispensed
A different fortune and more different mind—
Me from the spot where first I sprang to light
Too soon transplanted, ere my soul had fixed
Its first domestic loves; and hence through life
Chasing chance-started friendships. A brief while
Some have preserved me from life's pelting ills.

Others, he goes on, have proved 'most false.'

But, all praise to Him
Who gives us all things, more have yielded me
Permanent shelter; and beside one friend,
Beneath the impervious covert of one oak,
I've raised a lowly shed, and know the names
Of Husband and of Father; not unhearing
Of that divine and nightly-whispering voice,
Which from my childhood to maturer years
Spake to me of predestinated wreaths,
Bright with no fading colours!

Yet at times
My soul is sad, that I have roamed through life
Still most a stranger, most with naked heart
At mine own home and birth-place: chiefly then,
When I remember thee, my earliest friend!
Thee, who didst watch my boyhood and my youth;
Didst trace my wanderings with a father's eye;
And boding evil yet still hoping good,
Rebuked each fault, and over all my woes
Sorrowed in silence! He who counts alone
The beatings of the solitary heart,
That Being knows, how I have loved thee ever,
Loved as a brother, as a son revered thee!
Oh! 'tis to me an ever new delight,
To talk of thee and thine: or when the blast
Of the shrill winter, rattling our rude sash,
Endears the cleanly hearth and social bowl;
Or when as now, on some delicious eve,
We in our sweet sequestered orchard plot
Sit on the tree crooked earth-ward; whose old boughs,
That hang above us in an arborous roof,
Stirred by the faint gale of departing May,
Send their loose blossoms slanting o'er our heads!

Nor dost not *thou* sometimes recall those hours,
When with the joy of hope thou gavest thine ear
To my wild firstling-lays. Since then my song

Hath sounded deeper notes, such as beseem
Or that sad wisdom folly leaves behind,
Or such as, tuned to these tumultuous times,
Cope with the tempest's swell!

I regret that considerations of space do not permit me to quote the whole of this beautiful and touching poem. I think it was conceived in a spirit of perfect sincerity; it is full of character and autobiography; in construction it is more firmly knit, and (spite of an intolerable passage about the 'Manchineel') in expression more natural, more individual, than anything which preceded it. The style moves in easy accord with the thought, gravity and pensive gaiety alternating and mingling with unfailing sweetness and grace. But withal, the deficiency of the poem, from one point of view, is more notable than its achievement: it gives no hint—nothing in the volume to which it is a prelude gives the least hint—that Coleridge's hand was already on the latch of the magic casements which were to open on the perilous seas sailed by the *Ancient Mariner*, and the fairy-lands of *Christabel* and *Kubla Khan*. He must have himself been unaware, for he was then contentedly and almost hopefully giving his days and nights to the tragedy called *Osorio*.

The Wordsworths were still at the Stowey cottage when Charles Lamb[1] came to spend his week's holiday—the visit which the host commemorated in *This Lime-tree Bower my Prison*.

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[1] A marginal note which Coleridge in 1834 wrote on the explanatory introduction to the poem has led to the assumption that Mary Lamb accompanied her brother to Stowey in 1797. There can be little doubt that Coleridge's memory—after thirty-seven years—had failed him. In none of Lamb's letters to him, written either before or after the visit, is there any indication that he was to be, or had been, accompanied by his sister. Mary Lamb was at that period in a very precarious state of health, and living apart from her father and brother.

In this poem Coleridge addresses his three guests as—

> Friends whom I never more may meet again.

Lamb, of course, was a bird of passage, and so, to all appearance on that evening, were the Wordsworths, for Alfoxden had not yet been seen, or if seen had not yet been secured. But the delay was short. On the 14th August, Dorothy Wordsworth wrote thus from Alfoxden: 'We spent a fortnight at Coleridge's; in the course of that time we heard that this house was to let, applied for it, and took it. Our principal inducement was Coleridge's society. It was a month yesterday since we came to Alfoxden.'[1] The Coleridges' guests had scarcely quitted them—Lamb for London, and the Wordsworths for Alfoxden—when, on the 17th July, a new claimant for hospitality, in the person of John Thelwall,[2] arrived at the cottage. It was nine o'clock in the evening, and he found only Sara, who had left her husband at Alfoxden for a day or two that she might 'superintend the wash-tub.' In the morning, between five and six, Sara and her guest 'walked over to Alfoxden—a distance of about three miles—to breakfast.'[3] 'Faith, we are a most philosophical party' (Thelwall writes to his wife), 'the enthusiastic group consisting of Coleridge and his Sara, Wordsworth and his sister, and myself, without any servant, male or female. An old woman, who lives in an adjoining cottage, does what is requisite for our simple wants.' The party remained there for three days. It was at this time, and in one of Alfoxden's romantic glens, that (as Wordsworth remembered long afterwards) Coleridge exclaimed, 'This is a place to reconcile one to all the jarrings and conflicts of the wide world!' and that Thelwall replied, 'Nay, to make one forget them altogether!'[1] A few days at Stowey succeeded. The Wordsworths accompanied their guests part of the way, and they talked of many things—the 'moral character of Democrats, of Aristocrats,' and of 'pursuits proper for literary men—unfit for management of pecuniary affairs—Rousseau, Bacon, Arthur Young!'[2] This visit of Thelwall shocked the neighbourhood, which considered Poole responsible, and he was called upon to answer for Wordsworth to the owner of Alfoxden. This Poole did manfully,[3] but a Government spy was sent down to watch the poets and their patron. Most of Cottle's[4] stories of the suspicions excited in the neighbourhood by the poets' goings on, and much of Coleridge's[5] own account of the spy's proceedings, wear a dubious complexion; but there is no room for doubt that it was Thelwall's visit which brought about the cessation of Wordsworth's tenancy of Alfoxden.

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[1] The agreement, dated 14th July 1797, is printed in full in *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 225. It provided for a year's tenancy of the furnished house, etc., from Midsummer to Midsummer at the rent of £23, including all rates and taxes. Wordsworth may retain the house, etc., for an indefinite period beyond Midsummer 1798, at the same rent.

[2] Known as 'Citizen Thelwall' in those days, and hardly known at all in these. Coleridge and he had been carrying on for about a year the correspondence from which I have already quoted, but they had now met for the first time. By this time Thelwall had abandoned his somewhat silly, but always honestly conducted career of political martyrdom, and desired to settle as meditative and poetical farmer in some remote part of the country. In quest of a suitable retreat he had travelled, mostly on foot, from London, and had now arrived at Stowey in acceptance of an invitation from the ever-hospitable Coleridge.

[3] The details respecting Thelwall are partly taken from a letter to his wife printed in *T. Poole and his Friends* (i. 232); and partly from Thelwall's MS. Diary, now in my own possession.—Sarah had now become 'Sara.'

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[1] *Memoirs of Wordsworth*, i. 105.

[2] MS. Diary of Thelwall, July 21, 1797.

[3] *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 240.

[4] *Reminiscences*, p. 181.

[5] *Biog. Lit.* 1847, i. 196-200. That a spy was actually sent down to watch the poets seems certain (Southey's *Life and Corr.* ii. 243), but in later life Wordsworth declared that he never heard of the circumstance until the publication of the *Biog. Lit.*

In late life he stated, in reply to assertions that he had been refused a renewal, that he had never asked for one—but his memory had failed, and the truth was that he either received notice to quit, or did not think it worth while to attempt to assert the right to remain which the agreement accorded him. Coleridge's friendship with Thelwall, begun by correspondence, was cemented by personal intercourse, and continued for some years; but later on, when the ex-Citizen had a short season of prosperity, he showed himself the poor creature he was by alternately patronising and sneering at Coleridge. After leaving Stowey, he asked Coleridge to interest Poole in securing him a farm in their neighbourhood, but the passing visit had caused Poole trouble enough, and Thelwall had to move into Wales. He ultimately procured a farm at Llyswen, in Brecon, where he was visited by the Wordsworths and Coleridge in 1798.[1]

Soon after Citizen Thelwall's departure, came a Mr. Richard Reynell, who wrote to his brother a pleasing picture of the cottage and its inmates:—'On my arrival at Stowey and at Mr. Coleridge's house, I found he was from home, having set out for Bristol to see Mrs. Barbauld a few days before. I think he had never seen her, and that he now had *walked* all the way to gratify his curiosity. He returned on Saturday evening after a walk of 40 miles in one day, apparently not much fatigued.' Mr. Reynell describes Mrs. Coleridge as uniformly 'sensible, affable, and good-natured—thrifty and industrious, and always neat and prettily dressed. I here see domestic life in all its beauty and simplicity. . . . Love seems more pure than it in general is to be found, because of the preference that has been given in the choice of a life-friend to mental and moral rather than to personal and material charms—not that you are to infer that Coleridge and his wife have no personal recommendation. Mrs. Coleridge is indeed a pretty woman. . . . It is a treat, a luxury, to see Coleridge hanging over his infant and talking to it, and fancying what he will be in future days.' The house is described as 'very small and very simple. Three rooms below, and three above—all small.' 'Here you can be happy,' he adds, 'without superfluities.'[1]

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[1] Fenwick-note to Wordsworth's *Anecdote for Fathers.*

The intercourse between Coleridge and the Wordsworths was almost daily. Coleridge says somewhere, that they were 'three people but one soul.' The character of the intimacy is fully shown in his exquisite lines entitled *The Nightingale: a Conversation Poem* (April, 1798), and in the printed fragments of Miss Wordsworth's journal.[2] The entries cover the first four months of 1798, but doubtless illustrate equally the whole year during which the two families were neighbours. 'Feb. 11th. Walked with Coleridge near to Stowey. 12th. Walked alone to Stowey. Returned in the evening with Coleridge. 13th. Walked with Coleridge through a wood.' On the 17th they walked together. On the 19th Dorothy walked to Stowey. On the 21st 'Coleridge came in the morning. . . . William went through the wood with him towards Stowey: a very stormy night. 22nd. Coleridge came in the morning to dinner. . . . 23rd. William walked with Coleridge in the morning. 26th. Coleridge came in the morning . . . walked with Coleridge nearly to

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[1] 'Stowey, August, 1797.' Printed in *Illustrated London News* for April 22, 1893. The whole of Reynell's long letter is full of interest.

[2] Knight's *Life of Wordsworth*, vol. i. chap. ix.

Stowey after dinner'—and so on. They saw as much of one another as if the width of a street, and not a pair of coombs, had separated their several abodes. It was a rich and fruitful time for all three—seed-time at once and harvest; and its happy influences spread far beyond their own individual selves. The gulf-stream which rose in the Quantocks warmed and is still warming distant shores. Although Dorothy Wordsworth produced nothing directly, her influence on both men was of the highest importance. Coleridge answered to many a touch which the slower Wordsworth could not feel; but Dorothy's quick sympathy, keen observation, and rapid suggestion—qualities she possessed in greater measure than her brother—were invaluable to both. The best work of both poets was done, alike by the Quantocks and by the Lakes, under the direct influence of her companionship. Nor was the influence, in action and reaction, of the men on one another less potent. Coleridge's was by far the most active, as well as the finer and more penetrating, and the immense receptiveness of Wordsworth must have acted as a strong incentive to its exercise. And this is true, I believe, notwithstanding that there are more distinct traces of Wordsworth's influence on Coleridge's poetry than of the converse. It was a consequence of Coleridge's quicker sense, that he took up readily the tone and accent as well as the substance of another's thoughts, whereas, in Wordsworth's case, everything that entered his mind from without underwent a slow process of assimilation, and when it re-appeared, substance and expression were equally his own.

There are several indications, however, that this summer of 1797 was not to Coleridge one of unmingled happiness. Poole's letter to Charles Lloyd, written on 5th June, already quoted, seems to show that Lloyd was then no longer 'domesticated' with Coleridge. The particular date at which domestication ceased, and with it the payment of the £80 a year, is unknown; but although Lloyd came and went[1] until the final rupture in the spring of 1798, he probably ceased to contribute regularly to Coleridge's household expenses after the summer of 1797. The deprivation must have been severely felt, and this it may have been which caused the fit of 'depression too dreadful to be described,' of which he wrote in an undated letter to Cottle[2]: 'A sort of calm hopelessness diffuses itself over my heart. Indeed every mode of life which has promised me bread and cheese, has been, one after another, torn away from me; but God remains. I have no immediate pecuniary distress, having received ten pounds from Lloyd. I employ myself now on a book of morals in answer to Godwin, and on my tragedy.' We have already seen that, in June, Coleridge was accepting pecuniary aid from Poole and other friends. Poole at that time describes him as 'industrious, considering the exertion of his mind necessary when he works,' adding that three acts of the tragedy are completed.[3]

About the 6th of September, having completed *Osorio* to the middle of the fifth act, he took it over to Shaftesbury to exhibit it to the 'god of his idolatry,' Bowles.[4] Idol and worshipper then met for the first time, and if we may believe Cottle,[5] some disillusion must have resulted—on Coleridge's part, at all events.[1] A month later *Osorio* was completed and sent off to Drury Lane, without much hope that it would be accepted. Although Coleridge's memory so far failed him that, during all his later life, he made it his pet grievance that Sheridan returned him neither MS. nor reply, he really received the reply by the beginning of December. It was to the effect that *Osorio* was rejected on account of the obscurity of Acts III., IV., and V.[2] Wordsworth stated[3] that in November 1797 *Osorio* was offered with his own tragedy to Covent Garden, but his statement was made doubtfully, and there is no corroborative evidence. Both tragedies were about this time proposed to Cottle for publication, and he offered thirty guineas for each, but the offer was declined—'from the hope' (says Cottle) 'of introducing one or both on the stage.'[4]

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[1] Cottle (*Rem.* p. 150) says he met Charles Lloyd at Coleridge's house in August 1797.

[2] *Rem.* p. 102. The reference to 'my tragedy' shows that the letter must have been written before the middle of October. The 'answer to Godwin' never appeared.

[3] *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 231.

[4] Cottle's *Rem.* p. 133.

[5] *Ib.* p. 21.

The air, as usual, was full of projects. An epic, to which at least twenty years should be devoted, was not, strictly speaking, one of them, but the necessary preparations were suggested—ten years for collecting material, five for composition, five for correction—'So would I write, haply not unhearing of that divine and nightly whispering voice, which speaks to mighty minds, of predestinated garlands, starry and unwithering.'[1] A great poem on Man and Nature and Society, to be symbolised by a brook in its course from upland source to sea,[2] was planned in conversation with Wordsworth, and a translation of Wieland's *Oberon* seems to have been actually undertaken. This was in November 1797. On the 13th of that month,[3] at half-past four in the afternoon, Coleridge and the two Wordsworths set off to walk to Watchet *en route* to Linton and the Valley of Stones—a little tour the expense of which they meant to defray (*solvitur ambulando*) by a joint composition of the two poets, to be sold for £5 to the editor of the *Monthly Magazine*.[4] Before the first eight miles had been covered the attempt at joint composition broke down, and Coleridge took the business into his own hands.[5]

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[1] During his residence at Calne in 1814-1816, Coleridge saw much of Bowles, whose parsonage at Bremhill was not far off. Coleridge showed Bowles the first chapter of his *Biographia*, and wondered what Bowles thought of it—'if, indeed, he collated the passages concerning himself, with his own speeches, etc., concerning *me*. Alas! I injured myself irreparably with him by devoting a fortnight [probably in 1815] to the correction of his poems. He took the corrections, but never forgave the corrector. *Nihil fecisse benigne est: Immo etiam tædet, tædet obestque magis*' (Letter to Brabant, December 5, 1816, in *West. Rev.* July 1870, p. 21). The Latin words are from Catullus (Carmen LXXIII. *In Ingratum*). The passage to which they belong is quoted, with reference to Hazlitt, in the last chapter of the *Biog. Lit.* (ed. 1847, ii. 302).

[2] 'I received a letter from Linley [Sheridan's brother-in-law and secretary], the long and short of which is that Sheridan rejects the Tragedy—his *sole* objection is, the obscurity of the three last acts.' (*From an unprinted letter written by Coleridge at 'Cottle's shop,' undated, but received by Poole on* 'Dec. 2, 1797.')

[3] Fenwick-note to *The Borderers*.

[4] *Rem.* pp. 166, 167.

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[1] To Cottle. *Rem.* p. 103. *Cf.* the lines in the 'Dedication' to George Coleridge—quoted at p. 70 *supra*.

[2] See Coleridge's account of the projected poem on 'The Brook' in *Biog. Lit.* chap. x. 'My walks were almost daily on the top of Quantock, and among its sloping coombs. With my pencil and memorandum-book in my hand, I was *making studies*, as the artists call them, and often moulding my thoughts into verse with the objects and imagery immediately before my senses. Many circumstances, evil and good, intervened to prevent the completion of the poem which was to have been entitled "THE BROOK."' In the course of the 'Fenwick-note' to the Duddon sonnets, Wordsworth makes an interesting comparison between what he had accomplished in that series, and what Coleridge had planned for his poem on *The Brook*.

[3] Dorothy Wordsworth's letter, Nov. 20, 1797, in *Memoirs* of Wordsworth (1851, i. 106), and the 'Fenwick-note' which follows the letter. There the date of the *Ancient Mariner* tour is given as 'the autumn of 1797.' The date given to Miss Fenwick by Wordsworth seems to have been 'the spring of 1798,' but the error was silently corrected in the *Memoirs*. It has unfortunately been allowed to stand without a corrective note in all editions of Wordsworth's poems, and in later biographies.

[4] Commonly given as 'The *New* Monthly Magazine'—a periodical which did not begin until 1814.

[5] A few lines which Wordsworth had composed were adopted by Coleridge. The 'Fenwick-note,' in which Wordsworth gave an account of the genesis of the poem, with many other particulars regarding it, too voluminous for reproduction here (even were it the place), will be found in the 'Notes' to Coleridge's *Poetical Works*, 1893, pp. 593-599.

The magnificent result was *The Ancient Mariner.* But it was not sent to the *Monthly Magazine*, and the travellers' expenses must have come from some other fund. It 'grew and grew' (says Wordsworth) until March came round. On the 23rd of that month (1798) Dorothy records: 'Coleridge dined with us; he brought his ballad finished. We walked with him to the miner's house. A beautiful evening, very starry, the horned moon.' No doubt the poet read the ballad to his friends—his one perfect and complete achievement—'inimitable,' as with just pride he affirmed.

Of *Christabel*, which Coleridge tells us was begun at Stowey in 1797, there is no contemporary record or manuscript. But the originals of the 'thin gray cloud' which made the moon 'both small and dull'; of 'the one red leaf the last of its clan'; of ''Tis a month before the month of May, And the Spring comes slowly up this way,' and of other lines are to be found in Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal from January 21 to March 25, 1798, and show, not only how much Coleridge was aided by her keen observation of nature, but fix unmistakably the date of composition of Part I. The enchantment was all his own, but, as in the case of the *Ancient Mariner* and *Kubla Khan*, the elements were gathered from every quarter.

Sometime in 1797, possibly earlier, Coleridge had been introduced by Poole to Thomas and Josiah Wedgwood, sons of the great potter. Their brother John resided at Cote House, Westbury, near Bristol; Thomas was a patient of Dr. Beddoes, and the combined circumstances caused the brothers, Thomas and Josiah, to be frequent visitors to the neighbourhood. Coleridge probably often met them at Bristol and at

Poole's, and as both were cultivated men they could not fail to be greatly interested in the poet. In December 1797, and during the absence of the Wordsworths in London, Coleridge received an invitation to preach at the Unitarian chapel at Shrewsbury, as a candidate for the pastoral charge about to become vacant by the retirement of the Rev. Mr. Rowe. In spite of old prejudices against the preaching of the Gospel for hire, he was tempted by the emolument of £150 per annum which was attached to the pastorate. This step coming to the knowledge of the brothers Josiah and Thomas Wedgwood, they hastened to send him a present of £100 to relieve his immediate necessities, and to dissuade him from abandoning poetry and philosophy for the ministry. The cheque was immediately returned by Coleridge with a grateful letter, explaining that the £100 would soon be consumed, and prospectless poverty recur. He therefore proceeded to Shrewsbury, and preached there 'with much acceptance' on the second Sunday of 1798. One of his hearers was William Hazlitt, then a youth of twenty, living with his father, the Unitarian minister at Wem, a village ten miles from Shrewsbury. A quarter of a century afterwards, Hazlitt gave an account of that Sunday which is immortal.[1] He describes how he rose before daylight, and walked ten miles in the mud 'to hear this celebrated person preach.'

> When I got there, the organ was playing the 100th Psalm, and, when it was done, Mr. Coleridge rose and gave out his text, 'And He went up into the mountains to pray, *Himself, alone.*' As he gave out this text, his voice 'rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,' and when he came to the two last words, which he pronounced loud, deep, and distinct, it seemed to me, who was then young, as

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[1] *The Liberal*, No. III. (1823): 'My first acquaintance with Poets'—an expansion of an article printed in *The Examiner* for Jan. 12, 1817.

if the sounds had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. . . . The preacher then launched into his subject like an eagle dallying with the wind. The sermon was upon peace and war: upon church and state—not their alliance, but their separation—on the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christianity, not as the same, but as opposed to one another. He talked of those who had 'inscribed the cross of Christ on banners dripping with human gore.' He made a poetical and pastoral excursion,—and to show the fatal effects of war, drew a striking contrast between the simple shepherd boy, driving his team afield, or sitting under the hawthorn, piping to his flock 'as though he should never be old,' and the same poor country-lad, crimped, kidnapped . . . turned into a wretched drummer-boy . . . and decked out in the loathsome finery of the profession of blood.

The discourse seemed to young Hazlitt as the music of the spheres: 'Poetry and Philosophy had met together, Truth and Genius had embraced, under the eye and with the sanction of Religion.' On the following Tuesday Coleridge came to the manse at Wem, and spent the first two hours in talking to the youth.

His complexion (says Hazlitt) was at that time clear, and even bright. His forehead was broad and high, light as if built of ivory, with large projecting eyebrows, and his eyes rolling beneath them like a sea with darkened lustre. 'A certain tender bloom his face o'erspread,' a purple tinge as we see it in the pale thoughtful complexions of the Spanish portrait-painters, Murillo and Velasquez. His mouth was gross, voluptuous, open, eloquent; his chin good-humoured and round, but his nose, the rudder of the face, the index of the will, was small, feeble, nothing—like what he has done. . . . Coleridge in his person was rather above the common size, inclining to the corpulent, or like Lord Hamlet, 'somewhat fat and pursy.' His hair (now, alas! gray) was then black and glossy as the raven's, and fell in smooth masses over his forehead.

The day passed off pleasantly, and the next morning Coleridge was to return to Shrewsbury.

When I came down to breakfast I found that he had just received a letter from his friend T. [J.] Wedgwood, making him an offer of £150 a year if he chose to waive his present pursuit, and

> devote himself entirely to the study of poetry and philosophy. Coleridge seemed to make up his mind to close with this proposal in the act of tying on one of his shoes. It threw an additional damp on his departure. . . . He was henceforth to inhabit the Hill of Parnassus, to be a Shepherd on the Delectable Mountain. Alas! I knew not the way thither.

So mourned Hazlitt—who was but imperfectly consoled by an invitation to Stowey. He accompanied Coleridge part of the way back to Shrewsbury, and 'observed that he continually crossed me on the way by shifting from one side of the footpath to the other. . . . He seemed unable to keep in a straight line.'[1] Hazlitt himself trod on air, for the talk was divine. 'The very milestones had ears, and Harmer Hill stooped with all its pines to listen to a poet.'

The letter which Coleridge had received, and which had been written by Josiah Wedgwood, on his own and his brother Thomas's behalf, was printed in full by Mrs. Sandford.[2] The terms of their offer, then first made public, were contained in these sentences: 'After what my brother Thomas has written [with the present of a hundred pounds], I have only to state the proposal we wish to make to you. It is that you shall accept *an annuity for life of £*150, *to be regularly paid by us, no condition whatsoever being annexed to it.* Thus your liberty will remain entire. . . . I do not now enter into the particulars of the mode of securing the annuity, etc.—that will be done when we receive your consent to the proposal we are making; and we shall only say that *we mean the annuity to be independent of everything but the wreck of our fortune.*'[1] Coleridge delayed not a post in accepting the proposal, and in announcing this to Poole, on the same day, he wrote[2]: 'High benevolence is something so new, that I am not certain that I am not dreaming.' He adds that he is obliged to remain two Sundays longer at Shrewsbury. 'The congregation is small, and my reputation had cowed them into vast respectfulness, but one shrewd fellow remarked that he would rather hear me *talk* than *preach*.' On the 19th, Coleridge sent in his official resignation of candidature,[3] and on the 29th went off to meet his benefactors at Cote House.[4] With the invitation mentioned in the footnote (4), there went a letter from Daniel Stuart, proprietor of the *Morning Post*, suggesting subjects for contributions in prose and verse, the remuneration for which (as we gather from an allusion in Poole's accompanying letter) was to be a guinea a week. Stuart's letter incidentally reveals the fact that Coleridge had been already a contributor to his paper. Poole urges Coleridge to attend at once to Stuart's request, but on the 27th Poole is told that he will be vexed to hear that Coleridge has, so far, written nothing for the *Morning Post*. He has been much fêted at Shrewsbury, he says; and I suspect that his detention there beyond the date of resignation was voluntary. He was certainly unwise in postponing both his visit to the Wedgwoods and his contributions to the newspaper. The introduction to Daniel Stuart, who had become proprietor and editor of the *Morning Post* in 1796, must have come from the Wedgwoods, either directly or through their intimate friend (Sir) James Mackintosh, who in 1789 had married Stuart's sister Catherine.

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[1] Compare Carlyle in the *Life of Sterling:* 'A lady once remarked that he [Coleridge, at the Grove, Highgate] never could fix which side of the garden-walk would suit him best, but continually shifted, in corkscrew fashion, and kept trying both' (p. 71).

[2] *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 259-261. The example of the brothers Wedgwood in the disposal of their wealth, seems to be as difficult of imitation as the artistic skill by which, in large measure, the wealth had been acquired by their father:—'My brother and myself are possessed of a considerable superfluity of fortune; squandering and hoarding are equally distant from our inclinations. But we are earnestly desirous to convert this superfluity into a fund of beneficence, and we have now been accustomed for some time, to regard ourselves rather as Trustees than Proprietors.'

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[1] It is unaccountable how the unconditional terms of this offer came to be forgotten or ignored by all parties when in 1811 Josiah Wedgwood saw fit to withdraw his half of the annuity. Thomas had died in the meantime, but his half had been secured legally, and was paid regularly until Coleridge's death.

[2] Letter of January 16th, unpublished.

[3] His letter is printed in full in the *Christian Reformer* for 1834, p. 838.

[4] Cottle's *Rem.* p. 172; but Cottle mistakes in supposing the letter there printed to be Coleridge's acceptance of the annuity. It was in reply to an (unpublished) invitation from T. Wedgwood dated 'Penzance, January 20,' which had been forwarded by Poole.

I have not detected any of Coleridge's contributions to the *Morning Post* before the beginning of 1798, but between January 8 and the departure for Germany several poems of various merit appeared.[1] The magnificent *Ode to France* was by far the most important of these. In calling it *The Recantation*, Coleridge meant, of course, that he recanted his previous deeply-felt and loudly-expressed belief in the French Revolution as the incarnation of the principle of Liberty. The base treatment of Switzerland by the Revolutionist leaders had opened his eyes.[2] Though not published till April, the ode and *Frost at Midnight* are both dated 'February 1798'; *Fears in Solitude*, 'written during the alarm of an invasion,' was written two months later. *The Wanderings oj Cain*[3] and *The Nightingale: a Conversation Poem* belong to this rich spring and summer, which also saw the gathering together of the *Lyrical Ballads.* Before the end of March *The Ancient Mariner* was ready; on the 12th April, Wordsworth tells Cottle he has been going on 'very rapidly, adding to his stock of poetry.' The season, he adds, is advancing with extraordinary rapidity, 'and the country becomes almost every hour more lovely.'[1] It was of this season, the splendour of which has become traditional, that he reminded Coleridge in the closing lines of *The Prelude*:—

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[1] *Fire, Famine, and Slaughter; The Raven; Lewti; The Recantation* [i.e. *France: an Ode*]; and *The Mad Ox* [i.e. *Recantation*].

[2] 'No man was more enthusiastic than I was for France and the Revolution; it had all my wishes, none of my expectations. *Before* 1793, *I clearly saw, and often enough stated in public, the horrid delusion, the vile mockery of the whole affair*' (*Table Talk*, July 23, 1832). The editor of *T.T.* quotes stanzas iv. and v. of *France* in support of Coleridge's imperfect recollection. It would have been more useful had he quoted stanzas ii. and iii. in correction of it.

[3] Hazlitt says Coleridge told him the Valley of Stones near Linton was to have been the scene. (*My first acquaintance with Poets.*)

> That summer, under whose indulgent skies,
> Upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge we roved
> Unchecked, or loitered 'mid her sylvan combs,
> Thou in bewitching words, with happy heart,
> Didst chaunt the vision of that Ancient Man,
> The bright-eyed Mariner, and rueful woes
> Didst utter of the Lady Christabel;
> And I, associate with such labour, steeped
> In soft forgetfulness the livelong hours,
> Murmuring of him who, joyous hap, was found,
> After the perils of his moonlight ride.

The prospect of Wordsworth's enforced quittance of Alfoxden at Midsummer seems to have produced as early as March a feeling of unrest among the whole party. 'We have come to a resolution' (wrote Wordsworth to his friend James Losh[2]), '— Coleridge, Mrs. Coleridge, my sister, and myself, of going into Germany, where we purpose to pass the two ensuing years in order to acquire the German language, and to furnish ourselves with a tolerable stock of information in natural science.' As time and discussion went on, this large scheme underwent some modification.

It was probably in May that Hazlitt paid the visit to Coleridge which he has brilliantly described in *The* + *Liberal.*[3] He heard Coleridge recite 'with a sonorous and musical voice the ballad of *Betty Foy*.' He saw Wordsworth, 'gaunt and Don Quixote-like,' in his 'brown fustian jacket and striped pantaloons.'

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[1] *Rem.* p. 175.

[2] Of 'Woodside, near Carlisle.' Letter of March 11, 1798, quoted in Knight's *Life*, i. 147.

[3] No. III., 1823, *My first acquaintance with Poets.*

+ Edited by Leigh Hunt.

> Wordsworth read us the story of *Peter Bell*[1] in the open air. . . . There is a *chaunt* in the recitation both of Coleridge and Wordsworth which acts as a spell on the hearer, and disarms the judgment. . . . Coleridge's manner is more full, animated, and varied; Wordsworth's more equable, sustained, and internal. . . . Coleridge has told me that he himself liked to compose in walking over uneven ground, or breaking through the straggling branches of a copsewood. . . . Returning that same evening, I got into a metaphysical argument with Wordsworth, while Coleridge was explaining the different notes of the nightingale to his sister, in which we neither of us succeeded in making ourselves perfectly clear and intelligible. Thus I passed three weeks at Nether Stowey and in the neighbourhood, generally devoting the afternoons to a delightful chat in an arbour made of bark by the poet's friend Tom Poole, sitting under two fine elm trees and listening to the bees humming around us while we quaffed our *flip*.

Coleridge took Hazlitt on a walk to Linton. That the five-and-thirty miles of roughest road was covered in one day—'our feet kept time to the echo of Coleridge's tongue'—speaks convincingly as to Coleridge's robust condition at this time. In this walk John Chester made a third—'a native of Nether Stowey,' says Hazlitt, 'one of those who were attracted to Coleridge's discourse as flies are to honey, or bees in swarming time to the sound of a brass pan. . . . He told me his private opinion, that Coleridge was a wonderful man. . . . He afterwards followed [accompanied] Coleridge into Germany.'

Of Coleridge's literary likes and dislikes as pronounced during the walk, Hazlitt gives a tolerably long list. His narrative is not improbably tinged a little by his own prejudices, and distorted by the perspective of a quarter of a century, but it is doubtless in the main a true account of the vivid impressions he carried away, and should be read in its entirety. Another account of the Coleridge of this period has survived; but as it was written by himself to his brother George, on whom he was doubtless anxious to produce a favourable impression, it must be received with due caution. It is a very long and deeply interesting letter, and will doubtless be printed in full in the biography now preparing by the poet's grandson. Coleridge begins by saying that he has been troubled by toothache, and has found relief in laudanum—not sleep, but that kind of repose which is as a 'spot of enchantment, a green spot of fountains and trees in the very heart of a waste of sand.' He has 'snapped his squeaking baby-trumpet of sedition,' and given himself over entirely to poetry and philosophical contemplation—but he discreetly refrains from mentioning the preaching in Unitarian chapels. The letter ends by proposing an early walk down to Ottery. Had he carried out this intention he would doubtless have announced the German plan which was then chiefly occupying his thoughts.

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[1] *Peter Bell* was begun on April 20, says Dorothy Wordsworth in her Journal.' Knight's *Life*, i. 143.

The letter was written in April. In the same month, probably, but certainly about this time, came the rupture with Lloyd; and, consequent on the painful depression it produced, that famous retirement 'to a lonely farm-house between Porlock and Linton,' and resort to 'an anodyne,' of which *Kubla Khan* was the costly but delightful result.[1]

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[1] In the Preface to *Kubla Khan* Coleridge gives the date as 'the summer of 1797,' and in the *Poet. Works* (1893) I have so placed the poem. But, after the text of that volume had been printed, a MS. note by Coleridge, dated Nov. 3, 1810, was discovered, and kindly communicated to me by Mr. Ernest Coleridge. In this, Coleridge states that the retirement to the farm-house, and the recourse to opium—he calls it 'the first,' meaning, doubtless, the first recourse

On the 14th May Coleridge's second child was born, and named (but not baptized) 'Berkeley' in honour of the philosopher, the keystone of whose system was still, in his disciple's eyes, indestructible. In announcing this event to Poole, then waiting by his only brother's death-bed, he claims to be the better able to sympathise with him because of 'sorrows of his own that have cut more deeply into his heart than they ought to have done'—alluding, doubtless, to the rupture with Lloyd, and to his knowledge that Lamb was being alienated from him by Lloyd.

In March there had been talk of a third edition of Coleridge's poems, and on hearing of it Lloyd begged Cottle to 'persuade' Coleridge to omit his. This caused Coleridge to reply, smilingly, that no persuasion was needed for the omission of verses published at the earnest request of the author; and that though circumstances had made the Groscollian motto[1] now look ridiculous, he accepted the punishment of his folly. The letter closes with the characteristically sententious reflection—'By past experience we build up our moral being.'[2] The story is much obscured by Cottle. He mixes up with it the Higginbottom Sonnets[3] of November 1797, and omits to supply his documents with dates, but it would seem

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for relief from *mental* trouble—were caused by the breach with Lloyd. He goes on to say that the nervous disquietude and misery which he suffered prevented him from finishing *Christabel*. Coleridge is generally unreliable in the matter of dates assigned to particular single events, but I think we may trust him when he synchronises. Besides, it seems far more probable that *Kubla Khan* was composed after *Christabel* (I.) and *The Ancient Mariner*, than that it was the first breathing on his magic flute.

[1] See footnote 5, p. 68 *supra*.

[2] S. T. C. to Cottle, March 8, 1798, in *Rem.* p. 164.

[3] *Poet. Works* (1893), p. 110. These satirical sonnets were printed in Nov. 1797, and one of Lamb's most affectionate letters to Coleridge was written in the following January. (*Letters*, i. 85.)

that by June some sort of reconciliation between Lloyd and Coleridge had been patched up. 'I love Coleridge,' wrote Lloyd to Cottle,[1] 'and can forget all that has happened'; but things must have gone wrong again, for Lloyd resumed, and too successfully, his attempt to poison Lamb's mind. On July 28, Lamb wrote thus to Southey: 'Samuel Taylor Coleridge, to the eternal regret of his native Devonshire, emigrates to Westphalia. "Poor Lamb" (these were his last words), "if he wants any *knowledge*, he may apply to me." . . . I could not refrain from sending him the following propositions, to be by him defended or oppugned (or both) at Leipsic or Göttingen'; and then come the *Theses quædam Theologicæ.*[2] If any such speech was ever uttered by Coleridge, it must have been curiously misrepresented to have aroused in Lamb's gentle spirit the extreme bitterness manifested in the letter[3] he wrote to Coleridge conveying the *Theses.* In after-years[4] Lamb told Coleridge that the brief alienation between them had been caused by Lloyd's tattle, adding that Lloyd's unfortunate habit had wrought him other mischief.[5] The quarrel must have been a source of much pain both to Lamb and Coleridge—especially to Coleridge, who was conscious of having thought no evil of Lamb. Coleridge's feelings had by this time (July 1798) been embittered by the publication of Lloyd's novel, *Edmund Oliver*, in which, under the thinnest disguise, and in no particularly friendly spirit, Coleridge's enlistment and other adventures had been introduced. The irritation could not have failed to be increased by the circumstances, that the book was dedicated to Charles Lamb, and published by Cottle.

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[1] Birmingham, June 7, 1798. In the same letter he mentions that Lamb had quitted him the day before after a fortnight's visit, and that he will write to Coleridge (*Rem.* p. 170).

[2] *Letters of Lamb*, i. 88.

[3] *Ib.* i. 321.

[4] *Ib.* ii. 32.

[5] '[Coleridge, in 1821] spoke in the highest terms of affection and consideration of Lamb. Related the circumstance which gave rise to *The Old Familiar Faces.* Charles Lloyd, in one of his fits, had shown to Lamb a letter, in which Coleridge had illustrated the cases of vast genius in proportion to talent, and predominance of talent in conjunction with genius, in the persons of Lamb and himself. Hence a temporary coolness, at the termination of which, or during its continuance, these beautiful verses were written' (Allsop's *Letters*, etc. p. 141). *The Old Familiar Faces* was first printed in *Blank Verse* (by C. L. and C. Ll.) 1798, and dated 'January 1798.' As this date is probably correct, the 'friend of my bosom' was certainly Coleridge; the friend whom Lamb had 'left like an ingrate,' Lloyd,—and Allsop's (or Coleridge's) recollection, therefore, as regards Lamb's verses, at fault.

In May, Cottle was invited to Alfoxden and spent a week there. During this visit, arrangements were made for the publication of the *Lyrical Ballads*, and he carried off with him the MS. of *The Ancient Mariner*. The price of the copyright was fixed at thirty guineas, payable in the last fortnight of July—the 'money being necessary to our plan,' wrote Coleridge—the plan being doubtless the German one, although its details had not then been finally arranged. It was probably with the view of consulting the Wedgwoods[1] that about the middle of June, Coleridge paid them a visit at Stoke d'Abernon, near Cobham,[2] during which he learnt that Godwin was anxious to be *re*introduced to him. Coleridge hopes to see him in the following week, but I think the meeting did not take place until 1800. On the 3rd August he was with the Wordsworths at Bristol, and wrote to Poole that he considered 'the realisation of the [German] scheme of great importance to his intellectual activity, and, of course, to his moral happiness.'[1] He is doubtful whether Mrs. Coleridge should accompany him, but inclined to think that as this would involve borrowing, he had better go alone—at first, at all events. He begs for Poole's advice to be laid before him on his return to Stowey, in a week, after he has taken a 'dart into Wales.' The Wordsworths had quitted Alfoxden at Midsummer, and, after staying a week with the Coleridges, they walked to Bristol, where they took lodgings, and superintended the printing of the *Lyrical Ballads*. Before the end of August they were in London, in readiness for their journey.

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[1] It may be as well, at this point, to clear away a misunderstanding with regard to the relations between the Wedgwoods on the one part, and Coleridge and Wordsworth on the other, in the matter of the cost of the German expedition. In her very interesting miscellany, *A Group of Englishmen* (1871, p. 98), Miss Meteyard quotes from the accounts-current between the Wedgwoods and their Hamburg Agents, P. and O. Von Axen, entries of large payments to Coleridge and Wordsworth during the poets' residence in Germany. She jumps to the conclusion, which unfortunately has been accepted by biographers of both, that (1) Wordsworth's expenses came out of the Wedgwoods' pockets, and (2) that this was the case also with Coleridge's, *over and above his annuity*. I believe the facts to be, that (1) Wordsworth merely banked with the Von Axens, and (2) all Coleridge's drawings were debited to his annuity, except those made for account of Chester, whose family paid all his expenses.

[2] *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 271.

We have no details, but during these weeks it must have been settled that Mrs. Coleridge and the two children, Hartley and Berkeley, should remain at Stowey, under the wing of Poole, and that Coleridge should take with him the young Stowey man mentioned by Hazlitt, John Chester. Coleridge met the Wordsworths in London about the 10th September, and spent a few hurried days. He arranged with Johnson (Cowper's publisher), in St. Paul's Churchyard, for the printing of the little quarto which contains *Fears in Solitude*,[2] etc., but unfortunately he found no time for his most important call—that on Daniel Stuart respecting promised contributions to the *Morning Post.* The party left London on the 14th, and, having taken packet at Yarmouth on the 16th, reached Hamburg on the third day after.

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[1] *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 272.

[2] FEARS IN SOLITUDE, written in 1798, during the alarm of an invasion. To which are added, FRANCE, an Ode; and FROST AT MIDNIGHT. By S. T. Coleridge. LONDON: Printed for J. Johnson, in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1798. Quarto, pp. 23. 'Fears in Solitude' is dated at the end, 'Nether Stowey, April 20th, 1798.' Each of the other poems is dated at the end—'February 1798.'

The volume of *Lyrical Ballads, with a few other Poems*, had been published a few days before. It was anonymous, and in the preface ('Advertisement') no hint was given that more than one author was concerned. Coleridge's contributions were:—*The Rime of the Ancyent Marinere; The Nightingale: a Conversation Poem; The Foster-Mother's Tale;* and *The Dungeon*—the two last being overflowings from *Osorio.* The reception accorded to the little volume was far from being enthusiastic, but, everything considered, was not altogether discreditable to the reviewers. If they were shocked by the *Ancient Mariner*, so were Southey and Lloyd, and so, a little, was William Wordsworth. They saw merit in *Goody Blake* and in *The Thorn* and in *The Idiot Boy*, but only Southey, among them all, took the least notice of *Lines at Tintern Abbey.* He was likewise alone in noticing the *Lines left on a Yew-tree Seat;* and not even he was attracted by 'It is the first mild day of March,' or 'Written in Early Spring,' or by the exquisite close of *Simon Lee*—plain evidence of the small extent to which the sweet influences of Cowper and Burns had up to that time affected the dry places of metropolitan criticism. The sale of the volume was slow, but the poets heard nothing at all about it during their absence, except a cheerful report from Mrs. Coleridge that 'the *Lyrical Ballads* are not liked at all by any.'

CHAPTER V

GERMANY

A.D. 1798–1799

THE passage from Yarmouth and the events of the early days spent by the united party at Hamburg, are amusingly described by Coleridge in his 'Satyrane's Letters.'[1] In Hamburg they greatly enjoyed themselves in simple tourist fashion. They met Klopstock and had discussions, of greater length than importance, with him on the literatures of their respective countries. After four days' junketing, Coleridge went off by himself to Ratzeburg, carrying a letter of introduction to the *Amtmann* (Magistrate) of that town, who introduced him to a pastor, with whom he arranged to live (himself and Chester) *en pension*. He then returned to Hamburg, said good-bye to the Wordsworths, and on the 1st October left again for Ratzeburg, remaining there for the next four months. The early separation from the Wordsworths has never been fully explained, and has given rise to unfounded suspicions, such as those which seized on Charles Lamb when he heard the news[1] that the poets had quarrelled. The only allusion to the reasons with which I am acquainted is contained in a letter from Poole,[2] which apparently reflects Coleridge's account of the matter. 'The Wordsworths have left you—so there is an end of our fears about amalgamation, etc. I think you both did perfectly right. It was right for them to find a cheaper situation; and it was right for you to avoid the expense of travelling, provided you are where *pure German* is spoken.' He adds, 'You will, of course, frequently hear from Wordsworth,'—which shows that the separation took place under no shadow even of momentary unfriendliness. On the day on which the Wordsworths left Hamburg for Goslar (*viâ* Brunswick), William wrote to Poole: 'Coleridge has most likely informed you that he and Chester have settled at Ratzeburg. Dorothy and I are going to speculate further up the country.' They went further only to fare worse, for at Goslar they were nearly frozen to death, saw little or nothing of German society, and learnt little or nothing of the language or literature. Wordsworth, however, did better, for he wrote some of his best poetry, though of course he could have done that under more comfortable circumstances in England. A most cordial correspondence was kept up between the separated friends,[3] and in February Wordsworth and his sister seem to have visited Coleridge at Göttingen.[4] They also spent a day or two with him, in April, on their way home.[1]

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[1] Spenser's Satyrane (*F.Q.* I. vi.)—

> Who far abroad for strange adventures sought.

The Letters were first printed in *The Friend* for Nov. 23, Dec. 7, and Dec. 21, 1809. They were reprinted in the *Biog. Lit.* vol. ii. Coleridge, I believe, saw Klopstock only on the first occasion, and the whole of the account of the conversations must have been taken from Wordsworth's notes, for the language used was French, which was practically unintelligible to Coleridge.

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[1] Lamb to Southey, Nov. 28, 1798 (*Letters*, i. 98).

[2] To Coleridge, Oct. 8, 1798. *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 278.

[2] Oct. 3, 1798. Knight's *Life*, i. 178.

[3] Knight's *Life*, i. 184. See also *Hexameters*, and *Ad Vilmum Axiologum*, in *Poet. Works* (1893), pp. 137, 138.

[4] Knight's *Life*, i. 183.

Coleridge's purpose in remaining at Ratzeburg was to acquire a thorough knowledge of German.

> It was a regular part of my morning studies for the first six weeks of my residence at Ratzeburg, to accompany the good and kind old pastor with whom I lived, from the cellar to the roof, through gardens, farm-yard, etc., and to call every, the minutest, thing by its German name. Advertisements, farces, jest-books, and the conversation of children while I was at play with them, contributed their share to a more home-like acquaintance with the language than I could have acquired from works of polite literature alone, or even from polite society.[2]

By the end of those six weeks he 'amazes' his Stowey friends by his report of progress; and vexes them by the accounts of his home-sickness. 'You say you wish to come home!' responds Poole, and advises him to be of good cheer and think of nothing but the accomplishment of the object of his exile. He adds that Stuart is anxiously expecting the promised contributions to the *Morning Post*—contributions which never arrived.[3]

Coleridge certainly wrote warmly affectionate and dolorously home-sick letters to his wife and to Poole, but my impression is that he had distractions. He made little excursions into the adjoining country; the 'nobility and gentry' of the little town paid him much attention, for he was Coleridge, and Englishmen were naturally popular in a town which fired a salute of twenty-one guns in honour of the battle of the Nile. But the mails were very irregular, and he no doubt fretted sometimes—especially when news came that little Berkeley's inoculation had been swiftly followed by an attack of smallpox which spoiled his fair beauty. Coleridge tried total abstinence from fermented liquors, and ate little animal food, but after three months' experience of the regimen, found that though his digestion improved and his spirits became more equable, sleeplessness had been induced. With what he considered a sufficient stock of German, he left Ratzeburg on Feb. 6th for Göttingen, where he arrived on the 12th. He matriculated at the University, at which he found three Cambridge men, including two Parrys, elder brothers of the Arctic explorer. He attended the lectures of Blumenbach on Physiology and Natural History; those of the rationalising Eichhorn, on the New Testament,[1] he studied at second-hand from a student's notes.[2] 'But my chief efforts were directed towards a grounded knowledge of the German language and literature,' and he went deep into the earlier forms of the language—Gothic, etc. All this he did, and, in addition, 'read and made collections for a history of the *belles lettres* in Germany, before the time of Lessing, and made very large collections for a life of Lessing.'[3] 'For these last four months,' he adds, 'I have worked harder than, I trust in God Almighty, I shall ever have occasion to work again: this endless transcription is such a body-and-soul wearying purgatory. I shall have bought thirty pounds' worth of books, chiefly metaphysics, and with a view to the one work, to which I hope to dedicate in silence the prime of my life ; but I believe, and indeed doubt not, that before Christmas I shall have repaid myself.'

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[1] Knight's *Life*, i. 193.

[2] *Biog. Lit.* 1817, i. 201 *n.*

[3] *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 282.

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[1] 'Coleridge, an able vindicator of these important truths [Christian Evidences], is well acquainted with Eichhorn, but the latter is a coward, who dreads his arguments and his presence. . . . Coleridge is much liked, notwithstanding many peculiarities. He is very liberal towards all doctrines and opinions, and cannot be put out of temper. . . . The great fault which his friends lament is the variety of subjects which he adopts, and the too abstruse nature of his ordinary speculations, *extra homines positas*.' Parry, in a letter of May 25, 1799, quoted in Carlyon's *Early Years and Late Reflections*, i. 100 *n*.

[2] *Biog. Lit.* 1817, i. 202.

[3] Letter to J. Wedgwood, May 21, 1799, in Cottle's *Rem.* p. 427.

On the 22nd March Carlyon arrived at Göttingen fresh from Pembroke College (Cambridge) with a travelling fellowship. With him came one or two other young men, so that there was then a friendly little band of Englishmen, with Coleridge for its centre, if not its leader. For he, we are assured, was 'the noticeable Engländer.' From Carlyon's rather dreary farrago of a book, thrown together when he was an old man, we learn that, as at Ratzeburg, so at Göttingen, Coleridge was not without distractions. Of course he talked—he never wearied of talking, and frequently over the heads of his companions, for he tried to make metaphysicians of them. He was the life and soul of an excursion which the Englishmen made to the Harz Mountains, during which he composed the *Lines written in the Album at Elbingerode* and *Home-sick*, and a picturesque letter to Mrs. Coleridge describing his adventures.[1] Carlyon says he contributed the *Home-sick* lines to the Stamm-Buch at the Wermingerode inn. To Poole he sent them in a letter, thus prefacing them :—'O Poole! I am home-sick. Yesterday, or rather yesternight, I dittied the following hobbling Ditty ; but my poor muse is quite gone—perhaps she may return and meet me at Stowey.'

'Tis sweet to him who all the week
  Through city-crowds must push his way,
To stroll alone through fields and woods,
  And hallow thus the Sabbath-day.

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[1] The letter was printed partially in the *Amulet* for 1829, and completely in the *New Monthly Magazine* for 1835.

And sweet it is, in summer bower,
  Sincere, affectionate and gay,
One's own dear children feasting round,
  To celebrate one's marriage-day.

But what is all, to his delight,
  Who having long been doomed to roam,
Throws off the bundle from his back,
  Before the door of his own home?

Home-sickness is a wasting pang;
  This feel I hourly more and more:
There's healing only in thy wings,
  Thou breeze that play'st on Albion's shore!

May 26, 1799.

From Carlyon we learn that Coleridge dressed badly, 'but I have heard him say, fixing his prominent eyes upon himself (as he was wont to do whenever there was a mirror in the room), with a singularly coxcombical expression of countenance, that his dress was sure to be lost sight of the moment he began to talk, an assertion which, whatever may be thought of its modesty, was not without truth.'[1]

He had, however, fits of depression, especially when the intervals between home letters were prolonged. He describes himself as languishing for hours together in vacancy. 'Love,' he cries out, 'is the vital air of my genius,'[2] and in Germany he has seen no

[1] *Early Years*, etc., i. 29.

[2] Letter to Mrs. Coleridge from Göttingen, 'March 12, 1799. Sunday night'—a long and affectionate letter of the highest interest in every respect. It is printed in the *Illustrated London News* for April 29, 1893. He tells his wife that he is 'deeply convinced that if he were to remain a few years among objects for whom he had no affection, he should wholly lose the powers of intellect.' An intense craving for sympathy in all that it produces is one of the concomitants of the artistic nature. But in Coleridge's case the craving was rather for sympathy with *himself*.

To be beloved is all I need,
And whom I love, I love indeed,

are the closing lines of *The Pains of Sleep*; and in a letter to Beaumont of the same year (1803) he exclaims: 'Me, who from my childhood have had no avarice, no ambition, whose very vanity, in my vainest moments was, nine-tenths of it, the desire and delight, and necessity of loving and of being loved!' (*Coleorton Letters*, i. 15.)

one to love. In the first days of April a sad blow fell on him. Letters from Mrs. Coleridge and from Poole reached him with news that little Berkeley was dead. They were dated March 15, but the child had died nearly five weeks before. Poole's letter reveals the reason of the delay[1]—he feared to disturb Coleridge's mind, and would have kept him in ignorance until his arrival in England. Mrs. Coleridge seems to have shared Poole's notion, but both must have come to see that they could not write at all without mentioning the sad news, and so, in a month, their hand was forced. So far from having 'never forgotten herself' in her sorrow (as Poole, with the kindest of intentions, feigned), Mrs. Coleridge was distracted with grief, and her letter to her husband is very touching. She adjured him not to fail to return in May as he had promised. Coleridge was simply stunned. So perfect was his confidence in the love and affection which had prompted the delay that it drew from him no word of reproach. In his letter to Poole he recalls the lines in *Osorio*—altering them slightly—

'Grief, indeed,
Doth live and dally with fantastic thought,
And smiling like a sickly moralist,
Finds some resemblance to her own concerns
In the straws of chance, and things inanimate!

'But I cannot truly say that I grieve—I am perplexed —I am sad, and a little thing, a very little thing would make me weep; but for the death of the baby, I have *not* wept. Oh! this strange, strange, strange scene-shifter, Death—that giddies one with insecurity, and so unsubstantiates the living things that one has grasped and handled'; and he goes on to transcribe the 'sublime epitaph' which Wordsworth had sent him some months before—'A slumber did my spirit seal.' He fancies that perhaps the thought of the possibility of Dorothy's death had suggested the lines. A month later (May 6) he writes: 'O my God, how I long to be at home!' The nightingales are singing around him and make him think, he writes, of his own verses, 'only because I thought of Hartley, my *only* child.[1] Dear *lamb*, I hope *he* won't be dead before I get home. . . . I have a strange sort of sensation, as if, while I was present, none could die whom I intensely loved.'[2]

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[1] Poole's letter is peculiarly interesting. See *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 290-295.

In the same letter Coleridge informs Poole that the Wordsworths had passed through Göttingen[3]—

> They were melancholy and hypp'd. W. was affected to tears at the thought of not living near me—wished me, of course, to live in the north of England, near them and Sir F. Vane's great library. I told him that, independent of the expense of removing, and the impropriety of taking Mrs. Coleridge to a place where she would have no acquaintance, two insurmountable objections, the library was no inducement, for I wanted old books chiefly, such as could be procured anywhere better than in a gentleman's new fashionable collection. Finally, I told him plainly that *you* had been the man in whom *first*, and in whom *alone*, I had felt an anchor.

But Wordsworth reiterated that a library was a necessity.[4] Coleridge goes on to say that it is painful to him to think of not living near Wordsworth, 'for he is a *good* and *kind* man, and the only one whom in *all* things I feel my superior.'

On the 24th June Coleridge left Göttingen for

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[1] *The Nightingale: a Conversation Poem*, in which Hartley is alluded to.

[2] *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 297.

[3] This visit must have taken place about April 25. See Dorothy Wordsworth's letter to Poole in Knight's *Life of William Wordsworth*, i. 193. There had been a previous visit, 'soon after Coleridge's arrival at Göttingen' (Feb. 12), and previous to March 22. See Carlyon, i. 196.

[4] Up to July the Wordsworths were willing to go to the Stowey neighbourhood if Poole could find them a house. See Knight's *Life*, i. 194.

England. On the evening before, he and some of his English friends were entertained at supper by Professor Blumenbach. Coleridge was in the best of spirits, talking away, says Carlyon, 'with the worst German accent imaginable,' and occasionally appealing to his pocket dictionary for a word. Carlyon and Greenough accompanied Coleridge and Chester as far as Brunswick. The party paid a second visit to the Harz—again, without finding the Brocken Spectre at home—and spent a day over the Lessing relics at Wolfenbüttel on the way.

CHAPTER VI

LONDON—GRETA HALL

A.D. 1799–1801

Coleridge arrived at Stowey at some uncertain date between the 2nd and 29th July, and on the latter day he wrote a friendly letter to Southey, who was at Minehead. Southey seems to have responded tentatively, accusing Coleridge of evil-speaking. Coleridge replied by denying that he had ever accused Southey of anything but enmity to himself, an enmity founded on delusion—and he appealed to Poole. Poole backed up Coleridge, who, he says, had always spoken of Southey with affection. 'As for C. Lloyd,' adds Poole, 'it would be cruel to attribute *his* conduct to aught but a diseased mind.'[1] Southey thus satisfied, brought his wife to Stowey,[2] and there they remained for two or three weeks. It was during this visit that the two poets concocted *The Devil's Thoughts*, after the casual, light-hearted fashion described, long after, by Southey—

> There while the one was shaving
> Would he the song begin,
> And the other, when he heard it at breakfast,
> In ready accord join in.

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[1] From unpublished correspondence.

[2] *Letters of R. S.* i. 78.

Before the end of August the brothers-in-law and their wives set out from Stowey—the Southeys for Sidmouth, and the Coleridges for Ottery St. Mary, on a visit to the old home. To Poole, Coleridge wrote assurances that he and his wife had been 'received with all love and attention,' and Southey, who was detained a few days at Ottery, gave a lively account of the family party to his friend, John May.[1] 'We were all a good deal amused by the old lady [Coleridge's mother]. She could not hear what was going on, but seeing Samuel arguing with his brothers, took it for granted that he must have been wrong, and cried out, "Ah, if your poor father had been alive, he'd soon have convinced you!"' The visit was prolonged until near the end of September, and Coleridge tells Poole that he had enjoyed himself. Finding that his brothers' opinions, tastes, and creed differed fundamentally from his own, he held his peace, and amiably pledged 'Church and King' when the toast was going round, relieving his feelings occasionally in the company of some friends at Exeter, whose views more nearly coincided with his own—one of them being Hucks, the travelling companion of 1794. On the 30th September he writes to Southey of a rheumatic attack which reminds him of his rheumatic fever at school; and, a fortnight later, of much pain and sleeplessness, with sickness, through indigestion of food taken by compulsion—symptoms, one fears, not without their suggestiveness. Southey was at this time collecting verses for the second volume of his *Annual Anthology*, and Coleridge had promised contributions—even *Christabel*, it would appear, for he promises to set about the finishing of it with all speed, though he doubts if it would make a suitable poem with which to open the volume. He thinks he may go to London.

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[1] *Letters of R. S.* i. 81-83.

A week later he went to London—but not directly. He had received alarming accounts of Wordsworth's health, and on the 26th October, in company with Cottle, he arrived at Sockburn, where the Wordsworths were residing with their old friend Tom Hutchinson.[1] Fortunately the cause of alarm had passed away, and almost immediately the three visitors started on a tour of the Lake Country.[2] Cottle having been dropped at Greta Bridge, his place was taken by Wordsworth's sailor brother, John, and the tourists probably penetrated into Gilsland, seeing Irthing Flood, and Knorren Moor, and Tryermaine, and other places whose names give local colour to the second part of *Christabel.* Both poets were strongly attracted by Grasmere, and with Wordsworth it became merely a question of whether he should build a house by the lake-side, or, as he finally decided, to take one which was then available. Before Christmas, he and his sister had taken up their abode in Dove Cottage, which all the world now goes to see.

Coleridge did not go back to Stowey. While in the north he seems to have received a definite proposal to take up his residence in London, and write political articles for the *Morning Post.* In return Stuart seems to have promised to defray all his expenses. To London accordingly he went directly by coach from Sockburn, arriving on November 27. He immediately took lodgings, which at the time he described to Poole as 'quiet and healthful,' at 21 Buckingham Street, Strand;[1] and before the 9th December Mrs. Coleridge and Hartley had joined him. He tells Southey that their *Devil's Thoughts* has been a great success, and that though he fears he has not now poetical enthusiasm enough to finish 'Christabel' for the *Anthology*, he will be ready in time with his other verses.[2] As to permanent residence, beyond the four or five months he will be detained in London, nothing is decided. Both for his own and his wife's sake he should like to fix it near Southey. To Southey he says nothing (in any of the letters which have been printed) of the engagement he had then taken to translate Schiller's *Wallenstein* for Longmans; but in one dated Christmas Eve, he says that he 'gives his mornings to the booksellers'—the translation doubtless—and the time after dinner to Stuart, 'who pays all expenses, whatever they are'—the earnings of the morning going towards replacing the annuity-money he had, by anticipation, spent in Germany.

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[1] The brother of Mary and Sarah Hutchinson. It was Coleridge's first meeting with the sisters. Mary was then keeping house for her brother. In October 1802 she became the wife of Wordsworth. Sarah became one of Coleridge's most attached friends.

[2] *Rem.* p. 259. Wordsworth and Coleridge each wrote some account of the tour. See Knight's *Life of Wordsworth,* i. 198-200.

Before this time he had renewed his intercourse with Godwin. On New Year's Eve he wrote to Poole,[3]—'I work from I-rise to I-set (that is, from 9 A.M. to 12 at night) almost without intermission.' Up to that time his contributions to the *Morning Post* had been confined almost entirely to a few verses; in January a good many political 'leading paragraphs' (as 'leaders' were then called) appeared;[1] in February they dwindled, and on the 14th Coleridge informed Poole[2] that he has given up the *Morning Post*, adding that the editor was 'importunate against it.' He did not give it up all at once, for on the 17th he reported Pitt's speech from long-hand notes made in the House. He tells Wedgwood[3] he has been three times to the House—one of them being 'yesterday,' when he made that famous report. He went to the House on Monday at 7.15 A.M., remained till 3 A.M. on Tuesday, and afterwards wrote and corrected at the newspaper office till 8,—'a good 24 hours of unpleasant activity.' He was very proud of that feat in 'reporting'—in Johnson's manner. To Poole he wrote at the time,[4] 'My report of Pitt's speech made a great noise here,' and in after-years he seems to have told Gillman that it brought Canning next day to the office to inquire of the editor the name of the reporter. On the other hand, Stuart[5] says the report in the *True Briton* was both 'more faithful and more splendid,' and that the story about Canning is 'altogether a romance.' 'I never spoke to Mr. Canning' (he adds) 'until after I had left the *Morning Post*.'

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[1] The lodging at Howell's in King Street, Covent Garden, mentioned by Stuart (*Gent. Mag.* May 1838), was occupied not then, but in 1802.

[2] He must have been as good as his word, for the volume contained:—*Lewti*, *The Mad Ox*, *Lines at Elbingerode*, *A Christmas Carol*, *To a Friend who had declared his Intention of writing no more Poetry*, *The Lime-tree Bower my Prison*, *To W. Linley*, *The British Stripling's War-Song*, *Something childish*, *Homesick*, *Ode to the Duchess of Devonshire*, *Fire*, *Famine*, *and Slaughter*, *The Raven*, *To an Unfortunate Woman at the Theatre*, and a number of 'Epigrams.'

[3] *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 1.

This is a fair specimen of a little controversy which in 1838 arose between Coleridge's biographers and Stuart regarding the connection with the *Morning Post* and the *Courier*. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May and June 1838, Stuart printed his version of it, lest, as he said, some future editor of the *Table Talk* should 'hold him out as an ungrateful person, who was rolling about in his carriage while Coleridge, who made his fortune, was starving in Mr. Gillman's garret.' In the *Biographia* (chap. x.) Coleridge asserted that on Stuart's papers he had 'wasted the prime and manhood of his intellect,' adding thereby 'nothing to his fortune or reputation.' The imputation was naturally resented by Stuart, who called at Highgate and warmly expressed his feeling, though he refrained from taking any public notice. Then, in the *Table Talk* (1835, i. 173—the sentence was suppressed in later editions) Coleridge is made to say, 'I raised the sale of the *Morning Post* from an inconsiderable number to 7000 per day in the course of one year.' To this Stuart replied with figures showing that the statement had no foundation. Only three of Coleridge's contributions, he says, made any sensation—a paragraph on a state-paper of Lord Grenville, the 'Character of Pitt' (March 19, 1800), and *The Devil's Thoughts*. A companion 'Character of Buonaparte' was promised over and over again, but was never written. Stuart declares that he let every one know who wrote the 'Pitt.' Except for a few months in 1799-1800 Coleridge was away from London—how could he, asks Stuart, make the fortune of a daily morning newspaper, the success of which depends on constant temporary effect?

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[1] In 1850 Mrs. H. N. Coleridge collected her father's journalistic productions under the title, '*Essays on his own Times*, being a second series of *The Friend*. By Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by his Daughter.' 3 vols. (paged continuously i.-xciii. 1-1034).

[2] *T. Poole and his Friends*, ii. 6.

[3] Letter printed in Cottle's *Rem.* p. 433.

[4] *Essays on his own Times*, p. 1009.

[5] *Gent. Mag.* May 1838, p. 488.

As regards Coleridge's remuneration, one sees clearly from his letters that in his own opinion he had been over-paid. Nevertheless, it cannot be doubted that although Coleridge exaggerated his services, the general reputation of the *Morning Post* and *Courier* must have been heightened by his contributions. Mr. Traill, whose opinion on such a matter is entitled to the greatest respect, considers that so far from Coleridge's newspaper articles being tainted with the defects which might have been looked for—over-rhetorical diction, too much refinement in argument, too much philosophic reflection—'nothing is more remarkable than their thorough workmanlike character . . . and the steadiness with which he keeps his own and his readers' attention fixed on the special political necessities of the hour.'[1] In March 1800 Coleridge wrote to Poole[2]:—

> I am not anxious—I am sure, if God gives me health, to make all even before the end of the year; and I find that I can without any straining gain 500 guineas a year, if I give up poetry—*i.e.* original poetry. If I had the least love of money I could make almost sure of £2000 a year, for Stuart has offered me half shares in the two papers, the *Morning Post* and the *Courier*, if I would devote myself with him to them—but I told him I would not give up the country and the lazy reading of old folios for two thousand times two thousand pounds; in short, that beyond £250 a year I consider money as a real evil—at which he stared.

He goes on to say that he will continue writing for Stuart until he is 'clear'—clear, that must have been, of advances both from Stuart and the Wedgwoods. Coleridge's statement has been considered to receive corroboration from a passage in a letter of Stuart, written long years afterwards to H. N. Coleridge: 'Could Coleridge and I place ourselves thirty years back, and he be so far a man of business as to write three or four hours a day, there is nothing I would not pay for his assistance. I would take him into partnership, and I would enable him to make a large fortune.' I do not think this statement of contingencies corroborates Coleridge's letter to Poole. On the contrary, I believe that had Stuart ever offered a partnership, he would have remembered the circumstance; and that the offer would have been communicated to Wordsworth. In such case Wordsworth could not have written to Mrs. H. N. Coleridge: 'So convinced was I of the great service that your father rendered to Mr. Stuart's paper, that I urged him to put in his claim to be admitted a proprietor, but this he declined, having a great disinclination to any tie of the kind.'[1] Stuart knew that regular work for any length of time it was not in Coleridge's nature to give; and I have little doubt that the 'offer' was a mere affair of 'ifs' dropped by Stuart when urging Coleridge to contribute more than he was doing.[2] In journalism it was with Coleridge, as in other matters, 'indolence capable of energies'; and so uniform was Stuart's experience of his friend, that it is incredible that he should have ever seriously proposed to take him as a partner. Except in that unfortunate passage in the *Biographia*, Coleridge always acknowledged Stuart's generosity—a generosity which was continued down to the latest months of the poet's life.

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[1] All that Mr. Traill has to say is valuable. 'English Men of Letters' series,—*Coleridge*, 1884, pp. 79-86.

[2] The latter part of my extract is printed in the 'Introduction' to *Essays on his own Times*, p. xci.—'£250' is there misprinted '£350.'

We left Coleridge at Buckingham Street, in the middle of February, having given up his engagement with Stuart. His immediate purpose must have been to get on more quickly with *Wallenstein*. Towards the end of the month Mrs. Coleridge and Hartley left London, going probably to her mother's house at Bristol; Coleridge himself going to the Lambs', who were then living at Pentonville. The reconciliation between these old friends had taken place some time before. The first evidence we possess occurs in a friendly letter from Lamb, dated in all editions 'Jan. 2, 1800,' but which must have been written about the 23rd-27th. On March 17th Lamb wrote to Manning: 'I am living in a continuous feast. Coleridge has been with me now for nigh three weeks, and the more I see of him in the quotidian undress and relaxation of his mind, the more cause I see to love him and believe him a *very good man*, and all those foolish impressions to the contrary fly off like morning slumbers. He is engaged in translations, which I hope will keep him this month to come. He is uncommonly kind and friendly to me.'[1]

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[1] Introd. to *Biog. Lit.* 1847.

[2] There is a mass of printed matter connected with this controversy, but I do not think I have omitted anything essential. See *Gent. Mag.* May, June, July, and August 1838; Introduction to *Biog. Lit.* 1847; and editorial introduction and notes in *Essays on his own Times*.

In a letter to Stuart written about this time, Coleridge graphically describes his situation and prospects:—

> These cursed Plays play the Devil with me. I have been writing from morning till night, and almost half the night too, and yet get on too slowly for the printer. . . . My wife and child leave London to-morrow; and I was particularly desirous to have done enough to have given me some *claim* on him [Longman] for the few pounds, which I must draw on him for their journey. These things I mention, not as justification of my breach of promise, but as palliations. . . . In about four or five days I shall have finished the first Play; and, that being finished, I may go on more leisurely with the others. I shall then be able to give you some assistance, probably as much as you may want. A certain number of Essays I consider myself bound to send you AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, in common honesty. AFTER these, if it be worth your while, I will do what I can, only not for any regular *stipend*. That harasses me. I know that hitherto I have received from you much more than I have earned, and this must not be. . . . I will certainly fill you out a good paper on Sunday.[2]

How long Coleridge remained with Lamb is unknown, for the next glimpse we have of him is in a letter written to Josiah Wedgwood on the 21st April, from Wordsworth's cottage at Grasmere: 'To-morrow morning I send off the last sheet of my irksome, soul-wearying labour, the translation of Schiller.'[1] 'Of its success I have no hope,' he says, 'but with all this I have learnt that I have Industry and Perseverance—and before the end of the year, if God grant me health, I shall have my wings wholly unbirdlimed.' He expects to be back in London in a week. But he went to Stowey[2] instead. To Godwin he writes from Poole's house on May 21st[3]:—

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[1] *Letters*, i. pp. 113 and 115, respectively.
[2] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, pp. 5, 6.

> I left Wordsworth on the 4th of this month; if I cannot procure a suitable house at Stowey, I return to Cumberland and settle at Keswick, in a house of such a prospect, that, if, according to you and Hume, impressions and ideas *constitute* our being, I shall have a

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[1] WALLENSTEIN. A Drama in Two Parts. Translated from the German of Frederich Schiller by S. T. Coleridge. LONDON: Printed for T. N. Longman and O. Rees, Paternoster-Row, By G. Woodfall, No. 22 Paternoster-Row. 1800.

Octavo.—Titles; two unpaged leaves; and pp. 157: also, an engraved portrait of Wallenstein. The house of Longmans had acquired a manuscript copy, which Schiller had made expressly for translation into English and publication simultaneously with the original in Germany. It was attested by him on the 30th September 1799.

The book was almost a complete failure from the publishers' point of view. Most of the copies were probably sold off as 'a remainder'; and when, in 1824, Carlyle was writing his *Life of Schiller* in the *London Magazine*, it was unprocurable, and he had to estimate it by quotations. Judging by these, he says, 'we should pronounce it, excepting Sotheby's *Oberon*, to be the best, indeed the only sufferable translation from the German, with which our literature has yet been enriched.'

And in after years Coleridge himself looked back on his *Wallenstein* with some complacency. In a note to Essay XVI. of *The Friend* (1818, i. 204—it is suppressed in later editions), he thanks Sir Walter Scott for quoting it (in *Guy Mannering*) 'with applause.' Elsewhere, Scott said that 'Coleridge had made Schiller's "Wallenstein" far finer than he found it' (Lockhart's *Life*, iv. 193). About 1820, Coleridge told Allsop that *Wallenstein* was a specimen of his 'happiest attempt, during the prime manhood of his intellect, before he had been buffeted by adversity or crossed by fatality' (*Letters*, etc., 1864, p. 51).

[2] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 7.

[3] Portions of Coleridge's letters to Godwin were printed in *Macmillan's Magazine* for April 1864. These, with some additions and some omissions, were reprinted in *William Godwin: his Friends and Acquaintances*, by C. Kegan Paul. 2 vols. 1876. Vol. ii. Coleridge and Godwin had become very intimate in the winter of 1799-1800.

tendency to become a god, so sublime and beautiful will be the series of my visual existence. . . . Hartley sends his love to Mary. 'What, and not to Fanny [Imlay]?' Yes, and to Fanny, but I'll have Mary [afterwards Mrs. Shelley]. . . . In Bristol I was much with Davy [afterwards Sir Humphry]—almost all day.[1]

No house was procurable at Stowey, and some time in June Coleridge took his wife and child to Dove Cottage. On the way thither they stayed eight or nine days at Liverpool as the guests of Dr. Crompton (a connection of the Evanses of Darley Abbey), and saw much of the remarkable group of which Roscoe, Rathbone, and Dr. Currie (editor of Burns) were the principal members—all Liberals in politics and religion. The Coleridges remained with the Wordsworths from the 29th June until the 24th July, when they moved into Greta Hall. On the 11th of that month Coleridge writes to Stuart of a sort of rheumatic fever, the result of a cold caught on the journey north, from which he was hardly then recovered, and, making this the excuse for having sent no contributions for two months, promises the second part of 'Pitt' and the 'Buonaparte' immediately. He will at same time say 'whether or no he will be able to continue any species of regular connection with the paper'; and closes by announcing that his address henceforward will be 'Greta Hall.'[2]

On the day on which he entered that famous dwelling, he wrote to J. Wedgwood[3]: 'I parted from Poole with pain and dejection, for him, and for myself in him. I should have given Stowey a decided preference for a residence . . . but there was no suitable house, and no prospect of a suitable house.' Coleridge, however, was by no means inconsolable. As far back as March, Poole had become jealous of his friend's ever-growing attachment to Wordsworth—accusing him even of 'prostration';[1] and I share Mrs. Sandford's view, that 'Coleridge would never have been contented to live in the west of England whilst Wordsworth was living in the north.' Coleridge, no doubt, believed himself to be sorry for the necessity which carried him away from Poole, and the two men parted the best of friends; and so they continued to be for some years longer. But Coleridge had always some one chief friend, generally the one nearest to him, to whom he gave away so much of himself that he found it impossible to meet fully other claims which, not the less, he eagerly and sincerely acknowledged.

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[1] Davy had been, since October 1798, at Bristol, as principal assistant in Dr. Beddoes's Pneumatic Institution. Coleridge was introduced to him in 1799 before going to London. In January 1800 Coleridge told T. Wedgwood, who took much interest in Davy, that he had 'never met with so extraordinary a *young* man' (Cottle's *Rem.* p. 431).

[2] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 11.

[3] July 24th, 1800; in Cottle's *Rem.* p. 436.

There is little need to describe Greta Hall. The house and its surroundings are well known, and Coleridge's impressions are to be found recounted at length in many published[2] and unpublished letters. On July 29th he wrote, with a cordial invitation, to Purkis:—

> I write to you from the *leads* of Greta Hall, a tenement in the possession of S. T. Coleridge, Esq. Gentleman—Poet and Philosopher in a mist. This Greta Hall is a house on a small eminence a furlong from Keswick in the County of Cumberland. Yes, my dear Sir! here I am, with Skiddaw at my back; on my right hand the Bassenthwait Water with its majestic *case* of mountains, all of simplest outline—looking aslant over the feather of this infamous pen, I see the sun setting. My God! what a scene! Right before me is a great *Camp* of single mountains—each in shape resembles a Giant's Tent! And to the left but closer to it far than the Bassenthwait Water to my right, is the lake of Keswick, with its islands, white sails, and glassy lights of evening—crowned with

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[1] *T. Poole and his Friends*, ii. 8, 9.

[2] To Wedgwood in Cottle's *Rem.* p. 436, etc., and to Godwin in *William Godwin*, ii. 6-8.

green meadows. But the three remaining sides are encircled with the most fantastic mountains that ever earthquakes made in sport,—as if Nature had *laughed* herself into the convulsion in which they were made. Close behind me, at the foot of Skiddaw, flows the Greta. I hear its murmuring distinctly; then it curves round almost in a semi-circle, and is now catching the purple lights of the scattered clouds above it directly before me. . . . I have been grievously indisposed—now, I am enjoying the godlikeness of the place in which I am settled, with the voluptuous and joy-trembling nerves of convalescence. . . . Sara Coleridge is well. . . . Hartley is all health and extacy. He is a spirit dancing on an aspen leaf, unwearied in joy—from morning to night, indefatigably joyous.' [1]

He was simply enchanted with everything. 'I question if there be a room in England which commands a view of mountains, and lakes, and woods, and vales, superior to that in which I am now sitting. I say this because it is destined for your study, if you come.' So he tempted the unlovely Godwin.[2] To Poole he wrote, after three weeks' experience:

> In gardens, etc., we are uncommonly well-off, and our landlord,[3] who resides next door in this two-fold house, is already much attached to us. He is a quiet, sensible man, with as large a library as yours, and perhaps larger, well stored with Encyclopedias, Dictionaries, and Histories, etc.,[4] all modern. The gentry of the country, titled and untitled, have all called, or are about to call on me, and I shall have free access to the magnificent library of Sir Gilfrid Lawson, a weak but good-natured man. I wish you could come here in October, after your harvesting, and stand godfather at the christening of my child.[5] We are well, and the Wordsworths are well. The two volumes of the *Lyrical Ballads* will appear in about a fortnight.

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[1] Unprinted letter in British Museum. (Add. MSS. 27, 457, ff., 33, 34.)

[2] *William Godwin*, ii. 8.

[3] Jackson, a retired carrier. He was the master of Wordsworth's *Waggoner*, 'Benjamin,' and admirable in all relations of life.

[4] To Godwin, he describes Jackson's books as 'almost all the usual trash of Johnson's, Gibbon's, Robertson's, etc.'

[5] Derwent—born September 14th, 1800, three weeks after the letter was written. Coleridge had also asked Godwin (of all men in the world!) to be godfather, meeting with a refusal. See a curious passage on Coleridge's then very unsettled views respecting Baptism, in a letter to Godwin (*W. Godwin*, ii. 9). Derwent, when a little baby, was supposed to be dying, 'so,' writes Coleridge to Davy, 'the good people would have it baptized.' This was doubtless a private rite. In November 1803 all three children were publicly baptized—but only, again, 'to please the good people,' not the father.

But they did not appear for about six months, and in the interval there was much coming and going between Dove Cottage and Greta Hall, as may be seen even in the few extracts from Miss Wordsworth's 'Grasmere Journals,' printed in Prof. Knight's *Life of Wordsworth.* The interchange of visits was so frequent that the friends seem to have thought little more of the twelve miles which lay between Grasmere and Keswick, than they had of the three between Stowey and Alfoxden. Having left Dove Cottage on the 24th July, Coleridge was back again on the 31st, bringing with him the second volume of Southey's *Annual Anthology.*[1] The party spent two days walking, rowing on the lake, and reading one another's poems 'in the breeze and the shade,' and, on the 2nd August, the two poets walked back to Greta Hall, Wordsworth returning home on the 6th. Two days after, Wordsworth and his sister went over on a week's visit. As it has been said that Coleridge *never* went to church, one may oppose to that scandalous report Miss Wordsworth's entry for Sunday, August 10th: 'Very hot. The C.'s went to church. We sailed upon Derwent in the evening.' Three Sundays later, Miss Wordsworth records: 'At 11 o'clock Coleridge came when I was walking in the still, clear moonshine in the garden. He came over Helvellyn. . . . We sate and chatted till half-past three . . . Coleridge reading a part of *Christabel.*' On the 4th October 'Coleridge came in while we were at dinner, very wet. We talked till twelve o'clock. He had sate up all the night before writing essays for the newspaper. . . . Extremely delighted with second part of *Christabel.* 5th October.—Coleridge read

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[1] See footnote 2 at p. 106 *supra.*

Christabel a second time; we had increasing pleasure. . . . 6th October. — After tea read *The Pedlar* [*Excursion*]. Determined not to print *Christabel* with the *L*[*yrical*] *B*[*allads*].[1] 7th October.—Coleridge went off at 11 o'clock.' Ten days later Miss Wordsworth records that 'Coleridge had done nothing for *L.B.*'; but on October 22nd he was back at Dove Cottage again reciting *Christabel.* 'We were very merry. . . . William read *Ruth,* etc.' Stoddart was with them, and went to Greta Hall with Coleridge. It may have been then that Stoddart received the copy of *Christabel* which he read to Scott.[2] In November and December the Wordsworths and Coleridge continued to go and come, but no extracts from the *Journals* are printed between December 9, 1800 and October 10, 1801. The volumes of *Lyrical Ballads* which bear the date, '1800,' on the title-page were published in January 1801.

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[1] The MS. (or part of it) had been sent to the printers, but on the 15th September, Wordsworth countermanded the printing of *Christabel,* 'for the present.' On the 20th he sent to the printer the Preface, which comprised the following paragraph :—

'For the sake of variety, and from a consciousness of my own weakness, I have again requested the assistance of a friend who contributed largely to the first volume, and who has now furnished me with the [*long and beautiful*—these words erased] Poem of CHRISTABEL, without which I should not yet have ventured to present a second volume to the public.'

Three weeks passed without any fresh 'copy' being forwarded to the printers, and on the 10th of October, they are told to cancel the above paragraph and substitute another, which is to tell the reader that the 'Friend' who supplied *The Ancient Mariner*, etc., 'has also furnished me with a few of those poems in the second volume which are classed under the title of "Poems on the Naming of Places." If any sheets of *Christabel* have been printed, they are to be cancelled; other poems will be forwarded, and henceforth the printers may depend on a constant supply of "copy."' What poems of Coleridge's were meant for substitutes does not appear; we know only that nothing new of his appeared in the first, and nothing at all in the second volume of any of the editions of the *Lyrical Ballads.*

For these new facts I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. T. Norton Longman, grandson and successor of the publisher of the *Lyrical Ballads.* Mr. Longman possesses the MSS. and proof-sheets of these, and of other volumes of Wordsworth's Poems. Coleridge wrote most of the instructions to the printer of the edition 1800, but signed them all with Wordsworth's name, and much of the transcription of poems is in the hand of Dorothy Wordsworth. In some cases all three hands appear in the same document. 3

[2] Lockhart's *Life,* 1837, ii. 23.

On November 1, 1800, Coleridge tells Wedgwood how his labours on *Christabel* had been interrupted[1]—

> In the meantime (he adds) I had got myself entangled in the old sorites of the old sophist—procrastination. I had suffered my necessary businesses to accumulate so terribly that I neglected to write to any one, till the pain I suffered from not writing made me waste as many hours in dreaming about it as would have sufficed for the letter-writing of half a life.

He goes on in this extremely interesting letter to declare that although his situation at Keswick is delightful, he feels the loss of Poole's society, and of opportunities of meeting with the Wedgwoods. Yet when he revises the step he has taken, he cannot see how it could have been avoided.

> You will in three weeks see the letters on *The Rise and Condition of the German Boors*. I found it convenient to make up a volume out of my journey, etc., in North Germany, and the letters (your name of course erased) are in the printer's hands. I was so weary of transcribing and composing, that when I found those more carefully written than the rest, I even sent them off as they were.

The volume never reached 'the printer's hands.' Certain asterisks which follow probably represent a demand for money, for twelve days later Coleridge thanks his correspondent for his 'kind letter with the £20,' adding that he believes he has 'anticipated on the next year to the amount of £30 or £40, probably more.' He still complains of trouble in his eyes. I am much afraid that apart from spasmodic efforts to complete *Christabel*, Coleridge had been simply idling—so far, at least, as a poet and philosopher whose eye and mind are in a state of activity can be said to idle. But he was also a bread-winner, and well as it may be for such to 'gather in summer' it is unwise to 'sleep in harvest.' The volume about 'German Boors,' though not a myth, might as well have been one, for he 'suspended' it for months, and then tried to get Longmans to accept in its place a metaphysical work, which they probably suspected would come to no better result. Another book, on which he had received an advance from Sir Richard Phillipps, was also abandoned, and the money refunded. The newspaper articles of which he told the Wordsworths in October were, save the introductory paper, Poole's.[1] After these Stuart received nothing for a whole year, except some satirical verses on his brother-in-law, Mackintosh,[2] who was Coleridge's rival in the good graces of the Wedgwoods—a production therefore which, brilliant as it was, he might more judiciously have retained for private consumption, or, at most, private circulation. His letters for the earlier part of the winter are full of 'work for the booksellers' in arrear, yet he seems to make no effort to rescue it from that always crowded limbo of his. But he talks of 'undertaking' a huge geographical school-book of '12 or 1400 pages' (!) if Godwin does not decide on doing it himself.[3] Eight days later he tells Thelwall that he 'amuses' himself by studying the most ancient forms of the Northern Languages, his 'serious' occupation being a metaphysical investigation of the laws by which our feelings form affinities with each other, with ideas, and with words. As to

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[1] Cottle's *Rem.* p. 439.

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[1] *Essays on his own Times*, pp. 413 and 1020, 1021.

[2] *The Two round Spaces on the Tombstone.* Stuart, in 1838, believed that he had detected the purpose of the verses, and refused to publish them—a piece of forgetfulness which tends to invalidate to some extent all that he put forward solely on the authority of his recollections, in the controversy respecting Coleridge's services to the *Morning Post* and *Courier* (*Gent. Mag.* May 1838, p. 486).

[3] *William Godwin*, ii. 14 (Letter of Dec. 9, 1800).

Poetry, he has abandoned it, 'being convinced that he never had the essentials of a poet's genius.'

Before the end of the year he seems to have had an illness of some severity—rheumatic fever, followed by other troubles. The illness was intermittent, but before the end of January he reports himself as quite well again. He was, however, in serious pecuniary straits—owing money to Wordsworth and Lamb and Poole, and behind with his annual allowance of £20 to his mother-in-law, while a considerable part of his annuity for 1801 had been drawn in advance. Poole came to the rescue as regards one or two of the most pressing obligations. How the others were met, if met at all, there is no record. Coleridge proposes to publish his tragedy 'as a poem,' and also *Christabel*. The £60 he 'hoped' to get for these cannot have been received, for they did not go to the printers. 'A drama and a sort of farce,' 'works written purposely vile' for the theatre, are supposed to be available 'if aught good come of them'; but Coleridge must have known he was romancing, for he adds—'that is a dream.' The only bright spot in the letters of this time is that wife and children are well—Derwent 'a fine, fat fellow,' and Hartley 'an universal darling,' 'a fairy elf.'

As soon as Coleridge recovered, he gave himself up entirely to metaphysics, 'thinking with intense energy'—the outcome being a series of letters addressed to the Wedgwoods, attacking Locke, Descartes, and Hobbes, but mainly Locke, whom he declares to be a mere plagiarist.[1] The intensity of the study is not relaxed until the middle of March, when he takes 'a week's respite, that he may make *Christabel* ready for the press . . . in order to get rid of his engagements to Longman.' One of the engagements, 'the German book,' he has put aside owing to metaphysical preoccupations, although he confesses that 'poverty is staring him in the face.' The distress throughout the country—the Birmingham poor-rate, Wedgwood tells Poole, is fifty shillings in the pound—shocks Coleridge. His distaste for 'booksellers' work' grows in intensity; he thinks he will go to America; then, he will not, until he is starved out of his native land. Such is the burthen of his letters for months. Yet all the time his bread and butter were secured to him in the annuity; he had books to write for which the publishers were waiting, and Stuart would gladly have paid for the copious remarks on the 'condition of England question' which he spent much of his time inditing in the form of letters to his unpaying correspondents! With the best will in the world to extend nothing but sympathy towards a dear friend and a man of genius beating his wings against the realities of life, even Poole found it difficult to be quite patient with Coleridge's perplexities.

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[1] *T. Poole and his Friends*, ii. 31.

With Coleridge's schemes at this period it is impossible to keep pace. To Thelwall he says he has for ever renounced poetry for metaphysics; to Poole and Davy he announces the resumption of *Christabel;* to Davy[1] he further intimates a determination to take up immediately the serious study of chemistry, aided by a laboratory to be set up by Wordsworth's friend Calvert; all this, in addition to the devotion of four or five months to what his heart '*burns* to do,' an essay 'Concerning Poetry, and the nature of the Pleasures derived from it'—a work which 'would supersede all the books of metaphysics, and all the books of morals too.' He is 'proud of himself' on account of the results, which will some day be visible, of his vigorous thinking during his illness.

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[1] Letter of Feb. 3, 1801, in *Fragmentary Remains*, p. 86.

On the 18th April, at the end of a very long letter to Poole on the 'oppressed state of the Country,' Coleridge speaks of his own complex troubles. For ten days he has kept his bed. His complaint he can scarce describe.

> It is a species of irregular gout . . . it flies about me in unsightly swellings of my knees, and dismal affections of my stomach and head. What I suffer in mere *pain* is almost incredible, but that is a trifle compared with the gloom of my circumstances. . . . If the fine weather continues, I shall revive, and look around me, and before the Fall of the year make up my mind to the important question—'Is it better to die, or to quit my native Country, and live amongst strangers!' Another winter in England would *do for me.* Besides, I am rendered useless and wretched—not that my bodily pain afflicts me—God forbid! Were I a single man and independent, I should be ashamed to think myself wretched, merely because I suffered pain. . . . It is not my bodily pain, but the gloom and distresses of those around me for whom I ought to be labouring and cannot.[1]

Poole replied[2] sympathetically, but almost ignored the account of the bodily pain. On the 17th May Coleridge responded by another long letter recounting his sufferings during the previous months. He does not regret the metaphysical studies, which he fears broke him down again after his January fever.

> In the course of these studies I tried a multitude of little experiments on my own sensations and on my senses, and some of these (too often repeated) I have reason to believe did injury to my nervous system. However this be, I relapsed, and a devil of a relapse it has been. . . . The attacks on my stomach and the nephritic pains in my back, which almost alternated with the stomach fits—they were terrible! The disgust, the loathing, that followed these fits, and no doubt in part, too, the use of the brandy and laudanum which they rendered necessary!

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[1] Partly printed in *T. Poole and his Friends*, ii. 43, 44.

[2] May 7, 1801. *Ib.* ii. 44-47.

On Monday, May 4th, he recovered all at once, and went over to Wordsworth, improving every day until the 12th, when a walk of six miles brought on a sleepless night and a swollen knee. He is now at home, he says, and recovering, and proposes (*D. V.*) to spend the next winter at St. Michael's, one of the Azores.[1]

I think there can be no doubt that this letter gives the true account of the beginning of what Coleridge, in after-years, was accustomed to call his 'slavery' to opium. It fully confirms his reiterated contention that it was begun as a relief from pain, and not in a search after unholy pleasure. 'My sole sensuality was *not* to be in pain.'[2] That there was in Coleridge a notable disposition to resort to opium, not only for relief from pain, but also from mental depression, we have already seen. It is therefore not at all surprising that he should have resorted to it under the double pressure of mental and bodily distress in the winter of 1800-1. In 1804, 1814, 1820, and in 1826, Coleridge made various statements regarding the immediate cause of his beginning to take opium. They all agree, almost literally, in stating that the relief was sought from rheumatic affections and knee-swellings which had kept him almost bed-ridden for six months. The 'six' months is an immaterial exaggeration, but it is clearly to the illness and the sudden temporary cure described to Poole, that Coleridge was referring.[3]

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[1] Parts of these letters are printed in *T. Poole and his Friends*, ii. p. 48.

[2] 'Note from Pocket-Book [Malta] December 23, 1804,' quoted in Gillman's *Life*, p. 246. See also Coleridge's statement of 'April, 1826,' *ib.* p. 247; Letter to Cottle, April 26, 1814, in *Rem.* p. 366; and letter to Allsop, July 31, 1820, in *Letters*, etc., i. 41.

[3] Coleridge's dates were not generally well assorted in his memory, but this one may probably be taken as substantially accurate. The passage has much significance as to the duration of the opium-eating as well as to the date of its beginning: 'I now write to say that if God . . . hath worked almost a miracle of grace in and for me by a sudden emancipation from a thirty-three years'

The account given to Cottle (1814) speaks of a 'medical journal' which recommended 'laudanum,' internally and externally, for swelled knees. 'It acted like a charm, like a miracle! I recovered the use of my limbs, of my appetite, of my spirits, and this continued for near a fortnight. At length the unusual stimulus subsided, the complaint returned—the supposed remedy was recurred to—but I need not go through the dreary history.' In the Gillman memorandum (1826) the account is the same, except that for the plain 'laudanum' a mythical 'Kendal Black Drop'[1] is introduced as working all the woe, with a suggestion that he did not know it to be a preparation of opium. To Allsop (1820) Coleridge makes no mention of any medical journal, but blames 'unhappy quackery' and 'that most pernicious form of ignorance, medical half-knowledge,'—whether his own or some one else's is not clear,—for his being '*seduced* into the use of narcotics.' In all these accounts—which are essentially true accounts, in spite of the alloys pardonably introduced for apologetic purposes—much is made of the 'ignorance' which 'seduced' him into the use of the opiate, and of the openness with which the use was proclaimed to all and sundry. Here, I fear, Coleridge's memory served him badly, for long before 1799 he well knew the good and the bad effects of opiates; while, so far as I can learn, his correspondence of this period, full as it is of his sufferings, contains no allusions to opiates, excepting only the passing

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[1832 – 33 = 1799] fearful slavery, if God's goodness should come home, and so far perfect my convalescence as that I should be capable of resuming my literary labours [etc.].' S. T. C. to Rev. H. F. Cary, 'Highgate, April 22, 1832,' in *Memoir of H. F. C.* 1847, ii. 194.

[1] Locally named 'Black Drops' were common enough then, and before and after; but all except the most uneducated users must have known them to be preparations of opium.

mention in that one letter to Poole. I doubt if any of Coleridge's friends knew, until his return from Malta, of his habitual and excessive addiction to opium. De Quincey says he made confession to him in 1807, and the statement seems, though only on the surface, to be confirmed by the Gillman memorandum of 'April 1826,' but Cottle declares that he heard of opium first in 1814. I do not think there is any more to be said of Coleridge's 'slavery.' All that De Quincey has written on the subject may wisely be disregarded; and this applies generally to his numerous stories about Coleridge. So many of them are demonstrably inaccurate, that the credit of all is vitiated. I do not for a moment mean to suggest that De Quincey consciously misrepresented anything, but long before he began to write about Coleridge his own indulgence in opium-eating had deprived him of the power of distinguishing between facts and fancies.

CHAPTER VII

GRETA HALL

A.D. 1801–1804

We have seen that about the middle of May Coleridge thought of seeking a renewal of health in the Azores. Health improved, and the idea was abandoned. The end of June brought a relapse, and the idea was resumed. Of course there was a money difficulty. On July 1 he asked Poole's advice, and proposed to raise money by getting an advance from a publisher. About the same time, Wordsworth, who was in much anxiety about Coleridge, also wrote to Poole[1] putting the case; he disapproved strongly of Coleridge's plan of raising funds, and suggested that Poole might be disposed to advance £50, and if more should be needed, to procure it from other friends in the west. On July 21 Poole replies, to both letters, in one addressed to Coleridge, full of sympathy, but regretting that the multiplicity of claims on him at the time disable him from advancing more than £20, and suggesting that certain other friends might make up the rest. Coleridge was deeply hurt. He allowed six weeks to pass before replying; and though his letter is not free from bitterness, it concludes with assurances of affection, and some details as to his ill-health and the impossibility of 'staying in this climate.' He has asked John Pinney if he may go and stay for a while on his estate in Nevis (West Indies). 'My spirits are good, I am generally *cheerful*, and when I am not, it is because I have exchanged it for a deeper and more pleasurable tranquillity'—a periphrasis, one fears, for opium-dreams. A fortnight after this Coleridge tells Godwin[1] he has had to give up going abroad for want of money, and if a last effort to reach Mr. John King's estate in St. Lucia fail, 'he may perhaps go up to London and maintain himself as before, by writing for the *Morning Post*.' Poole was 'painfully affected' by Coleridge's letter of September 7, though it had been followed quickly by one of affectionate sympathy on the occasion of his mother's death. Coleridge replied by an epistle in which honey and gall are mingled in almost equal proportions. Poole, whose temper was as warm as his heart, thought both letters 'outrageous,' but friendship stood the strain, and he lent Coleridge £25 to enable him to pay a visit to London and Stowey. Coleridge promised not to stay at Stowey less than two months; the remainder of the time till March he would pass with the Wedgwoods and other friends in the west country.

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[1] See the whole of this interesting correspondence, with valuable editorial elucidations, in *T. Poole and his Friends*, ii. 56-65.

The plan, one need hardly say, was not fully accomplished. Coleridge arrived in London on the 15th November.[2] He tells Davy[3] he means to stay a fortnight there, and Godwin that he 'planned a walk into Somersetshire,' but he remained in London until Christmas, first with Southey and then at a lodging in

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[1] Letter of September 22, 1801. *William Godwin*, ii. 81.

[2] *William Godwin*, ii. 83.

[3] *Frag. Rem.* p. 92.

Covent Garden.[1] On December 14 he wrote to Poole[2]: 'I am writing for the *Morning Post*, and am reading in the old libraries, for my curious metaphysical work, but I hate London.' He left for Stowey on Christmas Day,[3] returning to Howell's about January 21st.[4] Thomas Wedgwood had been his fellow-guest at Poole's during the visit. Poole went to London with Coleridge, and both attended Davy's popular lectures[5] at the Royal Institution, Coleridge saying that his object was 'to increase his stock of metaphors.'[6] On February 6, 1802, Southey informs W. Taylor[7] that T. Wedgwood and Mackintosh are hatching a great metaphysical work, to which Coleridge has promised as preface, 'a history of metaphysical opinion,' for which he is reading Duns Scotus and Thomas Aquinas. But during all this time Coleridge was writing 'heart-rending' accounts of his health to the Wordsworths,[8] and on 19th March, 'on a very rainy morning,' he appeared at Dove Cottage.[9] 'His eyes,' says Dorothy, 'were a little swollen with the wind. I was much affected by the sight of him, he seemed half-stupified.' Next day the party 'had a little talk of going abroad.' 'William read *The Pedlar*. Talked about various things—christening the children, etc. etc.' When Coleridge had gone, his hosts 'talked about' him, as they paced the orchard walk.

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[1] 'I took a first floor for him in King Street, Covent Garden, at my tailor's, Howell's, whose wife was a cheerful good housewife, of middle-age, who I knew would nurse Coleridge as kindly as if he were her son. . . . My practice was to call on him in the middle of the day, talk over the news, and project a leading paragraph for the next morning. In conversation he made a brilliant display . . . but I soon found he could not write daily on the occurrences of the day' (D. Stuart in *Gent. Mag.* May 1838, p. 487). He does not say here that Coleridge gave him hardly any contributions, but in *Essays on his own Times* there is nothing between December 3, 1801, and September 21, 1802.

[2] See also *T. Poole and his Friends*, ii. 73.

[3] Unprinted letter to Poole of Christmas Eve; also undated and misplaced letter to Stuart in *Letters of Lake Poets*, p. 7.

[4] *Ib.* p. 24, and Knight's *Life of Wordsworth*, i. 288.

[5] *T. Poole and his Friends*, ii. 102.

[6] Paris's *Life of Sir H. D.* i. 138.

[7] *Mem. of W. T.* i. 398. A week after this Coleridge informs Poole that his 'health has been on the mend ever since Poole left town, *nor has he had occasion for opiates of any kind*' (*T. Poole and his Friends*, ii. 77).

[8] See Miss Wordsworth's Journals in Knight's *Life of Wordsworth*, i. 288 *et seq.*

[9] *Ib.* i. 302.

We may be sure that when, on the 19th March, Coleridge walked over to Dove Cottage, he had not been long at Greta Hall. He was in sad case of body and mind, and sought Dove Cottage as naturally as the thirsty hart seeks the water-brooks. What he thought of himself and of Wordsworth at this time we may read in '*Dejection: an Ode*, written on April 4, 1802.'[1] But let the ode be read in its original form,[2] before the frosts of alienation had withered some of its tenderest shoots. For it was addressed to Wordsworth, and, before printing, addressed to him by name. No sadder cry from the depths was ever uttered, even by Coleridge, none more sincere, none more musical. Health was gone, and with it both the 'natural joy' which had been his in rich abundance, and that rarer kind which, as he tells us, dwells only with the pure; nor was this all, for he discovered that he had lost control of his most precious endowment, his 'shaping spirit of imagination.' He felt that poetically he was dead, and that if not dead spiritually, he had lost his spiritual identity.

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[1] *Poet. Works*, 1893, p. 159, and 'Note 162,' p. 626.

[2] As printed in *Morning Post*, Oct. 4, 1802—Wordsworth's wedding day. See *Poetical Works*, 1893, Appendix G. p. 522. See Lamb's Latin letter to Coleridge, Oct. 9, 1802 (*Letters*, i. 185, 331-333). April 4 was probably the day on which the poem was completed. The Wordsworths were at Greta Hall on the 4th and 5th, and doubtless it was read to them. At the close of the original version Wordsworth was thus addressed:—

> O William, friend of my devoutest choice,
> O rais'd from anxious dread and busy care,
> By the immenseness of the good and fair
> Which thou see'st everywhere,
> Joy lifts thy spirit, joy attunes thy voice,
> To thee do all things live from pole to pole,
> Their life the eddying of thy living soul!
> O simple spirit, guided from above,
> O lofty Poet, full of life and love,
> Brother and friend of my devoutest choice,
> Thus may'st thou ever, evermore rejoice!

> There was a time when, though my path was rough,
> This joy within me dallied with distress,
> And all misfortunes were but as the stuff
> Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness:
> For hope grew round me, like the twining vine,
> And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seemed mine.
> But now afflictions bow me down to earth:
> Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth;
> But oh! each visitation
> Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,
> My shaping spirit of Imagination.
> For not to think of what I needs must feel,
> But to be still and patient, all I can;
> And haply by abstruse research to steal
> From my own nature all the natural man—
> This was my sole resource, my only plan:
> Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
> And now is almost grown the habit of my soul.

I make no more quotations, for the ode is a whole, and must be read as a whole. But it is incomplete as a statement of Coleridge's condition and circumstances. The symptoms of the disease are described with great and deeply-affecting fulness, but the causes are only vaguely hinted at. In addressing Wordsworth, there may have been no need for more. Besides the bodily ailments, there were at least two causes—fatal indulgence in opium, and growing estrangement between his wife and himself. If the excessive indulgence in opium was unknown to the Wordsworths, it may have been suspected, and Coleridge may have known that it was suspected. The domestic trouble must have been known to them. In these earlier days the discord was not constant; there were intervals of peace,[1] but even then Coleridge had accustomed himself to seek happiness, or, at least, relief from cares, elsewhere than in the house which should have been his home. By the end of this year the estrangement had made considerable progress, and Greta Hall knew—

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[1] 'I am at present in better health than I have been, though by no means strong and well—*and at home all is Peace and Love*' (original underlined). S. T. C. to Estlin, 26th July 1802, in *Estlin Letters*, p. 82.

> those habitual ills
> That wear out life, when two unequal minds
> Meet in one house, and two discordant wills.

If there be any mystery here, I shall not attempt to fathom it; but I doubt if there be any. The marriage had not been made in Heaven; it had been brought about by the meddlesomeness of third parties—we have seen Southey's statement as to his own share—whose interference it is easier, perhaps, to understand than to justify. Attachment between Coleridge and his wife there had been, and the links had proved strong enough to bear some strain: if there had been love, its roots had found no sustenance, and when it withered away, root and branch, there remained no bond of community of mind and tastes—nothing but the unsheathed material fetters which galled, and which, when the galling became intolerable, were laid aside. There is nothing in this simple theory inconsistent with the view that Coleridge was a difficult man to manage, and that his wife was unequal to the task. It is doubtless a correct view, but it does not go deep enough. Coleridge's many faults as a husband have been made patent enough, perhaps more than enough; of Mrs. Coleridge's as a wife, I have heard of none save that sometimes she was 'fretful.' Had she not fretted, and often, it would have been a miracle, for she had provocation in abundance; but 'fretting' is a habit which often brings about consequences that seem disproportionate, and which is apt rather to increase than to abate the provocation.

Although evidence of Coleridge's undue indulgence in opium, and of some of its consequences, comes earlier than that of conjugal estrangement, I am inclined to believe that both began about the same time. Of each the predisposing cause had long been latent, but whether the quickening of the one brought the other to life, and if so, which was cause, and which effect, it would now be idle to inquire. What may be considered as certain is, that each acted and reacted to the aggravation of both. I have thought it best to deal somewhat fully with these painful matters at their first appearance, seeing that as they coloured Coleridge's subsequent life so must their existence be assumed (for I shall mention them as seldom as possible) in what remains of this narrative. The winter of 1801-1802 was a turning-point in Coleridge's life.

After his home-coming about the middle of March, Coleridge spent much of his time at Dove Cottage,[1] and when he was not there intercourse by correspondence was incessant. On the night of April 29th Wordsworth could not sleep after reading a letter from his friend. On May 4th Coleridge looked well and parted from his friends 'cheerfully'—evidently an exception which proves the rule. On the 9th Wordsworth began his verses 'about C. and himself,'[2] on the 11th he finished

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[1] Knight's *Life*, i. 302 *et seq.*

[2] *Stanzas written in my pocket copy of Thomson's Castle of Indolence*, in which Coleridge is thus described :—

> A noticeable Man with large gray eyes,
> And a pale face that seem'd undoubtedly
> As if a blooming face it ought to be ;
> Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear,
> Depressed by weight of musing Phantasy ;
> Profound his forehead was, though not severe ;
> Yet some did think that he had little business here :
>
> Sweet heaven forbid ! his was a lawful right ;
> Noisy he was, and gamesome as a boy ;

them, but they were not sent to Coleridge until June 7. On May 15th 'a melancholy letter from Coleridge' took kind Dorothy over to Greta Hall, but four days later he was able to walk half-way back with her. On the 22nd he met the Wordsworths at a favourite trysting-place, and they 'had some interesting, melancholy talk' about his private affairs. When the Wordsworths left Dove Cottage for Gallow Hill on their way to the Continent, they spent the first two nights at Greta Hall, and when they left (July 11) Coleridge walked with them six or seven miles. 'He was not well,' writes Dorothy in her 'Journal,' 'and we had a melancholy parting after having sate together in silence by the roadside.' The friends were not to meet again until the middle of October, Wordsworth's marriage taking place in the meantime.

Reverting to the beginning of May, we find Coleridge answering a friendly letter from Poole.[1] It is only a month since the *Dejection* ode, but he is in better health and spirits, promising that by the end of

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His limbs would toss about him with delight
Like branches when strong winds the trees annoy.
. . . .

He would entice that other Man to hear
His music, and to view his imagery:
And, sooth, these two did love each other dear,
As far as love in such a place could be;
There did they dwell—from earthly labour free,
As happy spirits as were ever seen.

I think with Canon Ainger (*Macmillan's Magazine*, June 1887, p. 87) that Wordsworth may possibly have had Coleridge rather than himself in view when, in the same week, he added these lines to *The Leech Gatherer*:—

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood;
As if all needful things would come unsought
To genial faith, still rich in genial good;
But how can He expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

[1] *T. Poole and his Friends*, ii. 79.

the year he will have disburthened himself of all metaphysics, and that the next year will be devoted to a long poem! His small poems are about to be published as a second volume [which did not appear], but he will not write many more of that order. He has had an offer from a bookseller to travel on the Continent, for book-making purposes, but, on account of his ignorance of French, has declined, in spite of many temptations to acceptance—'household infelicity,' for one. He sees by the papers that a portrait of him is in the Exhibition, and supposes it must be [John] Hazlitt's.[1] 'Mine,' he says, 'is not a picturesque face. Southey's was made for a picture.' Then there follows an intimation that on the 4th April last he had written to Poole a letter in verse, but thinking it 'dull and doleful,' had not sent it. He meant, no doubt, a transcript of the ode *Dejection*. Soon after this, Poole went on his travels in France and Switzerland, and he did not return until December. From a letter of Southey[2] we gather that in August Coleridge was full of projects, and in September–November he sent a few miscellaneous contributions to the *Morning Post*.[3] August was cheered by an unexpected visit from Charles and Mary Lamb—unexpected, because time, as

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[1] 'Hazlitt's does look as if you were on your trial, and certainly had stolen the horse; but then you did it cleverly,—it had been a deep, well-laid scheme, and it was no fault of yours that you had been detected.' Southey to S. T. C. (*Life and Corr.* ii. 291.)

[2] R. S. to S. T. C., August 4, 1802:—'As to your essays, etc. etc., you spawn plans like a herring; I only wish as many of the seed were to vivify in proportion. . . . Your Essays on Contemporaries I am not much afraid of the imprudence of, because I have no expectation that they will ever be written; but if you were to write, the scheme projected on the old poets would be a better scheme' (*Life and Corr. of R. S.* ii. 190).

[3] Including the comparison between Imperial Rome and France; 'Once a Jacobin, always a Jacobin'; the letters to Fox; the account of The Beauty of Buttermere, whose story fills so large a space in De Quincey's article on Coleridge (*Works*, 1863, ii. 81); and the *Ode to the Rain* (p. 168). The last recorded contribution to the *M.P.* is dated November 5, 1802. See *Essays on his own Times*.

Lamb tells Manning,[1] did not admit of notice. 'Coleridge received us with all hospitality in the world, and gave up his time to show us all the wonders of his country. . . . Here we stayed three full weeks, in which time I visited Wordsworth's cottage, where we stayed a day or two with the Clarksons . . . and saw Lloyd. The Wordsworths were gone to Calais.' The greater part of the months of November and December were spent in a tour in South Wales[2] with Thomas and Miss Sarah Wedgwood, the tour being followed by visits at country-houses of the Wedgwoods and their connections. Coleridge seems to have made himself very popular, and the tour was a great success, but Tom Wedgwood was a dangerous companion, for he was an amateur in narcotics, and just then in hot pursuit of Bang[3]—'the Nepenthe of the Ancients,' as Coleridge, who helped to procure a supply, delighted to remember.

On December 24 Coleridge and Wedgwood called at Dove Cottage on their way to Greta Hall, when Coleridge learnt from the Wordsworths that a daughter had been born to him on the previous morning.[4] The Grasmere Journals, unfortunately, have been printed only as far as January 11, on which day Coleridge is reported as 'poorly, in bad spirits.' He was still anxious to go abroad; so was Tom Wedgwood, and in Coleridge's company; but though Coleridge was unwilling, he did not like to refuse outright, and until February professed to be at Wedgwood's call.[5]

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[1] Letter of September 24, 1802 (*Letters*, i. 181). *The Picture, or The Lover's Resolution*, was written during Lamb's stay, and published soon after in the *Morning Post*.

[2] *A Group of Englishmen*, pp. 159-166; also p. 208.

[3] ~~*Ib.* p. 215~~; Paris's *Life of Davy*, i. 173; and Cottle's *Reminiscences*, pp. 459 and 464.

[4] Miss Wordsworth's Journals (Knight's *Life of W. W.* i. 359).

[5] Letters of January 9 and 14, 1803, in Cottle's *Rem.* pp. 450, 454.

On January 9th he describes graphically a foolish adventure in a storm in Kirkstone Pass, which resulted in his 'feeling unwell all over.' He 'took no laudanum or opium,' but ether (Scylla and Charybdis), and recovered at once. Only temporarily, however, for on the 14th[1] a relapse is described, from which he had recovered (again an exception which proves the rule) 'without any craving after exhilarants and narcotics.' But eleven days later, existence at Greta Hall having again become intolerable, Coleridge is once more at Cote House,[2] ready, professedly, to go anywhere with Tom Wedgwood.[3] But Wedgwood was in low spirits, and undecided, and by February 4 Coleridge was with Tom Poole. On the way, he had spent a few days at Bristol with Southey,[4] who found him 'a poor fellow, who suffers terribly from this climate.' At Stowey, Coleridge's health improved, but not, he thinks, sufficiently to permit of his travelling with Wedgwood.[5] If Coleridge travelled, it must be alone, and this being the case, Wedgwood had to cross the Channel with a hired companion. Coleridge's mythical 'History of Metaphysics' is still dangled before his friends' eyes. 'I confine myself to facts in every part of the work, excepting that which treats of Mr. Hume: *him* I have assuredly besprinkled copiously from the fountains of Bitterness and Contempt.'[1] After a visit to Gunville (Josiah Wedgwood's Dorsetshire place), Coleridge returned to Keswick, *viâ* London. Davy gives a sad account of him.[2] 'During his stay in town I saw him seldomer than usual; . . . generally in the midst of large companies, where he is the image of power and activity. His eloquence is unimpaired; perhaps it is softer and stronger. His will is probably less than ever commensurate with his ability. Brilliant images of greatness float upon his mind like the images of the morning clouds upon the waters . . . agitated by every breeze, and modified by every sunbeam. He talked, in the course of one hour, of beginning three works, and he recited the poem of *Christabel*, unfinished, as I had before heard it.'

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[1] One of Coleridge's finest letters: 'I never find myself alone, within the embracement of rocks and hills, a traveller up an alpine road, but my spirit careers, drives, and eddies, like a leaf in autumn; a wild activity of thoughts, imaginations, feelings, and impulses of motion rises up from within me; a sort of bottom-wind, that blows to no point of the compass, comes from I know not whence, but agitates the whole of me; my whole being is filled with waves that roll and stumble, one this way, and one that way, like things that have no common master. I think that my soul must have pre-existed in the body of a chamois-chaser. The simple image of the old object has been obliterated, but the feelings, the instinctive habits, and incipient actions, are in me, and the old scenery awakens them. The further I ascend from animated nature, from men, and cattle, and the common birds of the woods and fields, the greater becomes in me the intensity of the feeling of life. Life seems to me then an universal spirit, that neither has nor can have an opposite! "God is everywhere," I have exclaimed, "and works everywhere, and where is there room for death?" . . . I do not think it possible that any bodily pains could eat out the love of joy, that is so substantially part of me, towards hills, and rocks, and steep waters; and I have had some trial' (Cottle's *Rem.* p. 454). This shows an immense recovery from the *Dejection* of nine months before.

[2] Unprinted letter to T. Poole, Feb. 2, 1803.

[3] Cottle's *Rem.* pp. 458-461.

[4] *Life and Corr. of R. S.* ii. 201. In a letter of February 6, 1803, he writes to W. Taylor: 'I am grieved that you never met Coleridge: all other men whom I have ever known are mere children to him, and yet he is palsied by a total want of moral strength' (*Mem of W. T.* i. 455).

[5] Cottle's *Rem.* p. 459.

During this visit it was arranged that Lamb should see a reprint of Coleridge's poems (1796 and 1797) through the press, and the volume was published in the summer.[3] At the beginning of June, Coleridge informs Godwin[4] that his health is 'certainly better than at any former period of the disease,' and asks him to find a publisher for a work of six hundred pages octavo, the half of which can be ready for the printer at a fortnight's notice. 'I entitle it "Organum verè Organum, or an Instrument of Practical Reasoning in the Business of Real Life"; to which will be prefixed (1) a familiar introduction to the common system of Logic, namely, that of Aristotle and the Schools; (2) . . .' and so on for a full page of close print. When this work is fairly off his hands—more and more metaphysics to follow; not a word of the poetry, with the promise of which he pleased Poole. (Meantime, as a little relaxation, if Godwin will find a publisher for Hazlitt's abridgment of Search's—Tucker's—'Light of Nature pursued,' Coleridge will write a preface and see the sheets through the press.) I suppose Godwin knew as well as Coleridge that this newer *Organum* had not and never would pass beyond the stage of synopsis, and acted accordingly.

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[1] Letter to Purkis, Stowey, February 17, 1803, in Paris's *Life of Davy*, i. 173.

[2] Letter to Poole, May 1, 1803, *ib.* i. 176.

[3] POEMS, by S. T. Coleridge. [Motto from *Statius* as in 1796.] Third Edition. LONDON: Printed by N. Biggs, Crane Court, Fleet Street, for T. N. Longman and O. Rees, Paternoster-Row. 1803.

Duodecimo, pp. xi.; 202. See Lamb's letter to Coleridge, March 20, 1803 (*Letters*, i. 199).

[4] Letter to Godwin, June 4, 1803, in *William Godwin*, ii. 92.

At Greta Hall, Coleridge remained with his 'mind strangely shut up'[1] until Sunday the 14th August, when in company with William and Dorothy Wordsworth he set out on a Scotch tour.[2] Incidentally we learn that an Irish jaunting-car, drawn by a jibbing old screw, carried the party (when the road happened to be level or not very steep on either grade), and that poor Coleridge did not enjoy the bumping so much as his robuster companions enjoyed the scenery. In a fortnight, on the day after the meeting with that 'sweet Highland girl, ripening in perfect innocence,' by the Inversnaid ferry-house, Coleridge parted from his friends, professing to be very unwell, and unable to face the wet in an open carriage. He sent on his trunk to Edinburgh, and said he would follow it[1]—and this he did though somewhat circuitously, for he travelled *viâ* Argyllshire, Perthshire, and Aberdeenshire. On arriving at Tyndrum,[2] a week after the parting, the Wordsworths were astonished to learn that Coleridge, 'who we had supposed was gone to Edinburgh, had dined at this very house . . . on his road to Fort-William . . . on the day after we parted from him'—but the kindly Dorothy has no word of reproach for her errant friend. I suppose Coleridge had found the close companionship incompatible with that free indulgence in narcotics which had become to him a necessity of pleasurable or even tolerable existence. In his solitude, as he told Beaumont and Poole, he walked to Glencoe, on to Cullen (between Fochabers and Banff), back to Inverness, and thence over the moorland, by Tummel Bridge to Perth,—doing '263 miles in eight days, in the hope of forcing the disease into the extremities,—and so strong am I, that I would undertake at this present time to walk 50 miles a day for a week together. In short, while I am in possession of my will and my reason, I can keep the fiend at arm's-length; but with the night my horrors commence. During the whole of my journey, three nights out of four, I have fallen asleep struggling and resolving to lie awake, and awaking have blest the scream which delivered me from the reluctant sleep.'[3] At Perth,

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[1] Letter to T. Wedgwood, September 16, 1803, in Cottle's *Rem.* p. 466: 'For five months past my mind has been strangely shut up.'

[2] See *Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland*, A.D. 1803, by Dorothy Wordsworth. Edited by J. C. Shairp. 1874. A charming book. Coleridge's partial account is printed in *Memorials of Coleorton*, 1887, i. 6-8; and Wordsworth's *Ib.* i. 35.

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[1] *Tour*, p. 117.

[2] *Ib.* p. 184.

[3] *Mem. of Coleorton*, i. 7. Coleridge goes on to tell Beaumont that nine years ago he had 'a three months' visitation of this kind'—a statement in the highest degree improbable, and entirely uncorroborated. A fortnight later (Oct. 3) he recites his Scotch night-horrors to Poole (but without the reminiscence of nine years before), and adds a poetical version, which afterwards formed lines 18-32 of *The Pains of Sleep*. De Quincey relates similar experiences in a cancelled passage of his *Confessions*, which is printed only in the notes to Dr. Garnett's edition of that work (*Parchment Library* ed. 1885, p. 263). Coleridge

Coleridge received a summons to greet the Southeys who had arrived at Greta Hall on the visit which ended only with their lives. Taking coach *viâ* Edinburgh, he reached home on the 15th September. A week later he informs Beaumont that he is doing *translations* from his (Beaumont's) drawings, and will go on and make a volume of them. None of these 'translations' have been traced. On October 1 he writes of the continuance of the night-horrors, and fears that a change of climate will prove to be his only medicine. He sends, too, a copy of the *Chamouni* poem.[1]

At this time kind Beaumont, having 'a most ardent desire to bring Wordsworth and Coleridge together, purchased a small property at Applethwaite, a mile or two west of Greta Hall, . . . and presented it to Wordsworth, whom, as yet, he had not seen';[2] but

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had returns of these 'visitations' long after he was supposed to have abandoned the abuse of opium. See, for instance, a letter of July 31, 1820, and another of March 4, 1822, in Allsop's *Letters*, etc. (pp. 42 and 169, respectively). *The Visionary Hope*, which was probably written after *The Pains of Sleep*, bewails the 'obscure pangs' which 'made curses of his dreams.'

[1] *Hymn before Sunrise, in the Vale of Chamouni*. The text differs from that finally adopted (see *Poet. Works*, 1893, Appendix F., p. 521, for the version sent to Beaumont). Neither to Beaumont, nor to the public, did Coleridge ever acknowledge his considerable obligations to Frederica Brun's poem of the same name, which she addressed to Klopstock. On the contrary, the remarks with which he prefaced the poem when it was printed in the *Morning Post* (Sep. 11, 1802) are calculated to convince the reader that it had been written at Chamouni, or with the impressions of the scenery fresh in his mind's eye. The plagiarism (there is unfortunately no other word for it) was pointed out by De Quincey in *Tait's Magazine* for 1834, where he honestly grants that Coleridge had 'created the dry bones of the German outline into the fulness of life.' The expression 'dry bones,' however, is hardly fair to Frederica Brun, the text of whose poem is reprinted in the note to the *Hymn* in Coleridge's *Poet. Works*, 1893, p. 629, taken from the first edition of *Table Talk* (1835) where an apology is attempted for Coleridge's action.

[2] *Mem. of Coleorton*, i. xii. See also Wordsworth's sonnet *At Applethwaite*—

> Beaumont, it was thy wish that I should rear
> A seemly cottage in this sunny dell;
> On favoured ground, thy gift, where I might dwell
> In neighbourhood with one to me most dear,
> That undivided we from year to year
> Might work in our high calling—a bright hope
> To which our fancies, mingling, gave free scope
> Till checked by some necessities severe.

the 'severe necessities' which soon drove Coleridge from the neighbourhood prevented further action.[1] At the end of November[2] Southey describes Coleridge as 'quacking himself for complaints that would tease anybody into quackery.' Coleridge himself had made up his mind to go to Malta 'immediately.'

A fortnight later he 'is going to Devonshire,' —anywhere, apparently, away from Greta Hall. Climate had, no doubt, something to do with this voluntary exile; probably domestic infelicity had even more. Poole was at this time temporarily established at a lodging in Abingdon Street, Westminster, and on the 20th December, Coleridge started for London that he might consult him. But on the way he went to Dove Cottage, where he fell ill. By the middle of January he had been, by the tender care of Mrs. and Miss Wordsworth, nursed into sufficient wellness to permit of his journey being continued, and after resting a week at Liverpool he arrived at Poole's lodging about the 23rd. He did not, however, remain long at Abingdon Street; before the 18th February, he had taken up his quarters with Tobin[3] in Barnard's Inn, and there he remained until he sailed for Malta. In February, he paid a short visit to the Beaumonts at Dunmow, their place in Essex. He saw much of Davy (then the spoilt child of society), of Sotheby, of Godwin, of John Rickman[4]—Lamb's 'pleasant hand'—and, above all, of Lamb himself. And he was not idle, for, though Mrs. H. N. Coleridge has failed to trace any contributions of that period, during part of his stay he was at the *Courier* office from nine till four.[1] He saw Mackintosh, who was about to go to Bombay, and who offered to take Coleridge with him and provide him with a place. Judging from a letter to Poole (Jan. 26, 1804), Coleridge treated the offer with amused scorn. He met George Burnett—*ci-devant* Pantisocrat, and the only one who had taken the craze seriously enough to be greatly affected by its abandonment. Poor Burnett had become almost a waif, and Coleridge tells Rickman with the prettiest air of sympathetic innocence, that George's eyes look like those of 'an opium-chewer,' though he hopes to Heaven he may be mistaken.

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[1] 'The "severe necessities" that prevented this arose from Coleridge's domestic situation' ('Fenwick-note' to the sonnet).

[2] R. S. to Miss Barker, November 27, 1803, in *Letters of R. S.* i. 253, where it is misdated '1804.'

[3] Whether John, the solicitor and dramatist, or his 'dear brother Jim,' so unceremoniously dismissed from 'We are seven,' I know not; but, I believe, the former. See Wordsworth's *Memoirs* i. 109.

[4] Secretary to Speaker Abbott, and a famous statistician. He planned and conducted the first regular Census of Great Britain, on the lines now universally adopted.

There were schemes, too, for publishing great works. One of them was to be entitled '*Consolations and Comforts from the exercise and right application of the Reason, the Imagination, and the Moral Feelings, addressed especially to those in Sickness, Adversity, or Distress of Mind, from Speculative Gloom, etc.*'[2]

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[1] So he tells Rickman in a letter of Feb. 25. All the references to Rickman here, and some of the facts, are taken from unpublished correspondence which has been kindly entrusted to me by his representatives. In one letter Coleridge seems to allude to writings in the *Courier:* 'As soon as my Volunteer Essays and whatever of a *Vindiciæ Addingtonianæ* I can effect by simple attack on the antagonists of the Ministers are published, they shall be sent to you without fail.'

[2] I take this from an unpublished letter to Poole, but there is a shorter title and a fuller account of the 'book' in a letter to Beaumont. In the latter Coleridge gives a prospectus of another great work to follow, and states, that while at present he is giving only a quarter of his time to poetry, one half shall be devoted to it as soon as 'Consolations' is off his hands (*Mem. of Coleorton*, i. 44-48). The title of the projected work recalls one of the subjects to be treated in the *Friend* (see the prospectus of that work, 1809). In the unrevised version of the prospectus the phrase, 'speculative gloom,' occurs. It was abandoned at Francis Jeffrey's instance, and here Coleridge apologises to Poole in these words: 'I put that last phrase, though barbarous, for your information. I have puzzled for hours together and could never hit off a phrase to express that idea, that is at once neat and terse, and yet good English.' (See *Illustrated London News*, June 10, 1893. Art. 'Unpublished Letters of S. T. Coleridge.' *Athenæum* for Sep. 19, 1893. Art. 'Coleridge on Quaker Principles.')

—materials for which, as he believed, had occupied his mind for months past. But with all these projects and other distractions, Coleridge was steadily looking out for a ship to carry him to Malta. Malta, however, was then looked on merely as the most convenient stepping-stone for Sicily, Catania being the desired haven. Rickman's aid was sought, and it was he who, some time before March 5, found him a vessel, the 'Speedwell,' to sail with a convoy at some uncertain but not distant date. Almost the last thing Coleridge did before leaving England was to sit for his portrait to Northcote, of which Southey wrote to the victim, that it 'looks like a grinning idiot; and the worst is, that it is just like enough to pass for a good likeness, with those who only know your features imperfectly.' On the 27th March he went to Portsmouth, but it was the 9th April ere the winds permitted the 'Speedwell' and her companions to set sail. Of passengers she carried, besides Coleridge and his fortunes, two, whom he describes respectively as a liverless half-pay lieutenant, and 'an unconscionably fat woman who would have wanted elbow-room on Salisbury Plain.' From the *Memorials of Coleorton* (i. 41-43), we learn that the ways and means for carrying out this expedition were provided by a loan of £100 from Wordsworth, and a gift of the same amount from Sir George Beaumont. Mrs. Coleridge was left free of debt, and with liberty to draw the full amount of the Wedgwood annuity of £150. Out of the annuity had to come £20 for Mrs. Fricker, and taxes amounting to about £15.

CHAPTER VIII

MALTA AND ITALY

A.D. 1804--1806

GIBRALTAR was reached in ten days, and Coleridge greatly enjoyed the short stay on shore. On April 25th, the convoy set sail again, but so baffling were the winds, that it was the 18th May when the 'Speedwell' reached Valetta harbour. The passage from England had been to Coleridge a time of much activity of mind, but also of much home-sick brooding, while the want of exercise had told unfavourably on his health.[1] His first letter was to his wife, and was dated from 'Dr. Stoddart's,[2] July 5, 1804,'[3] no earlier opportunity of despatching letters having occurred. There was a pleased flutter in the kindly coterie over the news of 'the forlorn wanderer,' as Mary Lamb styled Coleridge in thanking her constant correspondent, Sarah Stoddart, for the tidings, and for the kindness extended to him. But he did not for long remain the guest of Stoddart, mention of whom became so rare in the poet's letters to Lamb, that Mary felt suspicious, and asked, 'Did your brother and Col. argue long arguements, till between the two great arguers there grew a little coolness?' Before the 6th July he had become the honoured guest, and in some measure the private secretary, of the Governor (his official title was 'Civil Commissioner'), Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander John Ball, who had been one of Nelson's captains, and to whom Coleridge had carried letters of recommendation. 'Sir A. Ball is, indeed, in every respect as kind and attentive to me as possible,' he writes, and, so far, he is quite satisfied of the wisdom of leaving England and its 'inward distractions.' This was written on July 6th[1] to Stuart, to whom he sends 'some Sibylline Leaves which he wrote for Sir A. B., who has sent them home to the ministry.' 'They will give you,' he adds, '*my ideas* on the importance of the island,' and Stuart may publish them, 'only not in the same words.' He considers himself 'a sort of diplomatic understrapper hidden under the Governor's robes,' so that Stuart must be discreet. Early in August, the demon of restlessness drove him to Sicily, with the intention of returning to Malta in the late autumn. He accordingly left Malta under convoy of Major Adye (who was carrying despatches to Gibraltar),[2] for Syracuse, where he remained till the beginning of November.[1] Sir Alexander Ball proposed to make some use of Coleridge in Sicily. On the 24th August he wrote thus to the English representative at Syracuse, Mr. Leckie :—

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[1] Many details of the passage, and of his impression of Gibraltar, are given to Stuart in a letter of April 21, 1804, printed in *Letters from the Lake Poets*, pp. 33-41.

[2] Stoddart was then not, as is commonly stated, Chief Justice of Malta, but King's Advocate (Attorney-General), and he enjoyed besides good private practice in the Vice-Admiralty Court. He became Chief Justice, but many years later. His sister Sarah became the first wife of William Hazlitt.

[3] The letter is printed in full in the *Illustrated London News* for June 10, 1893. It begins 'My dear Sara,' and ends, 'while I live your comforts will be always thought of by me as my first duties. Again and again may God bless you and our dear children, and S. T. COLERIDGE.' He reports that he had been miserably ill on the passage, and that though, since his arrival, free from 'such sharp illnesses as in England,' he has suffered from 'dreadful languor, weight on my breath,' etc. Since the very hot weather had set in he had been feeling better.

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[1] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 41. A letter to the same effect was written to Sir G. Beaumont on Aug. 1 (see *Mem. of Coleorton*, i. 70). In neither is Stoddart mentioned.

[2] Major Adye also undertook to forward a series of letters which Coleridge

> You have admirably described the leading features of my friend Coleridge, whose company will be a delightful feast to your mind. We must prevail on him to draw up a political paper on the revenue and resources of Sicily, with the few advantages which His Sicilian Majesty derives from it, and the danger he is in of having it seized from him by the French. We should then propose to his Majesty to transfer his right of that island to Great Britain upon condition that she shall pay him annually the amount of the present revenue.[2]

In a letter to Stuart, dated 'Syracuse, Oct. 22, 1804,' Coleridge writes: 'I leave the publication of THE PACQUET which is waiting for convoy at Malta for you, to your own opinion. If the information appear new or valuable to you, and the letters themselves entertaining, etc., publish them; only do not sell the copyright of more than the right of two editions to the booksellers.' What this '*pacquet*' may have been, I do not know. It probably never reached Stuart. Coleridge adds that he has drawn on Stuart for £50 to the order of Stoddart. By the 22nd November Coleridge was back in Malta, occupying a 'garret in the Treasury,' and acting as Private Secretary to Sir Alex. Ball. In a despatch[3] of Jan. 2, 1805, to the Secretary of State, the Governor, in referring to a

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says he had written to Beaumont, but these were destroyed at Gibraltar among Adye's papers on his death by the plague, four days after his arrival (Letter to Stuart in *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 47).

[1] Coleridge frequently alluded to his 'ascents of Etna,' but it is improbable that he went much higher than the village of Nicolosi, mentioned in a note to *Table Talk*, July 25, 1831.

[2] The whole letter ('Naples, 24th August, 1804') which is unprinted, is very curious. Ball proposes for Sicily just what in our own time has been done with Cyprus.

[3] The extract from the official copy of the despatch in the archives at Malta was kindly procured for me by a friend there.

commission issued by him to Captain Leake, R.A., to proceed to the Black Sea to buy oxen, etc., says that he takes with him 'a Mr. Coleridge'—an intimation which shows that there was good foundation for certain rumours which reached Coleridge's friends, probably through Stoddart's letters.[1] But a better appointment prevented the *ci-devant* 'Watchman' from aiding the prosecution of Pitt's wicked wars in the character of Assistant-Commissary. On the 18th January, Mr. Alex. Macaulay, the Public Secretary, died somewhat suddenly, and Coleridge received the acting appointment, pending the absence of Mr. E. T. Chapman, for whom the office was destined. The full salary attached to it was £1200, and in accordance with custom Coleridge was promised the half, £600 a year. It is vastly amusing to think of him 'having the honour to be the obedient humble servant' of the 'infamous Castlereagh,' who at this time happened to be the Secretary of State for War and Colonies. But few traces of Coleridge's official life remain at Malta, for some years ago the records of the Chief Secretary's office previous to 1851 were burnt. A collection of State papers, however, which was printed not long ago, contains a good many documents signed or countersigned by 'S. T. Coleridge, Pub. Sec. to H.M. Civ. Commissr.'; and the mere routine work must have been very considerable, for there lies before me a highly unimportant document —'Affidavit of the Paymaster of the Maltese Artillery,' sworn before, and signed by Coleridge as Public Secretary, on March 13, 1805.[1]

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[1] 'Coleridge is confidential secretary to Sir A. Ball, and has been taking some pains to set the country right as to Neapolitan politics, in the hope of saving Sicily from the French. He is going with Capt. —— into Greece, and up the Black Sea to purchase corn for the Government. Odd, but pleasant enough, if he would but learn to be contented in that state of life into which it has pleased God to call him—a maxim which I have long thought the best in the Catechism' (Southey to Rickman, Feb. 16, 1805, in *Life and Corr.* ii. 315). See also *A Group of Englishmen*, p. 305.

In a letter to Stuart (May 1, 1805) he complains of overwork, and 'wishes to Heaven he had never accepted his office as Public Secretary, or the former one of Private Secretary, as, even in a pecuniary point of view, he might have gained twice as much and improved his reputation.' He adds: 'I have the title and the palace of the Public Secretary, but not half the salary, though I had promise of the whole. But the promises of one in office are what every one knows them to be, and Sir A. B. behaves to me with real personal fondness, and with almost fatherly attention.' In this letter, as in one of April 27th,[2] Coleridge bewails the irregularity of the opportunities of communication. He gets few letters, and his own go to the fishes. It is, he believes, a judgment on him for former 'indolence and procrastination' that now when all his gratification is in writing letters to England, he has seldom a chance of despatching them. On April 27th it is his 'intention to return home overland by Naples, Ancona, and Trieste, etc., on or about the 2nd of next month.' On May Day his 'heart is almost broken' that he cannot go by this convoy; Chapman has not arrived to relieve him, and he may not come till July. He begs Stuart to 'write to Mrs. Coleridge and say that his constitution is, he hopes, improved by the abode here, but that accidents, partly by an excess of official labour and anxiety, partly from distress of mind at his not hearing from his friends, and knowledge that they could not have heard from him, etc.

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[1] He seems also to have acted as a magistrate. See the amusing story in the additional 'Omniana' in *Lit. Remains*, 1836, i. 335.

[2] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 46.

etc. etc., have produced an alteration in him for the worse,' and that he hopes to get away, homewards, by the end of May. In February the Wordsworths lost their sailor brother, John, to whom Coleridge was much attached, and when the news reached Malta, Coleridge was so much affected that, as he wrote to his wife, he 'kept his bed for a fortnight.' The fear of similar consequences prompted Mrs. Coleridge to refrain from informing him of the death of his friend, Thomas Wedgwood, which took place in July 1805.[1] In the same letter Mrs. Coleridge says that she has received one from her husband of July 21, informing her that he cannot leave until Mr. Chapman arrives; 'he is unhappy in the extreme, not having received above three or four letters from home during his residence in the island. I myself have only had four from him.'[2]

Mr. Chapman arrived on Sep. 6, and Coleridge quitted Malta on the 21st. He left for Rome in company with a gentleman, unnamed, who paid all expenses, meaning to stay only a fortnight, and then *return for the winter* to Naples, where Coleridge had left most of his clothes and all his letters of credit, manuscripts, etc. He had not been ten days in Rome when 'the French torrent rolled down on Naples,' and return thither, or receipt of anything thence, was equally impossible.[3] This shows that Coleridge must have lingered long at Naples. We know that he was there at the end of October when the news of Trafalgar reached the city; Gillman quotes[1] an entry from his diary there, dated Dec. 15th; the French entered Naples early in February 1806, so that Coleridge cannot have arrived at Rome much before the end of January. He remained until the 18th of May—the second anniversary of his arrival at Malta.

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[1] Mrs. S. T. C. to J. Wedgwood, Oct. 13, 1805, in *A Group of Englishmen*, p. 303, an admirably expressed letter.

[2] In his notes to 'Unpublished Letters' in the *Illustrated London News*, Mr. E. H. Coleridge says that only fourteen letters written from Malta have come under his notice. Opportunities of writing were doubtless few, but during his stay in the island, Coleridge 'made copious entries in his journals and diaries, and of these only a few fragments have been published.' A specimen of great interest follows (*I. L. N.* June 10, 1893).

[3] Letter to Stuart, '[London] Aug. 18, 1806.' Its narrative stops abruptly at the point above (*Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 56).

Of his doings in Rome we know little or nothing. Soon after reaching England he wrote thus to Stuart: 'If I recover a steady though imperfect health, I perhaps should have no reason to regret my long absence; not even my perilous detention in Italy; for by my regular attention to the best of the good things in Rome, and associating almost wholly with the artists of acknowledged highest reputation, I acquired more insight into the Fine Arts in three months than I could have done in England in twenty years.'[2] He made many new acquaintances—among others Baron W. von Humboldt[3] (then Prussian Minister at the Papal Court) and Ludwig Tieck[4]—and one friend, Washington Allston,[5] the American painter. Of his leaving Rome and Italy, of the reasons which led to it, and of the manner of it, Coleridge is reported to have given several accounts which are not altogether consistent.[1] The only points common to them all are that he was warned to get away from Rome and Italy as quickly as possible, because Napoleon had ordered his arrest for having, years before, written certain articles in the *Morning Post;* and that he instantly fled to an Italian port, whence he found passage to England. The details attributed to him, besides being inconsistent, are mostly trivial, and probably owe much of both qualities to their reporters. It is not improbable that Napoleon ordered the arrest of the English in Italy; possible, even, that he marked Coleridge down individually; and the poet may have been warned, and his escape assisted, by influential acquaintances; but we know nothing of the circumstances from Coleridge directly. He certainly did not go direct to Leghorn and sail directly, or go to Leghorn and skulk about *incognito* until he secured a passage—as is variously alleged. He probably went direct to Leghorn,[2] and, after arranging for a passage in an American vessel, left again; but at all events he wrote a letter[3] to Washington Allston (then at Rome) on June 19 from some town unnamed, where he had then been for more than a fortnight:—

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[1] *Life*, p. 179.

[2] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 60. Gillman (*Life*, p. 179) makes a statement much to the same effect. See also an interesting letter on his Italian art-studies which Coleridge addressed to Samuel Rogers in 1815 (*Rogers and his Contemporaries*, by P. W. Clayden, 1889, i. 191).

[3] In *The Friend* (1818, etc., Sect. II. Essay xi.) Coleridge says he then read to him Wordsworth's *Ode on the Intimation of Immortality*. This poem was not completed until 1806; but some incomplete draft of it may have been sent to him at Malta. He had with him a MS. copy of the earlier portion of the *Prelude*. See also an allusion to Humboldt in *Table Talk*, Aug. 28, 1833.

[4] He renewed acquaintance with Tieck in London in 1817. See p. 230 *infra*.

[5] He began a portrait of Coleridge at Rome, but, though well advanced, it was not finished when Coleridge left. It is now in the possession of Allston's niece, Miss R. Charlotte Dana, of Boston, U.S.A. The same painter's portrait of Coleridge, now in the National Portrait Gallery, was taken at Bristol in 1814. See the recently published *Life* of Allston, by Flagg, p. 105.

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[1] Gillman, *Life*, pp. 179-181; Cottle's *Rem.* pp. 310-313; and (through John Sterling) in Caroline Fox's Journals. I cannot learn that any Englishmen were then arrested at Rome, or that there was any general exodus of our countrymen.

[2] 'Coleridge has been daily expected since the 1st of May last year. The last accounts were dated in the May of this—he was then at Leghorn, about to embark for England' (Unprinted portion of letter of Southey to Cottle, Aug. 11, 1806, in *Life and Corr.* iii. 51). See also Southey's letter to Danvers (*Letters of R. S.* i. 377).

[3] This letter was partly and incorrectly printed in *Scribner's Mag.* for Jan. 1892. The publishers most kindly sent me a corrected and completed transcript, from which I quote. With other letters of Coleridge, it appears in Mr. Flagg's *Life of Allston.* Mr. Russell was an artist, an Exeter man, and Coleridge's fellow-passenger from Italy to England.

I have been dangerously ill for the last fortnight; . . . about ten days ago when rising from my bed I had a manifest stroke of palsy along my right side and right arm. My head felt like another man's head, so dead was it. . . . Enough of it—continual vexations and preyings upon the spirit. I gave life to my children, and they have repeatedly given it to me, for, by the Maker of all things, but for them I would try my chance. But they pluck out the wing-feathers from the mind. I have not recovered the sense of my side or my hand, but have recovered the use. I am harassed by local and partial fevers. This day at noon we set off for Leghorn: all passage through the Italian states and Germany is little other than impossible for an Englishman, and Heaven knows whether Leghorn may not be blockaded. However, we go thither, and shall go to England in an American ship. . . . On my arrival at Pisa . . . I will write a letter to you, for this I do not consider as a letter. Nothing can surpass Mr. Russell's kindness and tenderheartedness to me.

CHAPTER IX

RETURN TO ENGLAND—LECTURES—*THE FRIEND*

A.D. 1806–1810

When Coleridge's ship arrived at the quarantine ground off Portsmouth on the 11th August, he was ill, and possibly for that reason wrote to no one. Mr. Russell, however, wrote to his own friends at Exeter, who wrote to the Coleridges at Ottery, who wrote to Mrs. Coleridge—the news reaching her on the 15th. Coleridge arrived in London on the 17th, and on the following day, having taken up his quarters with Lamb, wrote to Stuart and to Wordsworth. In both letters[1] he described himself as much better since he landed, but in neither did he say anything about going home. He did not write to Wedgwood for ten months, and when he did, he described himself as having arrived from Italy 'ill, penniless, and worse than homeless.' Almost his first words to Stuart were, 'I am literally afraid, even to cowardice, to ask for any person, or of any person.' Spite of the friendliest and most unquestioning welcome from all most dear to him, it was the saddest of home-comings, for the very sympathy held out with both hands induced only a bitter, hopeless feeling of remorse—a

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[1] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 54; *Mem. of Coleorton*, i. 157. These books are the main authorities for this period.

> Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain ;
> And genius given, and knowledge won in vain ;—

of broken promises,—promises to friends and promises to himself; and above all, sense of a will paralysed—dead perhaps, killed by his own hand.

Wordsworth, whose family had outgrown Dove Cottage, was then looking for a house close to Keswick, that he might be near Coleridge, should Coleridge decide on living at Greta Hall. He would do nothing until that was settled, but no answer came to his repeated inquiries by letter. Coleridge seems soon to have left Lamb's chambers for a room at the *Courier* office (348 Strand), and to have settled down as assistant to Stuart and to his editor, Street. He had been sent for by Lord Howick (Foreign Secretary), but had been repulsed by the hall porter, and doubted whether the letter on the state of affairs in the Mediterranean which he had left had ever reached his Lordship. A few days after Fox's death (Sep. 13) he promised Stuart a 'full and severe critique' of that statesman's latest views. About the same time, through Davy or William Smith, M.P. for Norwich, or both, he undertook to deliver a series of lectures on 'Taste' at the Royal Institution. On Sep. 16—just a month after his landing—he wrote his first letter to his wife, to say that he might be expected at Greta Hall on the 29th. Before this, Wordsworth had informed Sir George Beaumont that Coleridge

> dare not go home, he recoils so much from the thought of domesticating with Mrs. Coleridge, with whom, though on many accounts he much respects her, he is so miserable that he dare not encounter it. What a deplorable thing! I have written to him to

> say that if he does not come down immediately I must insist upon seeing him somewhere. If he appoints London I shall go. I believe if anything good is to be done for him it must be done by me.[1]

It was Wordsworth's letter, doubtless, which drew Coleridge to the North. Dorothy's letter to Lady Beaumont,[2] written on receipt of the announcement of Coleridge's home-coming, goes copiously and minutely into the reasons for the estrangement between the poet and his wife. Miss Wordsworth still had hopes of an improvement.

> We have long known (she writes) how unfit Coleridge and his wife were for each other; but we had hoped that his ill-health, and the present need his children have of his care and fatherly instructions, and the reflections of his own mind during this long absence, would have so wrought upon him that he might have returned home with comfort, ready to partake of the blessings of friendship, which he surely has in an abundant degree, and to devote himself to his studies and his children. . . . Poor soul! he had a struggle of many years, striving to bring Mrs. C. to a change of temper, and something like communion with him in his enjoyments. He is now, I trust, effectually convinced that he has no power of this sort. . . . But suppose him once reconciled to that one great want, an utter want of sympathy, I believe he may live in peace and quiet. Mrs. C. has many excellent properties, as you observe; she is unremitting in her attentions as a nurse to her children, and, indeed, I believe she would have made an excellent wife to many persons. Coleridge is as little fitted for her as she for him, and I am truly sorry for her.

Of Coleridge during the next three months, the only glimpses we have are in the correspondence of distracted friends who cannot draw a word of reply to the letters they address to him. Josiah Wedgwood is the most persistent inquirer—he craves for the long-promised material for the *Life* of his brother Thomas, then being prepared by Sir James Mackintosh.[3] On

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[1] Knight's *Life*, ii. 74.

[2] *Mem. of Coleorton*, i. 162.

[3] Sir James Mackintosh was more diplomatic than Coleridge, for he proved as faithless to his trust and his promises, without sharing the just displeasure of the Wedgwood family.

Nov. 10th, Wordsworth (who had taken his family to Coleorton farm-house) wrote: 'Alas! we have had no tidings of Coleridge—a certain proof that he continues to be very unhappy.' The truth of the presentiment was soon confirmed. Before the 10th December, the Wordsworths had received four letters from Coleridge, in all of which he 'spoke

> with the same steadiness of his resolution to separate from Mrs. C., and she has fully agreed to it, and consented that he should take Hartley and Derwent and superintend their education, she being allowed to have them at the holidays. I say she has agreed to the separation, but in a letter which we have received to-night he tells us she breaks out into outrageous passions, and urges continually that one argument (in fact the only one which has the least effect upon her mind), that this person and that person, and everybody will talk.'[1]

Wordsworth at once wrote and begged Coleridge to come to Coleorton and bring the two boys with him, and on December 21 Coleridge arrived, bringing, however, only Hartley.[2] On Christmas Day, Miss Wordsworth described him to Lady Beaumont as tolerably well and cheerful, and 'already begun with his books.' He seemed 'more like his old self,' and 'contented in his mind, having settled things at home to his satisfaction.'

It was early in the following month that Wordsworth recited to Coleridge the great autobiographical poem which we know as *The Prelude*. He had carried with him to Malta a transcript of the first five 'Books,' but the poem had been slowly built up and completed during his long absence, and was addressed to himself. How deeply the recital impressed him may be gathered from the touching and beautiful response[1] made while the sound of his friend's voice was still vibrating. The picture which Coleridge draws of himself is too sacred for comment—the companion-portrait of his friend is drawn in lines even more strongly contrasting than those which had been used in *Dejection*.

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[1] Miss Wordsworth to Lady Beaumont in *Mem. of Coleorton*, i. 182. 'Dec. 10, 1806,' is the post-mark. The date printed at the head of the letter, 'Nov. 16,' is an impossible one.

[2] Two days previous Miss Wordsworth wrote thus to Lady Beaumont: 'He [Coleridge] writes calmly and in better spirits. Mrs. C. had been outrageous; but for the last two or three days she had become more quiet, and appeared to be tolerably reconciled to his arrangements. I had a letter from her last week—a strange letter! She wrote just as if all things were going on as usual, and we knew nothing of the intentions of Coleridge. She gives but a very gloomy account of Coleridge's health, but this in her old way, without the least feeling or sense of his sufferings.' *Mem. of Coleorton*, i. 187.

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[1] *To a Gentleman* [William Wordsworth], *composed on the night of his recitation of a Poem on the growth of an Individual Mind.*

I quote from the original version chiefly for the sake of including the seventeen lines beginning 'Dear shall it be to every human heart,' which were first printed in the *Mem. of Coleorton*, i. 215. The original version is given entire in *Poet. Works*, 1893, Appendix H, p. 525.

O Friend! O Teacher! God's great gift to me!
Into my heart have I received that lay
More than historic, that prophetic lay
Wherein (high theme by thee first sung aright)
Of the foundations and the building up
Of thy own Spirit thou hast loved to tell
What *may* be told, by words revealable:

. . . . . .

Thy work
Makes audible a linkèd song of Truth—
Of Truth profound a sweet continuous song,
Not learnt, but native, her own natural notes!
Dear shall it be to every human heart,
To me how more than dearest! me, on whom
Comfort from thee, and utterance of thy love,
Came with such heights and depths of harmony,
Such sense of wings uplifting, that its might
Scatter'd and quell'd me, till my thoughts became
A bodily tumult; and thy faithful hopes,
Thy hopes of me, dear Friend, by me unfelt!
Were troublous to me, almost as a voice,
Familiar once, and more than musical;
As a dear woman's voice to one cast forth,
A wanderer with a worn-out heart forlorn,
Mid strangers pining with untended wounds.

O Friend, too well thou know'st, of what sad years
The long suppression had benumb'd my soul,
That, even as life returns upon the drown'd,
The unusual joy awoke a throng of pains—
Keen pangs of Love, awakening, as a babe
Turbulent, with an outcry in the heart!
And fears self-will'd, that shunn'd the eye of Hope;
And Hope that scarce would know itself from Fear;

On January 27, 1807, Miss Wordsworth reports Coleridge as pretty well, 'though ailing at some time in every day. He does not take such strong stimulants as he did, but I fear he will never be able to leave them off entirely.' On February 17 he is still at Coleorton, but it must have been soon after this that he took Hartley up to London on a visit to Basil Montagu. It was probably while then in town that he made preliminary arrangements through Davy for the delivery of the course of lectures which had been spoken of in 1806, for in August we find Davy endeavouring to get a definite answer on the subject.[1] Some time in May, Coleridge and Hartley joined Mrs. Coleridge and the two younger children at Bristol (where they had been since the end of March), and on the 6th June the whole family became the guests of Poole at Stowey. The visit was planned for but a fortnight, after which the Coleridges were to have gone to Ottery[2] to stay with his brother George, but the visit had to be aban-

> Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain,
> And genius given, and knowledge won in vain;
> And all, which I had cull'd in wood-walks wild,
> And all which patient toil had rear'd, and all
> Commune with THEE had open'd out—but flowers
> Strew'd on my corse, and borne upon my bier,
> In the same coffin, for the self-same grave!

But the 'orphic song' brought to the listener something more wholesome than despairing remorse—it brought, for the moment at least, hope, and something else which could not be defined. 'Thought was it?' he asks himself, 'or aspiration? or resolve?'—

> The tumult rose and ceas'd: for peace is nigh
> Where Wisdom's voice has found a list'ning heart.
> Amid the howl of more than wintry storms,
> The halcyon hears the voice of vernal hours
> Already on the wing!

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[1] *Frag. Rem.* p. 98.

[2] 'In less than a week I go down to Ottery, with my children and their mother, from a sense of duty as it affects myself, and from a promise made to Mrs. Coleridge as far as it affects her, and indeed as a debt of respect to her, for her many praiseworthy qualities.' (*Unpublished Letter of S. T. C.*)

doned, owing, it was said, to illness in the house. The true reason was, that when George Coleridge was made aware of the proposed separation of S. T. Coleridge from his wife, he refused to receive them into his house. This proved a lasting rupture with Ottery. The Coleridges remained on with Poole—Mrs. Coleridge and the children until the end of July, when they returned to Bristol; Coleridge himself until the end of September. There is much of the doings of this period in Mrs. Sandford's book. It appears to have been on the whole a happy time for all parties, and it would seem as if, probably through Poole's good offices, some kind of reconciliation, or at least some resolution to 'try again,' had been patched up between Coleridge and his wife, for when Mrs. Coleridge left Stowey for Bristol it had been arranged that she should there be joined by her husband, and that the family party should return intact to Greta Hall. Coleridge appears to have been cheerful enough while he basked in the sunshine of old associations and old friendships, but when his host and constant friend urged him to exert himself in preparing for the proposed lectures at the Royal Institution, poor Coleridge could only respond with a sigh—

> Let Eagle bid the Tortoise sunwards soar,
> As vainly Strength speaks to a broken Mind![1]

Poole succeeded, however, in overcoming Coleridge's reluctance to resume communication with Josiah Wedgwood. While on a visit from Poole's to his old neighbour, Mr. Brice of Aisholt, Coleridge wrote the letter[2] which contains the statement already quoted as to his having returned from Italy 'ill, penniless, and worse than homeless.' It is a sad letter, differing however but little from many which Coleridge was called on to write—a medley of confessions, promises, projects, and pleas self-justificatory. The long-promised contributions to the estimate of Thomas Wedgwood's philosophical views, and the more recently demanded contribution to the memoir (supposed to be preparing by Sir James Mackintosh), were both among the 'effects which have been most unkindly or injudiciously detained by Stoddart' at Malta. If Josiah Wedgwood only knew Coleridge's grief for the loss of his friend Thomas, and his 'own bad state of health and worse state of mind,' he would pity rather than wonder at the 'day after day procrastinating.' 'The faultiest parts of my conduct (he urged) have arisen from qualities both blameable and pitiable, but yet the very opposite of Neglect or Insensibility.' He flatly denies an accusation of having abused Mackintosh to his (M.'s) relations. 'I am at present,' he adds, 'on the eve of sending two volumes of poems to the press,[1] the work of past years.' *Christabel*, the most greatly admired, has been, he is told, 'anticipated as far as all originality of style and manner goes by a work[1] which he has not read.' If this be true, it is 'somewhat hard, for [Scott] had, long before the composition of his own poem, publicly repeated *Christabel.* Besides' (he goes on), 'I have finished a Greek and English grammar on a perfectly new plan, and have done more than half of a small but sufficiently complete Greek and English Lexicon, so that I can put both to press whenever I can make just terms with any bookseller.'[2] Nothing is said about lectures. Of this apologia, Wedgwood wrote to Poole: 'His letter removed all those feelings of anger which occasionally, but not permanently, existed in my mind towards him.'[3]

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[1] *T. Poole and his Friends*, ii. 195.

[2] To Josiah Wedgwood, June 27, 1807, in *A Group of Englishmen*, pp. 324-328.

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[1] In Cottle's *Early Recoll.* (ii. 130, but not in his *Rem.*) is printed an extract from a letter written by Coleridge to Wade at this time. Its exact date cannot now be ascertained, for of the original only a fragment remains, but it must belong to the early days of September 1807. Some unprinted passages indicate that Coleridge's poems were being transcribed for the press by Mrs. Coleridge at Bristol, that he was under contract with Messrs. Longman for a book (possibly these poems), and that he had received the offer of a regular engagement on some provincial newspaper, and had declined it, under the belief that its acceptance would displease the Wedgwoods. In the same letter he describes himself as under unfulfilled obligations to Wade: 'penniless, resourceless, in heavy debt, his health and spirits absolutely broken down, and with scarce a friend in the world'—an obvious exaggeration, seeing that in Wordsworth and Poole alone he had a host, and that he had been reconciled to Wedgwood. Cottle, as usual, darkens knowledge by garbling the extract he gives. Coleridge did not write '*I have* too much reason' to fear the loss of the annuity; but that at a previous time, when another grief was weighing on him, he *had had* reason to fear for the continuance of the annuity.

It was in the following month that De Quincey appeared on the scene. On the 26th of July, Cottle wrote a letter of introduction[4] for that 'Gentleman of Oxford, a scholar and man of genius' (so he described De Quincey) to Poole, which contained a request that he might be introduced to Coleridge. The Opium-eater's story[5] is too well known to require more than brief mention here. When he arrived at Stowey, Coleridge was at Bridgwater, and thither the neophyte pursued him. He found Coleridge standing in reverie, under his host's gateway: 'In height he might seem to be about five feet eight (he was in reality about an inch and a half taller) . . . his person was broad and full, and tended even to corpulence; his complexion was fair, though not what painters technically call fair, because it was associated with black hair; his eyes were large and soft in their expression; and it was from the peculiar appearance of haze or dreaminess which mixed with their light, that I recognised my object.'

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[1] He is referring to Scott, and *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

[2] One of these statements had some foundation, for it was from a Greek grammar of his own making that Coleridge taught his little boys. The projects—they were never more—are mentioned again, a year and a half later, in a letter to Davy: 'As soon as I have a little leisure I shall send my Greek accidence and vocabulary of terminations to the press with my Greek-English Lexicon, which will be followed by a Greek Philosophical grammar' (*Frag. Rem.* p. 106).

[3] *T. Poole and his Friends*, ii. 185.

[4] *Ib.* ii. 190.

[5] It began to appear in *Tait's Magazine* for Sep. 1834, two months after Coleridge's death; and has been reprinted (with many alterations) in De Quincey's collected *Works* (1863, ii. 38-122). The whole article bristles with blunders of every description. Even the portions which relate the author's own experience and observation require a large allowance for refraction.

As soon as it had been arranged that De Quincey should join a dinner-party which Coleridge's host, Mr. Chubb, was to entertain on that evening, Coleridge began to talk 'in a continuous strain of eloquent dissertation,' which, after about three hours, was arrested by the entrance of Mrs. Coleridge. 'She was in person full and rather below the common height; whilst her face showed, to my eye, some prettiness of rather a common order.' When De Quincey had been 'frigidly' introduced, Mrs. Coleridge retired, and no doubt the dissertation was resumed. But with all this copious talk, De Quincey declares that 'never had he beheld so profound an expression of cheerless despondency' as that which sat on the talker's countenance. At the large dinner-party in the evening, Coleridge seemed to talk with an effort, and to give no heed when his hearers misrepresented what he said. At ten,—dinner had probably begun at five or six,—De Quincey left the party, and 'feeling that he could not easily go to sleep after the excitement of the day, and fresh from the sad spectacle of powers so majestic already besieged by decay,' he mounted his horse, and through the divine calm of the summer night rode back to Bristol. He states that in the course of their conversation 'Coleridge told him of the over-clouding of his life' by the abuse of opium, and warned him against forming the habit, with so 'peculiar an emphasis of horror' as to impress upon the young man's mind 'a feeling that he never hoped to liberate himself from the bondage.' As to this alleged confession, I feel almost persuaded that De Quincey's memory deceived him, and that he learned the secret and received the warning at some later period. Such a lapse in groping back through a past of seven-and-twenty years, is much more probable than that Coleridge should have divulged to a perfect stranger a hitherto jealously-guarded secret. It struck the generous young man that Coleridge might be hampered in many ways by pecuniary difficulties. Immediately after his return to Bristol, he learned that such was the case, 'and in consequence' (he says) 'of what I heard, I contrived that a particular service should be rendered to Mr. Coleridge, a week after, through the hands of Mr. Cottle.'

Such is De Quincey's delicate way of telling the story of his own impulsive generosity. Cottle's account[1] is familiar. De Quincey proposed to give Coleridge five hundred pounds, but Cottle prudently induced the young man to make the sum three hundred. The gift was professedly accepted as an unconditional loan, which (as he told Cottle) Coleridge trusted to be able to restore in two years, and as removing the pecuniary pressures which alone stood in the way of the completion of works, which, if completed, would make him easy. In one year he hopes to ask the name of his benefactor, that he may show him good fruits of the 'tranquillity of mind which his kindness' has rendered possible.[1] I do not doubt the perfect sincerity with which this letter was written, but in view of the events which followed, it can only be read with a pang. Of the use to which De Quincey's gift was put by Coleridge, nothing, I believe, is known. One hopes that part went to repay Wordsworth's loan of £100 made in 1804; but, at all events, soon afterwards, it was all gone. 'Heaven knows, of the £300 received through you,' wrote Coleridge to Cottle in 1815, 'what went to myself!'

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[1] *Rem.* pp. 341-344. The narrative is, as usual, full of inaccuracies—as is shown by a comparison with the correspondence printed in *De Quincey's Memorials* (2 vols. 1891), but the latter gives no new complexion to the *conduct* of the parties. Both De Quincey and Cottle write as if the transaction had been carried through at once, but the correspondence explains how it came to drag on from July till November. This was not De Quincey's fault, for he found difficulties in raising the whole of the money at once. Cottle prints Coleridge's receipt: 'November 12, 1807—Received from Mr. Joseph Cottle the sum of Three hundred pounds, presented to me, through him, by an unknown friend. S. T. Coleridge, Bristol.'

Coleridge left Stowey for Bristol about the 12th September. On the 11th he had written a long letter to Davy[2] in reply to an urgent message regarding the proposed lectures. He is better, and his 'will acquiring some degree of strength and power of reaction.'

> I have received such manifest benefit from horse exercise, and gradual abandonment of fermented, and total abstinence from spirituous, liquors, and by being alone with Poole, and the renewal of old times, by wandering about my dear old walks of Quantock and Alfoxden, that I have seriously set about composition with a view to ascertain whether I can conscientiously undertake what I so very much wish, a series of Lectures at the Royal Institution.

He has, however, changed his mind as to the subject. If he lectures, it will not be on 'Taste,' but on 'the Principles of Poetry,' and he will 'not give a single lecture till he has in fair writing at least one-half of the whole course, for as to trusting anything to immediate effort, he shrinks from it as from guilt, and guilt in him it would be.' He concludes by asking Davy to await his final decision, at the end of the month. During the months (September–November) which Coleridge spent in Bristol, he seems to have given himself up very much to talk about religion, surprising his friends there with the change which had taken place in his beliefs. A long and deeply interesting letter[1] printed by Cottle shows that he was no longer a Unitarian—he probably never had been one, in the strictest sense—but a fully-developed Trinitarian. In a letter[2] to Poole from 'Keswick, Dec. 28, 1807,' Mrs. Coleridge says that when her husband joined her at Bristol, 'in such excellent health and improved looks, she thought of days "lang syne," and hoped and prayed it might continue.'

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[1] S. T. C. to Cottle (n.d.), *Rem.* p. 342.

[2] *Frag. Rem.* p. 99.

> Alas! (she adds), in three or four days it was all over. He said he must go to town *immediately*, about the Lectures, yet he stayed three weeks without another word about removing, and I durst not speak lest it should *disarrange* him. Mr. De Quincey, who was a frequent visitor to C. in College Street, proposed accompanying me and the children into Cumberland, as he much wished to pay Wordsworth and Southey a visit. . . . Towards the end of October, accordingly, I packed up everything, C.'s things (as I thought, for London) and our own, and left Bristol.[3] . . .

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[1] *Rem.* pp. 314-325. I have not seen the original, but it was, no doubt, carefully revised by Cottle before printing. The reports of conversations on these topics are more completely given in Cottle's *Early Recoll.* ii. 99-124. These are, even more than the letter, open to the suspicion of severe editing. Southey wrote thus to W. Taylor, July 11, 1808: 'Had Middleton been now at Norwich, it is possible that you might have seen Coleridge there, for M. called upon him in London. It has been his humour for [some] time past to think, or rather to call, the Trinity a philosophical and most important Truth, and he is very much delighted with Middleton's work on the subject. Dr. Sayers would not find him now the warm Hartleyan that he has been; Hartley was ousted by Berkeley, Berkeley by Spinoza, and Spinoza by Plato; when last I saw him Jacob Behmen had some chance of coming in. The truth is that he plays with systems, and any nonsense will serve him for a text from which he can deduce something new and surprising' (*Mem. of W. T.* i. 215).

[2] Partly printed in *T. Poole and his Friends*, ii. 202-204.

[3] For De Quincey's account of the journey, see *Works* (1863, ii. 128); Art. 'William Wordsworth.'

I left him (as I thought) ready to jump into the mail for London. Lo! three weeks after I received a letter from him from White Horse Stairs, Piccadilly; he was just arrived in town, had been ill, owing to sitting in wet cloaths, had passed three weeks at the house of a Mr. Morgan, and had been nursed by his wife and her sister in the kindest manner. C. found Davy very ill. The Lectures on that account were postponed. Stuart had insisted on his being at the *Courier* office during his stay in town. . . . Wordsworth obtained a few lines from him ten days ago. Davy was better, and the Lectures were to commence in a fortnight. Since then we have heard nothing. Dr. Stoddart is arrived from Malta. He has brought with him C.'s papers. C. wrote to him to expostulate with him for having detained them so long. He received an abusive answer, saying he would deliver up the papers to a person properly documented, with £50 for expenses, etc. C. has since found that he [Stoddart] is writing a book himself. . . . Southey is enraged at his [Stoddart's] conduct, and foretold this about the book, and gave it as a reason why C.'s documents were not forthcoming. . . . He [Coleridge] has published a poem in the *Courier* lately—*The Wanderer's Farewell.*[1]

This very interesting letter of Mrs. Coleridge gives a succinct account of her husband up to the end of 1807. It will be observed that it contains no mention of De Quincey's bounty. He, of course, would say nothing to Mrs. Coleridge, and Coleridge himself had evidently been equally reticent. His detention at Bristol, we may assume, was not unconnected with the delay in receiving the three hundred pounds which was paid on November 12, at least a fortnight after Mrs. Coleridge's departure.

Coleridge returned to his old quarters at the top of the *Courier* building in the Strand. 'He sits up in a two pair of stairs room at the *Courier* office and receives visitors,' writes Lamb to Manning (Feb. 28); and De Quincey, in his *Lake Poets*, gives a dismal account of Coleridge's situation at this period :—

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[1] 'To Two Sisters: A Wanderer's Farewell' printed in the *Courier*, Dec. 10, 1807. The signature was *Siesti*, but this disguise of ESTEESI proved too thin for Mrs. Coleridge's jealous eyes. 'The wanderer' was Coleridge, and the 'two sisters' were Mrs. J. J. Morgan, and Miss Brent, and Mrs. Coleridge was highly displeased. Coleridge wrote:—

Even thus did you call up before mine eyes
Two dear, dear Sisters, prized all price above;

and Mrs. Coleridge well knew that these were not herself and Mrs. Southey. The poem in its integrity was first reprinted in *Poet. and Dram. Works*, 1877-80. It will be found also in *Poet. Works*, 1893, p. 179. A few lines adapted from it were published in ed. 1834 (and after) with the heading, 'On taking leave of ——, 1817' (the date a misprint for '1807').

> I called upon him daily, and pitied his forlorn condition. There was no bell in the room, which for many months answered the double purpose of bed-room and sitting-room. Consequently I often saw him picturesquely enveloped in night-caps surmounted by handkerchiefs indorsed upon handkerchiefs, shouting . . . down three or four flights of stairs, to a certain 'Mrs. Brainbridge,' his sole attendant, whose dwelling was in the subterranean regions of the house [the *Courier* office].

His sole duty being to prepare his lectures, he gave much time to the assistance of Stuart and Street in the conduct of their newspaper. Of this, the first[1] course of lectures delivered by Coleridge, but a scanty and fragmentary record remains.[2] Lamb writes to Manning on February 26, 1808: 'Coleridge has delivered two lectures at the R.I.; two more were attended,[3] but he did not come. It is thought he has gone sick upon them. He ain't well, that's certain. Wordsworth[4] is coming to see him.' This sounds a little unfeeling, as coming from Lamb; but it was mainly a letter from Mary Lamb,[5] which was bringing

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[1] It was really the first, notwithstanding statements by Coleridge and his editors to the contrary.

[2] The following is a list of all the lectures of this course, of which there is any general or particular record, printed and unprinted: I. Jan. 12, 1808; II. Feb. 5; III. and IV. before April 3. At least three more were given before May 15, and several more in the course of the succeeding five or six weeks. Notes of four were made by H. Crabb Robinson—see his *Diary*, etc., 1872, i. 140; and Mrs. H. N. Coleridge's *Notes and Lectures on Shakespeare* [by S. T. C.] 1849. These are not included in *Lectures and Notes on Shakspere and other English Poets*, by S. T. C., now first collected by T. Ashe (Bell, 1883), a useful, and in many respects an excellent compilation.

[3] To the confusion of the sense, this word has hitherto been printed 'intended.' I quote from the original letter.

[4] On this, see *Mem. of Coleorton*, ii. 35.

[5] Coleridge had been ill and better again in December 1807 (*Mem. of Coleorton*, ii. 41). On Feb. 18, 1808, he reports to Beaumont that he has been 'very

Wordsworth to town. I gather that Lamb suspected opium to be largely responsible for his friend's illness, and that Wordsworth's moral influence would be more powerful than his own. Wordsworth came, and Southey followed; and during their stay in town Coleridge recovered, and before Wordsworth left on the 3rd April he had heard two lectures, which (he says) 'seemed to give great satisfaction,' although Coleridge 'was not in spirits, and suffered much during the week both in body and mind.'[1] About this time Coleridge reviewed his friend Clarkson's 'History of the Abolition of the Slave-trade' in the *Edinburgh*. He had begged Jeffrey to be merciful to an imperfect book for the sake of the almost perfect character of the author; on which Jeffrey asked Coleridge to be himself the critic. Coleridge afterwards complained of gross mutilation of his MS. and of inversion of some of his sentiments, especially as regards Pitt, whose sincerity in the matter of Abolition, he had asserted.[2] He

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ill' for many weeks, with only two 'day-long intervals.' He has been able to do nothing except to write 'a moral and political defence of the Copenhagen business,' which requires only a concluding paragraph. This no doubt was for the *Courier* (see H. C. Robinson's *Diary*, etc., 1872, i. 138). 'I shall disgust many friends,' he adds, but I do it from my *conscience*. What other motive have I?' (*M. of C.* ii. 47). There is not a word about lectures.

[1] *Mem. of Coleorton*, ii. 48.

[2] Allsop's *Letters*, etc., p. 185. The article was printed in the *Edinburgh Review* for July 1808. In a letter to Jeffrey (printed in the *Illustrated London News* for June 10, 1893), dated 'Grasmere, Dec. 8, 1808,' Coleridge expresses his thanks for the insertion of the article as an act of personal kindness and attention to the request of one a stranger except by name, and says that the 'pecuniary remuneration' he had received was a surprise to him. He mildly points out that the alterations the article had undergone have not been very skilfully made; and complains of the inversion of the remarks on Pitt's favourable attitude towards Abolition. Coleridge declares that 'such is his detestation of that pernicious minister, such his contempt of the cowardice and fatuity of his measures, and his Horror at the yet unended Train of their direful consequences, that if obedience to Truth could ever be painful to him, this would have been.' He acted well in praising Pitt, but was pleased that Jeffrey 'acted equally well in altering' the passage 'according to his convictions.' The only explanation of Coleridge's far-stretched complaisance is that he was at the time endeavouring to enlist Jeffrey's aid in getting subscribers for *The Friend*, and meekly accepted two out of three emendations in the phrasing of the Prospectus, which Jeffrey had suggested.

proposed to republish his review, corrected and augmented, but he did not, and it has never been reprinted.[1] In May, Coleridge writes[2] of himself as correcting and revising Wordsworth's *White Doe of Rylstone*, then ready for the press. He is hampered by 'the heat and bustle of these disgusting lectures,' the next of which will be his first on 'Modern Poetry,' to be followed, later on, by one on Wordsworth's 'System and Compositions.' The lectures came to an end late in June.[3] De Quincey's statements[4] respecting Coleridge's condition during the period of the lectures, and of his *frequent* failure to appear at Albemarle Street, have much appearance of exaggeration. They are in no way corroborated by Crabb Robinson, and the two failures reported by Lamb were probably all that took place.

When the lectures were over, Coleridge went to Bury St. Edmunds on a visit to the Clarksons. Mrs. Clarkson was one of his most devoted and sympathetic friends, and one whose high qualities of mind and heart were greatly appreciated by him. It was no doubt owing to her good influence that he at this time relinquished laudanum, or at least the abuse of it. The abuse was no longer a secret from his intimates, for soon after this visit he wrote thus to Stuart:—

> I am hard at work, and feel a pleasure in it which I have not known for years; a consequence and reward of my courage in at

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[1] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 180; Allsop's *Letters*, etc., p. 185; *Frag. Rem.* p. 102.

[2] Knight's *Life of W. W.* ii. 100.

[3] Whether he delivered the full contract number of sixteen, I know not, but it seems probable he did, for he received the full fee of a hundred pounds—£40 advanced in October 1808 and £60 in March 1809. In April 1808 he had applied for the £60, and been refused. This lack of confidence was much resented by him, and he immediately borrowed £100 from Stuart, part of which was required to pay the premium on his life-policy (*Gent. Mag.* June 1838, p. 581; *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 135).

[4] *Works* (1863), ii. 99.

> length overcoming the fear of dying suddenly in my sleep, which, Heaven knows, alone seduced me into the fatal habit, etc. . . . If I entirely recover I shall deem it a sacred duty to publish my cure, tho' without my name, for the practice of taking opium is dreadfully spread.[1]

This was written from 'Allan Bank,' Wordsworth's recently-entered and very uncomfortable house at Grasmere. 'Coleridge has arrived at last' (wrote Southey to his brother Tom, September 9, 1808), 'about half as big as the house. He came with Wordsworth on Monday, and returned with him on Wednesday. His present scheme is to put the boys to school at Ambleside and reside at Grasmere himself.'[2] At Stowey, a year before, some such arrangement had been discussed as a contingency, but up to June 1808 nothing further had been said regarding it to Mrs. Coleridge. She was anxious, 'on the children's account,' that Greta Hall might be decided on, and the landlord, Jackson, was seconding her efforts by building some additional accommodation, fearing that, owing to the presence of the Southey family, Coleridge found too little privacy. On December 4, Miss Wordsworth writes from Allan Bank to Mrs. Marshall: 'At the time of the great storm, Mrs. Coleridge and her little girl[3] were here, and Mr. Coleridge is with us constantly. . . . Mr. Coleridge and his wife are separated, and I hope they will both be the happier for it. They are upon friendly terms, and occasionally see each other. In fact, Mrs. Coleridge was more than a week at Grasmere [Allan Bank] under the same roof with him. Coleridge intends to spend the winter with us. On the [other] side of this paper you will find the Prospectus of a work which he is going to undertake; and I have little doubt but that it will be well executed if his health does not fail him; but on that score (though he is well at present) I have many fears.'[1]

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[1] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 181, where the passage appears to be given incompletely.

[2] *Life and Corr.* iii. 16.

[3] See Sara Coleridge's recollections of this visit, printed in her *Memoirs* (1873), i. 17-20. The two boys had been placed at school at Ambleside.

The 'prospectus' was, of course, that of *The Friend.* Coleridge and his associates of this period must have used up a ream or two of it in their correspondence—one fly-leaf of the foolscap sheet having been left blank expressly for this advertising purpose. Early in December Coleridge wrote of his project to Davy[2]: 'My health and spirits are improved beyond my boldest hopes. A very painful effort of moral courage has been remunerated by tranquillity—by ease from the sting of self-disapprobation. I have done more for the last ten weeks than I had done for three years before. . . . I would willingly inform you of my chance of success in obtaining a sufficient number of subscribers, so as to justify me prudentially in commencing the work, but I do not possess grounds even for a sane conjecture. It will depend in a great measure on the zeal of my friends.' To Stuart and to Poole he wrote in the same strain, and to them he added an intimation that he had consulted a physician. To Poole he says he is now feeling 'the blessedness of walking altogether in the light,' which, taken in conjunction with the letter to Davy, we may interpret as meaning that opium-eating had been suspended for a time.[3]

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[1] Knight's *Life*, ii. 120.

[2] *Frag. Rem.* p. 101.

[3] In all these letters of December, Coleridge writes of *The Friend* as of something of which they had been previously aware. Can it have been to some such project that Coleridge alluded in a mutilated passage of his letter to Wordsworth of May 1808? He has been writing of Wordsworth's pecuniary anxieties, and

The 'prospectus' mentioned by Miss Wordsworth was sent out without consultation with any one,[1] and the first number was announced for 'the first Saturday in January 1809,' 'in case of a sufficient number of subscribers being obtained.'

Of course *The Friend* did not appear on January 7. On January 18, Southey told Rickman: 'Meantime a hundred difficulties open upon him [Coleridge] in the way of publication, and doubtless some material changes must be made in the plan. . . . [*The Friend*] is expected to start in March.' At first *The Friend* was to be printed and published in London; next, in Kendal; but in February Coleridge arranged with 'a clever young man,' Mr. John Brown, to print and publish for him in Penrith. Then it was discovered that this clever young man had not type enough, and Coleridge had to buy £38 worth. On the 23rd March, Wordsworth, who had become very anxious, thus wrote to Poole[2]: 'I give it to you as my deliberate opinion, founded upon proofs which have been strengthening for years, that he neither will nor can execute anything of important benefit to himself, his family, or mankind'; all is 'frustrated by a derangement in his intellectual and moral constitution. In fact, he has no voluntary power of mind whatsoever, nor is he capable of acting under any *constraint* of duty or moral obligation.' *The Friend* may appear, 'but it cannot go on for any

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goes on: 'Indeed, before my fall . . . I had indulged the hope that, by division of labour, you would have no occasion to think about . . . [*sic* in *Life*] as, with very warm and zealous patronage, I was fast ripening a plan which secures from £12 to £20 a week (the prospectus, indeed, going to the press as soon as Mr. Sotheby and Sir G. Beaumont had read it).' Knight's *Life*, ii. 102.

[1] *Letters of R. S.* ii. 120. See an interesting letter from Coleridge to Thomas Wilkinson (Wordsworth's friend of the 'Spade') Dec. 31, 1799, on the prospectus of *The Friend* in the *Friend's Quarterly Examiner* for July 1893—Art. 'S. T. Coleridge on Quaker Principles'; and *Athenæum* for Sept. 16, 1893—Art. 'Coleridge on Quaker Principles.'

[2] Knight's *Life of W. W.* ii. 124.

length of time. I am *sure* it cannot. C., I understand, has been three weeks at Penrith,' and will answer no letters. And then he calls on Poole to come to the rescue—in summer, for it is of no use to attempt to stop Coleridge *now*. A week later (March 30) Wordsworth wrote again to Poole—Coleridge, he says, has not been at Grasmere for a month. He is now at Keswick, 'having had a great deal of trouble about arranging the publication of *The Friend*. . . . I cannot say that Coleridge has been managing himself well.' Probably he had heard from Southey that opium was again in the ascendant. Poole, Stuart, Montagu, and Clarkson were advancing money for the stamped paper.[1] It was sent, unfortunately, by the wrong route and did not arrive till May 8. At last, but not until June 1st, *The Friend* No. I. appeared.[2] 'The mode of payment by subscribers will be announced in a future number,' promised Coleridge, and in No. II. this promise was fulfilled—characteristically, by a vague proposal that payment should be made 'at the close of each twentieth week.' The third number will be deferred for a fortnight (instead of a week) to allow lists of subscribers to come in, and arrangements to be made for mode of payment. Nothing more was said about the matter until after the issue of the twentieth number, at the end of the year.

Having seen No. II. despatched on June 8, Coleridge returned from Penrith to Grasmere and wrote to Stuart[1]: 'I printed 620 of No. I. and 650 of No. II., and so many more are called for that I shall be forced to reprint both as soon as I hear from Clarkson [regarding fresh stocks of paper].[2] The proof-sheet of No. III. goes back to-day, and with it the "copy" of No. IV., so that henceforth we shall be secure of regularity.' Alas! No. III. appeared on August 10—seven weeks late; and No. IV. on September 7—again three weeks late. And no wonder. The conditions were impossible. There was Coleridge himself; there were the imperfect arrangements for supplies of paper; and, as if these hindrances were not enough, there were the relative situations of Grasmere and Penrith. The mere distance, 28 miles, was nothing; but there was no direct post, and Kirkstone Pass lay, a veritable lion, in the path. The defective postal system was only ameliorated by the passage of chance chaises either way, but once when the printing-house rats had devoured a page-long motto from Hooker, and two fresh transcripts were entrusted by Coleridge to two drivers, both failed of delivery to the printer; and No. VIII. was, in consequence, issued a week after due date. Then the subscription-list plan proved a bad one, as Coleridge publicly confessed in after years.[3] In January 1810 he made the same confession in a letter to Lady Beaumont[4]—many subscribers withdrew their names, and many of those who did not, withheld the money. Nearly all complained that the contents were too dull, and an attempt was made to enliven the pages by printing 'Satyrane's Letters.' These, with contributions in prose and verse from Wordsworth, practically filled up the numbers from November 23 to January 25 (1810), when the 'Sketches and Fragments of the Life and Character of the late Sir Alexander Ball'[1] began—a series, too long indeed, but destined never to be completed.

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[1] The stamp on each number was 3½d., but there were discounts which reduced the cost to little more than 3d.

[2] 'THE FRIEND; a Literary, Moral, and Political Weekly Paper, excluding Personal and Party Politics and Events of the Day. Conducted by S. T. Coleridge of Grasmere, Westmoreland. Each number will contain a stamped sheet of large Octavo, like the present; and will be delivered free of expence, by the Post, throughout the Kingdom, to Subscribers. The Price each Number One Shilling. . . . Penrith: Printed and Published by J. Brown.' The continuity of issue was frequently broken—thus there were eight blank weeks between II. and III.; three between III. and IV.; one between XI. and XII; one between XX. and XXI.; and one between XXVI. and XXVII. and last.

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[1] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 166. 'June 13.'

[2] A collation of a set of stamped, with the set of unstamped, numbers issued with a title-page in 1812, shows that the first twelve numbers in the volume were *revised reprints* done in 1809.

[3] *Biog. Lit.* 1817, i. 162. The real facts of the story there given about 'the gentleman who procured nearly a hundred names' will be found in *Mem. of Coleorton*, ii. 99. A comparison of the two versions will repay the curious student.

[4] *Mem. of Coleorton*, ii. 96-108.

While *The Friend* was being abandoned to Satyrane and Wordsworth, Coleridge was contributing a series of letters to the *Courier*[2] 'On the Spaniards,' with the view of exciting British sympathy in the struggles of that nation against Napoleon. His own feelings were thoroughly roused—'for this' (he wrote) 'is not a quarrel of Governments, but the war of a people against the armies of a remorseless invader, usurper, and tyrant.' 'Coleridge's spirits have been irregular of late,' wrote Miss Wordsworth to Lady Beaumont at the beginning of March 1810.[3] 'He was damped after the twentieth number by the slow arrival of payments,[4] and half persuaded himself that he ought not to go on. We laboured hard against such a resolve, and he seems determined to fight onwards.' And she proceeds to describe how, from the commencement, *The Friend* had been produced by fits and starts—sometimes a number in two days, sometimes not a line composed for 'weeks and weeks'; the papers being generally dictated to Miss Sarah Hutchinson, and never retranscribed.[1] In the same letter Miss Wordsworth announces that Miss Hutchinson's prolonged visit was to come to an end in a fortnight. 'Coleridge most of all will miss her, as she has transcribed almost every paper of *The Friend* for the press.' So much did Coleridge miss his devoted secretary, that *The Friend* came to an end with her visit to Allan Bank—flickering out with 'No. XXVII., Thursday March 15, 1810'—the last printed words, '(To be concluded in our next number),' referring to the articles about Ball.

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[1] It is commonly stated, on what authority I know not, that Coleridge and Ball had got on very badly, and that the laudation in *The Friend* was insincere. All the evidence derivable from Coleridge's correspondence and diaries of the period points in the opposite direction. I suspect that Stoddart spread reports about Coleridge which were coloured by his resentment of real or imaginary injuries.

[2] No. I. appeared on December 7, 1809, and No. VIII. and last on January 20, 1810. Reprinted in *Essays on his own Times*, pp. 593-676.

[3] *Mem. of Coleorton*, ii. 109-115.

[4] 'Of the small number who have paid in their subscriptions, two-thirds, nearly, have discontinued the work.' S. T. C. to Lady Beaumont, January 21 1810 (*Mem. of Coleorton*, ii. 97).

So perished, one cannot say untimely, a work which Hazlitt not inaptly described as 'an enormous title-page . . . an endless preface to an imaginary work.' But it was, like all that came from Coleridge, an integral part of himself, and therefore a heap of ore rich in finest metal. *The Friend* of Highgate and 1818, which he himself described as a '*rifacimento*' of the original, was practically a new work. The original would bear reprinting, for it is now unknown except to the curious book-collector.

During the long period of Coleridge's domestication with the Wordsworths a good deal of friendly intercourse was kept up between Allan Bank and Greta Hall; and the Coleridge boys, who were at school at Ambleside, spent most of their weekly holidays with the Wordsworths. The following passage from a letter[2] of Mrs. Coleridge to Miss Betham is pleasant reading, not only for the tone in which her husband and the Wordsworths are mentioned, but as showing that Coleridge and Lloyd no longer shunned each other. 'Brathay' was Lloyd's home. 'My dear friend, I know it will give you [pleasure] to hear that I was very comfortable during my visits in Westmoreland. C[oleridge] came often to Brathay, before I went to Grasmere, and kindly acceded to my wish of taking my little daughter home again with me after she had passed a fortnight with him at Allan Bank. His first intention was to keep her with him until Christmas, and then to bring her home with her brothers. . . . C. is to spend the last week of the boys' holidays here, and take them back with him [to Ambleside]. . . . I hope you will soon come again to see us, and I will introduce you to C., and *he* to his invaluable friends.'

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[1] The MSS. with some correspondence therewith connected are preserved in the Forster Collection at South Kensington.

[2] Unprinted. 'Greta Hall, December 19, 1809.'

Coleridge's movements after the cessation of *The Friend* in the middle of March are not easy to trace. On the 15th April he wrote to Lady Beaumont from Ambleside, excusing himself for inattention to a letter which had arrived at Grasmere when his depression of spirits 'amounted to little less than absolute despondency.' He had only that day found courage to open the letter, which contained an 'enclosure.' He must not accuse himself of idleness, for he has been 'willing to exert energy, only not in anything which the duty of the day demanded.' The next glimpse is in a letter from Mrs. Coleridge to Poole, dated October 3.[1] The poor wife knows not 'what to think or what to do.' Coleridge has been at Greta Hall for four or five months 'in an almost uniform kind disposition towards us all.' His spirits have been better than for years, and he has been reading Italian to both the Saras—only, he has been doing nothing else. 'The last number of *The Friend* lies on his desk, the sight of which fills my heart with grief and my eyes with tears,' and the writer never ceases to pray that 'Mr. Poole were here.'

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[1] *T. Poole and his Friends*, ii. 241. The date is printed 'August 3,' but the month must have been October.

CHAPTER X

LONDON

A.D. 1810–1813

In October, Basil Montagu, with his wife and her little daughter (Anne Benson Skepper, afterwards Mrs. B. W. Proctor), called at Greta Hall on his way south from a tour in Scotland. There was a vacant place in the chaise, and this Coleridge took, the party arriving at Montagu's residence (55 Frith Street, Soho), on the 26th October. Coleridge was to have been a guest there for an indefinite period, but within a few days the visit came to an abrupt and painful end. When the chaise halted at Allan Bank, and Wordsworth learnt that Coleridge was to become an inmate of the Montagu household, he expressed to Montagu, in confidence, a fear that some of Coleridge's ways would prove inconvenient in a well-ordered town establishment. This he did with the kindest motives, and no doubt in the kindest terms, thinking that prevention was better than cure—if Coleridge and Montague became housemates they would quarrel, which would be a misfortune for both, especially for Coleridge. Three days after arrival in London, Montagu informed Coleridge that he had been commissioned by Wordsworth to say to him that certain of his (Coleridge's) habits had made him an intolerable guest at Allan Bank, and that he (Wordsworth) had 'no hope for him.' Unfortunately Coleridge believed this monstrous story, and, soon after, he left Montagu's roof, taking refuge with the Morgans, then living at Hammersmith. He was heart-broken that Wordsworth could have said such things of him,—much more, that he should have commissioned Montagu to repeat them. But for a long time he said nothing. The breach between the two poets remained open until May 1812, when a reconciliation was effected by the good offices of Crabb Robinson. It turned out, of course, that Wordsworth had neither used the wounding (even coarse) language attributed to him with regard to Coleridge's personal habits, nor said anything in the spirit attributed to him; nor had he commissioned Montagu to repeat to Coleridge anything whatever—very much the contrary. He confessed to having said (or implied) to Montagu that he had 'little or no hope' of Coleridge, and expressed deep regret that he had said anything at all to so indiscreet a man as Montagu.[1] Letters declared to be 'mutually satisfactory' were exchanged by the two poets, and the troubled air was stilled; but each was conscious that it was also darkened, and that in their friendship there could never be 'glad confident morning again.'

To return to the winter of 1810. It was on the 3rd November that Coleridge began his visit to the Morgans at No. 7 Portland Place, Hammersmith—a visit which, with few and short interruptions, lasted until 1816, when the still longer one to the Gillmans began. Wordsworth and Montagu had broken down —and even, to some extent, Poole; but without a moment's delay, there presented itself to the perplexed traveller another of those 'perpetual relays' (to use De Quincey's words) 'which were laid along Coleridge's path in life.' As at Bristol in 1807, the family which now gave him shelter consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan and Miss Charlotte Brent, the sister of Mrs. Morgan. For some months Coleridge seems to have done nothing but go about among his friends and talk to them divinely. Henry Crabb Robinson first met him at Lamb's on the 14th November, and for some time thenceforward became his Boswell, writing down in his diary[1] summaries of Coleridge's discourse. Lamb describes his old friend at this time in a fashion not altogether reassuring: 'Coleridge has powdered his head, and looks like Bacchus, Bacchus ever sleek and young. He is going to turn sober, but his clock has not struck yet; meantime he pours down goblet after goblet. . . .'[2] On November 28 he tells Hazlitt that Coleridge is writing or going to write in the *Courier* against Cobbett, and is in favour of paper-money; but so far as can be traced his connection with the *Courier* did not begin until April. In February, Mrs. Coleridge informed Miss Betham[3] that since his departure from Greta Hall, Coleridge 'had not *once* addressed any of his northern friends,' and that she had only just heard, and by chance, of her husband being domiciled with the Morgans, and that he had been applying for advice from Dr. Abernethy. 'I wish C. would write!' exclaims the sorely-tried wife, 'both Southey and myself have written often to him' —letters which, as we know, the recipient had felt himself incapable of opening.

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[1] Southey's deliverance was as follows, in an unprinted letter of April 25, 1812, to Miss Betham: 'My own opinion is . . . that Montagu has acted with a degree of folly which would be absolutely incredible in any other person; that W. is no otherwise blameable than as having said anything to such a man which he would have felt any dislike to seeing in the *Morning Post;* that I do not wonder at C.'s resentment.' The story of the quarrel between Coleridge and Montagu as told by De Quincey (*Works*, 1863, ii. 120) is no better founded than the accompanying statement that the quarrel was never made up.

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[1] *Diary, Reminiscences and Correspondence of H. C. Robinson.* Selected and edited by Thomas Sadler, Ph.D. 3 vols. 1870. My references are to the 'third edition, with corrections and additions,' in two volumes, 1872.

[2] Letter to Miss Wordsworth dated '[August 1810],' but it must have been written in November or December. *Letters*, i. 262.

[3] Letter printed in *Fraser's Magazine*, July 1878, p. 75. '*P.S.*—This very day Coleridge left us four months ago; he had been here five months in better health, spirits, and humour than I had seen him for any great length of time for years before. I fear he has been different since he left us' (Feb. 16, 1811).

In March, Coleridge wrote what he calls an unnecessarily long letter to Robinson—'long enough for half a dozen letters,' 'when to have written to half a dozen claimants is a moral (would it were a physical) necessity. The moral obligation is to me so very strong a stimulant, that in nine cases out of ten it acts as a narcotic. The blow that should rouse, *stuns* me.'[1] This was merely his own way of putting Hazlitt's saying that Coleridge was capable of doing anything which did not present itself as a duty. In this letter Coleridge says that he has been extremely unwell. George Burnett's death—in the hospital of Marylebone workhouse—has upset Mary Lamb, and her illness 'has almost overset me.' Robinson, however, attributed Mary Lamb's illness to the excessive stimulation produced by too much of Coleridge's company. In April he proposed to Stuart[2] to become a sort of assistant to Street, the editor of the *Courier*.

> If it were desirable I could be at the office every morning by half-past nine, to read over all the morning papers, etc., and point out whatever seemed valuable to Mr. Street; that I might occasionally write the leading paragraph when he might wish to go into the City or to the public offices; and, besides this, I would carry on a series of articles, a column and a half or two columns each, independent of small paragraphs, poems, etc., as would fill whatever room there was in the *Courier*, when there was room.

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[1] *Diaries*, i. 189.

[2] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 191.

He humbly urges that he would make 'no pretence to any control or intermeddlement,' and begs to be allowed 'a month's trial.' Stuart referred him to Street, and on May 5 Coleridge informed Stuart that from Street he had had 'a warm assent.' 'As to weekly salary he said nothing, and I said nothing, except that he would talk with you.' Coleridge would therefore begin next morning at half-past eight. He would come up by the stage which passed Portland Place at 7.20. He adds that he has 'written to Keswick to calm Mrs. Coleridge's disquietudes concerning the annuity'—by which he means the premium of £27 a year on his life-policy for £1000, taken out in 1803. Money for this he had just borrowed from Stuart. He also proposes to 'finish off the next number of *The Friend*, which will contain a full detail of the plan of a monthly work including *The Friend*'—a work which had been suggested to him by Baldwin, the publisher. Nothing came of the 'monthly work,' but Coleridge began at once in the *Courier*, doing a good deal of work both as a sub-editor and as a contributor[1] during the ensuing five months. His connection with the paper nearly broke down in July. An article he had written on the Duke of York was printed on the 12th, but the Government having heard of it, procured its suppression at the sacrifice of about 2000 copies which had been struck off.[2] This mightily offended Coleridge, whose suspicions that the *Courier* was not altogether independent were now confirmed, and he moved Crabb Robinson to endeavour to get him an engagement on the *Times*. Robinson's endeavours failed, however, and Coleridge went on with the *Courier* until the end of September.

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[1] The contributions of 1811 reprinted in *Essays on his own Times* begin with April 19 and end with September 27, filling pp. 733-938. Mr. Traill considers them as in all respects much inferior to the early work in the *Morning Post.*

[2] *Diaries of H. C. R.* i. 177, and *Essays on his own Times*, pp. 850, 1027.

About this time he seems to have thought of resuming his old *rôle* of lecturer; and before the end of October he issued a prospectus of a course of fifteen lectures to be given in the rooms of the 'London Philosophical Society, Scots Corporation Hall, Crane Court, Fleet Street (entrance from Fetter Lane).' The lectures were to be 'on Shakespeare and Milton in illustration of the Principles of Poetry, and their application as grounds of Criticism to the most popular works of later English Poets, those of the living included.' The prices of the tickets were two guineas for the single and three for the double. The first lecture was delivered on the day appointed, 18th November, and the others followed in due succession, on Mondays and Thursdays, until January 27, 1812—seventeen in all. Coleridge did not write out his lectures, but delivered them extemporaneously, declaring that even the notes he held in his hand hampered him.[1] Two unfortunate consequences resulted—the lecturer was frequently desultory and digressive, and the lectures have come down to us only in fragmentary reports. The fragments, however, which have been recovered from contemporary newspapers, from Crabb Robinson's diaries, and from J. P. Collier's note-books,[2] suffice to show that Coleridge's audiences probably heard the finest literary criticism which has ever been given in English. Writing after the fourth lecture, Robinson says that Coleridge has had 'about 150 hearers on an average.' From Byron's correspondence[1] we learn that Rogers attended on several occasions, on one of which he heard Campbell attacked by name, and himself 'indirectly.' 'We are going in a party' (wrote Byron) 'to hear the new Art of Poetry by the reformed schismatic'; and again on December 15 he writes: 'To-morrow I dine with Rogers and am to hear Coleridge, who is a sort of rage at present.' On January 20, Robinson saw Byron and Rogers among the audience. On that day week the course 'ended' (says Robinson) 'with *éclat*. The room was crowded, and the lecture had several passages more than brilliant.'

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[1] The Morgans complained that Coleridge *would* not look into his Shakespeare, which they were continually putting in his way; and that, as if spellbound, he would make no preparation for his lectures except by occasional reference to an old MS. commonplace book.

[2] *Lectures and Notes on Shakspere and other English Poets.* By S. T. Coleridge. Now first collected by T. Ashe. London 1883.—Much unnecessary doubt was cast on the authenticity of Collier's shorthand notes when he printed them in 1856 (*Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton*, etc.), by critics who forgot that Collier was quite incapable of inventing what he put forward as Coleridge's. More extended reports of the first eight lectures, by a Mr. Tomalin, have recently been discovered and may yet be published.

Immediately after this Coleridge set off for Greta Hall, picking up on the way and carrying home with him his two boys from their school at Ambleside. During the weeks he remained with Mrs. Coleridge, she received many letters and messages from Miss Wordsworth begging her to urge Coleridge to write to her, and on no account to leave the Lake country without seeing them. It was all in vain. But 'the Grasmere business,' wrote Coleridge to Morgan (March 27, 1812), 'has kept me in a fever of agitation. Wordsworth has refused to apologise, and has thus made his choice between me and Basil Montagu. I have been in such a fever about the Wordsworths, my reason deciding one way, my heart pulling me the contrary; scarcely daring to set off without seeing them. Brown, the printer of *The Friend*, who had £20 or £30 of mine and £36 worth of types, about 14 days ago ran off and absconded.'[1] It was probably a hope of saving something out of the wreck of Brown's estate that caused Coleridge to take Penrith on his way back to London, but it hardly excuses him for staying there a whole month without communicating with his wife or any of his friends, who had begun to feel great anxiety long before he reappeared in town towards the end of April. An unpublished letter of Mrs. Coleridge describes her husband as 'cheerful' during his stay at Greta Hall. He talked of settling with her and the children in London, after a year—a proposal which Mrs. Coleridge listened to gravely, suggesting that until the children's education was completed, it was better she and they should remain in the country; after which she would willingly follow his amended fortunes. So this scheme was settled, and Coleridge promised that he would write regularly, and that never, never again would he leave his wife's, or the boys', or Southey's letters unopened. It was probably during this visit—the last he ever paid to the Lake country—that Coleridge contributed his quota—meagre in quantity, but in quality far out-weighing the other—to *Omniana*,[2] which was published in the following October—'Coleridge,' wrote Southey in November, 'kept the press waiting fifteen months for an unfinished article, so that at last I ordered the sheet in which it was begun to be cancelled, in despair.'[3]

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[1] Moore's *Life*, one-vol. ed. pp. 147, 148.

On his arrival in London, Coleridge returned to the Morgans, who were now living at 71 Berners Street,

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[1] Letter printed in the Catalogue of Mr. Locker-Lampson's collection at Rowfant, p. 200. The month is there misprinted as 'May.'

[2] 'OMNIANA, or *Horæ otiosiores*.' 2 vols. 1812. An interesting selection from the commonplace books of Coleridge and Southey.

[3] November 5, 1812. *Letters of R. S.* ii. 299.

Oxford Street, and immediately issued a prospectus for a series of lectures 'on the Drama of the Greek, French, English, and Spanish stage, chiefly with reference to the works of Shakespeare.' They were to be delivered at Willis's Rooms, 'on the Tuesdays and Fridays in May and June, at 3 o'clock precisely,' beginning on May 12th. 'An account is opened at Messrs. Ransom, Morland, & Co., Bankers, Pall Mall, in the names of Sir G. Beaumont, Bart., Sir T. Barnard, Bart., and W. Sotheby, Esqre., where subscriptions will be received and tickets issued.' Coleridge made his first appearance on the new platform just a week behind time; a delay attributable probably to the negotiations then being carried on by Robinson for the reconciliation with Wordsworth.[1] These negotiations began on May 3, and ended happily, as already described, on the 11th. Of this course, the only record with which I am acquainted is contained in Robinson's diary.[2] Wordsworth attended one of the lectures. At what proved to be the last, on June 5, Coleridge announced a further course to take place in the winter, for which the money would be taken at the doors—a change in business arrangements which seems to show that the array of fine names and a Pall Mall banking-house had not proved a success.

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[1] See p. 180 *supra*.

[2] *Diaries*, i. 200-203. On May 3, Robinson, who was one of the few Englishmen who then knew anything about the German Philosophers, records that Coleridge told him in conversation that from Fichte and Schelling 'he had not gained any one great idea. To Kant his obligations are infinite, not so much from what Kant has taught him in the form of doctrine, as from the discipline gained in studying the great German philosopher. Coleridge is indignant at the low estimation in which the post-Kantianers affect to hold their master.' Again, on May 29, Coleridge said that 'he adheres to Kant, notwithstanding all Schelling has written, and maintained that from the latter he has gained no new ideas. All Schelling has said, Coleridge [asserts that he] has thought [for] himself or found in Jacob Boehme.' One wonders whether Robinson has reported accurately?

On August 7 he expressed to Stuart[1] a wish to rejoin the *Courier*, but only as an occasional contributor, proposing to send in within the next fortnight some twenty articles on current Church and State politics. His finances have been thrown behindhand by the rewriting of his play, and by composing the second volume of *The Friend*, but he hopes before another eight days have passed to submit the tragedy to the theatre-people, and if they will not have it, to accept Gale & Curtis's offer to publish it. He has also been consulting a new doctor.

Some time before the beginning of October Coleridge's 'rewritten play,' with its new title of *Remorse*, had been, through the influence of Lord Byron, accepted by the Drury Lane Committee,[2] whose new theatre was about to be opened. In October there was issued a 'Syllabus of a Course of Lectures on the Belles Lettres, to be delivered by S. T. Coleridge, Esqre., at the Surrey Institution.' Lecture I. was to be on the right use of words; II. and III. on the Evolution of the Fine Arts; IV. on Poetry in general; V. on Greek Mythology; VI. on the connection between the diffusion of Christianity and the formation of modern languages; VII. on Shakespeare; VIII. a philosophical analysis of *Romeo and Juliet* and of *Hamlet;* IX. on *Macbeth* and *Othello;* X. on Shakespeare; and XI. and XII. on *Paradise Lost*. I have summarised the somewhat lengthy syllabus from the unique copy preserved by Crabb Robinson. It has no dates, price of tickets, or the like; but I have elsewhere found that the lectures were given on consecutive

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[1] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 213.

[2] 'Do you see or hear anything of Coleridge? Lamb writes to Lloyd that C.'s play has been accepted. Heaven grant it success' (Wordsworth to Stuart, *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 359).

Tuesday evenings; and that Robinson attended the first on Nov. 3. He says it was a repetition of former lectures, and dull. As the two men walked away from the lecture-room together, they talked of Spinoza, and Coleridge projected a series of lectures on Education, 'each to be delivered in a state in which it may be sent to the press.'[1] Robinson seems to have attended seven of the lectures. Of the earlier of those heard by him, he gives a poor account, but the twelfth he describes as a very eloquent and popular discourse on the general character of Shakespeare (the subject announced was 'Milton'), and of the concluding lecture (Jan. 26) he says that Coleridge was 'received with three rounds of applause on entering the room, and very loudly applauded at the close. . . . He this evening, as well as on three or four preceding nights, redeemed the reputation he lost at the commencement of the course.' So far as I am aware, Robinson's jottings form the only record of these lectures.

On Dec. 6, Robinson found Coleridge at Morgan's, in good spirits, and determined to devote himself to the Drama—chiefly to Melodrama and Comic Opera. On the following day he wrote to Robinson requesting the loan of Goethe's *Theory of Colours*, and repeating his determination respecting the drama—expecting to profit by Goethe's happy mode of introducing incidental songs.[2] He mentions another little project, 'one steady effort to understand music.'

On December 22, Coleridge informs Stuart[3] that his play is in rehearsal, and that he finds the repeated alterations rather a tedious business. The managers are more sanguine than he is, and with one exception the performers are pleased and gratified with their parts. On the 23rd January 1813, *Remorse* was first produced at Drury Lane. All the accounts which have come down to us describe the performance as, on the whole, a great success.[1] The best evidence, however, is the fact that it ran for twenty nights, and that Coleridge received for his share £400—the contract being that he was to get £100 each for the 3rd, 6th, 9th, and 20th night. For the pamphlet[2] of the play he received from the publisher two-thirds of the profits, and as it ran into a third edition, the author's share may have been something considerable. In a long letter to Southey,[3] written while *Remorse* was still on the boards, Coleridge speaks of the praise it had extorted from a hostile press—notably the *Examiner*, Leigh Hunt's paper, to which Hazlitt was a regular contributor. These critics, he says, as a matter of course temper their praise of the play by general accusations of 'sentimentalities, puerilities, whinings, and meannesses, both of style and thought' in his former writings, but 'without one single quotation or reference in proof or exemplification.' As far as his own judgment goes,

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[1] *Diaries*, etc. i. 209.

[2] *Diaries*, i. 222.

[3] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 217.

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[1] H. C. Robinson's *Diaries*, etc., i. 212; *Autobiographical Recollections of C. R. Leslie, R.A.*, by T. Taylor, 1860, ii. 32-34. Newspaper notices collected in OSORIO: *a Tragedy*. London: Pearson, 1873; *Reminiscences* (1826) of Michael Kelly, who composed the very successful incidental music.

[2] REMORSE, a Tragedy in five Acts. By S. T. Coleridge.

> Remorse is as the heart, in which it grows:
> If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews
> Of true repentance; but if proud and gloomy,
> It is a poison-tree, that pierced to the inmost
> Weeps only tears of poison!
>
> ACT I. SCENE I.

LONDON: Printed for W. Pople, 67 Chancery Lane. 1813. Price Three Shillings. Octavo, pp. xii.; 72.

The 'Second Edition' differs materially from the first. The 'Third Edition' is a mere reprint of the 'Second,' and copies sold slowly. (Lamb's *Letters*, i. 274.) Charles Lamb supplied the 'Prologue'—it was an adaptation, not very skilfully executed, of his 'Rejected Address' for the opening of Drury Lane—and Coleridge supplied the 'Epilogue.' See Notes to REMORSE in *Poet. Works*, 1893.

[3] 'Tuesday, Feb. 8. 1813, 71 Berners Street.' Printed in the *Illustrated London News* for June 24, 1893—a letter of great and varied interest.

> the two best qualities of the tragedy are, first, the simplicity and unity of the plot, in respect of that which of all the unities is the only one founded on good sense—the presence of a one all-pervading, all-combining Principle. . . . The second good quality is I think the variety of metres according as the speeches are merely transitive, or narrative, or passionate, or (as in the Incantation), deliberate and formal poetry. It is true they are all, or almost all, Iambic blank verse, but under that form there are five or six perfectly distinct metres. As to the outcry that the *Remorse* is not pathetic (meaning such pathos as convulses in *Isabella*, or *The Gamester*), the answer is easy. True! the poet never meant that it should be. It is as pathetic as the *Hamlet* or the *Julius Cæsar*. . . . As to my thefts from *Wallenstein*, they came on compulsion from the necessity of haste, and do not lie on my conscience, being partly thefts from myself, and because I gave Schiller twenty for one I have taken. . . . The house was crowded again last night, and the Manager told me that they had lost £200 by suspending it on the Saturday night that Jack Bannister came out.

Coleridge says nothing of the less admirable qualities he must have detected in the tragedy, and which are the more prominent to the student of to-day. His partiality for the only offspring of his pen which earned pudding as well as praise, is not surprising, but there was another reason not so apparent. In 1820, Coleridge told Allsop that *Remorse* was still a great favourite of his, 'the more so as certain pet abstract notions of mine are therein expounded.'[1] Whatever we may think of *Remorse* as play or poem, we must rejoice that it hit the taste of playgoers of the period, and that its good fortune served to cheer the poet.

When Poole heard of his old friend's success, he was prompted to send him congratulations, and these, says Mrs. Sandford, 'drew forth an instant response penetrated with all the old tenderness.' In

[1] *Letters*, etc. p. 51.

the same letter to Poole there followed 'an outpouring of grief and difficulties, with some allusion at the end to the withdrawal of the Wedgwood pension, and to the "year-long difference" between Wordsworth and himself, compared with the sufferings of which, he writes, "all former afflictions of my life were less than flea-bites." They were reconciled, indeed, "but—aye there remains the immedicable But."'[1]

The reference in this letter is one of the earliest I have found as to the withdrawal by Josiah Wedgwood of his half of the pension of £150 granted in 1798. As already explained,[2] the total pension was granted to Coleridge for life, and absolutely free from conditions except 'the wreck of the Wedgwoods' fortune.' Josiah Wedgwood's present action is unaccountable save on the assumption that he had entirely forgotten the terms of his letter of Jan. 10, 1798. But this assumption is hardly tenable, for as a man of the strictest business habits, he must have kept an accurately filed copy of so important a letter. Even had this been lost, or mislaid, Josiah Wedgwood cannot have been unaware that his brother's half-share had been at the time secured legally to Coleridge for life, and this fact was of itself proof, *prima facie*, that the whole had been granted on the same terms. Very reluctantly, for Josiah Wedgwood had otherwise shown himself to be just and generous, I am driven to the conclusion that the withdrawal was a high-handed proceeding, and that Coleridge, though he must have been aware of this, made no complaint,[1] owing to a painful consciousness that the benefaction had not been used for the high purposes which had led both to the granting and to the acceptance of it. Practically, Mrs. Coleridge was the sufferer by the withdrawal of the half, for the whole had been for many years at her disposal. Neither did she, disheartened though she was by the loss of income, at a time when sorely tried by the increasing expenses, actual and prospective, of the children, bring any accusation against Wedgwood.

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[1] *T. Poole and his Friends*, ii. 244.

[2] See p. 83 *supra*. The withdrawal must have taken place at the end of 1812. Miss Meteyard's unsupported statement (*Group of Englishmen*, p. 378) that it took place in 1811, has hitherto been accepted. Her justification of Wedgwood was written in ignorance of the unconditional terms on which the pension had been granted.

On the 1st December 1812 a shadow was cast on Wordsworth's household by the death of his little son, Thomas. It seemed to them as if their sun had gone down, and Coleridge was deeply moved. As soon as the sad news reached him he wrote to Wordsworth a long letter overflowing with affectionate sympathy[2]:

> O that it were within my power to be with you myself instead of my letter. The Lectures I could give up; but the rehearsal of my Play commences this week, and upon this depends my best hopes of leaving town after Christmas, and living among you as long as I live. . . . What comfort ought I not to afford, who have given you so much pain? . . . I am distant from you some hundred miles, but glad I am that I am no longer distant in spirit, and have faith, that as it has happened but once, so it never can happen again.

Of this letter, in which Coleridge humbled himself in presence of the sorrow which had darkened his friend's home, Prof. Knight (who does not print the letter in full) says: 'I fancy there were phrases and statements in it which the Wordsworths did not like, and that no immediate reply was sent to Coleridge.' Whatever may have been done, or left undone by the

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[1] 'I feel my mind rather lightened,' he wrote on the subject to Stuart, 'and am glad that I can now enjoy the sensation of sincere gratitude towards him [J. Wedgwood] for the past, and most unfeigned esteem and affection, without the weight that every year seemed to accumulate upon it' (Letter to Stuart in *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 218).

[2] Knight's *Life of W. W.* ii. 181.

Wordsworths, it is certain that Coleridge felt himself deeply wounded, for when he was free to go north he did not go. On March 10, Mrs. Clarkson wrote to Robinson[1]:—

> C., as I told you, wrote to them [the Wordsworths] several times after the death of little Tom, and said that he would . . . certainly go were it [the play] successful. William and Dorothy have both written to him to say that nothing would do W. so much good as his company and conversation. He has taken no notice whatever of these letters; . . . and they have heard by a letter from Mr. Morgan to Southey or Mrs. C., that C. is going out of town to the seaside!!! Imagine them in the depths of sorrow, receiving this cutting intelligence. . . . The account of the state of the family at Grasmere would make your heart ache—supposing myself to have been deeply injured, would one wish for a more noble triumph than to fly to the succour of the friend who had inflicted the wound?

It was at the request, expressed or implied, of the Wordsworths that Mrs. Clarkson was endeavouring to soften Coleridge's heart. She saw him at Morgan's, but he seems to have been obdurate. Mary Lamb took Coleridge's side, and 'after all,' acknowledged Mrs. Clarkson on March 29th, 'I do incline to think with M. L[amb][2] that there is something amongst

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[1] Knight's *Life of W. W.* ii. 182-184.

[2] It will be remembered that Coleridge was in Malta when John Wordsworth was drowned at sea. Mary Lamb, in her letter of condolence to Dorothy Wordsworth, sent some lines expressing the feeling which now possessed Mrs. Clarkson:—

Why is he wandering on the sea?
Coleridge should now with Wordsworth be.
—By slow degrees he'd steal away
Their woe and gently bring a ray
(So happily he'd time relief)
Of comfort from their very grief.
He'd tell them that their brother dead,
When years have passéd o'er their head,
Will be remembered with such holy,
True, and perfect melancholy,
That ever their lost brother John
Will be their hearts' companion.
His voice they'll always hear,
His face they'll always see;
There's nought in life so sweet
As such a memory.

But Mary Lamb, who was one of the wisest and shrewdest as well as one of them which makes it perhaps better that they should not meet just now. I am, however, quite sure that . . . it rests with him [Coleridge] entirely to recover all that he has lost in their hearts.' I have no doubt Mrs. Clarkson correctly interpreted the Wordsworths' feelings, and that it would have been better for both parties had Coleridge forgiven and forgotten the offence, whatever it may have been, when the Wordsworths had in their turn humbled themselves to him—but the documents which might enable us to judge quite confidently are not before us. A bond, such as had existed between Coleridge and Wordsworth, once broken may be mended, but it cannot be welded. It was broken by Wordsworth in an unguarded moment; soon after it had been mended, Wordsworth, under stress of sorrow, seems to have been driven to break it afresh; and one must regret that when he became conscious of what he had done, his appeals proved unavailing. But our regret must be even greater on Coleridge's account than on Wordsworth's, for, in the conduct of life, it was Wordsworth who was strong—'strong in himself and powerful to give strength.' One feels, too, that with Coleridge it could not have been hardness of heart which held him in London when he was needed at Grasmere; but rather paralysis of will. Whatever the cause, the effects were disastrous. Coleridge had learned by more than one cruel experience that in natures like his own, the breath of whose life is sympathy, 'to be wroth with one we love, doth work like madness in the brain.' Between himself and every member of the Grasmere

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the best of women, recognised that 'circumstances alter cases.' Her own relations with all the parties had undergone no change, except in as far as time had deepened and strengthened them, and she was probably better acquainted than Mrs. Clarkson with Coleridge's reasons for the attitude he had taken up.

household there had grown up a union of true hearts, exalted and strengthened in Wordsworth's case by the sympathy of equal minds; and if the 'year-long difference,' closed but a few months before, had so deeply affected Coleridge, with what feelings of despair must he have contemplated this fresh rupture! It lasted until the spring of 1815:[1] is it surprising that in the interval, Coleridge, deprived of the friendships which were his chief solace and support, sank into lower depths than he had ever touched before? But for this new difference with the Wordsworths, Coleridge's impulse to return to the Lake country as a resident might have been reinforced and the current of his life turned into a smoother channel.

He seems to have remained in London, doing nothing, until October. Southey came up to town in September and saw him several times. On the 4th October he took Coleridge to Madame de Staël's drawing-room, 'and left him there in the full spring-tide of his discourse.'[2] (It was that clever lady's first experience of his greatness in monologue.) Southey adds that Coleridge's 'time of departure seems still uncertain,' and that 'Mrs. C. will not be sorry to hear that he is selling his German books.' This evidently last desperate effort to raise money is also mentioned to Stuart of Sep. 27. In the same letter he asks Stuart to look at that day's *Morning Chronicle* for what 'he should have called a masterly essay on the cause of the downfall of the Comic Drama, if he were not perplexed by the distinct recollection of having *conversed* the greater part of it at Lamb's.' Coleridge does not say that Hazlitt was present when the article was 'conversed,' but he implies it, for Stuart must have known that Hazlitt was then contributing dramatic articles to the *Chronicle.*

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[1] Even then, intercourse was only temporarily renewed in a somewhat constrained correspondence respecting the publication of Coleridge's lines on hearing the *Prelude*; and on the respective merits of the *Prelude* and the *Excursion*—Coleridge holding the former to be the better poem. (See Knight's *Life of Wordsworth*, ii. 255-260, for Coleridge's very interesting letter; and *Mem. of Coleorton*, ii. 175.) In 1816 came the *Biographia Literaria*, and Wordsworth's displeasure with the criticism of his poems it contained. Friendly relations were not fully re-established until the end of 1817.

[2] *Letters of R. S.* ii. 332.

Coleridge had not written to his wife since March, but when Southey was in town, proposed to go to Greta Hall with him. Then came the invitation or proposal—from which side, I know not—to lecture at Bristol; but Coleridge assured Southey that as soon as the course was finished he would set out direct for Keswick. But Keswick never saw Coleridge again. The separation arranged between husband and wife had drifted into informality, but it proved none the less permanent.

CHAPTER XI

BRISTOL AND CALNE

A.D. 1813–1816

Some time in October Coleridge left London for Bristol by coach. It was on the morning of the day preceding that which had been announced for his first lecture at the Great Room of the 'White Lion.' He 'talked incessantly for thirty miles out of London, . . . and afterwards with little intermission till the coach reached Marlborough, when he discovered' that among his fellow-passengers was the sister of a particular friend. She was on her way to North Wales. At Bath Coleridge took a chaise, and gallantly escorted the lady to her destination, arriving at Bristol two or three days behind time.[1] He came as the guest of his faithful old friend Josiah Wade, and a fresh day was appointed for the opening lecture. It was Oct. 28, and after some difficulty the person of the lecturer was secured and deposited on the platform 'just one hour' (says Cottle) 'after all the company had impatiently awaited him.' After that evening 'no other important delay arose, and the lectures gave great satisfaction.' The course of six was completed on Nov. 16,[1] the last being extra and gratuitous, 'on account of the diffuseness he unavoidably fell into in his introductory discourse.' On Nov. 17 he appears to have delivered a seventh lecture on Education, but of this no report has been found. The same fate, unfortunately, has attended a second and similarly successful course[2] of six lectures—two on Shakespeare and four on Milton—announced on Dec. 30, 1813.[3] This was followed by a third of four lectures on Milton, delivered between April 5 and 14, 1814,[4] which Cottle[5] says 'were but indifferently attended.' He adds that Coleridge announced four lectures on Homer, hoping to 'attract the many,' but that 'only a few of his old and staunch friends attended.' All these Bristol lectures, Cottle tells us, were 'of a conversational character,' such as those with which he delighted his friends in private. 'The attention of his hearers [of the lectures] never flagged, and his large dark eyes, and his countenance, in an excited state, glowing with intellect, predisposed his audience in his favour.'

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[1] Cottle's *Rem.* p. 353.

I have thought it best to keep together the records of the various courses of Bristol lectures, but the narrative must needs go back to October 1813. C. R. Leslie, the painter, then a promising Academy student of twenty, was at Bristol on a short visit to his compatriots, the Allstons, and heard three of the first course of lectures. They gave him, he wrote at the time, 'a much more distinct and satisfactory view of the nature and ends of poetry, and of painting, than

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[1] The lectures, which were on Shakespeare and Milton, were briefly reported in the Bristol papers, and from them transcribed by the pious efforts of Mr. George, the well-known Bristol bookseller. These reports are printed in Mr. Ashe's *Lectures*, etc., previously mentioned.

[2] Cottle's *Rem.* p. 354.

[3] ASHE, p. 456.

[4] *Ib.* p. 457.

[5] *Rem.* p. 354.

I ever had before.'[1] It will be seen that Coleridge did not fulfil his promise to return to Keswick at the close of his lecture engagement. He did not even write to Keswick—at all events up to Feb. 1814. His family had not then seen him for two years, and it was nearly one since they had received a letter from him.

In December 1813 I find him sending back to Robinson two borrowed volumes of Spinoza's works, and anxious to procure some of the writings of Jean Paul Richter, Fichte, and Schelling. He has just returned to Bristol from a visit to the Morgans, who had followed him to the west country, and were now living in reduced circumstances, and as regards both ladies of the family, with impaired health, near Bath. For the spring and summer of 1814, Cottle is almost the only authority,[2] and unreliable as he is, the best has to be made of him. At some uncertain time previous to April, Coleridge borrowed of him ten pounds to pay off 'a dirty fellow' who had threatened arrest.

About the same time every one, save Cottle himself, had noticed in Coleridge's 'look and deportment' 'something unusual and strange'; and, soon after, while both men were calling on Hannah More, Cottle observed that Coleridge's hand shook so that he spilled wine from a glass he was raising to his lips. On mentioning this to a friend next day, it was explained to him. 'That,' said the friend, 'arises from the immoderate quantity of opium he takes.'

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[1] Leslie had accompanied the Allstons from London to Bristol. Mr. Allston fell ill on the way, at Salt Hill, and Coleridge was sent for from town. Leslie says (*Mem.* i. 35): 'At Salt Hill and on some other occasions, I witnessed his [Coleridge's] performance of the duties of a friendship in a manner which few men of his constitutional indolence could have roused themselves to equal.'

[2] *Rem.* pp. 352-386.

> It is remarkable (adds Cottle) that this was the first time the melancholy fact of Mr. Coleridge's excessive indulgence in opium had come to my knowledge. It astonished and afflicted me. Now, the cause of his ailments became manifest. On this subject Mr. C. may have been communicative to others, but to me he was silent. I now saw it was mistaken kindness to give him money, as I had learned that he indulged in his potations according to the extent of his means, so that to be temperate, it was expedient that he should be poor.

Cottle's phrase, 'giving him money,' refers to a movement he had kindly set afoot for Coleridge's benefit. He had aimed at getting together an annuity of a hundred and fifty pounds, 'that Coleridge might pursue his literary objects without pecuniary distractions.' The scheme appears to have been checked by opposition from Southey, who justly pointed out that Coleridge's 'distractions' were not primarily 'pecuniary,' but narcotic.

After receiving this counsel from Southey, Cottle sent to the unhappy Coleridge a lengthy communication, the tone and purport of which are sufficiently indicated by its opening sentence[1]: 'I am conscious of being influenced by the purest motives in addressing you the following letter.' Next day Coleridge replied: 'You have poured oil into the raw and festering wound of an old friend's conscience, Cottle! but it is *oil of vitriol!* I but barely glanced at the middle of the first page of your letter, and have seen no more of it—not from resentment, God forbid! but from the state of my bodily and mental sufferings, that scarcely permitted human fortitude to let in a new visitor of affliction. The object of my present reply is to state the case just as it is.'—First, he goes on to say, the consciousness of his guilt towards his Maker has been his greatest anguish these ten years; secondly, he has never concealed the cause of his direful infirmity—and has warned two young men, inclined to laudanum, of the consequences, as exhibited in his own case; thirdly, he can say that he was ignorantly seduced into the habit, by bodily pain, and not by desire of pleasurable sensations. His 'case is a species of madness, only that it is a derangement, an utter impotence of the volition, and not of the intellectual faculties. You bid me rouse myself; go bid a man paralytic in both arms, to rub them briskly together, and that will cure him. "Alas!" he would reply, "that I cannot move my arms, is my complaint and my misery!"' Had he 'but £200—half to send to Mrs. Coleridge, and half to place himself in a private madhouse where he could procure nothing but what a physician thought proper . . . for two or three months, there might be hope.' He would 'willingly place himself under Dr. Fox, in his establishment.'

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[1] The date given is 'April 25th, 1814.' *Early Recoll.* ii. 150; and *Rem.* p. 361. Cottle evidently could not refrain from garbling his own letter, as he garbled the rest of the correspondence, for the text is not identical in the two books.

On the same day Cottle replied, counselling him to pray, and asking pardon if his 'former letter' appeared unkind; to which Coleridge instantly responded, assuring Cottle that he 'thanked' him, that he did endeavour to pray, but that Cottle had no conception of the dreadful hell of his mind and conscience and body. Soon after, probably on the day following, Coleridge wrote to Cottle a letter in which he enlarged, very calmly, on the reasonable expectations a Christian may entertain on the subject of sincere prayer, quoting and recommending Archbishop Leighton, and going on to express his resolve to put himself under Dr. Fox if money enough can be procured. Will Cottle see W. Hood and Le Breton and Wade as to this?

Does he know Fox?—ending: 'I have not yet read your former letter, for I have to prepare my lecture. Oh! with how blank a spirit!—S. T. COLERIDGE.'[1] Unfortunately Cottle did not comply with Coleridge's request, or if he did, nothing resulted. Coleridge's plan of putting himself under restraint was the wisest which could have been adopted under the circumstances. Cottle wrote to Southey, and sent him a copy of his correspondence with Coleridge. Southey was shocked, but not surprised. He knew, as did 'all with whom Coleridge has lived,' that after every possible allowance is made for 'morbid bodily causes' the habit of opium-eating is 'for infinitely the greater part' motived by 'inclination and indulgence.'

> The Morgans, with great difficulty and perseverance, *did* break him off the habit, at a time when his ordinary consumption of laudanum was from two quarts a week to a pint a day! He suffered dreadfully during the first abstinence, so much so as to say it was better to die than to endure his present sufferings. Mrs. Morgan resolutely replied, it was indeed better that he should die than that he should continue to live on as he had been living. It angered him at the time, but the effort was persevered in. . . . This, too, I ought to say, that all the medical men to whom Coleridge has made his confession have uniformly ascribed the evil, not to bodily ailment, but to indulgence.

Regular work is the one cure, and Southey sees nothing so advisable for Coleridge as a return to that and to Greta Hall, after a refreshing visit to Poole, and a few lectures at Birmingham and Liverpool, to put him in funds.

> But whether he can do this or not (continues Southey), here it is that he ought to be. He knows in what manner he will be received; by his children with joy; by his wife, not with tears, if she can controul them—certainly not with reproaches; by me only with encouragement. He has sources of direct emolument open to him

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[1] Contrast this, taken from the original document, with Cottle, *Rem.* p. 371. The 'former letter' was evidently Cottle's first, of April 25. Coleridge probably never summoned courage enough to read it through.

in the *Courier* and in the *Eclectic Review*.—These for his immediate wants, and for everything else, his pen is more rapid than mine, and would be paid as well. If you agree with me, you had better write to Poole, that he may press him to make a visit, which I know he has promised. His great object should be to get out a play and appropriate the whole produce to supporting Hartley at college. Three months' pleasurable exertion would effect this. Of some such fit of industry I by no means despair; of anything more than fits, I am afraid I *do*. But this of course I shall never say to him. From me he shall never hear anything but cheerful encouragement and the language of hope. . . . I have communicated none of your letters to Mrs. Coleridge—her spirits and health are beginning to sink under it.[1]

It is in justice to Southey that I quote so fully from a letter which is not only wise and kind, but which must have been written in a spirit of no ordinary self-sacrifice. That its counsels came from him did not, I fear, recommend them to Coleridge; the cup, however, might perhaps have been tolerated, had its contents been inviting. But how uninviting must the draught have seemed! It was proposed to him to return to companionship and a mode of life which had been abandoned after trial, and to return under conditions and circumstances which in Coleridge's eyes must have seemed vastly less favourable. To present himself at Greta Hall in his wrecked condition would be a confession of failure altogether too abject—a confession not in mere words (which came easily enough to this publican) but in deed, and having to be made to his wife and to Southey! Then there were the Wordsworths. Dorothy's heart, and perhaps Mrs. Wordsworth's also, was accustomed to beat independently of her brother's when Coleridge was concerned—the friendship of these 'beloved women' might be counted on to almost any extent, but whatever relations might be established with the family as a whole, they could not possibly be the old ones; Wordsworth's house could never again be all that it had been, an ever-open shelter and a fountain of unquestioning sympathy.—These, I doubt not, were the considerations which weighed with Coleridge, if he gave Southey's proposals any serious thought. It is far more probable, I fear, that he listened to them only with impatience, knowing well that his enfeebled will was unequal to the adoption of any plan, or even to the exertion of taking the initial step.

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[1] *Rem.* pp. 373-375. This letter Cottle has treated with an unusual amount of respect, meddling more with the style than the sense.

In a letter dated a week or two before (April 17) Southey had said much the same, adding that he could obtain employment for Coleridge on the *Quarterly*. Should Cottle proceed in his intention to raise an annuity, the amount would not suffice to pay for Coleridge's laudanum, and could but induce more strenuous idleness. At all events, says Southey, 'my name must not be mentioned. His wife and daughter are living with me, and here he may employ himself without any disquietude about immediate subsistence.' Cottle has treated this letter more recklessly than almost any other. Southey is made to say: 'My name must not be mentioned. *I subscribe enough.* Here he may employ himself,' etc. The words italicised (they are italicised also by Cottle) form only one of the more scandalous of his alterations.

And so he seems to have drifted on at Bristol until the autumn, doing nothing save pretending to give up opium under the care of Dr. Daniel and 'a respectable old decayed tradesman,' who was hired to go about with the poet when he took his walks abroad. Coleridge had other amusements besides the daily one of circumventing his simple guardian—he wrote mottoes for Proclamation-Day transparencies, painted by Allston; he sat to Allston for the almost superhumanly respectable-looking portrait painted for Mr. Josiah Wade[1]; he corrected (for a fee of ten pounds) and laughed at Cottle's new epic, 'Messiah'; he laughed, too, at several prolix letters addressed to him by Cottle, ascribing all his (Coleridge's) ills, not to opium, but to

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[1] Now in the National Portrait Gallery. It has been engraved by Sam. Cousens.

Satanic possession. These delights were tempered only by the intense boredom produced by the presence of hypochondriacal Mrs. Fermor, Lady Beaumont's sister, who had come to Bristol expressly for the benefit of his society.[1]

But in spite of the seeming gaiety exhibited in the unprinted letter of which the foregoing passage is a summary, Coleridge was conscience-stricken and bowed down. It was probably on quitting kind Wade's roof for that of the equally kind Morgan, that he wrote the saddest of all the letters of his which have come down to us,[2] one of the saddest, perhaps, which any man ever penned :—

> DEAR SIR,
>
> For I am unworthy to call any good man friend—much less you, whose hospitality and love I have abused; accept, however, my intreaties for your forgiveness, and for your prayers.
>
> Conceive a poor miserable wretch, who for many years has been attempting to beat off pain, by a constant recurrence to the vice that reproduces it. Conceive a spirit in hell employed in tracing out for others the road to that heaven from which his crimes exclude him. In short, conceive whatever is most wretched, helpless, and hopeless, and you will form as tolerable a notion of my state, as it is possible for a good man to have.
>
> I used to think the text in St. James that 'he who offended in one point, offends in all,' very harsh; but I now feel the awful, the tremendous truth of it. In the one crime of OPIUM, what crime have I not made myself guilty of!—Ingratitude to my Maker! and to my benefactors—injustice! and unnatural cruelty to my poor children!—self-contempt for my repeated promise—breach, nay, too often, actual falsehood!
>
> After my death, I earnestly entreat, that a full and unqualified narration of my wretchedness and of its guilty cause, may be made public, that at least some little good may be effected by the direful example.
>
> May God Almighty bless you, and have mercy on your still affectionate, and in his heart, grateful— S. T. COLERIDGE.

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[1] See Coleridge's polite statement of Mrs. Fermor's case in a letter to her sister (*Mem. of Coleorton*, ii. 171-174).

[2] To Josiah Wade. 'Bristol, June 26th, 1814' (Cottle's *Rem.* p. 394). I have not seen the original document.

Before the middle of September, Coleridge was able to inform his friends that his Bristol physician being persuaded that nothing remained 'but to superinduce *positive* health on a system from which disease and its *removable* causes had been driven out,' had recommended country air. He has therefore rejoined the Morgans in a cottage at Ashley, half a mile from Box, on the Bath road. His day he represents as being laid out in the most methodical manner—he 'breakfasts before nine, works till one, walks and reads till three,' etc. etc. His morning hours are devoted to a great work now printing at Bristol, at the risk of two friends.

> The title is 'Christianity, the one true Philosophy; or, Five Treatises on the Logos, or Communicative Intelligence, natural, human, and divine,' to which is prefixed a prefatory essay on the laws and limits of toleration and liberality, illustrated by fragments of Auto-biography.

A syllabus, in the author's best style, of the Five Treatises, follows, and a statement that 'the purpose of the whole is a philosophical defence of the Articles of the Church, so far as they respect doctrine, as points of faith.'[1] The work is to be 'comprised in two portly octavos.' This I believe to be the first mention of 'the *magnum opus*,' of which much will be heard hereafter.

> The evenings (proceeds the admirably methodical Coleridge) I have employed in composing a series of Essays on the Principles of General Criticism concerning the Fine Arts, especially those of Statuary and Painting, and of these four in title, but six or more in

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[1] Coleridge's orthodoxy seems now to have been complete. In one of his Bristol lectures of April 1814, he said that Milton's Satan was a 'sceptical Socinian.' The phrase cost him the friendship of Dr. Estlin, and probably that of other Unitarian friends, in spite of a humble but highly argumentative apology. To Cottle he quoted *Paradise Regained*, iv. l. 196 *et seq.*, and l. 500 *et seq.* See also, *Estlin Letters*, pp. 112-117.

size, have been published in *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*[1]—a strange place for such a publication, but my motive was originally to serve poor Allston, who is now exhibiting his pictures in Bristol.

He concludes by assuring Stuart that the essays are the best things he has ever written, and asks if, revised and extended to sixteen or twenty, they would suit the *Courier*. He would supply two a week and one political essay.[2] The offer of political contributions was accepted, for six 'Letters to Judge Fletcher concerning his "Charge to the Grand Jury of the County of Wexford at the Summer Assizes in 1814"'[3] were printed in the *Courier* between September 20 and December 10.[4]

The great folks of the neighbourhood soon found out that a notable man had taken up his residence among them. His first discoverers seem to have been the Methuen[5] family of Corsham House; the next, Moore's Marquis of Lansdowne. His *quondam* 'idol,' Bowles, was not far off, at Bremhill, and the two poets foregathered. About the middle of October, Coleridge was driven to apply to Stuart for a small advance, the reason assigned being that 'the bookseller has treated me in a strange way about a translation of Goethe's *Faust*. But it is not worth mentioning, except that I employed some weeks unprofitably.'[6]

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[1] The essays have been reprinted in Cottle's *Early Recollections* (Appendix), 1837; and again in *Miscellanies, Æsthetic and Literary*, by S. T. Coleridge; edited by T. Ashe, 1885.

[2] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, pp. 221-233. Letter dated from 'Mr. Smith's, Ashley, Box, near Bath. 12 Sep. 1814.'

[3] The 'Charge' was published as a pamphlet in 1814. London: Sherwood. Pp. ii.; 48.

[4] Reprinted in *Essays on his own Times*, pp. 677-733. The letters were signed 'Irish Protestant'!

[5] Some interesting reminiscences of Coleridge at this period were contributed to the *Christian Observer* for 1845, by the Rev. T. A. Methuen, Rector of All Cannings, Wilts. They are signed 'Π*ιστις*.'

[6] John Murray (the second) was 'the bookseller.' Coleridge was offered £100 for a translation and analysis of *Faust*, to be completed in two or three months. He accepted, although he says he thinks the terms 'humiliatingly low.'

On November 23, Coleridge informs Stuart that on 'Monday after next he expects, as far as so perplexed a being dare expect anything, to remove to Calne, Wilts, at a Mr. Page's, surgeon.' He proposes further contributions to the *Courier*, and asks Stuart to see a publisher as to a collection of his scattered political essays, similar to one which had been announced as forthcoming, in the first number of *The Friend*, five years before. The Morgans accompanied him to Calne.

All this time Coleridge's wife and the other inmates of Greta Hall heard nothing from him. On October 17, Southey wrote to Cottle:—

> Can you tell us anything of Coleridge? A few lines of introduction to a son of Mr. Biddulph of St. James's [Bristol] are all that we have received from him since I saw him last September twelvemonth in town. The children being thus entirely left to chance, I have applied to his brothers at Ottery concerning them, and am in hopes, through these means and the aid of other friends, of sending Hartley to college. Lady Beaumont has promised £30 annually for this purpose, Poole £10. I wrote to Coleridge three or four months ago, telling him that unless he took some steps towards providing for this object I must make the application, and required his answer within a given term of three weeks. He received the letter, and in his note by Mr. Biddulph promised to answer, but he has never taken any further notice of it. I have acted with the advice of Wordsworth. The brothers, as I expected, promise their concurrence, and I daily expect a letter stating to what amount they will contribute. What is to become of Coleridge himself! He may continue to find men who will give him board and lodging for the sake of his conversation, but who will pay his other expenses? I cannot but apprehend some shameful and dreadful end to this deplorable course.[1]

It came to nothing. See *Memoirs of John Murray* (1891), i. 297 *et seq.*; also *Athenæum*, April 18, 1891, and *Table Talk* for February 16, 1833. Coleridge's disrelish for Goethe gave Crabb Robinson great concern.

[1] This letter, the original of which is now in the Fonthill Collection, is incorrectly and incompletely printed in *Life and Corr. of R. S.* iv. 81; and still more incorrectly and incompletely in Cottle's *Rem.* p. 386. Cottle has interpolated passages from a letter written by Southey on 2nd March 1815. *Per contra*, let it be known that Cottle, unsolicited, joined in the subscription for sending Hartley to Oxford.

On December 12, Southey informs Cottle that he knows nothing of Coleridge save that he is writing in the *Courier* under the name of 'An Irish Protestant,' and that it is settled that Hartley goes to Oxford in the spring.[1] There seems to be something cruel, and therefore unlike Coleridge, in the persistent silence maintained towards his family and the friends who were exerting themselves to promote the interests of his darling Hartley. When at Ashley, he delighted to speak to his landlady about his children, and told her that his eldest son was going to college.[2]

Early in March, after a long silence, Coleridge renewed communication with Cottle in a mournful letter.[3] His health is no worse than when he left Bristol, but it fluctuates; he is unhappy, and 'poor indeed.' He has collected his scattered poems, and wishes to publish them, but he must begin the volume with a series of Odes on the sentences of the Lord's Prayer, a series 'which has never been seen by any' —a statement equally true to-day. A desire even more urgent, is to finish his 'greater work on "Christianity, considered as Philosophy, and as the only Philosophy."' It is nearly finished (!) but his poverty compels him constantly to turn aside to 'some mean subject for the newspapers'—distressing interruptions which deprive him of the power of executing either task. After his recent experience in Bristol he would rather die than appeal to 'a club of subscribers to his poverty'—will Cottle lend him thirty or forty pounds, on the security of his MSS.? His conscience is not easy, but he can truly say that his embarrassments are not caused by selfish indulgence. He is £25 in arrear, his expenses being £2 : 10s. per week. If Cottle think he ought to live on less, he should remember that this would be to cut himself off from 'all social affections and from all conversation with persons of the same education.' 'Heaven knows!' he exclaims, 'of the £300 received through you, what went to myself.' To this Cottle replied with 'a friendly letter,' declining the loan, but enclosing £5, having convinced himself that the larger sum was needed, not for board, but for opium. His letter was crossed by a second from Coleridge, who said his 'distresses are impatient rather than himself.' The Morgans would gladly do all for him, but this is out of their power. So he has written to William Hood asking him to see four or five friends—the scorned 'club of subscribers to his poverty' of a few days before, doubtless—who might make up the sum he requires among them, if Cottle will not. If relief come from neither hand—even £20 would keep the wolf at bay for a week—he must instantly dispose of all his MSS. to the first bookseller who will give anything, and then try to live by taking pupils, if not at Calne, then at Bristol. To this second letter Cottle replied as to the first, and with a second £5. He also urged him to come to Bristol and consult the friends there; but from Coleridge came no reply. Cottle had received his last letter from that pen. The Bristol friends came to the rescue. In some old accounts I find that in April, Hood (in association with others) lent Coleridge £45, besides advancing £27 : 5 : 6 for the payment of the premium on his life-policy. These friends accepted the security of Coleridge's MSS. for their loans.

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[1] *Letters of R. S.* ii. 386.

[2] Wordsworth to Poole, March 13, 1815. Knight's *Life of W. W.* ii. 247.

[3] Calne, March 17, 1815. *Rem.* p. 386.

While this distressful correspondence was going on, Coleridge was busying himself energetically with the local agitation against the Government Bill for excluding foreign corn until the average price of wheat should reach eighty shillings per quarter. He drew up the Calne petition to the Prince Regent, and, in support of it, 'mounted on the butcher's table, made a butcherly sort of speech of an hour long to a very ragged but not butcherly audience' in the market-place. 'Loud were the huzzas, and if it depended on the inhabitants at large, I believe they would send me up to Parliament.' So he wrote to Dr. Brabant, the eminent physician of Devizes, and excused himself from attending a meeting to be held in that town, in support of the Government measure. Meantime, he asks Dr. Brabant to buy him 'a quarter of a pound of the best plain rappee at Anstey's,' and (but in a separate paper) 'an ounce of maccabau'; and further, to recommend to him a good table-beer, unlike the Calne brew, which alternates between syrup and vinegar.[1]

In June, a travelling theatrical company came to Calne and acted *Remorse*,—not for the first time in the town, for it seems to have been given there in 1813. When the company moved on to Devizes, the gratified Coleridge gave the manager, Mr. Falkner, a flaming testimonial to Dr. Brabant. On July 29 he wrote to the same friend:—

> The necessity of extending what I first intended as a preface[2]

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[1] 'Unpublished Letters written by S. T. Coleridge,' communicated by Dr. Brabant's son-in-law, the late Mr. W. M. Call, to the *Westminster Review* for April and July 1870.

[2] In the unprinted correspondence of this period I see indications which lead me to believe that the only prose contemplated at first was to take the form of a preface to the poems; and that this preface grew into a literary autobiography. In July we see that a preface to the autobiography had been begun and 'extended.' This was the second stage. A little later this 'preface' had assumed proportions so formidable that it was decided to incorporate it in the work. When the MS. was sent to the printers, two volumes were intended—Vol. I. to

> to an 'Autobiographia Literaria, Sketches of my Literary Life and Opinions,' as far as poetry and poetical criticisms are concerned, has confined me to my study from eleven to four and from six to ten since I last left you. I have just finished it, having only the correction of the MS. to go through. I have given a full account (*raisonné*) of the controversy concerning Wordsworth's Poems and Theory, in which my name has been so constantly included. I have no doubt that Wordsworth will be displeased, but I have done my duty to myself and to the public, in, as I believe, completely subverting the theory, and in proving that the poet himself has never acted on it except in particular stanzas, which are the blots of his composition.

He then goes on to tell his correspondent that he has elaborated a 'disquisition on the powers of association . . . and on the generic difference between the faculties of Fancy and Imagination,' not entirely for insertion, but for Dr. Brabant's perusal. Then he apologises for 'running on as usual' past the object of his letter, which is to beg Mrs. Brabant to get him a pair of black silk stockings, costing 'from 17s. to 20s.,' to enable him to dine respectably with the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne; and further, to procure for him another 'quarter of a pound of plain rappee, with half an ounce of maccabau, intermixed.'

On August 10 the first instalment of the 'copy' of the *Biographia Literaria* and a second of that of the poems were sent to the printer — or rather to Hood, to whom the MSS. had been secured. They were sent with a letter from Morgan, who says that if Coleridge goes on even half as well as he has during the previous six weeks, wonders will have been accomplished by Christmas. The good Morgan was now

contain the *Biographia*, Vol. II. the Poems (*Sibylline Leaves*). While the two were being printed concurrently, the *Biographia* outgrew the capacity of a single volume, and the Poems (the 'signature' of which is 'Vol. II.') are called in the accounts 'Vol. III.' When the whole of Volumes I. and III. and half of Vol. II. had been printed, the author quarrelled with the printers. Ultimately Vol. II. was completed by another printer, and the 'work' issued in 1817, in two separate parts—the *Biographia* (2 vols.) and the 'Sibylline Leaves' (1 vol.)

acting the part which had been taken by Miss Sarah Hutchinson in the days of *The Friend*, — keeping Coleridge at his task, and writing to his dictation. Indeed, both *The Friend* and the *Biographia* represent Coleridge's talk, and (to adopt Carlyle's phrase) these friends were the passive buckets into which he pumped — most other listeners having been mere sieves. Before the end of August, Hood passed on the 'copy' to Gutch,[1] Morgan having given his undertaking that regular supplies should be forthcoming. The printers, however, at the end of 1816, had put in type only about one-third of the *Sibylline Leaves*, and of the *Biographia* nothing at all.

At the end of the Easter term Hartley (who had been taken up to Oxford by the Wordsworths) came to Calne on a visit to his father—a visit which was prolonged until the end of the long vacation, and which was greatly enjoyed both by father and son. Hartley cheered his mother with accounts of his father's good health and industry, of the successful performance of *Remorse* by the travelling company, and of a Bible Society meeting, at which his father made an eloquent speech of three-quarters of an hour. When Hartley returned to Oxford, his father sped him on his way with a ten pound note.[2]

In October Coleridge tells Stuart[3] that he has been busy writing for the stage—re-writing Shakespeare's *Richard II.*, and also Beaumont and Fletcher's *Pilgrim* and *Beggar's Bush.* He has 'unwisely mentioned this to —— and some others connected with the two theatres,' and, possibly by mere coincidence, these three plays are announced as about to be produced — by others! It cannot be helped, but his work on the last-mentioned is so nearly finished,[1] that he begs Stuart to see the Drury Lane people about it. He has sent to the Bristol printers the MSS. of the *Biographia Literaria* and *Sibylline Leaves.* For the last four months he has never worked less than six hours each day, and cannot do more if he is to have any time for reading and reflection. He is now at work on a tragedy and a dramatic entertainment, giving half his time to these, and the other half to the *magnum opus*, the title of which is to be 'Logosophia; or, On the Logos, human and divine, in six Treatises'—and then there follows, in the letter, another of Coleridge's inimitably comprehensive syllabuses and the customary statement that the work is to occupy 'two large octavo volumes, six hundred pages each.' He only wishes to work hard, but what can he do, he exclaims, 'if he is to starve while he is working!' He fears that, unless something can be done, he must sink; for as to politics, he can write only on principles, and where, he asks the proprietor of the *Courier*, is the newspaper which will admit such writings? 'I have tried' (he says) 'to negotiate with the booksellers for a translation of the works of Cervantes (*Don Quixote* excluded) and of Boccaccio, and Mr. Rogers [the once despised Rogers!] promised to use his influence, but all in vain.'[1] The letter concludes with the gratifying news that his health is better than he has known it for the last twelve years. About this time Stuart was again asked to make arrangements for the publication of Coleridge's political essays, and the volume would probably have been published had he not decided to 'complete' the book by freshly-composed additions. Awaiting these, the negotiations apparently died out.

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[1] John Mathew Gutch, an old schoolfellow of Coleridge and Lamb, and a correspondent of the latter. He was then proprietor of *Felix Farley's Journal* at Bristol. The actual printing of Coleridge's work was done by John Evans & Co., but to Gutch's order.

[2] Southey had expressed to Lamb his fears for the effect which this visit might have on Hartley, to which Lamb replied (Aug. 9, 1815, *Letters* i. 293): 'Your fear for Hartley's intellectuals is just and rational. Could not the Chancellor be petitioned to remove him? His Lordship took Mr. Betty from under the paternal wing. I think at least he should go through a course of matter-of-fact with some sober man, after the mysteries. Could he not spend a week at Poole's before he goes back to Oxford?'

[3] Oct. 7, 1815. *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 242.

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[1] So far as I am aware, no trace of any of these re-writings has been found.

On March 31, 1815, we find Lord Byron[2] replying to a letter he had received from Coleridge, requesting (apparently) an introduction to a publisher. Byron says it will give him great pleasure to comply with the request, and adds: 'If I may be permitted, I would suggest that there never was such an opening for tragedy. . . . I should think that the reception of [*Remorse*] was sufficient to encourage the highest hopes of author and audience.' On Oct. 28th,[3] Byron wrote to Moore: 'You have also written to Perry, who intimates hopes of an opera from you. Coleridge has promised a tragedy. Now if you keep Perry's word and Coleridge keeps his own, Drury Lane will be set up.'

Eighteen hundred and sixteen opens with a letter in which Coleridge informs Dr. Brabant that he 'goes on pretty well,' and is 'decently industrious.' He has finished three acts of a play in verse, but it is not 'the tragedy he promised to Drury Lane.' 'Lord Byron has behaved very *politely*, but never answered the most important part of my letter.' The omission, whatever it may have been, seems to have acted as a discouragement to work on the tragedy. For some time after this dates fail us. It was in April of this year that Coleridge left Calne for London and Highgate, but previous to this, opium seems to have regained the upper hand. He had received professional advice from Dr. Brabant, and informs him that 'his plan' has succeeded, and that he confines himself to 'the smallest dose of poison that will suffice to keep him tranquil and capable of literary labour.' But for thorough emancipation from 'the most pitiable slavery, the fetters of which do indeed eat into the soul,' he feels that he must needs have six months of absolute repose. He is full of 'disquieting uncertainty' as to the place of his residence. If he has to part from Morgan it will be 'a sore heart-wasting,' for no man could have 'a more faithful, zealous, and disinterested friend.' And then the letter goes on with a tragical account of an absurd little comedy which had been amusing the neighbourhood. Coleridge was reported to have been 'imprudent enough, and, in the second place, indelicate enough, to send out a gentleman's servant in his own house to a public-house for a bottle of brandy!' It is all nonsense, he explains. He had been grossly misunderstood. 'I turn' (he adds) 'from what is always wearisome to me, and on these subjects disgusting, namely, writing concerning my worser self,' to a scientific excursus on two books he has been reading —Gale and Spurzheim's *Physiognomical System* and Bailey's *Morbid Anatomy*. The former work he thinks beneath criticism; the latter inspires him with a wish to examine the original authorities for some of the theories put forward. 'I should like, if I had time, to examine Morgagni and Lieutaud for myself.'[1]

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[1] A letter respecting this business—S. T. C. to Rogers, 'Calne, May 26, 1815'—is printed in *Rogers and his Contemporaries*, by P. W. Clayden, 1889, i. 191.

[2] Moore's *Life of Byron*, one-vol. ed. p. 278.

[3] *Ib.* p. 286.

Towards the close of March, Coleridge went up to London carrying with him the MS. of *Zapolya*, which no doubt was the play, *not* for Drury Lane, of which by the middle of January he had finished three acts. The tragedy promised for Drury Lane was never written.

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[1] *Westminster Review*, July 1870, pp. 10, 11.

> Coleridge has been here about a fortnight (wrote Lamb to Wordsworth on April 9th). His health is tolerable at present, though beset with temptations. In the first place, the Covent Garden manager has declined accepting his tragedy, though (having read it) I see no reason upon earth why it might not have run a very fair chance, though it certainly wants a prominent part for a Miss O'Neil or a Mr. Kean. However, he is going to-day to write to Lord Byron to get it to Drury. Should you see Mrs. C., who has just written to C. a letter which I have given him, it will be as well to say nothing about its fate till some answer is shaped from Drury. . . . Nature, who conducts every creature by instinct to its best end, has skilfully directed C. to take up his abode at a Chemist's Laboratory in [43] Norfolk Street [Strand]. She might as well have sent a *Helluo Librorum* for cure to the Vatican. God keep him inviolate among the traps and pitfalls. He has done pretty well as yet. . . . [*P.S.*] A longer letter when C. is gone back into the country. . . . I am scarce quiet enough while he stays.[1]

A few weeks later (April 26) Lamb writes again to Wordsworth :—

> Coleridge is printing *Christabel*, by Lord Byron's recommendation to Murray, with what he calls a vision, *Kubla Khan* . . . [and] has sent his tragedy to D[rury] L[ane] T[heatre]. It cannot be acted this season ; and by their manner of receiving, I hope he will be able to alter it to make them accept it for the next. He is at present under the medical care of a Mr. Gillman (Killman ?), a Highgate apothecary, where he plays at leaving off laud—m. I think his essentials not touched ; he is very bad ; but then he wonderfully picks up another day, and his face, when he repeats his verses, hath its ancient glory ; an archangel a little damaged. Will Miss H[utchinson] pardon our not replying at length to her kind letter ? We are not quiet enough ; Morgan is with us every day, going betwixt Highgate and the Temple. Coleridge is absent but four miles, and the neighbourhood of such a man is as exciting as the presence of fifty ordinary persons. 'Tis enough to be within the whiff and wind of his genius for us not to possess our souls in quiet.

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[1] *Letters*, i. 303.

On April 9—the date of Lamb's first letter—Coleridge consulted Dr. Adams, then an eminent physician living in Hatton Garden. Judging by Dr. Adams's letter to Mr. Gillman, Coleridge appears to have stated his case with little or no reserve. For years he has been taking large quantities of opium; recently he has been trying in vain to break off the habit; he fears his friends have not been firm enough, and now he seeks a physician who will be not only firm but severe in his regimen. 'As he is desirous of retirement, and a garden,' writes Dr. Adams, 'I could think of no one so readily as yourself.' Mr. Gillman 'had no intention of receiving an inmate,' but on April 11 he called at Hatton Garden, when it was arranged that Dr. Adams should drive Coleridge out to Highgate on the following day. Coleridge, however, came alone—he came and talked and conquered, for before the visit was over it was settled that he should begin residence on the next day. 'I looked with impatience,' writes Gillman, 'for the morrow. . . . I felt indeed almost spellbound, without the desire of release.' The morrow (Saturday) did not bring Coleridge, of course, but it brought from him a proposal to arrive on Monday, and on the evening appointed he came, 'bringing in his hand the proof-sheets of *Christabel*.'

CHAPTER XII

HIGHGATE

A.D. 1816–1819

Coleridge's arrival at Highgate marked a turning-point in his life, the importance of which is only to be measured by the fact that it proved to be the last. He was then in his forty-fourth year, but he looked, and probably felt, much older. His health was broken, and he was still under the slavery of opium, but his enfeebled will had once more roused itself into an effort towards freedom. His outward circumstances had not recently undergone any material change, but it was in their nature that they should grow more and more intolerable. He was poor, and weighed down by pecuniary debts and by other unfulfilled obligations; he was alienated from his brothers, and from some friends, such as the Wordsworths, and Poole, and the Bristol group, who had been to him more than his brothers; he had a wife and three children, but the house which sheltered them had long ceased to be a home to himself. From his ninth year he had been a wanderer and a sojourner, finding 'no city to dwell in,' and now, when he was at his wits' end, tossed in a sea of troubles, the waves suddenly stilled, and he felt that he had reached his desired haven. His first sight of the Gillmans seems to have convinced him of this, and his prescience was justified, for during the eighteen years of life that remained to him, their house was his home.

He began his residence at the Grove simply as a temporary patient, but before three months had passed he was inspired to write thus to a recent acquaintance who had done him a kindness :—

> If I omitted this due acknowledgment, I should think myself less deserving of the fortunate state of convalescence, and tranquil yet active impulses, which, under Providence, I owe to the unrelaxed attention, the professional skill, and above all to the continued firmness and affectionateness of the medical friend whose housemate I have been for the last three months, *and shall*, *I trust*, *continue to be indefinitely*.[1]

I am not aware of the terms on which he continued to live under Gillman's roof, but there are indications in Coleridge's later correspondence that he never ceased to contribute to the household expenses. However that may have been, it is certain that the relations throughout were entirely honourable to both parties.

Christabel, with its attendant *Kubla Khan* and *The Pains of Sleep*, was published in the early days of June.[2] For the copyright of *Christabel*, Murray seems to have paid seventy guineas, with the understanding that if it were subsequently completed the copyright should revert to the poet.[3] Murray also paid £20 for the use of *Kubla Khan*, Coleridge reserving the copyright. Although the pamphlet met with a large sale and immediately went into a second edition, its reception by the critics was disappointing. The *Edinburgh Review*, by the hand of Hazlitt (as Coleridge asserted), made bitter fun of it through nine pages, the article winding up with the declaration that 'the thing now before us is utterly destitute of value. It exhibits from beginning to end not a ray of genius.' No wonder that Coleridge, disgusted and disheartened, thus relieved his feelings in the closing chapter of the *Biographia Literaria* :—

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[1] Letter to John Gale, 'Monday, 8th July, 1816. J. Gillman's, Esq., Highgate.' *Lippincott's Mag.* June 1874, p. 698.

[2] CHRISTABEL: KUBLA KHAN, a Vision; THE PAINS OF SLEEP. By S. T. Coleridge, Esq. LONDON: Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street, by William Bulmer and Co., Cleveland Row, St. James's. 1816. Octavo, pp. vii.; 64.

The 'second edition' differs from the first, only in respect of the title-page.

[3] The Agreements are not very clearly presented in the Murray *Memoirs* (i. 303, etc.) Other particulars were given by Coleridge in 1825, in a letter written to his nephew, John Taylor (afterwards Mr. Justice) Coleridge, printed in BRANDL, pp. 351-354. It is a letter of recollections, but they are manifestly drawn from

> During the many years which intervened between the composition and the publication of the *Christabel*, it became almost as well known among literary men as if it had been on common sale; the same references were made to it, and the same liberties taken with it, even to the very names of the imaginary persons in the poem. From almost all of our most celebrated poets, and from some with whom I had no personal acquaintance, I either received or heard of expressions of admiration that (I can truly say) appeared to myself utterly disproportionate to a work, that pretended to be nothing more than a common Faëry Tale. Many, who had allowed no merit to my other poems, whether printed or manuscript, and who have frankly told me as much, uniformly made an exception in favour of the *Christabel* and the poem entitled *Love*. . . . This before the publication. And since then, with very few exceptions, I have heard nothing but abuse, and this too in a spirit of bitterness. . . . In the *Edinburgh Review*, it was assailed with a malignity and a spirit of personal hatred that ought to have injured only the work in which such a tirade was suffered to appear: and this review was generally attributed (whether rightly or no I know not) to a man, who both in my presence and in my absence has repeatedly pronounced it the finest poem of its kind in the language.

As soon as Coleridge had settled down at Highgate, Morgan busied himself in supplying the Bristol printers with 'copy' for the *Sibylline Leaves*, which

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a defective memory. The most important statements in this letter are inconsistent with facts recorded at the time of their occurrence, and especially with Coleridge's own letters of the period, printed in *Lippincott's Magazine* for June 1874.

Coleridge meant to preface with an essay of forty pages 'On the Imaginative in Poetry'—a project unfortunately never realised. It was at the same time arranged that the *Biographia* should appear in two volumes. At the beginning of May, Morgan was also negotiating with Lord Essex and Mr. Douglas Kinnaird (representing the Drury Lane Theatre Committee) with regard to *Zapolya.* The 'Second Part' was decided upon for performance during the next season, provided certain alterations were made and some songs added. Coleridge agreed, but instead of setting about the alterations at once, he gave way to a fit of despondency, and went to bed for three weeks. Nothing more was heard of *Zapolya* as a stage-play,[1] but Murray agreed to publish it complete as a poem, and made an advance of £50 on the MS. Something interfered, however, and it was not published until the following year, and then by Fenner.

Notwithstanding his strange failure to carry out the agreement to adapt *Zapolya* to the stage, and his fitful preoccupation with the completion of the two works already so long in the hands of the Bristol printers, Coleridge was full of new projects during the summer of 1816. To Murray[2] he suggested the establishment of a Review of old books, British and foreign, on the plan realised four years after, and by other hands, in the *Retrospective Review* (1820-1826). Nothing came of this proposal, but another was made and accepted. Murray promised two hundred guineas for 'a small volume of Specimens of Rabbinical Wisdom,'[1] but it was abandoned on the ground that all his time was due to the completion of the *Biographia Literaria.* In August, Coleridge proposed to Boosey & Co., the foreign booksellers of Broad Street, to begin a kind of periodical to appear monthly or fortnightly.[2] It was to be in the form of 'a letter to his literary friends in London and elsewhere concerning the real state and value of the German Literature from Gellert and Klopstock to the present year.' He adds that he has been invited by Mr. J. Hookham Frere—a new and important acquaintance, made probably through Mr. Murray—to contribute an article on Goethe's *Dichtung und Wahrheit* to the *Quarterly*, but he feels great reluctance to write in any review. Before he can undertake anything, however, he must take a holiday at the seaside to recover from the effects of overwork and anxieties. Both are described in great detail in a letter to Dr. Brabant, written from 'Muddiford, Christchurch, Hampshire, 21st September 1816.'[3] Coleridge had undertaken, at the solicitation of his new publishers, Gale & Fenner, to write 'a small tract on the present distresses, in the form of a lay sermon,' and it was advertised. He wrote and wrote until the MS. grew into a volume, and then he had to cut it down, and then it was abandoned in an unfinished state.[1] This was the overwork. One anxiety was caused by a calumnious report connected (I suspect) with the ruin which about this period overtook the Morgans' fortunes; the other by the illness of Miss Eliza Fricker, his favourite sister-in-law. Absolute seclusion seemed to him to be the only remedy, and he went down to Muddiford, meaning, as soon as he was strong enough and rich enough, to get a horse and travel about on its back.

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[1] In its place, Maturin's *Bertram* was accepted for Drury Lane. It was played in August, and was attacked in the *Courier*, the pen being either wielded or guided by Coleridge. Another attack on the play, which was quite unworthy of such heavy metal, was written, and used to fill up the second volume of *Biog. Lit.* In the *Edinburgh* review of the *Biog. Lit.* it is stated that the article is reprinted from the *Courier.* I have not been able to verify this statement. Maturin was desirous of replying to Coleridge, but was dissuaded by Scott (Lockhart's *Life* (1837), iv. 132).

[2] *Memoirs of John Murray*, i. 304, S. T. C. to J. M. 'Highgate, July 4, 1816.' A scheme for a retrospective review was suggested by Southey in 1809, and discussed with Scott and Ballantyne. See Southey's *Life and Corr.* iii. 236, 240.

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[1] *Lippincott's Mag.* June 1874, p. 704. S. T. C. to Rest Fenner, Sept. 22, 1816, and letter to Murray cited in preceding footnote. For sundry 'Specimens of Rabbinical Wisdom, selected from the Mishna,' see No. XI. (and some copies of No. XII.) of the original issue of *The Friend.*

[2] Unprinted letter of 31st August 1816, in the Fonthill Collection. It contains a detailed prospectus of the projected periodical in the usual comprehensive style. Nothing more was heard of it.

[3] *Westminster Rev.* July 1870, p. 17.

Muddiford afforded Coleridge the most delightful of solitudes, that *à deux*, for he found there Scott's friend, William Stewart Rose, living in his queer little retreat called 'Gundimore.' In some verses he named after the cottage, and printed privately at Brighton in 1837, Rose recalled how

> On these ribbed sands was Coleridge pleased to pace,
> While ebbing seas have hummed a rolling base
> To his rapt talk.

To Rose's well-known servant and friend David Hinves (who to some extent was the prototype of Scott's Davie Gellatley) Coleridge presented a copy of *Christabel*, 'as a small token of regard,' and promised copies of the rest of his works.[2] The inscription is dated '11th

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[1] The final outcome was the tract entitled *The Statesman's Manual*. Gale & Fenner, 1816, pp. 1-65; and an Appendix, i.-xlvii.—generally known as 'the first *Lay Sermon*.' It was first advertised as 'A Lay Sermon on the Distresses of the Country, addressed to the Middle and Higher Orders,' and in the *Examiner* (Sep. 8, 1816) Hazlitt wrote a cruel article, pretending to be a review of the unpublished pamphlet. He said one could tell what anything by Coleridge would be as well before as after publication. Again, when the pamphlet appeared as *The Statesman's Manual; or the Bible the best Guide to Political Skill and Foresight: A Lay Sermon* [etc.], Hazlitt reviewed it scoffingly in the *Examiner* (Dec. 29, 1816). This he followed up by a letter to the editor (Jan. 12, 1817) contrasting the *Lay Sermon* with that which he heard Coleridge preach in January 1798. The account of the latter was embodied in the article contributed five years later to *The Liberal*, 'My first Acquaintance with Poets' (see p. 81 *supra*). Coleridge believed Hazlitt to be the Edinburgh reviewer of *The Statesman's Manual* (Dec. 1816); and the ascription, as in the case of *Christabel*, is probably, though not certainly, correct.

[2] *Journal of Sir W. Scott*, 1890, ii. 186. See also Lockhart's *Life* (1837), ii. 119.

November 1816,' and the book was probably a parting gift. At all events, Coleridge was back at Gillman's before December 5, on which day he wrote, with a copy of the *Statesman's Manual*, to Dr. Brabant.[1] The sea-air, he says, has done him good. He works from nine till four, and from seven till twelve—sometimes later, and expects that 'next week' will appear 'the two other Lay Sermons—to the middle and labouring classes.' 'My Biographical Sketches, so long printed' (he adds), 'will then be published, and I proceed to republish *The Friend*, but as a complete Rifacimento.' He is very angry with Hazlitt. 'The man who has so grossly calumniated me in the *Examiner* and in the *Edinburgh Review* is a William Hazlitt—one who owes more to me than to his own parents. . . . All good I had done him of every kind, and never ceased to do so. The only *wrong* I have done him has been to decline his acquaintance. . . . How I feel, you may see at page xxi. of the appendix to my sermon,' and the curious reader will do well to refer to the passage, which is too long, and perhaps too strong in expression, for quotation here.

Robinson saw Coleridge on December 21, 1816,[2] and found him looking ill. But Gillman was able to give the visitor a good account of his patient's submission to discipline. He drinks only three glasses of wine daily, no spirits, and no opium beyond what is prescribed. 'Coleridge' (adds Robinson) 'has been able to work a great deal of late and with success. . . . These exertions have been too great, Mr. Gillman says. Coleridge talked easily and well, with less of his usual declamation.'

During his stay at Muddiford, Coleridge was arrying on an acrimonious correspondence with his Bristol friends, especially with Gutch, in connection with the printing of the *Sibylline Leaves* and the *Biographia.* It resulted in the transference of the printed sheets[1] to Gale & Fenner, on repayment of the cost of the printing and paper. The bulk of the advances made on the security of the MSS. by Coleridge's friends was forgiven him, but so contentious were the negotiations that the transfer was accomplished only in May 1817. By that time Coleridge had quarrelled with his new publishers over entanglements with Gutch, Murray, and Longman which it would serve no good purpose to unravel.[2] The relations between Coleridge on the one hand, and Fenner and the printer, Curtis, on the other fluctuated. From time to time they were strained almost to breaking-point, and when a peace was proclaimed, it was no better than an armed truce. During one of these truces the scheme of the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana* was drawn out for behoof of Curtis and Fenner. A kind of committee meeting took place on April 7, 1817, and was opened by Coleridge reading his own sketch of the prospectus and plan for this 'History of Human Knowledge'—a supremely congenial task which had been entrusted to him.

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[1] *West. Rev.* July 1870, p. 21.

[2] *Diaries*, etc., i. 286.

Coleridge also undertook to furnish large contributions at fixed dates, and to give 'one entire day in each fortnight' to the general superintendence of the work, in consideration of receiving £500 a year. When, however, he demanded an advance in promissory notes to the amount of £300, on the security of *Biographia Literaria*, *Sibylline Leaves*, and the new edition of *The Friend*, the arrangements broke down, and he contributed only the 'Preliminary Treatise on Method' which formed the 'General Introduction' to the *Encyclopædia*, and which has been often reprinted.[1] In the middle of this *imbroglio* the second *Lay Sermon* was published, and later on (about March) the *Biographia Literaria*.[2] The latter was a miscellany, and as such could never have been 'completed' in any proper sense of the word. But the second volume had been printed up to p. 128, and it was necessary to provide as much matter as would bring up its bulk to something like that of the first. This was managed by adding fifty-four pages to the critique on Wordsworth, and by inserting 'Satyrane's Letters' (which already had served a similar purpose for *The Friend*); a critique of Maturin's tragedy of *Bertram*, and a rambling but very interesting autobiographic and apologetic concluding chapter. The book was savagely reviewed by Hazlitt in the *Edinburgh* for August 1817, and to the article Jeffrey added a footnote nearly five pages long, signed with his initials, defending himself from certain charges[3] which Coleridge had made against the Review and its editor. The controversy, as conducted on both sides, is too personal, and too trivial, to be worth reviving. In October, *Blackwood's Magazine* contained an article on the *Biographia* and its author. It was quite as savage, but by no means as witty as those from Hazlitt's pen, but it stung Coleridge as the others had not, for it renewed the old *Anti-Jacobin* charge[1] of abandoning his wife and children. He consulted Crabb Robinson[2] as to the practicability of bringing an action for libel, but no proceedings were taken. In his letter to Robinson, Coleridge says:—

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[1] The whole of the *S. L.*, and the *B. L.* up to vol. ii. p. 128.

[2] See *Lippincott's Mag.* for June 1870—Art. 'Some unpublished Letters of S. T. Coleridge'; and *Memoirs of John Murray*, i. 305-307.

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[1] In the 'Cabinet Edition' of the *E. M.*

[2] '*Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters!*' A LAY SERMON, addressed to the Higher and Middle Classes, on the existing Distresses and Discontents. By S. T. Coleridge, Esq. [Motto, with translation, from Heraclitus.] London: Printed for Gale & Fenner [etc.], 1817. 8vo. pp. i.-xxxi.; 1-134.

BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA; Or Biographical Sketches of my Literary Life and Opinions. By S. T. Coleridge, Esq. 2 vols. London: Rest Fenner, 23 Paternoster Row. 1817. 8vo. Vol. I., pp. 1-296. Vol. II., pp. 1-309.

[3] *Biog. Lit.* ed. 1817, i. 52 *n.* The passage was omitted from the second edition (1847), but the quarrel is commented on at some length in the editorial 'Introduction.'

> I can prove by positive evidence, by the written bargains made with my booksellers, etc., that I have refused every offer, however convenient to myself, that did not leave two-thirds of the property sacred to Mrs. Coleridge,[3] and that I have given up all I had in the world to her[4]—have continued to pay yearly £30[5] to assure her what, if I live to the year 1820, will be nearly £2000; that beyond my absolute necessities . . . I have held myself accountable to her for every shilling; that Hartley is with me, with all his expenses paid during his vacation; and that I have been for the last six months, and now am, labouring hard to procure the means of having Derwent with me. . . . I work like a *slave* from morn to night, and receive as the reward less than a mechanic's wages, imposition, and ingratitude.[6]

He had also renewed his connection with the *Courier*—indeed, his industry at this period, though not always applied to the business most urgently required, appears to have been prodigious. In March he supplied the *Courier* with a review of his second *Lay Sermon* which had been 'written by a friend'[7]; in the same month he came to the rescue of Southey with two letters[1] vindicating his old friend from the aspersions cast upon him in consequence of the piratical publication of the absurd *Wat Tyler*, which the future Laureate had written (but not printed) in 1794; and on March 26 he informed John Murray[2] that 'the article in Tuesday's *Courier* was by him; and two other articles on Apostacy and Renegadism[3] which will appear next week.' These are not included in the *Essays on his own Times*, and it is not improbable that other contributions have been overlooked, for in a letter to Stuart of this period Coleridge begs that his articles 'until Street's return' may be remunerated at the rate of two guineas per column, and proposes a succession of papers for three or four months. I cannot find in Southey's letters any expression of gratitude for Coleridge's warm and chivalrous defence of him against the attacks of the enemy on the subject of *Wat Tyler*, and the charges of 'apostacy' arising out of it. Of course Hazlitt took the fullest advantage of the opportunity, and his tirades directed against Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth, contributed to Leigh Hunt's *Examiner*, may still be read in the volume entitled *Political Essays* published by Hone in 1819.

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[1] The charge appeared in a note by the editor of *The Beauties of the Anti-Jacobin* (London: 1799, p. 306) to *The New Morality*. It was replied to by Coleridge in *The Friend*, No. I. (1809), and again in the *Biog. Lit.* (1817, i. 71), (1847, i. 65). See *Athenæum* for May 31, 1890; Art. 'Coleridge and "The Anti-Jacobin."'

[2] The letter is printed only in Brandl's *Life of Coleridge* (pp. 354-357), but very inaccurately.

[3] I do not understand this.

[4] Referring doubtless to the Wedgwood annuity.

[5] The exact amount was £27, 5s. 6d. When Coleridge died in 1834, upwards of £2500 was paid on the policy.

[6] Referring to the new edition of *The Friend* (3 vols. 1818), and to its printer and publisher, Curtis and Fenner.

[7] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 270.

In June 1817, Ludwig Tieck was in London, and Coleridge renewed an acquaintance begun at Rome eleven years before. The first occasion on which they met was at the house of Joseph Henry Green, then a rising young surgeon, who was as deeply interested in philosophy as in his own profession.

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[1] *Essays on his own Times*, pp. 939-950. Two other vindicatory letters were written for, but not printed in, the *Westminster Review*. They are given n the *Essays*, pp. 950-962.

[2] *Memoirs of John Murray*, i. 306.

[3] See also *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 280.

Green had long been desirous of taking the waters of German philosophy at the fountain-head, and Tieck recommended a course with Professor Solger of Berlin, a scheme no doubt heartily encouraged by Coleridge. It was immediately carried out, and on Green's return from Berlin, the intimacy with Coleridge began,[1] an intimacy which proved the chief stimulus and the chief comfort of the last seventeen years of Coleridge's life.

In August, Southey came up to town. He saw Stuart, who complained of Coleridge's statements about him and his newspapers in the *Biographia;*[2] and he also saw Coleridge.

> I shall go to Highgate to-morrow (wrote Southey to his wife[3]). I gather from his [Coleridge's] note which I received this morning that he looks towards Keswick as if he meant to live there. At present this cannot be for want of room—the Rickmans being our guests—if he meant to live with his family it must be upon a separate establishment. I shall neither speak harshly nor unkindly, but at my time of life, with my occupations [the thing is impossible]. This is a hateful visit and I wish it were over. He will begin as he did when last I saw him, about Animal Magnetism[4] or some equally congruous subject, and go on from Dan to Beersheba in his endless loquacity.

And Southey, evidently quite soured by this time, goes on to say that Coleridge, if he gets an advance from the publishers of the *Encyclopædia*, will pay it away, and then abandon the whole thing. It is highly improbable that Coleridge had any intention of settling at Keswick again; but he may have said something vague either about a visit, or a settlement, with the view of sounding the disposition of the master of Greta Hall.

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[1] Green's biographer, Sir John Simon, does not feel quite certain as to the date of the beginning of the intimacy, but his suggestion of 1817 is confirmed by an unprinted letter which I have seen.

[2] 'When the book appeared I was extremely angry, and went to him at Mr. Gillman's, where I too warmly reproached him' (Stuart in *Gent. Mag.* June 1838, p. 578). The controversy has been already treated at sufficient length—see p. 107 *supra*.

[3] Streatham, August 13, 1817—an unprinted letter.

[4] Coleridge was at the time deeply interested in this subject. In June he proposed to write a popular book on it, a proposal which he renewed (to Curtis) eighteen months later, when his old teacher, Blumenbach, had recanted his disbelief in Animal Magnetism. He offered to contribute an historical treatise to the *Encyc. Metrop.* The letter, which is extremely interesting, is printed in *Lippincott's Mag.* for June 1874.

September was passed at Littlehampton, and there Coleridge made acquaintance with two men with whom he was afterwards on very friendly terms. One was a man of fortune with an uncommon taste for philosophical speculation, Charles Augustus Tulk,[1] afterwards M.P. for Sudbury, and a devoted friend of Flaxman. The other was 'Dante' Cary, to whom Coleridge introduced himself[2] while both were walking by the shore. He then first heard of Cary's translation of Dante, which up to that time had received little attention from the public. Coleridge was greatly pleased with it, and promised to recommend it in the lectures which he contemplated delivering in the following winter. He did not fail of performance, and the consequences for Cary's book were the immediate sale of a thousand copies, a new edition, and the position of an English classic.[3]

Zapolya, which had been promised to Fenner for August, was delivered somewhat late, but in time for publication as 'A Christmas Tale,' and two thousand copies were sold. The essay on *Method*, which was promised for October, was delivered late in December. It was printed in January, and Coleridge received for it sixty guineas. To his friends, he complained bitterly of the way in which the essay had been treated by the editors of the *Encyclopædia*—'bedeviled, interpolated, and topsy-turvied'[1]—and he asked permission to reprint it in *The Friend*, then at press. The permission was granted on condition that it was acknowledged, with the rider, that the essay as written had not been 'approved by the committee.' This condition Coleridge could not accept, but in February 1818, being hard pressed for matter with which to fill up the third volume of *The Friend*, he seems to have taken the enemy in flank, by inserting the substance of the essay without mention of its source.[2] *The Friend* was completed sadly behind time, for it had been put to press more than a year before, on the author's assurance that only the customary 'three weeks' were required to put the whole in order. On January 5th, 1818, Coleridge wrote to Morgan[3]:—

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[1] Coleridge supplied Tulk with an account of his system in a series of twenty-two long letters, which, bound together in a volume, were sold at Sotheby's auction rooms, June 13, 1882. The lot has since been broken up, but could probably be gathered together again, and might be found to be worth printing as a connected whole.

[2] *Memoirs of the Rev. H. F. Cary*, 1848, ii. 18. *Athenæum* for Jan. 7, 1888—Art. 'Coleridge on Cary's *Dante*.'

[3] Such is the story as told by Cary's son and biographer (ii. 28). Another, unsupported, however, by any reference to authorities, appears in *Rogers and his Contemporaries*, ii. 171.

> From 10 in the morning till 4 in the afternoon, with one hour only for exercise, I shall fag from to-morrow at the third volume of *The Friend*. I hope to send off the whole by the 1st of February. [It was incomplete on Feb. 18.] As I cannot starve, and yet cannot with ease to my own feelings engage in any work that would interfere with my day's work till the MS. of the third volume of

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[1] The expression occurs in a letter to J. P. Collier, the original of which is now in the MSS. Department of the British Museum. It was printed in *Notes and Queries*, 1st Ser. x. 22.

[2] 'Coleridge seems to have valued highly certain essays in *The Friend* in which he professed to have reconciled Plato with Bacon' (Prof. Hort in *Cambriage Essays* for 1856 (p. 334), Art. 'Coleridge'). To this passage is appended the following footnote: 'In iii. 108-216, but especially essays viii. and ix. pp. 157-175 [of *The Friend*, ed. 1844]. The same matter in nearly the same words occurs in his treatise on *Method* prefixed to the *Encycl. Metropolitana*.'

[3] Letter in Brit. Museum, *MSS. Addit.* 25612. Printed incompletely and inaccurately in BRANDL, p. 357

The Friend is out of my hands, I have been able to hit on [no] mode of reconciling the difficulties but by attempting a course of lectures, of which I very much wish to talk with you.'[1]

At the close of 1817, Wordsworth came up to London, and although he had been displeased[2] with Coleridge's magnificent criticism in the *Biographia*, the two old friends had much intercourse, and before returning to his fastnesses, Wordsworth wrote a most kindly letter to J. P. Collier[3] begging him to do what he could to further the success of Coleridge's projected course of lectures. To Collier, Lamb also wrote on the same subject,[4] describing Coleridge as 'in bad health and worse mind,' and needing encouragement. The recurrence to lecturing as a means of livelihood, which, as we have seen, had been planned as far back as September, took more definite shape in December, and the letter to Morgan shows that by the beginning of the new year it had become a matter of prime necessity. It was then, probably, that the prospectus[5] was issued. How unwillingly and with how keen a sense of humiliation, may be gathered from his letter to Mudford, then assistant editor of the *Courier*.

> Woe is me! that at 46 I am under the necessity of appearing as a lecturer, and obliged to regard every hour given to the PERMANENT, whether as poet or philosopher, an hour stolen from others as well as from my own maintenance.[6]

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[1] Coleridge goes on to threaten his enemies (his publishers and their printers). with a 'vigorous and harmonious' satire, to be called 'Puff and Slander,' but it probably remained unwritten.

[2] 'I recollect hearing Hazlitt say that W. would not forgive a single censure, mingled with however a great mass of eulogy.' H. C. Robinson, *loq.* (Dec. 4, 1817); quoted in Knight's *Life of W. W.* ii. 288.

[3] *Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton* [1811]. PREFACE, p. lv.

[4] December 10, 1817. *Letters*, ii. 8.

[5] Printed in Gillman's *Life;* in *Lit. Rem.* vol. i.; in Ashe's collection, and elsewhere.

[6] *Canterbury Magazine* for September 1834, p. 125.

The prospectus promised fourteen lectures on Shakespeare and on Poetical Literature, native and foreign. From Crabb Robinson's *Diaries* we learn that the first was delivered, at a hall in Flower-de-Luce Court, Fetter Lane, on its appointed day, Jan. 27, 1818, and that, up to the tenth, due dates (Tuesdays and Fridays) had been observed. After the tenth Robinson went on circuit, not to return until March 26, by which date the course must have been finished.

Hazlitt was lecturing on Poetry at the same time, sometimes on the same evenings, at the Surrey Institution, a competition which cannot have contributed to the success of either course. On the evidence of Allsop—that Coleridge's lectures were 'constantly thronged by the most attentive and intelligent auditory I have ever seen'—it has been believed that the course was very successful pecuniarily, but neither Robinson's nor Coleridge's own account fully bears this out. The audiences fluctuated, and, even more, the quality of the lectures.[1] Robinson was far from being satisfied with most of Coleridge's appearances, feeling that as a rule he was repeating himself—which is not very surprising seeing that he had lectured on the same subjects so often before, and that if there had been any preparation at all, it must have taken place amid the distractions of finishing *The Friend*.[2]

Coleridge forgot to send a ticket for these lectures to Lamb, but there was no cessation of intercourse, and when Lamb brought out his collected 'Works' in June 1818, the volumes were dedicated to Coleridge in a letter conceived in terms both reverent and affectionate. After a passage recalling the smoky suppers at the 'Salutation and Cat,' nearly a quarter of a century before, Lamb proceeds :—

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[1] The record is scanty. A few preparatory notes, mostly marginalia, on a copy of Warburton's *Shakespeare*, with a few jottings taken down by friends, were piously collected in *Lit. Rem.* (i. 61-241) under the heading 'Course of Lectures, 1818.' A slight addition was made by the publication in *Notes and Queries* (1870, series iv. vol. v. 335, 336) of some memoranda made by a Mr. H. H. Carwardine; and I have reprinted from Leigh Hunt's *Tatler* some notes of the ninth and fourteenth lectures (*Athenæum*, March 1889).

[2] I suppose the new edition of *The Friend* had been published before June, but have failed to discover the exact date. 'THE FRIEND: A Series of Essays, in Three Volumes (etc.) By S. T. Coleridge. A new edition. London: Printed for Rest Fenner, Paternoster Row, 1818.'

> The world has given you many a shrewd nip and gird since that time, but either my eyes are grown dimmer, or my old friend is still the *same* who stood before me three-and-twenty years ago—his hair a little confessing the hand of time, but still shrouding the same capacious brain,—his heart not altered, scarcely where it 'alteration finds.'

The old feeling had suffered no change, but opportunities of free companionship were wanting. In October, Lamb told Southey[1] that he does not now see Coleridge as often as he could wish. 'He never comes to me, and though his host and hostess are very friendly, it puts me out of my way to see one person at another person's house. It was the same when he resided at Morgan's.'

A new friendship was about to begin, and to brighten Coleridge's life. An enthusiastic young man named Thomas Allsop had introduced himself after the first lecture at Flower-de-Luce Court. By September, he was sending Coleridge presents of game, which were repaid by an invitation to 'The Grove,' and before the end of the year Coleridge addressed to him the first of a long series of friendly letters, the publication[2] of which a year or two after Coleridge's death gave offence to the poet's family. These letters give almost its sole value to Allsop's book, and make it our main authority for the details of Coleridge's life from 1820 to 1826. Allsop's admiration for the poet and philosopher was unbounded, and his affection was expressed not only in words but in unceasing acts of practical kindness. The affection was abundantly repaid in kind by Coleridge, who almost from the first treated Allsop as a son and as a confidential friend from whom he had no secrets. To Allsop alone in those days Coleridge felt that he could pour out his mind unreservedly, and the third of the printed letters gives expression in a striking passage to his wounded feelings towards Wordsworth—feelings he would hardly have cared to betray to Lamb. The letter is dated Dec. 2, 1818; and Wordsworth is clearly intended though not named. He declares that he has never admitted '*faults* in a work of genius to those who denied or were incapable of feeling and understanding the *beauties*.'

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[1] October 26, 1818. *Letters*, ii. 16.

[2] *Letters, Conversations, and Recollections of S. T. Coleridge* (2 vols. Moxon, 1836). My references are to the third edition, with a Preface by the 'Editor,' 'Thomas Allsop, late of Nutfield, in the County of Surrey, and formerly of the Stock Exchange, and Royal Exchange Buildings.' Farrah, 1864. There is a notice of Allsop in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

> If (he continues), in one instance, in my literary life, I have appeared to deviate from this rule first, it was not till the fame of the writer (which I had been for fourteen years successively toiling like a second Ali to build up[1]) had been established; and, secondly and chiefly, with the purpose, and, I may safely add, with the *effect*, of rescuing the necessary task from malignant defamers, and in order to set forth the excellencies, and the trifling proportion which the defects bore to the excellencies. But this, my dear sir, is a mistake to which affectionate natures are too liable, though I do not remember to have ever seen it noticed—the mistaking *those who are desirous and well pleased to be loved by you, for those who love you.*

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[1] 'Mr. Wordsworth, for whose fame I had felt and fought with an ardour that amounted to self-oblivion, and to which I owe mainly the rancour of the *Edinburgh* clan, and (far more injurious to me) the coldness, neglect, and equivocal compliments of the *Quarterly Review*, has affirmed *in print* that a German critic *first* taught us to think correctly concerning Shakespeare' (S. T. C. to Mudford, 1818; *Canterbury Mag.* Sep. 1834, p. 126). If Coleridge here referred to the passage in the 'Essay, supplementary to the Preface' to Wordsworth's *Poems*, 1815 (i. 352), his deduction seems to be unwarranted.

He doubts if the open abuse of himself in the *Edinburgh* is worse than the cold compliments and warm 'regrets' of the *Quarterly*, but his own single regret is the old one, that pressing need of bread and cheese diverts him from 'the completion of the great work, the form and materials of which it has been the employment of the best and most genial hours of the last twenty years to mature and collect.' If only he could have a tolerably numerous audience to his first, or first and second lectures on the History of Philosophy, he should entertain a strong hope of success, for the course will be more entertaining than any he has yet delivered.

On Nov. 26, Coleridge had sent to Allsop a prospectus of two sets of lectures to be delivered at the 'Crown and Anchor' tavern, in the Strand,—one of fourteen on the History of Philosophy, the other on six select plays of Shakespeare—*Tempest, Richard II.* (and other dramatic Histories), *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, and *Lear*. The two sets were to be delivered concurrently—the former on Mondays, the latter on Thursdays—intermitting the Christmas week—beginning with Monday, Dec. 7.[1] The commencement, however, was postponed for a week, the first philosophical lecture taking place on Dec. 14, and the first on Shakespeare three days later. Besides the prospectus, there was issued 'An Historical and Chronological Guide to this [Philosophical] Course, price Sixpence,' and it is no doubt a portion of this lost pamphlet which Allsop has printed at page 187. A ticket was presented to Lamb, who writes on Dec. 24[1]:

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[1] Allsop prints the body of the prospectus of the Philosophical Course (p. 240); but makes no mention of the other. Mr. E. H. Coleridge has kindly permitted me to see his unique complete copy of the original. There are other references (pp. 85, 187, 205) to these lectures in Allsop's book, but they have been overlooked by all Coleridge's editors and biographers, who uniformly write of the Flower-de-Luce Court Series (Jan.-March 1818) as the last. No adequate record of either course is known to exist—the few fragments I have been able to discover in the journals of the day will be found gathered together in the *Athenæum* for Dec. 26, 1891, and Jan. 2, 1892—Art. 'Some Lectures delivered by Coleridge in the winter of 1818-19.'

> Thank you kindly for your ticket, though the mournful prognostic which accompanies it certainly renders its permanent pretensions less marketable; but I trust to hear many a course yet. . . . We are sorry it never lies in your way to come to us, but, dear Mahomet, we will come to you. Will it be convenient to all the good people at Highgate if we take a stage up, *not next Sunday*, but the following, viz. 3rd January 1819. Shall we be too late to catch a skirt[2] of the old out-goer? How the years crumble from under us!

If all the lectures promised in the prospectus were given, the delivery must have been carried into the beginning of April, for there was a break of a week, on account of indisposition. From Coleridge's letter to Mudford (*Canterbury Magazine*), we learn that the lectures attracted but scanty audiences.

> When I tell you that yester-evening's receipts were somewhat better than many of the preceding; and that these did not equal one-half of the costs of the room, and of the stage and hackney coach (the advertisements in the *Times* and *Morning Chronicle*, and the printer's prospectus-bill, not included), you will find no difficulty in understanding the warmth with which I express my sense of your kindness. . . . The *Romeo and Juliet*[3] pleased even beyond my anticipation: but alas! scanty are my audiences! But poverty and I have been such old cronies, that I ought not to be angry with her for sticking close to my skirts.

About the same time Coleridge wrote, also to Mudford:—

> Ah! dear Sir! that week's break was indeed unfortunate; but, I imagine, that my ill-health and despondency that barely enable me to give the lectures themselves respectably, but utterly unfit me for

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[1] *Letters*, ii. 16.

[2] When lo! far onwards waving on the wind
I saw the skirts of the DEPARTING YEAR!
—Original editions of the *Ode*, ll. 7, 8.

[3] *Romeo and Juliet* was not among the six plays announced, but in a letter to Britton (Feb. 28, 1819), a portion of which is printed in the *Lit. Rem.* ii. 2, Coleridge mentions a lecture on *R. and J.* at the 'Crown and Anchor.'

all awkward [outward?] exertion and canvassing, that these joined with my solitariness, and unconnection with parties of any kind, literary, religious, or political, are the main causes of my failure.

In another letter he exclaims: 'Alas! dear sir, these lectures are my only resource. I have worked hard, very hard, for the last years of my life, but from Literature I cannot gain even *bread*.' It is impossible to doubt the perfect sincerity with which Coleridge so touchingly made his moan; and it is not surprising that he never again attempted to lecture at his own charges. That the vein, however, was not entirely worked out, appears by the letter to Britton already mentioned (p. 239, *note* '3'). From that letter we gather that Coleridge had been asked to re-deliver, at the Russell Institution, the course of lectures given at the Surrey Institution. He replies that he possesses no MS. or record, even in his memory, of these or any other lectures he has delivered. 'I should greatly prefer' (he writes) 'your committee making their own choice of the subjects from English, Italian, or German Literature; and even of the Fine Arts, as far as the philosophy of the same is alone concerned.' He goes on to say that he feels himself, from experience, so utterly unfit to discuss pecuniary matters, that if the committee will mention the sum it would be disposed to give, he will consult a friend and instantly decide. Whether anything came of these negotiations, I am not aware. Robinson makes no mention of hearing lectures at the Russell Institution, but this affords no presumption against the delivery, for he makes no mention of either of the 'Crown and Anchor' series.

CHAPTER XIII

HIGHGATE—(*continued*)

A.D. 1819–1825

In March 1819, Coleridge had an interview with Mr. Blackwood, who had called at the Grove to solicit contributions to his *Magazine*. Surely Coleridge's poverty and not his will consented even to receive the owner of a periodical which, only eighteen months before, had so grossly outraged him. To Mudford, Coleridge wrote[1]: 'I have had an interview with Mr. Blackwood, and it seems not impossible that we may form some connection, on condition that the *Magazine* is to be conducted henceforward,—first, pure from private slander and public malignity; second, on principles the direct opposite to those which have been hitherto supported by the *Edinburgh Review*, moral, political, and religious.' Perhaps Coleridge waited a little to see whether his conditions would be fulfilled, for, with the exception of the famous sonnet 'Fancy *in nubibus*,' nothing of his appeared in *Blackwood* until seventeen months had passed away.[2]

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[1] *Canterbury Magazine* for January 1835, p. 31.

[2] With reference to this connection, from which Coleridge evidently shrank, Lamb wrote to S. T. C. (January 10, 1820; *Letters*, ii. 31): 'Why you should refuse twenty guineas per sheet for *Blackwood's* or any other magazine, passes my poor comprehension,—But, as Strap says, "you know best."' Besides the sonnet another exception may perhaps be mentioned, though it was an involun-

And yet in this spring of 1819 he must have been in desperate need of money, for he had been unable to make any remittance to his wife out of the net proceeds of his lectures, and the fund for sending Derwent to college was still incomplete. Next, in the summer time, came the bankruptcy of Rest Fenner.

> All the profits from the sale of my writings (writes Coleridge to Allsop) which I should have had, and which, in spite of the accumulated disadvantages under which the works were published, would have been considerable, 'I have lost; and not only so, but have been obliged, at a sum larger than all the profits of my lectures, to purchase myself my own books and the half copyrights. . . . I have withdrawn them from sale.'[1]

It was in April of this year that Coleridge met Keats in a Highgate lane, and is said to have 'felt death in the touch of his hand.' When, thirteen years later, he related the incident to his nephew (*Table Talk*, Aug. 14, 1832) he had forgotten that the interview had lasted more than 'a minute or so'; but Keats's own account, only recently given to the world,[2] was contemporary :—

> Last Sunday I took a walk towards Highgate, and in the lane that winds by the side of Lord Mansfield's park, I met Mr. Green, our demonstrator at Guy's, in conversation with Coleridge. I

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tary contribution. In August or September 1820, Coleridge wrote a rather effusive private letter to John Gibson Lockhart, who printed it (or a portion of it) in *Blackwood* for September 1820—calling it a 'Letter to Peter Morris, M.D.'—the pseudonym under which *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk* was published. This abuse of his confidence was resented by Coleridge.

[1] *Letters*, etc., pp. 8, 9. 'I lost £1100 *clear*, and was forced to borrow £150 in order to buy up my own books and half copyrights, a shock which has embarrassed me in debt (thank God, to one person only) even to this amount [? moment].' S. T. C. 8th May 1825 (BRANDL, p. 353). I have already expressed my estimate of this letter (p. 221 *supra*). The loss of such a sum as £1100 must have been purely imaginary. The failure was no doubt both a pecuniary loss and a discouragement, but these were assuaged to some extent by a gift of money, accepted as a loan, from Allsop, who, however, makes no mention of this in his book.

[2] Keats's *Works*, ed. by H. Buxton Forman. Supp. vol. 1890, p. 147; and *Letters of J. K.*, ed. by S. Colvin, 1891, p. 244.

joined them after inquiring by a look whether it would be agreeable. I walked with him, at his alderman-after-dinner pace, for near two miles, I suppose. In those two miles he broached a thousand things. Let me see if I can give you a list—nightingales—poetry—on poetical sensation—metaphysics—different genera and species of dreams—nightmare—a dream accompanied with a sense of touch—single and double touch—a dream related—first and second consciousness—the difference explained between will and volition—so say metaphysicians from a want of smoking the second consciousness—monsters—the Kraken—mermaids—Southey believes in them—Southey's belief too much diluted—a ghost story—Good morning—I heard his voice as he came towards me—I heard it as he moved away—I had heard it all the interval—if it may be called so. He was civil enough to ask me to call on him at Highgate.

One cannot but regret that Keats failed to take advantage of Coleridge's invitation. He was never at any time in greater need of direction, and the elder poet had much to teach the younger. Coleridge, in his turn, would have been cheered and revived in the society of a youth in whom and in whose rich achievement he would have discerned a promise almost infinite; while Keats might have found escape from associates whom he had outgrown, and from influences which even then were proving disastrous. Is it worth noting that this same April was the month of one of Keats's most perfect poems—*La Belle Dame sans merci*—in which one seems to hear an echo of the voice which had discoursed to him of unearthly things but a few days before during that walk on the skirts of Caen wood?

In spring of 1820 Coleridge was gladdened by a visit from his sons, Hartley and Derwent. 'Would to Heaven' (he wrote to Allsop, April 10th) 'their dear sister were with us—the cup of paternal joy would be full to the brim'; and he cites 'the rapture' with which both brothers speak of Sara, who had had time to grow almost into womanhood since her father had last seen her in the spring of 1813. Coleridge was just then in urgent need of something to cheer him. The friendship with Wordsworth, once his most valued treasure, lay bruised if not broken behind an ever-thickening veil of misunderstandings; lecturing seemed to be no longer a resource; he was depressed by the failure of his publisher; and there were other circumstances which combined with these to cause him to feel that he had been hopelessly distanced in the race by some men whom he felt were no more than his equals, and by others whom he knew to be his inferiors. This pervading sense of dissatisfaction comes out strongly in a letter written to Allsop about this time. Coleridge had been invited by a flattering note from his neighbour, Charles Mathews, to meet Scott, and he seems to have forced himself to accept the encounter only by fear that refusal would cause him to appear childish in the eyes of men of the world such as Frere and Stewart Rose. The affair of *Christabel* still rankled, but one may suppose also that Coleridge's conscience was pricked when he remembered the rough treatment he had dealt out to Sir Walter's protége, Maturin, the author of *Bertram.*

> I seem to feel (wrote Coleridge) that I *ought* to feel more desire to see an extraordinary man than I really do feel, and I do not wish to appear to two or three persons (as the Mr. Freres, William Rose, etc.) as if I cherished any dislike to Scott respecting the *Christabel*, and generally to appear out of the common and natural mode of thinking and acting. All this, I own, is sad weakness, but I am weary of *dyspathy*.[1]

Before Coleridge had had time to recover from his fit of depression, one of the keenest sorrows of his life came to deepen it. In 1819, Hartley had gained a

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[1] April 10, 1820. *Letters*, etc., p. 23. Unfortunately no record of this meeting has come down to us. It is not mentioned by Lockhart. A very interesting criticism of Scott (as an author) was written in a letter to Allsop on April 8 [?] 1820 (*Letters*, etc., pp. 24-29).

Fellowship at Oriel. 'At the close of his probationary year he was judged to have forfeited his Oriel Fellowship, on the ground, mainly, of intemperance. Great efforts were made to reverse the decision. He wrote letters to many of the Fellows. His father went to Oxford to see and expostulate with the Provost. It was in vain. . . . The sentence might be considered severe, it could not be said to be unjust.' So writes Hartley's brother[1] of this painful business. To Allsop, Coleridge wrote of it, July 31, 1820: 'Before I opened your letter . . . a heavy, a very heavy affliction came upon me with all the aggravations of surprise, sudden as a peal of thunder from a cloudless sky.' The father's conscience smote him. 'This' (he says of Hartley) 'was the sin of his nature, and this has been fostered by the culpable indulgence, at least non-interference, on my part,'[2] and then he asks Allsop to pray for him that he 'may not pass such another night as the last.' The grief appears to have tempted Coleridge into a resort to an extra consumption of laudanum, with the consequence that the horrors described in *The Pains of Sleep* were revived. In August poor Hartley was settled in London under the fostering care of the Basil Montagus—some reconciliation with whom must have been effected—and set agoing by his father on some literary tasks. In October, Coleridge, accompanied by Allsop, went to Oxford, and had an interview with the Provost of Oriel—Copleston, afterwards Bishop of Llandaff—on Hartley's behalf. The 'compensation' of £300 subsequently paid to Hartley may have been an effect of the interview. 'Of this journey to Oxford' (says Allsop) 'I have a very painful recollection; perhaps the most painful recollection (one excepted) connected with the memory of Coleridge.'

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[1] Memoir prefixed to *Poems by H. C.* 1851, i. lxxiv.

[2] *Letters*, etc., p. 40. See *Table Talk* for Jan. 2, 1833: 'Can anything be more dreadful than the thought that an innocent child has inherited from you a disease or a weakness, the penalty in yourself of sin, or want of caution.'

The shock produced by Hartley's misadventure would seem to have roused Coleridge. In one of the most interesting letters[1] he ever wrote, he attempts to comfort Allsop, who was dissatisfied with his circumstances, by assuring him that he is needed as a hope and promise and impulse 'in my present efforts to realise my past labours.' In the same letter he writes :—

> I at least am as well as I ever am, and my regular employment, in which Mr. [J. H.] Green is weekly my amanuensis, the work on the books of the Old and New Testaments. . . . Would to Heaven, I were with you [in the country]! In a few days you should see that the spirit of the mountaineer is not yet utterly extinct in me.

A few days after his return from Oxford, Coleridge was still hankering after the publication of a pamphlet on the affairs of Queen Caroline,[2] from which he had been twice over dissuaded by Gillman. A month later he has been more than usually unwell, and disheartened by finding Hartley in process of developing some of his own morbid weaknesses—procrastination, shrinking from the performance of duties which are surrounded by painful associations—stimulant motives acting on both as narcotics, 'in exact proportion to their strength.' For himself, he is anxious to get forward with his *Logic* and with his *Assertion of Religion.* In an immensely long letter of January 1821,[3] begun with assurances that if Allsop were a son by nature he could not hold him dearer, Coleridge states that his purpose is to 'open himself out' to his correspondent

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[1] August 8, 1820. *Letters*, etc., pp. 54-60.

[2] Quarter of a century before, Coleridge had shed tears over the Princess, in the verses, *On a late connubial rupture in High Life.*

[3] *Letters*, etc., pp. 77-87.

'in detail.' Health of body is lacking, but had he the tranquillity which ease of heart alone could give, health enough might be regained for the accomplishment of his 'noblest undertaking,' the *magnum opus*, which, when completed, will revolutionise 'all that has been called *Philosophy* or Metaphysics in England and France since the era of the commencing predominance of the mechanical system at the restoration of the second Charles.' But this cannot be pursued to any advantage without a settled income. He has nothing actually ready for the booksellers, but he has four works[1] so near completion that he has 'literally nothing more to do than to *transcribe*.' The transcription, however, can only be done by his own hand, for the material exists in 'scraps and *Sibylline* leaves, including margins of books and blank pages.' Then, he owes money 'to those who will not exact it, yet who need its payment'; and, besides, he is far behindhand in the settlement of his accounts for board and lodging. These pressing needs compel him to 'abrogate the name of philosopher and poet, and scribble as fast as he can . . . for *Blackwood's Magazine*,' or (as he has been employed for the last days) 'in writing MS. Sermons for lazy clergymen, who stipulate that the composition must not be more than respectable, for fear they should be desired to publish the visitation Sermon.' 'This' (he adds) 'I have not yet had the courage to do. My soul sickens and my heart sinks. . . . Of my poetic works, I would fain finish the *Christabel.* Alas! for the proud time when I planned, when I had present to my mind, the materials as well as the scheme of the Hymns entitled Spirit, Sun, Earth, Air, Water, Fire, and Man, and the Epic poem on—what still appears to me the one only fit subject remaining for an Epic poem—Jerusalem besieged and destroyed by Titus.'[1] Out of the dead-lock he can discern but one way—it is not a new one—that a few friends 'who think respectfully and hope highly of his powers and attainments' should subscribe for three or four years an annuity of about £200. Two-thirds of his time would be tranquilly devoted to the bringing out of the four minor works, one after the other; the remainder to the completion of the Great Work 'and my *Christabel,* and what else the happier hour might inspire.' Towards this scheme Mr. Green has offered £30 to £40 yearly; another young friend and pupil, £50; and he thinks he can rely on £10 to £20 from another. Will Allsop advise him? he asks, and decide if without 'moral degradation' the statement now made, but in a compressed form, might be circulated among the right sort of people?

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[1] (1) *Characteristics of Shakespeare's Dramatic Works*, together with a Critique on Shakespeare's dramatic contemporaries; three volumes of 500 pages each. (2) *Philosophical Analysis of the genius and works of Dante, Spenser, etc.*; one large volume. (3) *The History of Philosophy*; two volumes. (4) *Letters on the Old and New Testament*, and on the Fathers, with advice on Preaching, etc., addressed to a candidate for Holy Orders. I have compressed the titles. Numbers 1, 2, and 3 evidently refer to notes made for the lectures he had delivered. Some part of No. 4 is extant in MS.

Allsop tells us nothing more, and we may assume that nothing came of the scheme, but in March, Coleridge informs his friend[2] that he has called on Murray with a proposal that 'he should take him and his concerns, past and future, for print and reprint, under his umbrageous foliage.' 'He promises . . .' but here the scrap of a letter ends—'*cætera desunt,*' adds Allsop. Whatever publisher and author may have promised to each other, no business resulted, and

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[1] See, on this 'only fit subject,' *Table Talk,* April 28, 1832, and September 4, 1833.

[2] *Letters,* etc., p. 95.

Coleridge had nothing to offer to the trade for yet three years.

In July he writes to Poole, whom he had met shortly before in London, that his health is not painfully worse, and that he is making steady progress with the *magnum opus*, and asks for copies of the letters about his childhood[1] and about the 'Brocken'—probably intending to work them up into papers for *Blackwood.* If such was the intention, it was not carried out. At last, in September, he managed to scrape together something for *Blackwood* — trifles which appeared in the magazine for the following month,[2] together with what professes to be a private letter to the proprietor.[3]

A sojourn of nearly two months at Ramsgate,[4] in company with the Gillmans, greatly improved the philosopher's health and spirits, and he was almost persuaded by Dr. Anster[5] to undertake the delivery of a course of lectures in Dublin.[6]

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[1] Some of which are printed in the supplement to the *Biographia Literaria*, ed. 1847, and quoted from in the first chapter of this book. The 'Brocken' letter was printed in the *Amulet* for 1829. See p. 98 *supra*.

[2] 'Selections from Mr. Coleridge's Literary Correspondence with Friends and Men of Letters.'

[3] I have a copy of the real letter, which is very unlike the print. Coleridge promised 'within ten days' several papers, which, in their turn, would be followed by 'the substance of his Lectures on Shakespeare,' etc. He further promised to devote the next six weeks undividedly to the magazine, and requests an advance of £50 to enable him to go to the seaside. This advance no doubt was made, for a week later he tells Allsop (p. 130) that his circumstances are easier, and that he is about to sail for Ramsgate. Of the articles promised none appeared in *Blackwood* except *Maxilian*, a fantastic piece of mental autobiography, printed in the number for Jan. 1822, and this no doubt fully liquidated the balance of the advance of £50.

[4] The Cowden Clarkes introduced themselves to him on the East Cliff as friends of Lamb, and straightway he discoursed to them on the spot for an hour and a half. They knew Coleridge must be in the town, for a friend 'had heard an elderly gentleman in the public library, who looked like a Dissenting minister, talk as she never heard man talk' (*Recoll. of Writers*, 1878, pp. 30-32).

[5] Regius Professor of Civil Law at Trinity College, Dublin, and translator of *Faust*. I have a copy of his *Poems* (1819), the first few leaves of which were cut open and annotated by Coleridge.

[6] Allsop's *Letters*, etc., pp. 149-161.

But with the new year (1822) came a new idea—the extension of his philosophical class.[1] For more than four years Green had been 'pumped into' for the whole of one day in each week. A Mr. Stutfield, with a Mr. Watson, had recently begun to come on Thursdays, and Coleridge thought he could as easily dictate to five or six amanuenses as to a pair,—if so many were procurable. In February an advertisement was inserted in the *Courier*, but Stuart—who had forgiven or forgotten the wounds received in the house of his friend—thought it hardly precise enough, and in a long letter which explained the scheme,[2] Coleridge consulted him as to something more effective.

> There have been three or four young men (under five-and-twenty) who, within the last five years, have believed themselves, and have been thought by their acquaintance, to have derived benefit from their frequent opportunities of conversing, reading, and occasionally corresponding with me; the benefit consisting, not merely, nor even principally, in the information received, but in the improvement and accelerated growth of their faculties; and in the formation, or at least in the grounding, strengthening and *integration*, as it were, of their whole character. Under this persuasion, at least, a young man . . . has importuned me to suffer him to be with me . . . some one day in each week from noon to four or five o'clock; but as what he could afford would leave it doubtful whether it would compensate for the expenditure of my time and the interruption of my literary pursuits (in plain English, whether I could not get more by employing the time in writing for the Magazine, or the booksellers) it was suggested . . . that I might form a class of five or six men who are educating themselves for the Pulpit, the Bar, the Senate, or any of those walks of life, in which the possession and the display of intellect are of especial importance.

The 'course' was to occupy two years, and the class-room might be either at Highgate or in Green's drawing-room in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Either then or soon after, some such classes were formed, but I doubt if any numbered so many as five or six pupils, or lasted for two years. To *Fraser's Magazine* for 1835, one of these disciples contributed specimens of what he and his fellows took down from Coleridge's lips; and he informs us that, although no fees were stipulated, the disciples 'gave the teacher such recompense of reward as they were able to render.'[1]

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[1] Allsop's *Letters*, etc., p. 166.

[2] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, pp. 281-286. 'Posted March 15, 1822.'

In a letter to Allsop of Dec. 26, 1822,[2] Coleridge announces that the work on Logic,—in its three main divisions, Canon, Criterion, and Organ,—is all but completed. He has no doubt that, by the end of January, the book will be 'ready for the press.' By the time this work is 'printed off,' he will be ready with another volume of *Logical Exercises*, and all this 'without interrupting the greater work on Religion, of which the first half . . . was completed on Sunday last.' Perhaps I have printed too many such passages from Coleridge's letters, but I have suppressed an immeasurably greater number—and may plead that the life of a visionary cannot be told without the inclusion of a good many examples of the visions which most persistently haunted him.[3]

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[1] January 1835, p. 50. A second article appeared in the following November.

[2] *Letters*, etc., p. 204. See also Prefatory Memoir of Green in *Spiritual Philosophy*, i. xxxviii.

[3] In 1892, Mr. C. A. Ward of Chingford Hatch acquired 'two volumes, quarto, of MSS. bound, entitled respectively, "The History of Logic," and "The Elements of Logic"' (*Athenæum*, July 1, 1893—Art. "Coleridge's 'Logic'"). Mr. Ward has kindly informed me that these MSS. came to him indirectly from the auction sale at which the library of Coleridge's literary executor, the late Mr. Joseph Henry Green, was dispersed. Mr. Ward assumes, apparently with good reason, that the MSS. are of Coleridge's composition, though not in his handwriting, and that they represent the dictated work on Logic mentioned in his letter to Allsop quoted in the text. It may also be assumed that it was of these MSS. that Mr. Green wrote as follows in *Notes and Queries* for June 10, 1854:—'Of the three parts mentioned [in Coleridge's letter of Dec. 26, 1822] as the components of the work [on Logic], the "Criterion" and "Organ" do not to my knowledge exist; and with regard to the other parts of the manuscript, including the "Canon," I believe that I have exercised a sound discretion in not publishing them in their present form and unfinished state.' This formed part of

In the Christmas week of 1822, Mrs. Coleridge and her daughter Sara arrived at the Grove on a visit which was prolonged until the end of the following February, after which the ladies went on to stay with their relatives at Ottery St. Mary. It is pleasant to read in a contemporary letter of Mrs. Coleridge that 'our visits to Highgate and Ottery have been productive of the greatest satisfaction to all parties.' 'All parties' included Henry Nelson Coleridge, who seems at once to have fallen in love with his cousin, whose delicate beauty and grace charmed all beholders. 'Yes,' wrote Lamb to Barton, 'I have seen Miss Coleridge, and wish I had just such a—daughter. God love her! . . . Heaven send her uncle [Southey] do not breed her up a *Quarterly Reviewer!*'[1] The cousin's love was returned, and the girl's mother smiled on the attachment, but there could yet be no formal engagement. The cousins themselves, however, considered the matter as settled, and never wavered throughout the seven years which had to pass before marriage was practicable—the long delay being mainly caused by the delicate health of both.

Coleridge, though he seems to have hesitated a

Mr. Green's answer to a 'query' as to Coleridge's unpublished MSS. which had been made by the late Mr. Mansfield Ingleby. See also a paper 'On the unpublished MSS. of S. T. Coleridge,' read by C. M. Ingleby, LL.D., before the Royal Society of Literature, June 12, 1867 (*Trans.* 2nd Ser. ix. part i.)

[1] Feb. 17, 1823. On March 11 he writes again to Barton: 'The She-Coleridges have taken flight, to my regret. With Sara's own-made acquisitions, her unaffectedness and no-pretensions are beautiful. You might pass an age with her without suspecting that she knew anything but her mother tongue. . . . Poor C., I wish he had a home to receive his daughter in; but he is but a stranger or a visitor in this world.' On the 5th March, Lamb describes a dinner-party at which he had been present the evening before. 'I dined in Parnassus, with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Rogers, and Tom Moore. . . . Coleridge was in his finest vein of talk—had all the talk; and let 'em talk as evilly as they do of the envy of poets, I am sure not one there but was content to be nothing but a listener.' (Moore's account of the dinner will be found in his *Journals*, iv. 51. It is quoted in *Lamb's Letters*, ii. 320.)

good deal before sanctioning the engagement,[1] took very kindly to his nephew as a friend and companion. The first record of *Table Talk* between uncle and nephew is headed 'Dec. 29, 1822,' a date which coincides almost exactly with the arrival of the aunt and cousin. 'It was,' writes H. N. C., 'the very first evening I spent with him after my boyhood.' The renewed intercourse was destined to be cemented by mutual affection, and this led to the happy reconciliation of Coleridge with the other members of his family. On May Day of this year he dined with his nephew John Taylor Coleridge, the brother of Henry Nelson; and, a little later, we read of his meeting, at the same house, their father, Colonel James. Various records of this and succeeding years show that Coleridge went pretty frequently into society, charming alike with his divine talk the dignified guests of Beaumont and Sotheby, the professional and philosophic friends of Green, and the equally refined but more general company brought together by Mr. and Mrs. Aders. The famous Highgate 'Thursday evening' was probably not a regular institution much, if at all, before 1824, but two or three years earlier the silver tongue had begun to attract an increasing stream of willing listeners, other than the professed disciples. Edward Irving was a sedulous and eminently receptive visitor as early as 1822.

In a letter of July, Southey mentions that Coleridge talked of publishing a work on Logic, of collecting his poems, and of adapting *Wallenstein* for the stage—'Kean having taken a fancy to exhibit himself in it'[1]—but none of these projects came to anything, save the second, and that some five years later. The autumn of 1823 is remarkable for a revival of Coleridge's long dormant poetical faculty. The first draft of the exquisite *Youth and Age* is dated 'Sep. 10, 1823,' and seems to have been inspired by a day-dream of happy Quantock times.[2] Unfortunately, the faculty seems to have gone to sleep again almost immediately, and all the hours which could be spared from talk, and Green, and the *magnum opus* were given to Leighton, of whom Coleridge had said to Cottle, in 1807, that if there could be an 'intermediate space between inspired and uninspired writings' that space would be occupied by those of the Scottish Archbishop.[3] What had been at first intended as selections of 'Beauties'[4] grew into that which became the most popular of all Coleridge's prose works—*Aids to Reflection.* In January 1824 Lamb reports that the book is a 'good part printed but sticks for a little *more copy.*' It 'stuck,' alas! for more than a year—why, it is impossible to conjecture, unless his interest in Leighton palled, for in the interval Coleridge must have written[5] the bulk of a volume or two of similar *marginalia* on the books he read in the delightful new room prepared for him by his kind hosts —the one pictured in the frontispiece to the second volume of *Table Talk.* The cage had been gilded, but the bird seems to have felt the pressure of the wires, for towards the end of March 1824, Coleridge took French leave, and established himself at Allsop's house in London. The Gillmans probably had no difficulty in discovering the whereabouts of the truant, and in ten days they happily recovered him, never to lose him any more.[1] Two months later we find him attending a 'dance and rout at Mr. Green's in Lincoln's Inn Fields.' 'Even in the dancing-room, notwithstanding the noise of the music, he was able to declaim very amusingly on his favourite topics' to the ever-willing Robinson, who had joined the giddy throng and who 'stayed till three.' A week later the same diarist records: [Thursday] June 10th, 'Dined at Lamb's, and then walked with him to Highgate, self-invited. There we found a large party. Mr. Coleridge talked his best.'[2]

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[1] 'If the matter were quite open, I should incline to disapprove the intermarriage of first cousins; but the Church has decided otherwise on the authority of Augustine, and that seems enough on such a point' (*Table Talk*, June 10, 1824). Subsequently, confidence in these authorities was shaken, for on July 29, 1826, he requests Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Stuart to favour him with their opinion on the point (*Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 299).

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[1] *Life and Corr.*, v. 142.

[2] The first draft of *Youth and Age* is printed only in *Poetical Works*, ed. 1893, p. 640.

[3] 'There is in him something that must be felt, even as the Scriptures must be felt.' *Rem.* p. 314.

[4] 'With a few notes and a biographical preface. . . . Hence the term, *Editor*, subscribed to the Notes.' See Preface to *Aids to Reflection*, 1825, p. iii.

[5] Although not published till 1840, Coleridge's *Confessions of an Enquiring Spirit* was probably composed in the latter half of 1824. 'Letter I.' begins thus: 'I employed the compelled and most unwelcome leisure of severe indisposition in reading *The Confessions of a Fair Saint* in Mr. Carlyle's recent translation of the *Wilhelm Meister*. . . . This, acting in conjunction with the concluding sentences of your letter . . . gave the immediate occasion to the following confessions,' etc. Carlyle presented Coleridge with a copy of the newly-published *Wilhelm Meister* in June 1824.

In the previous month Irving had preached a Missionary Society sermon, which, when published in the winter, bore a dedication to Coleridge that greatly took the fancy of Lamb. 'I have got acquainted with Mr. Irving, the Scotch preacher' (he writes to Leigh Hunt). 'He is a humble disciple at the foot of Gamaliel S. T. C. Judge how his own sectarists must stare when I tell you he has dedicated a book to S. T. C., acknowledging to have learnt more of the nature of faith, Christianity, and Christian Church from him, than from all the men he ever conversed with!'[1] 'This' (wrote Lamb to Barton) 'from him,—the great dandled and petted sectarian—to a religious character so equivocal in the world's eye as that of S. T. C., so foreign to the Kirk's estimate—can this man be a quack?'

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[1] See letter of April 8, 1824, and Allsop's remarks thereon (*Letters*, etc., p. 213). The cause of the temporary rupture is unknown to me, but there is some reason for supposing it to have been connected with the discovery that Coleridge was not strictly confining his consumption of laudanum to the quantities prescribed and supplied by Mr. Gillman.

[2] The subject was the internal evidence for Christianity. It pleased Henry Taylor (*ætat.* 24) to play devil's advocate on behalf of Mahometanism, which impelled Lamb, when the departing guests were hunting for their hats, to ask him: 'Are you looking for your turban, sir?'

In May or June, 1825, *Aids to Reflection*[2] struggled into the light, but with a printed list of 'Corrections and Amendments' as long as that which graced the *Sibylline Leaves*, while the presentation copies had as many more added in manuscript. To Julius Hare it appeared to crown its author as 'the true sovereign of modern English thought'; while some younger men, as yet unknown to the author—Maurice and Sterling among others—felt that to this book they 'owed even their own selves.'[3]

Theologians differing as widely as the Bishop (Howley) of London, and Blanco White joined in approving, but the reviewers were almost silent, and the sale was slow.[4] The author's natural disappointment was somewhat solaced by his nomination to one of the ten Royal Associateships of the newly-chartered 'Royal Society of Literature,' each of which carried an annuity of a hundred guineas from the King's Privy Purse. This appointment was probably obtained through the exertions of Basil Montagu, aided by the powerful influence of John Hookham Frere, who for some years past had been one of Coleridge's kindest and most highly-valued friends. It would seem that each Associate had to go through the formality of delivering an essay before the Society, and accordingly Coleridge, on May 18, 1825, read a paper on the *Prometheus* of Æschylus, which has been printed in his *Literary Remains.* It was stated to be 'preparatory to a series of disquisitions,' which, however, did not follow.

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[1] *Letters*, ii. 121, 127. Lamb repeated this in a letter to Wordsworth, April 6, 1825 (*Ib.* ii. 129).

[2] *Aids to Reflection in the formation of a manly character, on the several grounds of Prudence, Morality, and Religion: illustrated by select passages from our elder Divines, especially from Archbishop Leighton.* By S. T. Coleridge.

> This makes that whatsoever here befalls,
> You in the region of yourself remain,
> Neighb'ring on Heaven: and that no foreign land.
> *Daniel.*

London: Printed for Taylor & Hessey, 93 Fleet Street; and 13 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall. 1825. 8vo, pp. xvi.; 404. Frequently reprinted.

[3] Prefatory Memoir of John Sterling in *Essays and Tales*, by J. S., 2 vols. 1848, i. xiv.

[4] S. T. C. to Stuart (*Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 287). He adds that the comment on Aph. vi. p. 147 'contains the aim and object of the whole book'; and draws particular attention to the notes at pp. 204-207 and 218; to the last 12 lines of p. 252; and to the 'Conclusion, p. 377.'

About this time appeared Hazlitt's *Spirit of the Age*, with a flamboyant sketch of Coleridge for one of its most notable chapters. The high lights, as usual, are very high, and the shadows very black, but the middle tints, also as usual, are laid on with an unsteady hand—in this particular instance, perhaps, owing to some remorseful desire to be simply just and fair. The presence of an attempt in this direction is as apparent as its want of success, for though the essay bristles with barbed home-truths, they are not, as usual, poisoned. Coleridge is charged, of course, with political apostacy, but only to the extent of having 'turned on the pivot of a subtle casuistry to the unclean side'; he has not declined to the utter profligacy of becoming a poet-laureate or a stamp-distributer—only into 'torpid uneasy repose, tantalised by useless resources, haunted by vain imaginings, his lips idly moving, but his heart for ever still.' Coleridge took it all very complacently, expressing his own view of his past and present in the good-humoured doggerel which he called *A Trifle* and the editors of his poems, *A Character*.

CHAPTER XIV

LAST YEARS AT HIGHGATE

A.D. 1825–1834

THE receipt of the annuity from the Privy Purse doubtless eased Coleridge's mind, and the minds of those about him, and I think that from this time he must have given up the struggle which, hitherto, and with varying energy and varying success, he had endeavoured in some fashion to keep up with the outer world. After the publication of *Aids to Reflection,* he seems to have assumed, and to have been permitted to keep for the rest of his life, the unique position which Carlyle so picturesquely describes: 'Coleridge sat on the brow of Highgate Hill in those years, looking down on London and its smoke-tumult, like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle, attracting towards him the thoughts of innumerable brave souls engaged there.'[1] Carlyle was himself one of the first of the brave souls who were attracted to the pool—led thither in June 1824 by his friend Irving; but unlike that friend, he came away sorrowing, having found no healing in its waters. The well-known, full-length portrait of Coleridge, elaborated with all the resources of an art in which Carlyle was supreme, in the *Life of John Sterling*, though placed there in a setting of 1828-30, was painted exclusively from studies made between June 1824 and March 1825. Here is the first rough sketch :—

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[1] *Life of Sterling*, chap. viii.

> I have seen many curiosities; not the least of them I reckon Coleridge, the Kantian metaphysician and quondam Lake poet. I will tell you all about our interview when we meet. Figure a fat, flabby, incurvated personage, at once short, rotund, and relaxed, with a watery mouth, a snuffy nose, a pair of strange brown, timid, yet earnest-looking eyes, a high tapering brow, and a great bush of grey hair; and you have some faint idea of Coleridge. He is a kind, good soul, full of religion and affection, and poetry and animal magnetism. His cardinal sin is that he wants *will.* He has no resolution. He shrinks from pain or labour in any of its shapes. His very attitude bespeaks this. He never straightens his knee-joints. He stoops with his fat, ill-shapen shoulders, and in walking he deos not tread, but shovel [shuffle?] and slide. My father would call it 'skluiffing.' He is also always busied to keep, by strong and frequent inhalations, the water of his mouth from overflowing, and his eyes have a look of anxious impotence. He *would* do all with his heart, but he knows he dares not. The conversation of the man is much as I anticipated—a forest of thoughts, some true, many false, more *part* dubious, all of them ingenious in some degree, often in a high degree. But there is no method in his talk; he wanders like a man sailing among many currents, whithersoever his lazy mind directs him; and what is more unpleasant, he preaches, or rather soliloquises. He cannot speak, he can only *tal-k* (so he names it). Hence I found him unprofitable, even tedious, but we parted very good friends, and promising to go back, and see him some evening—a promise which I fully intend to keep. I sent him a copy of *Meister* about which we had some friendly talk. I reckon him a man of great and useless genius, a strange, not at all a great man.[1]

Further intercourse led Carlyle to describe Coleridge as 'sunk inextricably in putrescent indolence';

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[1] T. C. to his brother John, June 24, 1824 (Froude's *T. Carlyle*, 1795-1835, i. 222). In the *Reminiscences* (i. 231) Carlyle says: 'Early in 1825 was my last sight of "Coleridge." Another great Scotchman, also a friend of Irving, Dr. Chalmers, a man assuredly deficient neither in sympathy nor imagination, heard Coleridge talk for three hours without getting more than occasional glimpses of "what he would be at"' (Hanna's *Life*, iii. 160). Chalmers's little daughter (afterwards Mrs. Hanna) accompanied him, and used to relate how she had sate literally entranced by the mellifluous flow of the discourse of which she did not understand a word. When its music ceased, the child's overwrought feelings found relief in tears.

and, enamoured of the pretty metaphor, he repeats and expands it in a letter of January 22, 1825: 'Coleridge is a mass of richest spices putrefied into a dunghill. I never hear him *tawlk* without feeling ready to worship him, and toss him in a blanket.'[1]

Intercourse with Lamb was kept up intermittently. In March 1826, one finds him preparing for a Thursday evening 'that he may not appear unclassic,' but a private undraped Wednesday, such as we read of two months later, was probably more to his taste. In the summer of this year Coleridge paid a visit to the Lambs' cottage at Islington, meeting Thomas Hood and praising his now forgotten Hogarth-like etching, *The Progress of Cant* and some little drawings the silent young man had brought with him. An anonymous member of the party relates that when the evening was far spent Coleridge walked back alone to Highgate—a distance of three or four miles—and describes the affectionate leave-taking of the friends 'as if they had been boys,' and how Coleridge gave Mary a parting kiss.[2] In March, Coleridge had thoughts of varying his employments by writing a pantomime, possibly to be founded on Decker's *Old Fortunatus*, as Lamb, who was consulted, offered to lend one of that dramatist's plays, if Coleridge 'thought he could filch something out of it.'[3]

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[1] FROUDE, i. 292. One should try to enjoy all this full-flavoured language without taking it too seriously. Even in 1824-25 Carlyle confesses that the 'sad hag, Dyspepsia, had got him bitted and bridled, and was ever striving to make his waking living day a thing of ghastly nightmares (*Rem.* i. 241). He called the then literary world of London 'this rascal rout, this dirty rabble, destitute . . . even of common honesty' (FROUDE, i. 264). How much he knew of it may be gauged, possibly, by the statement that 'the *gin-shops* and pawnbrokers bewail Hazlitt's absence'—Hazlitt, who drank only tea! Besides, one must not forget that Carlyle was, by nature and practice, Coleridge's rival in monologue, and ill-suited for the part of 'passive bucket' assigned to him at Highgate.

[2] *Monthly Repository* for 1835, pp. 162-169.

[3] C. L. to S. T. C. March 22, 1826 (*Letters*, ii. 144).

About this time, Coleridge informed Stuart[1] that his mind during the past two years, and particularly during the last, had been undergoing a change as regards personal religion. He finds himself thinking and reasoning on all religious subjects with a more cheerful sense of freedom, because he is secure of his faith in a personal God, a resurrection and a Redeemer, and further, and practically for the first time, 'confident in the efficacy of prayer.'[2] This spring saw the publication of Henry Nelson Coleridge's delightfully vivacious *Six Months in the West Indies*, a record of his travels in search of health during the winter of 1825-26. Some of its vivacities displeased the author's uncle and prospective father-in-law, as we gather from a letter of Lamb: 'Your finding out my style in your nephew's pleasant book is surprising to me. I want eyes to descry it. You are a little too hard on his morality, though I confess he has more of Sterne about him than of Sternhold. But he saddens into excellent sense before the conclusion.'[3] The nephew does not seem to have been taken into favour again until the beginning of 1827, when his sweetheart arrived on a second and longer visit to her father.

An attempt was then being made to procure some sinecure place for Coleridge. Frere had obtained from the Prime Minister, Lord Liverpool, a promise, apparently, of the Paymastership of the Gentleman Pensioners—vacant by the death of William Gifford!—but the negotiations, unfortunately, dragged on until the autumn, when the death of Canning, who had accepted the legacy of his predecessor's promise, put an end to Coleridge's hopes.[1] On February 24 he informs Stuart that 'Mr. Gillman, with Mr. Jameson, has undertaken to superintend an edition of all his poems, to be brought out by Pickering: that is to say, I have given all the poems, as far as this edition is concerned, to Mr. Gillman.'[2] This was the edition in three volumes (it had been advertised to appear in four) which was published in 1828.[3] Three hundred copies only were printed, and before October all had been sold, and another edition was prepared—to appear, after much revision, in 1829.[4]

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[1] April 19, 1826 (*Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 294).

[2] See *Table Talk*, June 1, 1830, *note;* also Cottle's *Rem.* pp. 370, 382.

[3] C. L. to S. T. C. March 22, 1826 (*Letters*, ii. 144). I fear that Coleridge was making things hard for the lovers. Uncle and nephew appear to have held no *Table Talk* between June 10, 1824, and February 24, 1827. Of this long period H. N. C.'s voyage only accounts for December 1824 to September 1825; and it was in July 1826 that Coleridge had the renewed doubts as to the propriety of marriage between first cousins (see p. 253 *supra*, footnote 1). There is another great gap in the *Table Talk*—August 30, 1827, to April 13, 1830. The marriage took place at Keswick in September 1829.

The earliest glimpse one gets of the poet in 1828 is in Scott's *Journal* for April 22:—

> Lockhart and I dined with Sotheby, where we met a large dining party, the orator of which was that extraordinary man Coleridge. After eating a hearty dinner, during which he spoke not a word, he began a most learned harangue on the Samothracian Mysteries, which he considered as affording the germs of all tales about fairies past, present, and to come. He then diverged to Homer, whose *Iliad*

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[1] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, pp. 301-307, February and October 1827.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 306. Jameson was a friend of Hartley, and the husband of Mrs. Jameson, the well-known writer on Art.

[3] THE POETICAL WORKS OF S. T. COLERIDGE, including the Dramas of *Wallenstein*, *Remorse*, and *Zapolya*. In three Volumes. London: William Pickering. MDCCCXXVIII.

Octavo, Vol. I. pp. x., 253; II. 370; III. 428.

[4] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, p. 319—THE POETICAL WORKS OF S. T. COLERIDGE, including the Dramas of *Wallenstein*, *Remorse*, and *Zapolya*. In three Volumes. [The publisher's device of Aldine anchor and dolphin.] London: William Pickering. MDCCCXXIX.

Octavo, Vol. I. pp. x., 353; II. 394; III. 428.

The last edition on which Coleridge was able to bestow personal care and attention. That of 1834 was arranged mainly, if not entirely, at the discretion of H. N. Coleridge. The editions of 1828 and 1829 differ materially. See *Poet. Works*, 1893, Appendix K, pp. 552-555.

he considered a collection of poems by different authors, at different times during a century.[1] There was, he said, the individuality of an age, but not of a country. Morritt, a zealous worshipper of the old bard, was incensed at a system which would turn him into a polytheist, gave battle with keenness, and was joined by Sotheby, our host. Mr. Coleridge behaved with the utmost complaisance and temper, but relaxed not from his exertions. 'Zounds, I was never so bethumped with words.' Morritt's impatience must have cost him an extra sixpence worth of snuff.[2]

In June and July, Coleridge, accompanied by Wordsworth and his daughter Dora, spent six pleasant weeks on the Rhine. Fortunately, two not inconsiderable records of portions of the tour have been preserved by outside observers. T. Colley Grattan, then resident in Brussels, acted as the helpful and intelligent guide of the party to Waterloo and other places in the neighbourhood, and in his *Beaten Paths*[3] he gives a pleasant account of the time. When the tourists moved up to Godesberg to stay with the Aderses at their villa, they found a fellow-guest in the much-reminiscent Julian Young, then a giddy but observant youth just escaped from Oxford. In his

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[1] Coleridge was a Wolfian (without having read Wolf), and the creed is vigorously expressed in *Table Talk* for May 12, 1830, and July 9, 1832. Coleridge professed to have received his first hint from Vico's *Scienza Nuova.*

[2] *The Journal of Sir Walter Scott, from the original at Abbotsford*, 1890, ii. 164. (The passage in an abbreviated form is in Lockhart's *Life* (1837), vii. 126).

Mr. Douglas quotes in a footnote a passage from Lockhart's *Theodore Hook* (1853, pp. 23-4) in which an account is given of a dinner-party of a highly bacchanalian description, at which Lockhart met Coleridge, probably about this period. A more detailed account will be found in Jerdan's *Autobiography* (1853, iv. 233-4). The party was given by F. M. Reynolds in a summer cottage at Highgate. Theodore Hook entertained the company with a string of impromptu verses on Coleridge, who greatly enjoyed the feat. Coleridge seems to have taken an active part in all the revels of the evening. 'In walking home' (writes Lockhart) 'with Mr. Coleridge, he entertained —— and me with a most excellent lecture on the distinction between talent and genius, and declared that Hook was as true a genius as Dante—*that* was his example.' What appears to be Coleridge's letter to Reynolds, accepting his invitation to this party, is printed in the *Athenæum* for Jan. 17, 1835, but neither this letter nor either of the chronicles is dated. The party took place, probably, in the autumn of 1828 or 1829.

[3] *Beaten Paths, and those who trod them*, by Thomas Colley Grattan, 2 vols. 1865, ii. 107-145.

Journal[1] Young gives a lively account of his intercourse with the poets. Their fame, he tells us, 'soon attracted to Mrs. Aders's house all the "illuminati" of Bonn—Niebuhr, Becker, Augustus Schlegel, and many others,' and copious talk ensued—in German. Little of it, however, could have been for edification, for Wordsworth had probably forgotten most of his slender Goslar attainment, while Coleridge's pronunciation of German was so unintelligible that Schlegel, the only one of the 'illuminati' who understood English, had to beg him to use his native tongue. When the two poets were together, Wordsworth 'as a rule allowed Coleridge to have all the talk to himself,' and Young 'never saw any manifestations of small jealousy' between the friends—being good enough to add an expression of his pleased surprise, 'considering the vanity possessed by each.' Both diarists describe Coleridge's general appearance as suggesting 'a dissenting minister.' Grattan was glad to find him unlike his 'engraved portrait'—(he evidently means Northcote's scowling counterfeit)—face extremely handsome, mouth particularly pleasing, grey eyes 'full of intelligent softness,' cheeks unfurrowed and lit with a healthy bloom, figure 'full and lazy, but not actually stout,' black coat with shorts and silk stockings. Young's portrait is, in essentials, not inconsistent, but in some details is (naturally perhaps) less flattering—build uncouth, hair long and neglected, 'stockings of lavender-coloured worsted,' white starchless neck-cloth tied in a limp bow, shabby suit of dusky black.

It was on his way home that Coleridge sniffed the two-and-seventy stenches of Cologne—at their worst, probably, in a hot July—but he thoroughly enjoyed his tour, and reported himself to Stuart as improved by it in health, spirits, and mental activity. This was written in October, when he took another pleasant outing in a week's visit to the Lambs at Enfield Chase. Here he describes himself as 'living temperately and taking a good deal of exercise,' but, unfortunately, the visit wound itself up in a twelve-mile walk in tight shoes. Poets enjoy no immunity from the penalities of such follies, and the consequent confinement to the sofa brought on 'an indescribable depression of spirits' and 'a succession of disturbed nights'—nights which prompted him to quote illustratively from *The Pains of Sleep*. A smart attack of erysipelas followed, which he 'strongly suspected to be, in his constitution, a substitute for the gout, to which his father was subject'—an unguarded and consequently a significant remark, showing how he had forgotten that a quarter of a century before he had attributed a good many things to the gout in his own system. He is going to recruit by spending the month of November at Ramsgate, when he will 'do nothing but write verses and finish the correction of the last part of his work *On the Power and Use of Words*.'[1]

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[1] *A Memoir of Charles Mayne Young, Tragedian, with Extracts from his Son's Journal.* By Julian Charles Young. 2nd ed. 1871, pp. 115-123.

Whether either of these duties occupied his seaside leisure, or whether the 'work' ever existed, I am unaware. This and the previous year (1827) saw the production of a few verses not unworthy of a place in his 'Tribuna,' or 'Salon carré'—*The Two Founts*, *Duty surviving Self-Love*, *The Improvisatore*, *Work without Hope*, and *The Garden of Boccaccio*. The beautiful lines, *Love, Hope, and Patience in Education*, belong to the following year.

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[1] *Letters from the Lake Poets*, pp. 324-328.

These later poems lack in great measure the jewel tints which glow in the *Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel*, and exhibit little of the sweep of brush which distinguishes the early odes; but, although now ‘a common greyness silvers everything,’ the old magic still mingles with the colours on the palette. Coleridge's attitude as he now looked over the wide landscape where all nature seemed at work, himself, held in the bondage of a spell of his own creating, “the sole unbusy thing,” recalls Browning's picture of Andrea del Sarto watching the lights of Fiesole die out one by one, like his own hopes and ambitions. Coleridge also remembered days when he could leave the ground and ‘put on the glory, Rafael's daily wear’—now he, himself a very Rafael, asks only to ‘sit the grey remainder of his evening out,’ and ‘muse perfectly how he could paint—were he but back in France.’

All Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair—
The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—
And Winter slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!
And I the while, the sole unbusy thing,
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.

Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow,
Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow
Bloom, O ye amaranths! bloom for whom ye may,
For me ye bloom not! Glide, rich streams, away!
With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I stroll:
And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul?
Work without Hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And Hope without an object cannot live.[1]

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[1] ‘*Work without Hope.* Lines composed 21st February 1827.’ The poem seems to have been composed in 1825, but as Coleridge added the date in the *Poet. Works* of 1828, his feelings were probably unchanged. In March 18, 1826, he wrote thus to Lady Beaumont: ‘Though I am at present sadly below even *my* par of health, or rather unhealth, and am the more depressed thereby from the consciousness that in this yearly resurrection of Nature from her winter sleep, amid young leaves and blossoms and twittering nest-building birds, the sun so gladsome, the breezes with such healing on their wings, all good and lovely things are beneath me, above me, and everywhere around me, and all from God,

In the winter of 1827-28 the Highgate 'Thursdays' began to be attended by a clever and enthusiastic young man, who, like Coleridge himself, had left Cambridge without taking a degree. Their reasons were probably the same, though the divergencies between tests and beliefs were, in John Sterling's case, much narrower than they had been in that of Coleridge. Like his college tutor, Julius Hare, and his chief undergraduate friend, F. D. Maurice,[1] Sterling had been steeped in the philosophy of the *Biographia, The Friend,* and *Aids to Reflection,* and until Coleridge's death he was one of the most assiduous of the Highgate disciples. Unfortunately, he took notes of none but his first conversation with the master, whose manner and address struck him as 'formally courteous,' and in keeping with his rather 'old-fashioned' appearance. 'He always speaks in the tone and in the gesture of common conversation, and laughs a good deal, but gently. . . . He speaks perhaps rather slowly, but never stops, and seldom even hesitates.' On this first occasion Sterling was 'in his company about three hours; and of that time he spoke during two and three-quarters.'[2] In 1834 Sterling entered the Church and worked as Hare's curate for six months. 'This clerical aberration,' writes Carlyle (p. 138), 'we have ascribed to Coleridge; and do clearly think that had there been

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while my incapability of enjoying, or, at best, languor in receiving them, is directly or indirectly from myself, from past procrastination, and cowardly impatience of pain' (*Coleorton Letters*, ii. 246). See *Poetical Works*, ed. 1893, p. 643.

[1] It is commonly assumed that Maurice, who, perhaps, did more than any other man to spread the influence of Coleridge's teaching, went much to Highgate, but I am assured that he never even saw Coleridge.

[2] *Essays and Tales by John Sterling* . . . with a Memoir of his Life, by J. C. Hare, M.A. (2 vols. 1848), i. xxiv. The memoir is not encumbered by over-precision, either in the matter of dates, or otherwise. In common with its subject, its final cause seems to have been *The Life of John Sterling*, by T. Carlyle. London, 1851.

no Coleridge, neither had this been—nor had English Puseyism, or some other strange portents been.' Carlyle, it may be noted, did not make Sterling's acquaintance until the beginning of 1835. His speculation may be true enough as respects Sterling. As to the wider issues, it is probably a good deal too sweeping. Coleridge's teaching helped, if not to originate, at least to develop both the High Church and Broad Church revivals. The movements have since coalesced to a great extent, but students find no difficulty in tracing historically the influence which Coleridge exerted—an influence not the less powerful, perhaps, because it was strictly indirect.

Early in 1829, Carlyle, who was himself a prophet yet without honour, published in the *Foreign Review* an essay on Novalis which opened with a kindly, almost an enthusiastic appreciation of Coleridge. It must have cheered the heart of the elder philosopher, the sheets of whose *Friend* and *Biographia Literaria* lay mouldering in Mr. Gillman's cellar.

> They are but a slight business (wrote Carlyle) compared with Novalis's *Schriften* . . . yet Coleridge's works were triumphantly condemned by the whole reviewing world, as clearly unintelligible, and among readers they have still but an unseen circulation; like living brooks, hidden for the present under mountains of froth and theatrical snow-paper, and which only at a distant day, when these mountains shall have decomposed themselves into gas and earthly residuum, may roll forth in their true limpid shape to gladden the general eye with what beauty and everlasting freshness does reside in them. It is admitted too on all hands, that Mr. Coleridge is a man of 'genius,' that is, a man having more intellectual insight than other men; and strangely enough, it is taken for granted, at the same time, that he has less intellectual insight than any other. For why else are his doctrines to be thrown out of doors without examination as false and worthless, simply because they are obscure?

In the autumn of 1827, Coleridge wrote some fatherly verses to the bride of his son Derwent.[1] Two years later a similar occasion arose, but if any poetical tribute was paid, it has not come down to us. On September 3, 1829, his daughter Sara was married to her cousin Henry Nelson Coleridge, but the ceremony took place at Crosthwaite church, near Greta Hall, and although the young people settled at Hampstead, the record of *Table Talk*, suspended on Aug. 30, 1827, was not resumed until April 30, 1830. From that date, however, it continues, almost without break, until the end of Coleridge's life. He seems to have had a long illness in the summer of 1829, for Lamb in answering a letter of that period says: 'How you frighted me! Never write again "Coleridge is dead" at the end of a line, and tamely come in with "to his friends" at the beginning of another. Love is quicker, and fear from love, than the transition ocular from line to line.'[2] On October 26, Lamb writes to Gillman[3] of his grief at hearing of Coleridge's 'indifferent health—and he not to know it!' 'A little school-divinity,' he thinks, 'well applied, may be healing. I send him honest Tom of Aquin . . . rescued t'other day from a stall in Barbican.' In November, Mary Lamb is driven over to Highgate to fetch back '*Him of Aquinum*,' and to borrow 'the golden works of the dear fine silly old angel,' Fuller, which the Lambs returned a month later, with a promise to spend the first fine day at the Grove, trusting to the Gate-House for beds. In the May following, Lamb reports of Coleridge[4] that he has had some severe attack, not paralytic; 'but if I had not heard of it,' he adds, ‘I should not have found it out. He looks and especially speaks strong.’

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[1] *To Mary Pridham*, *Poet. Works*, ed. 1893, p. 203.
[2] To Allsop (Lamb's *Letters*, ii. 226).
[3] *Ib.* ii. 232.
[4] May 10, 1830 (*Ib.* ii. 254).

It was doubtless of this illness that in a letter of July Coleridge writes that it had ‘brought him to the brink of the grave.’ The letter was addressed to Thomas Poole, and accompanied a presentation copy of the writer's *Constitution of Church and State*,[1] in the course of which is drawn a fascinating picture of his old friend, the presentee. In the preface to this pamphlet, the last of his works printed during his lifetime, Coleridge explains at considerable length that, while he is not unfriendly to Catholic Emancipation, he has scruples regarding the means proposed for its attainment. He says the work is ‘transcribed for the greater part from a paper drawn up by him some years ago at the request of J. Hookham Frere,’ and which paper, had it been finished before he [Frere] left England, it was his intention to have laid before the late Lord Liverpool.’ He ‘begs he may not be suspected of predilection for any particular sect or party; for wherever he looks, in religion or politics, he seems to see a world of power and talent wasted on the support of half-truths.’ His convictions on this subject, though revised from year to year, have been steadfast, and the pain of differing from men he has loved and revered, is ‘aggravated by the reflection that in receding from the Burkes, Cannings, and Lansdownes, he did not move a step nearer to the feelings and opinions of their antagonists.’ The pamphlet, however, procured for Coleridge the name of High-churchman and Tory, and it is this work which has often been credited with giving the first impulse to the influences which, a few years later, brought about the 'Oxford Movement.'

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[1] *On the Constitution of the Church and State, according to the idea of each; with and toward a right judgment on the late Catholic Bill.* By S. T. Coleridge, Esq., R.A., R.S.L. London: Hurst, Chance, & Co. 1830, pp. viii.; 227. A ‘second edition,’ with alterations and additions, soon followed—pp. viii.; 241. The sketch of Poole is at p. 102 of the first, and p. 115 of the second edition.

On June 26, 1830, died George IV., and with him died the pensions of the Royal Associates. Apparently they did not find this out until the following year. In the *Englishman's Magazine* for June 1831, attention was directed to the fact that 'intimation had been given to Mr. Coleridge and his brother Associates that they must expect their allowances "very shortly" to cease'—the allowances having been a personal bounty of the late King. On June 3, 1831, Gillman wrote a letter to the *Times*, 'in consequence of a paragraph which appeared in the *Times* of this day.' He states that on the sudden suppression of the honorarium, representations on Coleridge's behalf were made to Lord Brougham, with the result that the Treasury (Lord Grey) offered a private grant of £200, which Coleridge 'had felt it his duty most respectfully to decline.' Stuart, however, wrote to King William's son, the Earl of Munster, pointing out the hardship entailed on Coleridge, whom he describes as old and infirm, and without other means of subsistence. He begs the Earl to lay the matter before his royal father. To this a prompt reply came, excusing the King on account of his 'very reduced income,' but promising that the matter shall be submitted to His Majesty. To these letters, which are printed in *Letters from the Lake Poets* (pp. 319-322), the following note is appended: 'The annuity . . . was not renewed, but a sum of £300 was ultimately handed over to Coleridge by the Treasury.' Even apart from this bounty, Coleridge was not a sufferer by the withdrawal of the King's pension, for Frere made it up to him annually.[1]

The record of Coleridge's life after 1830 is summed up in a sentence written by him within a fortnight of his death: 'For the last three or four years I have, with few and brief intervals, been confined to a sick-room.'[2] In January 1831, Wordsworth saw his old friend several times and had long conversations with him, being grieved to observe that 'his constitution seems much broken up.' 'I have heard' (he adds) 'that he has been worse since I saw him. His mind has lost none of its vigour.'[3] In April 1832, Lamb writes to remove some mistaken sick-man's fancy:—

> Not an unkind thought has passed in my brain concerning you; but I have been wofully neglectful of you; so that if I do not hear from you before then, I will set out on Wednesday morning to take you by the hand. I would do it this moment, but an unexpected visit might flurry you. I shall take silence for acquiescence, and come. I am glad you could write so long a letter. . . . If you ever [he adds in a *P.S.*] thought an offence, much more wrote it, against me, it must have been in the times of Noah, and the great waters have swept it away. Mary's most kind love. . . . Here she is crying for mere love over your letter. I wring out less, but not sincerer showers.[4]

In the same week Crabb Robinson 'saw Coleridge in bed. He looked beautifully—his eye remarkably brilliant—and he talked as eloquently as ever. His declamation was against the [Reform] Bill,' which, he considered, was being passed merely from fear of resisting popular opinion.[5] At the end of September, Robinson took Landor out to see him. They found him 'horribly bent and looking seventy years of age,' and disposed to talk principally of the loss of his pension. 'Landor spoke in his dashing way, which Coleridge could understand.'[1]

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[1] Sir Walter Scott's *Journal*, 1890, ii. 449.

[2] Letter to Adam S. Kinnaird, July 13, 1834 (last page of *Table Talk*).

[3] Jan. 24, 1831, Knight's *Life*, iii. 189.

[4] Enfield, April 14, 1832 (*Letters*, ii. 278).

[5] *Diaries*, etc., ii. 128.

A few weeks before this he had been able to go over to Hampstead to attend the christening of his grandchild Edith, the daughter of the second Sara. In conveying this news to Poole, the elder Mrs. Coleridge added that her husband 'talked a great deal of you, as he always does when he speaks of his early days.'[2] And it was of those early days that Wordsworth too was thinking when, during this summer, he wrote to Rowan Hamilton[3]: 'He [S. T. C.] and my beloved sister are the two beings to whom my intellect is most indebted, and they are now proceeding as it were *pari passu*, along the path of sickness—I will not say towards the grave, but I trust towards a blessed immortality.'

Coleridge's health must have improved considerably in the summer of 1833, for in June he visited Cambridge on the occasion of the third meeting of the British Association.

> My emotions (he said), at revisiting the University were at first overwhelming. I could not speak for an hour; yet my feelings were, upon the whole, pleasurable, and I have not passed, of late years at least, three days of such great enjoyment and healthful excitement of mind and body. The bed on which I slept—and slept soundly too—was, as near as I can describe it, a couple of sacks full of potatoes tied together. Truly I lay down at night a man, and arose in the morning a bruise.

'The two persons' (says H. N. Coleridge) 'of whom he spoke with the greatest interest were Mr. Faraday and Mr. Thirlwall.'[4] Of this visit, Mrs. Clarkson heard through Rydal Mount that Coleridge, 'though not able to rise till the afternoon, had a crowded *levée* at his bedside.'[1] It was in July of this year that he declared he could write as good verses as ever 'if perfectly free from vexations, and in the *ad libitum* hearing of good music'; and that his reason for not finishing *Christabel* was not the want of a plan, but the seemingly inevitable failure of continuations.[2]

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[1] *Diaries*, etc., ii. 132.

[2] *T. Poole and his Friends*, ii. 280.

[3] June 25, 1832, Knight's *Life*, iii. 213.

[4] *Table Talk.* Note to June 29, 1833. In *Conversations at Cambridge* (1836) Coleridge's old schoolfellow C. V. Le Grice professes to give specimens of his table-talk on one of these June evenings at Thirlwall's rooms in Trinity—in which college the old poet seems to have been put up.

It must have been about this time that Harriet Martineau paid that visit to Coleridge, of which she has given a characteristic account.

> He looked very old with his rounded shoulders, and drooping head, and excessively thin limbs. His eyes were as wonderful as they were ever represented to be—light grey, extremely prominent, and actually glittering. . . . He told me that he read my [Political Economy] tales as they came out, and . . . avowed that there were some points in which we differed. . . . For instance, said he, 'You appear to consider that society is an aggregate of individuals.' I replied, I certainly did, whereupon he went off . . . on a long flight in survey of society from his own balloon in his own current. He came down again to some considerations of individuals, and at length to some special biographical topics, ending with criticisms on old biographers, whose venerable works he brought down from the shelf. . . . I am glad to have seen his weird face, and heard his dreamy voice; and my notion of possession, prophecy,—of involuntary speech from involuntary brain action has been clearer since.[3]

What Coleridge thought of 'modern Political Economy' is stated in very plain language in *Table Talk* for March 17, 1833, and June 23, 1834. It is a 'solemn humbug'; without theorems, presenting only problems; 'the direct tendency of every rule of which is to denationalise, to make the love of our country a foolish superstition.'

On Aug. 5, Emerson, then a young man of thirty, on his first pilgrimage to Europe, called on

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[1] H. C. R.'s *Diaries*, etc., ii. 143.

[2] *Table Talk*, July 6, 1833.

[3] *Autobiography*, i. 396-9.

Coleridge.[1] He saw 'a short, thick old man, with bright blue [*sic*] eyes, and fine clear complexion,' who 'took snuff freely, which presently soiled his cravat and neat black suit'—the Coleridge whom Maclise in that same year drew for the *Fraser* Gallery.[2] The visit was a failure, for an unhappy mention of Dr. Channing caused the champion of orthodoxy to 'burst into a declamation on the folly and ignorance of Unitarianism,—its high unreasonableness,'—a declamation which gained fresh impetus from Emerson's interjected avowal that he himself 'had been born and bred a Unitarian.' When at the end of an hour the visitor rose to go, Coleridge changed the note from negative to positive, reciting the lately-composed lines on his *Baptismal Birthday;* and Emerson when he left, felt that nothing had been satisfied but his curiosity.

Coleridge had then barely another year to live, and though it was one of ever-increasing bodily pain and weakness, all witnesses testify that the spirit remained strong and willing to the very end. In the winter he took leave of himself in the well-known *Epitaph*,[3] but his eyes were yet to be gladdened by another spring and summer. Within two months of the end, Poole found his old friend with 'a mind as strong as ever, seemingly impatient to take leave of its encumbrance.'[4]

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[1] *English Traits*, chap. i. (*Works*, 1883, iv. 6-10).

[2] *Fraser's Mag.* viii. 632. Reprinted in *A Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters*, ed. by W. Bates, 1873.

[3] Stop, Christian passer-by!—Stop, child of God,
And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seem'd he.—
O, lift one thought in prayer for S. T. C.;
That he who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life, may here find life in death
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame
He ask'd, and hop'd, through Christ.
Do thou the same!
9th November 1833.

[4] *T. Poole and his Friends*, ii. 294.

A month later another visitor, unnamed, observed that Coleridge's 'countenance was pervaded by a most remarkable serenity,' which, as the conversation showed, was a true reflection of his mind. In this atmosphere of peace, he assured his visitor, all things were seen by him 'reconciled and harmonised.'[1] On July 20th, dangerous symptoms appeared, and for several days his sufferings were great, but they abated during the final thirty-six hours. The only account of the closing scenes which has come down to us is contained in a letter written by his daughter Sara, Mrs. H. N. Coleridge :—

> Henry saw him for the last time on Sunday [July 20], and conveyed his blessing to my mother and myself; but we made no attempt to see him, and my brothers were not sent for, because the medical men apprehended that the agitation of such interviews would be more than he ought to encounter. Not many hours before his death, he was raised in his bed and wrote a precious faintly-scrawled scrap, which we shall ever preserve, recommending his faithful nurse, Harriet, to the care of his family. Mr. Green, who had been so long the partner of his literary labours, was with him at the last, and to him on the last evening of his life, he repeated a certain part of his religious philosophy, which he was especially anxious to have accurately recorded. He articulated with the utmost difficulty, but his mind was clear and powerful, and so continued till he fell into a state of coma, which lasted till he ceased to breathe, about six o'clock in the morning [Friday, July 25]. . . . A few out of his many deeply attached and revering friends attended his remains to the grave, together with my husband and [his brother, the poet's nephew] Edward, and that body which did him such 'grievous wrong' was laid in its final resting-place in Highgate churchyard.[2]

None of Coleridge's oldest friends stood by the grave. Poole was far in the west, Wordsworth and Southey as far in the north, and Morgan was dead.

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[1] Knight's *Life of Wordsworth*, iii. 236.

[2] *Mem. of Sara* [Mrs. H. N.] *Coleridge*, i. 109, 111. The funeral took place on August 2. In the same letter Mrs. Coleridge mentions that her father's body 'was opened, according to her own earnest request. The causes of his death were sufficiently manifest in the state of the vital parts; but that internal pain from which he suffered more or less during his whole life was not to be explained, or only by that which medical men call nervous sympathy.'

Lamb was near, but his feelings would not permit him to join the sorrowing company. During the few months of life which remained to him, he never recovered from his sense of loss. 'Coleridge is dead,' was the abiding thought in his mind and on his lips. 'His great and dear spirit haunts me,' he wrote, five weeks before his own death—'never saw I his likeness, nor probably the world can see again. I seem to love the house he died in more passionately than when he lived. What was his mansion is consecrated to me a chapel.'[1] When Wordsworth read the news his voice faltered and then broke, but he seems to have said little except of his friend's genius, calling him 'the most *wonderful* man that he had ever known.[2] What Southey said has not been recorded. What he wrote[3] is better forgotten. Doubtless he had the rights which his wrongs gave him, but he remembered both at an inappropriate moment. He had been, so to speak, a father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow, and it detracts nothing from the credit due to him, that in many ways, perhaps even in a pecuniary sense, he had been repaid to an extent larger than is generally supposed. But surely, just then, a sense of his inestimable indebtedness to his dead comrade of forty years, for friendship, for inspiration, and for intellectual stimulus, should have been uppermost in his mind.

In his will Coleridge well described the Gillmans as his 'dear friends, his more than friends, the guardians of his health, happiness, and interests' during the latter sixteen years of his life, and no one who loves Coleridge, and all that he was and is to the world, can but share in his feelings of gratitude. The will, which is full of such acknowledgments, is, in other respects, thus summarised by the poet's daughter[1]:—

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[1] *New Monthly Magazine*, Feb. 1835.

[2] Knight's *Life*, iii. 235.

[3] Letter to Mrs. Hughes in *Letters*, etc., iv. 381. See also Thomas Moore's *Memoirs* (vii. 69-73) quoted in Knight's *Life of Wordsworth*, iii. 248.

> What little he had to bequeath (a policy of assurance worth about £2560) is my mother's for life, of course, and will come to her children equally after her time. Mr. Green has the sole power over my father's literary remains, and the philosophical part he will himself prepare for publication; some theological treatises[2] he has placed in the hands of Mr. Julius Hare of Cambridge and his curate, Mr. Sterling (both men of great ability). Henry will arrange literary and critical pieces, notes on the margins of books, or any miscellaneous productions of that kind that may be met with among his MSS., and probably some letters will appear if they can be collected.

How worthily Coleridge's nephew fulfilled his duty, so long as fading health permitted, and with what ability and filial piety the task which fell from his hands was taken up and carried on, first by the poet's daughter, and next by her brother Derwent, is well known to a grateful world. The tasks handed over by Green were possible tasks. That which was impossible he chivalrously kept for himself—the completion of the *magnum opus*.

About a year after Coleridge's death, an accession of fortune enabled Green to renounce the private practice of his profession, and in his country retirement he devoted the remaining twenty-eight years of his life to an attempt to realise his master's dream.[3] It was in vain. There was no *magnum opus*—'the existence of any such work was mere matter of moonshine,' says Green's biographer and editor.

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[1] *Mem. of S. Coleridge*, i. iii. Most of the will (dated Sep. 17, 1829) is given in the *Gent. Mag.* for December 1834. It is printed in full, with the codicil of July 2, 1830, in Coleridge's *Poems*. London: J. T. Cox, 1836, pp. liii.-lx.

[2] What became of the 'theological treatises'—what they were, or whether they ever reached the hands of Hare and Sterling, I know not. One may have been *Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit*, edited by H. N. Coleridge (1840); and another, certain commentaries on the Gospels and Epistles, which still remain in MS.

[3] *Spiritual Philosophy*, founded on the teaching of the late S. T. Coleridge, by the late J. H. Green, F.R.S., D.C.L., edited with a Memoir of the Author's Life, by John Simon, F.R.S., 2 vols. 1865.

> Coleridge had not left any available written materials for setting comprehensively before the public in his own language, and in an argued form, the philosophical system with which he wished his name to be identified. Instead of it there were fragments—for the most part mutually inadaptable fragments, and beginnings, and studies of special subjects, and numberless notes on the margins and fly leaves of books. True, that in unambiguous terms he had sounded the key-note of his philosophy. And there was the tradition of his oral teachings. And many of the written fragments were in the highest degree interesting and suggestive, such as those which were successively published, under Mr. Green's authority, in the four volumes of *Literary Remains*, and in the so-entitled *Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit.*

In his Hunterian Orations of 1840 and 1847, Green probably accomplished more in the setting forth of Coleridge's philosophical views than in the *Spiritual Philosophy.* But of these high matters I have no right to speak, and even were it otherwise, this would not be the place. Neither have I felt called on to discuss Coleridge's position as a poet. That has been settled, and is unlikely to be disturbed. My sole aim has been to supply a fairly complete and accurate narrative of the events of his life.

I WOULD fain leave the foregoing narrative to work its own impression on the mind of the reader. If its somewhat fuller and more orderly presentment of what I believe to be the truth, be not found to tend, on the whole, to raise Coleridge in the eyes of men, I shall, I confess, feel both surprised and disappointed. It is neither by glossing over his failings, nor by fixing an exclusive eye on them, that a true estimate of any man is to be arrived at. A better way is to collect as many facts as we can, set them in the light of the circumstances in which they were born, sort them fairly into the opposing scales, and weigh them in an atmosphere as free as possible from cant and prejudice. To my own mind it seems that Coleridge's failings are too obvious to require either all the insistence or all the moralising which have been lavished on them; and that his fall is less wonderful than his recovery. His will was congenitally weak, and his habits weakened it still farther; but his conscience, which was never allowed to sleep, tortured him; and, after many days, its workings stimulated the paralysed will, and he was saved.

A brief dawn of unsurpassed promise and achievement; 'a trouble' as of 'clouds and weeping rain'; then, a long summer evening's work done by 'the setting sun's pathetic light'—such was Coleridge's day, the after-glow of which is still in the sky. I am sure that the temple, with all the rubble which blended with its marble, must have been a grander whole than any we are able to reconstruct for ourselves from the stones which lie about the field. The living Coleridge was ever his own apology—men and women who neither shared nor ignored his shortcomings, not only loved him, but honoured and followed him. This power of attraction, which might almost be called universal, so diverse were the minds and natures attracted, is itself conclusive proof of very rare qualities. We may read and re-read his life, but we cannot know him as the Lambs, or the Wordsworths, or Poole, or Hookham Frere, or the Gillmans, or Green knew him. Hatred as well as love may be blind, but friendship has eyes, and their testimony may wisely be used in correcting our own impressions.

Mrs. Coleridge survived her husband for eleven years. In 1845 she passed away, at the house of her daughter, which had been her home since 1830. The three children who had grown up all outlived both parents. Hartley, the eldest born, was a poet and a man of letters. Not a few of his sonnets have taken a place in permanent literature, and as a critic and essayist he is remarkable for lucidity of style, and balance of thought and judgment. He was a gentle, simple, humble-minded man, but his life was marred and broken by intemperance. He lies, in death as in life, close to the heart of Wordsworth, and his name still lingers in affectionate remembrance by those 'lakes and sandy shores' beside which he was, as his father had prophesied, to 'wander like a breeze.' The career of Derwent, both as to the conduct of life and its rewards, was in marked contrast to his brother's. His bent was to be a student, but he was forced into action, partly by circumstance, partly by an honourable ambition. During a long and useful life, more than twenty years of which were spent as Principal of St. Mark's College, Chelsea, he did signal service to the cause of national education. He cannot be said to have left his mark on literature, but his chief work, *The Scriptural Character of the English Church*, won the admiration of F. D. Maurice for 'its calm scholar-like tone and careful English style.' He was appointed a Prebendary of St. Paul's in 1846, and Rector of Hanwell in 1863. The leisure of his later years was devoted to linguistic and philological studies, in which his attainments were remarkable. At rare intervals, to the inner circle of his friends, he would talk by the hour, and though in these 'conversational monologues' he resembled rather than approached his father, he delivered himself with a luminous wisdom all his own. He edited the works of his father, of his brother, and of his friends, Winthrop Mackworth Praed and John Moultrie. Of his sister Sara, it has been said that 'her father looked down into her eyes, and left in them the light of his own.' Her beauty and grace were as remarkable as her talents, her learning, and her accomplishments; but her chief characteristic was 'the radiant spirituality of her intellectual and imaginative being.' This, with other rare qualities of mind and spirit, is indicated in Wordsworth's affectionate appreciation in *The Triad*, and conspicuous in her fairy-tale *Phantasmion*, and in the letters which compose the bulk of her *Memoirs*.

APPENDIX

THE ORIGINAL PROSPECTUS OF 'THE WATCHMAN'

(*See Chapter III. p.* 51)

That All may know the TRUTH ;
And that the TRUTH may make us FREE ! !

On Friday, the 5th Day of February
1796
WILL BE PUBLISHED
No. I.
(PRICE FOUR PENCE)
OF A
MISCELLANY, TO BE PUBLISHED EVERY EIGHTH DAY,
UNDER THE NAME OF
'THE WATCHMAN.'

BY S. T. COLERIDGE,
AUTHOR OF
ADDRESSES TO THE PEOPLE.
A PLOT DISCOVERED, etc., etc.

The Publishers in the different
Towns and Cities will be
specified in future Advertisements.

PROSPECTUS

In an enslaved State the Rulers form and supply the opinions of the People.

This is the mark by which Despotism is distinguished: for it is the power by which Despotism is begun and continued.

—— '*The abuses, that are rooted in all the old Governments of Europe, give such numbers of men such a direct interest in supporting, cherishing, and defending abuses, that no wonder advocates for tyranny of every species are found in every country and almost in every company. What a mass of People in every part of England are some way or other interested in the present representation of the people, in tythes, charters, corporations, monopolies, and taxation! and not merely in the things themselves, but in all the abuses attending them; and how many are there who derive their profit or their consideration in life, not merely from such institutions, but from the evils they engender!*'

Arthur Young's Travels.

Among the most powerful advocates and auxiliaries of abuses we must class (with a few honorable exceptions) the weekly Provincial Newspapers, the Editors of which receive the Treasury Prints gratis, and in some instances *with particular paragraphs marked out for their insertion.* —— These Papers form the chief, and sometimes the only, reading of that large and important body of men, who living out of towns and cities have no opportunity of hearing calumnies exposed and false statements detected. Thus are Administrations enabled to steal away their Rights and Liberties, either so gradually as to undermine their Freedom without alarming them: or if it be necessary to carry any great point suddenly, to overthrow their Freedom by alarming them against themselves.

A People are free in proportion as they form their own opinions. In the strictest sense of the word Knowledge is Power.

Without previous illumination a change in the *forms* of Government will be of no avail. These are but the shadows, the virtue and rationality of the People at large are the substance, of Freedom: and where Corruption and Ignorance are prevalent, the best *forms* of Government are but the 'Shadows of a Shade!' We actually transfer the Sovereignty to the People, when we make them susceptible of it. In the present perilous state of our Constitution the Friends of Freedom, of Reason, and of Human Nature, must feel it their duty by every mean in their power to supply or circulate political information. We ask not their patronage: It will be obtained in proportion as we shall be found to deserve it. —— Our Miscellany will be comprised in two sheets, or thirty-two pages, closely printed, the size and type the same as of this PROSPECTUS. —— The contents will be

I. An History of the domestic and foreign Occurrences of the preceding days.

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III. Original Essays and Poetry, chiefly or altogether political.

It's chief objects are to co-operate (1) with the WHIG CLUB in procuring a repeal of Lord Grenville's and Mr. Pitt's bills, now passed into laws, and (2) with the PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES for obtaining a Right of Suffrage general and frequent.

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It remains to say, that whatever powers or acquirements the Editor possesses, he will dedicate *entirely* to this work; and (which is of more importance to the Public) he has received promises of occasional assistance from literary men of eminence and established reputation. With such encouragement he offers himself to the Public as a faithful

WATCHMAN,

to proclaim the State of the Political Atmosphere, and preserve Freedom and her Friends from the attacks of Robbers and Assassins!!

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