COLERIDGE'S

ANCIENT MARINER, KUBLA KHAN AND CHRISTABEL


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EDITED WITH NOTES AND AN INTRODUCTION

BY

TULEY FRANCIS HUNTINGTON

A.M. (HARVARD)

INSTRUCTOR IN ENGLISH IN THE SOUTH SIDE HIGH SCHOOL, MILWAUKEE

New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

LONDON: MACMILLAN & CO., LTD.

1899

Norwood Press
J. S. Cushing & Co. — Berwick & Smith
Norwood Mass. U.S.A.

PREFACE

By putting into this little volume the *Ancient Mariner*, *Kubla Khan*, and *Christabel*, I have thought to make easily accessible to students of secondary schools the perfect flower of Coleridge's poetical genius. Nowhere else, I believe, could there be found three poems whose study, if properly directed, would be more likely to lead to an appreciation of the sweetness and loveliness of poetry, and to overcome that spirit of materialism for which we Americans have been so much criticised.

In the Introduction I have tried to give an impression of Coleridge's place in English literature, and to interest the student in his life and work in such a way as to promote further reading, not only in what Coleridge himself wrote, but also in what his contemporaries wrote. The Notes have been selected from a great amount of material gathered from widely scattered sources, nothing having been allowed to stand which did not seem either actually to elucidate the text or to help in the appreciation of some matter that stu-

dents more or less new to the study of poetry might otherwise pass over without notice. Everywhere the aim has been to stimulate, rather than to supersede, thought. The numerous references given throughout the book are intended to aid the teacher in bringing to his class additional material; for, although the *Ancient Mariner* is included in the "reading list" of the English requirements for entrance to college, there is every reason why the poem should be carefully studied. The mere reading of the poem, in fact, will reveal to the ordinary student very little of the wealth of imagination with which it is pervaded.

The text here given is, with a very few slight changes made to make the punctuation and typography more consistent and attractive, that of 1829, the last to be issued under the personal supervision of the poet. The mark °, which appears in the text, indicates a note. The portrait of Coleridge which forms the frontispiece of this volume is from the painting (1795) by Peter Vandyke, and was said by Cottle to exhibit the poet "in one of his animated conversations, the expression of which the painter has in good degree preserved."

T. F. H.

Milwaukee, Wis., Oct. 22, 1898.

INTRODUCTION

I. COLERIDGE'S LIFE AND WORKS

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the youngest of thirteen children, was born at Ottery, Devonshire, England, October 21, 1772. In the eccentricities of his father, the simple-hearted preacher and pedagogue of Ottery St. Mary, can be traced the origin of some of the peculiarities of the poet. The former was the author of several books, among which was *A Critical Latin Grammar.* In this work he proposed several innovations, one of which was to substitute for the ordinary names of the cases such terms as "prior, possessive, attributive, posterior, interjective, and quale-quare-quidditive." "The truth is," Coleridge once wrote, "my father was not a first-rate genius; he was, however, a first-rate Christian, which is much better. . . . In learning, good-heartedness, absentness of mind, and excessive ignorance of the world, he was a perfect Parson Adams."[1] Of the poet's mother we

[1] Letter to Poole. *Works* (Shedd), Vol. III., p. 602.

know much less. She seems to have been a very ordinary woman, ardently devoted to her household duties, out of all sympathy with "your harpsichord ladies," as unemotional and unimaginative as she was uneducated, and withal a very Martha in her exquisite care in the trifles of life.

The little poet was much petted by both his father and mother — a fact that brought him the dislike of the other children and made him very miserable. He therefore took no pleasure in boyish sports, but read incessantly. "I read through all gilt-cover little books that could be had at that time, and likewise all the uncovered tales of Tom Hickathrift, 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 then I was accustomed to run up and down the churchyard, and act over again all I had been reading on the docks, the nettles, and the rank grass. At six years of age I remember to have read Belisarius, Robinson Crusoe, and Philip Quarles (Quarll); and then I found the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, one tale of which . . . made so deep an impression on me . . . 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. 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; . . . despised and hated by the boys; . . . flattered and wondered at by all the old women. . . . and before I was eight years old I was a *character*."[1]

Thus, even during his childhood, his thoughts, his habits, as well as his language, were unlike those of the ordinary boy. Late in 1781 his father died, and the following year the boy was transferred from the Grammar School, where he had gone from a Dame's School, and had easily outstripped all of his own age, to Christ's Hospital, the great Charity School of London — an establishment where excellent instruction was to be had, but where the diet and discipline were of the sort found at the notorious Mr. Squeers's Dotheboys Hall. Here, among six or seven hundred blue-coated lads, pent up in dim cloisters in the heart of a great city, and seeing nothing lovely but the sky and stars,[2] the boy lived a long exile of eight years. "My talents and superiority," he said, "made me forever at the head in my routine of study, though utterly without the desire to be so; without a spark

[1] Letter to Poole. *Works*, Vol. III., pp. 605-606.
[2] See *Frost at Midnight.*

of ambition; and as to emulation, it had no meaning for me; but the difference between me and my form-fellows, in our lessons and exercises, bore no proportion to the measureless difference between me and them in the wide, wild wilderness of useless, unarranged book knowledge and book thoughts."[1] In a similar strain wrote Charles Lamb, his schoolfellow and lifelong friend: "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, intranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb* of the young 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 reëchoed to the accents of the *inspired charity-boy!*"[2]

The visionary propensities of the inspired charity-boy, however, were in direct contrast to the sound common sense of the head-master of the school — the

[1] *Works*, Vol. III., p. 613.
[2] *Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago.*

Reverend Mr. James Boyer. The savage floggings inflicted by the latter furnished the dreams of even the mature manhood of the poet with spectres as awful, we may suppose, as any that had haunted the distempered sleep of his childhood. *One* of these floggings, Coleridge said, was just. He had taken a notion of being apprenticed to a shoemaker, but when the matter was brought to the irate schoolmaster the boy was knocked down, and the shoemaker jostled out of the room. Upon being asked by Boyer why he had made such a fool of himself, Coleridge replied that he hated the thought of becoming a clergyman — as it was then intended he should. "Why so?" said Boyer. "Because, to tell you the truth, sir," said the boy, "I am an infidel!" "So, sirrah, you are an infidel, are you? Then I'll flog your infidelity out of you!" And without more ado he proceeded to convert the young sceptic by means of the birch.[1] Nevertheless, "this horrid incarnation of whips and scourges," as De Quincey once characterized him, was a teacher of marked individuality, and a man whose influence proved to be a needful check upon the wayward fancy of the youthful poet. In his *Biographia Literaria* (Chap. I.) Coleridge pays a deserved tribute to his master: "He early moulded my taste to the

[1] *Table-Talk*, May 27, 1830; Gillman's *Life of Coleridge*, Vol. I., pp. 21, 23.

preference of Demosthenes to Cicero, of Homer and Theocritus to Virgil, and again of Virgil to Ovid. . . . At the same time that we were studying the Greek tragic poets, he made us read Shakespeare and Milton as lessons; and they were the lessons, too, which required most time and trouble to *bring up*, so as to escape his censure. I learnt from him that poetry, even that of the loftiest, and, seemingly, that of the wildest odes, had a logic of its own as severe as that of science, and more difficult, because more subtle, more complex, and dependent on more and more fugitive causes. In the truly great poets, he would say, there is a reason assignable, not only for every word, but for the position of every word."

To Coleridge's aversion to boyish pastimes there was at this time at least one exception. On one occasion we hear of the lad swimming across the New River without undressing, and letting his clothes dry on his back, with the inevitable consequence to his health. At another time, oblivious to all about him, the boy was going down the crowded Strand, with his arms tossing about in an imaginary sea. A stranger, with whose pocket his hand happened to come in contact, promptly seized him and accused him of an attempt to pick his pocket. "What! so young and so wicked?" he exclaimed. Whereupon the frightened boy sobbed out his denial, and explained that he

thought himself Leander swimming across the Hellespont. The astonished stranger was so impressed with this apology that he at once paid Coleridge's subscription to a circulating library,[1] which the lonely lad proceeded to read straight through, folios and all, whether he understood them or not, at the rate of two volumes a day. At times his reading took odd turns. One while we find him reading all the medical and surgical books he could get hold of; another, bewildering himself in metaphysics, when history, novels and romances, and even poetry, became insipid to him. It was while plunged head over ears in metaphysic depths that he was presented with a booklet containing the Sonnets of Mr. Bowles. These poems so delighted him that in less than a year and a half he made forty transcriptions as presents for his friends. To Coleridge these sonnets were a revelation, because in both form and matter they were characterized by a naturalness which was wholly wanting in the artificial poetry of the school of Pope, — a style which was then universally admired. The same qualities, it is true, had made themselves felt to even a greater degree in the poems of Blake, Cowper, and Burns, but of these poets Coleridge at that time knew nothing. In his championship of this new poetry Coleridge found him-

[1] Gillman's *Life of Coleridge*, p. 17.

self obliged to lay a solid foundation upon which to rear the principles of his taste and critical opinion, a discipline which later developed him into the greatest philosophic critic England has ever produced.

It need not surprise one, then, that when Coleridge in 1791 entered at Jesus College, Cambridge, he presently became a centre of attraction. One of his college mates says that for the sake of listening to Coleridge's brilliant conversation his room became a constant rendezvous of his undergraduate friends. Here they gave themselves up to enjoyment. Æschylus and Plato and Thucydides were pushed aside, and the time was devoted by the young enthusiasts to the discussion of poetry and philosophy, religion and politics. If a political pamphlet had issued from the press in the morning, at evening Coleridge would repeat whole pages *verbatim* to his wondering audience. And there were burning questions to be decided. France was in the throes of revolution, and all Europe stood in breathless expectation awaiting the outcome. The most monstrous crimes had not yet been committed in the name of Liberty, and Hope could look beyond the smoke and bloodshed of the battlefield to a time when the last vestige of despotism should be swept away, could behold Law and Justice arrayed in the purple of authority and seated upon the world's throne. Wrought up over these and kindred speculations it was

not strange that a young man of Coleridge's ability should grow weary of the patient labor required to win honors as a student. He had come to the University excellently prepared in all except mathematics and the sciences, both of which he had from the outset detested, and in his first year, by gaining a gold medal for a Greek Ode, had given promise of winning a reputation for academic scholarship. But his interest in his work waned, his reading grew more and more desultory, until, just after beginning his third year, whether from debts, or disappointed love, or both, he suddenly quitted Cambridge for London. Here, having spent the little money he had taken with him, and at a loss to know what to do next, he enlisted in a regiment of dragoons as Silas Tomkyn Comberbach, a name which he afterwards remarked was aptly suggestive of his habits as an equestrian. But a Latin lament which he had penciled on his stall betrayed him, and the discharge which his friends soon procured came as a welcome relief from a service for which he was but poorly adapted. He lost no time in returning to his Alma Mater, where his escapade was closed by his being admonished by the Masters in the presence of the Fellows. He continued at Cambridge until about the middle of December, 1794, when he left the University without taking a degree.

Some six months before leaving the University he

had formed the acquaintance of Southey, then an undergraduate of Oxford and afterwards the poet-laureate of England. As each at once recognized the other's genius, and as both had much in common, the acquaintance fast ripened into an intimate friendship. Together with some other kindred spirits, they hatched the scheme of Pantisocracy. They were to migrate to some unsettled region in America — the Susquehanna was selected, largely on account of its sweet-sounding name, where the labor of two or three hours each day would supply the needs of the body, and the ample leisure devoted to study and discussion, those of the mind. Poetry was to be written, property was to be possessed in common, their wives were to divide their time between the duties of the home and the cultivation of their minds, all were to believe as they wished in religion and politics, and there was to be no selfishness and no sin. But money was wanting to put the project into execution, the enthusiasm of some of the poet-emigrants cooled, and the whole dream vanished into thin air. Other and more absorbing interests soon occupied them, for Southey and Coleridge fell in love with, and married, two sisters. The marriage of Sarah Fricker to Coleridge occurred October 4, 1795, and that of Edith to Southey took place a month later.

Thus it happened that Coleridge was saved from Pantisocracy only to be plunged into the severest

sort of a struggle for the means of subsistence. To begin with, he had no income except the promise of a publisher to pay a guinea and a half per hundred lines of whatever poetry he might produce. But he soon discovered that Poetry does not wait on the beck and nod of the task-masters, Bread and Butter, and he was therefore obliged to resort to other devices to earn a livelihood. While seeing through the press his *Poems on Various Subjects*, — a volume whose publication attracted some favorable attention from the reviews and magazines, but which was delayed until early in 1796 by his failure to hasten the completion of his *Religious Musings*, he wrote for *The Morning Chronicle* and *The Critical Review*. He also began the publication of *The Watchman*,[1] a miscellany half-way between the newspaper and the magazine. But after the periodical had dragged on for over a year, it was given up because it failed to pay expenses. Lecturing he had already tried, and he now thought to fit himself for the pulpit, but without avail. Added to this, his wife and he were not able either to understand or to appreciate one another. "Never, I suppose," he once wrote, "did the stern match-maker bring together two minds so utterly contrarient in their primary and organical constitution."[2] He himself was in poor health,

[1] See *Biographia Literaria*, Chap. X., for an amusing account of his canvass for subscribers.

[2] Letter to Southey.

and, in an hour to be cursed throughout his whole life, resorted to opium to relieve his pain. But by gifts of money from friends, and by advances from his publishers on future literary work, he managed to live from hand to mouth until an arrangement by which a young man of some literary pretensions was settled at his home for a time bettered his financial affairs.

In the fall of 1796 Coleridge met Wordsworth, and began the intercourse whose influence upon the careers of the two poets and upon the history of English poetry can scarcely be overestimated. It would be difficult to imagine two men having so much in common and living outward and inward lives so dissimilar. But if the lofty mind of Wordsworth be set over against the profound intellect of Coleridge, if his long years filled with hopeful activity present a striking contrast to Coleridge's shorter struggle saddened by many disheartening failures, if Wordsworth's singleness of purpose in the pursuit of poetry be more admired than Coleridge's vacillating waywardness in attempting scores of plans without pursuing them to their perfect fulfilment, there were yet many points at which the genius of these men met. They were the most powerful and original of all the spirits that sprang from the ashes of eighteenth-century conventionalism, and it may be truthfully said that the best

of what was thought and said at the beginning of the present century in England had its inspiration in them and was spiritualized by them. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that we measure the worth of their contemporaries by the extent to which they were influenced by the principles promulgated by Coleridge and Wordsworth.

But however that may be, it is certain that each poet possessed the very qualities needed to bring out what was best in the other, and, as a result of this stimulating intimacy, Coleridge wrote most of the poetry for which he is now remembered, and Wordsworth much of his, during the period in which the two were almost constant companions. It was now that Coleridge wrote, in addition to the three poems contained in the present volume, any one of which would have been sufficient to have immortalized him, the *Ode on the Departing Year*, *The Three Graves* (in part), *France : an Ode*, *Frost at Midnight*, *Fears in Solitude*, *The Ballad of the Dark Ladié*, and the tragedy *Osorio*, besides many other poems of less worth. This, indeed, was the blossoming time of his poetic genius.

Here was conceived, too, the theory of poetry which led to the publication of the *Lyrical Ballads*, a book that marked the beginning of a new epoch in the history of English poetry. "During the first year

that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbours," says Coleridge in his *Biographia Literaria* (Chap. XIV.), "our conversations turned frequently on the two cardinal points of poetry, the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colours of imagination. The sudden charm, which accidents of light and shade, which moonlight or sunset, diffused over a known and familiar landscape, appeared to represent the practicability of combining both. These are the poetry of nature. The thought suggested itself (to which of us I do not recollect) that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one, the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; and the excellence aimed at was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions, as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real. And real in this sense they have been to every human being who, from whatever source of delusion, has at any time believed himself under supernatural agency. For the second class, subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life; the characters and incidents were to be such as will be found in every village and its vicinity where there is a meditative and feeling mind to seek after them, or to notice them when they present themselves.

"In this idea originated the plan of the 'Lyrical Ballads'; in which it was agreed that my endeavours should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic; yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith.[1] Mr. Wordsworth, on the other hand, was to propose to himself as his object, to give the charm of novelty to things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural, by awakening the mind's attention from the lethargy of custom, and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us; an inexhaustible treasure, but for which, in consequence of the film of familiarity and selfish solicitude, we have eyes, yet see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that neither feel nor understand."

To this volume, which was published anonymously in 1798, Coleridge contributed the *Ancient Mariner* and three other poems, and Wordsworth no less than nineteen poems. The poets had written ahead of their time, and the reception accorded the book was anything but cordial. Small indeed was the number of those who did not either entirely ignore it or make it the butt of their ridicule. But year by year, as the taste of the

[1] See *Lectures and Notes on Shakspere* (Bohn ed.), p. 139.

public came more and more into harmony with the spirit of the book, the latter steadily grew in favor, until at last its influence upon the life and thought of the time began to be appreciated.

Before the publication of this book Coleridge had been freed from any solicitude as to a livelihood by a pension of £150 a year,[1] given him by two rich men on the condition that he should devote himself entirely to the study of poetry and philosophy. This enabled him, in company with Wordsworth and his sister, Dorothy Wordsworth, to visit Germany in September, 1798, where he remained until the following June. It was to this period of his life that Coleridge always looked back with most satisfaction. During his stay on the continent he became thoroughly proficient in the language, literature, and genius of the German people, having felt in particular the influence of Lessing, in criticism, and of Kant, in metaphysics. He was thus enabled, later on, followed in turn by Carlyle, to make German thought influence the intellectual life of England. The direct outcome of his tour, however, was, in addition to *Satyrane's Letters*, admirable in their way, a translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein*,[2] which remains one of the most notable translations of poetry into poetry in any literature, since in this

[1] Half of this pension was withdrawn in 1812.

[2] The first part, *Wallenstein's Lager*, was omitted.

work Coleridge not only preserved the spirit of his original, but in many places improved upon it.

The years following Coleridge's return from Germany down to 1816, when he placed himself under the care of Mr. Gillman at Highgate, can be hastily epitomized. For the most part, the life he now led was a nomadic one, — he pitched his tent wherever evening fell upon him. Like his old seafarer, the Ancient Mariner, he passed like night from place to place, with nothing save his strange power of speech to win him welcome. When not at home, he might be found with Wordsworth at Grasmere, with Poole at Stowey, or, perhaps, with Lamb at London. On one occasion he made a tour through South Wales; on another he went with Wordsworth and his sister into Scotland. He made several short stays in London, and, in 1804, even went to Malta, visiting Rome and Naples on his way back to England, which he reached after an absence of two years. He did not at once return home, and when he did it was not long before he and Mrs. Coleridge agreed to separate. Other troubles began to press him down. In spite of his annuity, he was again in narrow straits for money, and was forced once more to depend upon gifts and loans from his friends and advances from his publishers. He was also in wretched health, and, to make matters worse, he had allowed opium to cloud and benumb his

intellect and will. Under such circumstances it is not surprising that the spirit of his great genius lay grovelling in a mire of hopeless despondency.

During this whole period Coleridge produced only some half-dozen poems that are worthy of mention, and even these are not of the highest order, — that is to say, they do not rank with those written during what may be called his *annus mirabilis* (1797–1798). Of these, *Dejection: an Ode*, *Hymn before Sun-Rise*, *The Pains of Sleep*, and a *Tombless Epitaph*[1] are the finest. But he worked over his *Osorio*, now christened *Remorse*, which had a run of twenty nights at Drury Lane and brought him more money than he had got from all his previous literary labors. It may be said that Coleridge went to Germany a poet and returned a philosopher. At any rate, from the time he returned the decline of his poetical power went steadily on. Whether it was due to the dismal reign of the Opium King or to the preponderance of the critical, or of the reflective, over the creative faculty, we can only conjecture. Of this decline Coleridge himself was fully conscious, for in his lines *To a Gentleman*, written shortly after his return from Malta, he writes sadly of a

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

[1] Pater has applied lines 14–37 to Coleridge himself.

And his *Dejection: an Ode* is another cry from the depths:

> "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."

Perhaps the all-wise Future may show that he benefited man as much by his metaphysics, as if he had written other *Christabels* and other *Ancient Mariners*. We cannot tell. But we know that after the light of his imagination flickered into darkness, there was no Promethean heat that could relume it. When he had once plucked the rose, there was no power that could give it vital growth again, — it must needs wither away on its stalk. If he had been a Homer or a Shakspere, the "years that bring the philosophic mind" would have given his poetic powers renewed vigor; but, then, there has been but one Shakspere and one Homer. As it was, enough of his creative faculty remained to make him a keener critic and a more

penetrative philosopher than he would otherwise have been; and England needed both.

But while Coleridge did not at this time write much poetry, it must not be supposed that he had no other pursuits to occupy his time. He was a journalist and a lecturer. In the former capacity he wrote off and on for *The Morning Post* and *The Courier*, and edited on his own account a paper called *The Friend*. The latter was no more successful from a financial standpoint than his *ci-devant Watchman*, and was soon abandoned. Regarding his lectures, of which the larger portion was devoted to Shakspere, there are conflicting reports. It would seem that he sometimes kept his audience waiting long after the hour appointed for the lecture to begin; that at times he did not appear at all; that he not seldom made promises as to future lectures which he did not fulfil, and, in spite of his own statement to the contrary, that he rarely gave to his lectures the careful preparation ordinarily deemed requisite. But if this be so, it is no less certain that he spoke on subjects to which he had devoted almost a lifetime of deliberation, that he was often at his best when unhampered by a written manuscript and when borne on by the mighty current of his impassioned thought. Then, too, we know from the meagre remains of his lectures that no finer criticism had been heard in England than that which fell from his lips.

At Highgate, Coleridge tried to free himself from his slavery to opium, and to some extent succeeded. Of the few poems he wrote in the last years of his life, the exquisite *Youth and Age* and *Work without Hope* are the best. In 1816 he published a volume containing *Christabel*, *Kubla Khan*, and *Pains of Sleep*, but it met with a disappointing reception from the reviews. In the following year appeared *Sibylline Leaves*, — a collection of most of his poetical compositions up to that time, — and this was followed by other editions of his poems in 1828, 1829, and 1834. In 1817, *Zapolya*, another drama, a kind of composition for which Coleridge never showed much talent, was published. The list of his most important prose works issued before his death comprises two *Lay Sermons* 1816, 1817, *Biographia Literaria* 1817, and *Aids to Reflection* 1825; and after his death, *Table-Talk* 1835, *Literary Remains* 1836–1838, *Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit* 1840, *Lectures on Shakspere* (from notes by J. P. Collier) 1875, *Letters of S. T. Coleridge* 1895, and *Anima Poetæ* 1895.[1]

But in spite of the fact that Coleridge was obliged to toil on at a time when most men expect to rest from their labors, there was more repose in his life at Highgate than he had formerly enjoyed. In 1825 he was

[1] My review of this work will be found in *The Dial*, Nov. 1, 1895.

granted an annuity of 100 guineas by the king, which was made up to him elsewhere when it ceased soon after the king's death in 1830. "It is not secret," writes Leigh Hunt in his *Autobiography* (Chap. XVI.) "that Coleridge lived in the Grove at Highgate with a friendly family, who had sense and kindness enough to know that they did themselves honor by looking after the comforts of such a man. His room looked upon a delicious prospect of wood and meadow, with colored gardens under the window, like an embroidery to the mantle. I thought, when I first saw it, that he had taken up his dwelling-place like an abbot. Here he cultivated his flowers, and had a set of birds for his pensioners, who came to breakfast with him. He might have been seen taking his daily stroll up and down, with his black coat and white locks, and a book in his hand; and was a great acquaintance of the little children. His main occupation, I believe, was reading. He loved to read old folios, and to make old voyages with Purchas and Marco Polo — the seas being in good visionary condition and the vessel well stocked with botargoes."

And now there had fallen on Coleridge the mantle of Dr. Johnson, the great talker of the preceding century. Each of these men was the most extraordinary talker of his time, but with this difference: Johnson's talk depended upon his apt rejoinders; Coleridge's,

upon the majestic flow of his marvellous monologue. Johnson, in short, was colloquial, while Coleridge was alloquial. It may be said that Coleridge's reputation as a talker rests upon two things, — the printed record of what he said, and the witness of those who heard him to the impression produced upon them. Unfortunately there was no Boswell living in Coleridge's time, and the most of what he said was not permanently recorded, but some conception of the depth and variety of thought in these discourses may be had from the *Table-Talk*, a book made up by his nephew from notes of his conversation during the last twelve years of his life. On the other hand, the accounts that have come down to us from his contemporaries seem little short of the incredible, — indeed, the only thing that makes them credible is the fact that they have come from men widely different in mind and character. A part of one of these accounts must serve for the many that might be quoted: "It was a Sabbath past expression deep, and tranquil, and serene," writes his nephew, to "pass an entire day with Coleridge." "You came to a man who had travelled in many countries, and in critical times; who had seen and felt the world in most of its ranks and in many of its vicissitudes and weaknesses; one to whom all literature and genial art were absolutely subject, and to whom, with a reasonable allowance as to technical details, all science was

in a most extraordinary degree familiar. Throughout a long-drawn summer's day would this man talk to you in low, equable, but clear and musical, tones, concerning things human and divine; marshalling all history, harmonizing all experiment, probing the depths of your consciousness, and revealing visions of glory and of terror to the imagination; but pouring withal such floods of light upon the mind that you might, for a season, like Paul, become blind in the very act of conversion. And this he would do without so much as one allusion to himself, without a word of reflection on others, save when any given act fell naturally in the way of his discourse — without one anecdote that was not proof and illustration of a previous position; — gratifying no passion, indulging no caprice, but, with a calm mastery over your soul, leading you onward and onward forever through a thousand windings, yet with no pause, to some magnificent point in which, as in a focus, all the parti-coloured rays of his discourse should converge in light. In all this he was, in truth, your teacher and guide; but in a little while you might forget that he was other than a fellow-student and the companion of your way, — so playful was his manner, so simple his language, so affectionate the glance of his pleasant eye!"[1]

Coleridge's last years were burdened by an illness

[1] *Table-Talk* (Bohn Ed.), pp. 4, 5.

which, with few and brief intervals, confined him to the sick-room. His own action had separated him from his wife and children, and these final days were gladdened only by the occasional visitor. His mind continued vigorous up to the last, and the evening before the end he dictated to one at his bedside a part of his religious philosophy which he wished recorded. The next morning, July 25, 1834, he died. He was buried in the Highgate churchyard, and later the grammar school of the village was reared above his tomb — as if in mockery of the free spirit sleeping beneath.

To no man in England since Shakspere could the epithet which Coleridge applied to the poet of Avon — "myriad-minded" — be so well applied as to Coleridge himself, and it is because Coleridge can be looked at from so many and such various points of view that the final word as to the true value of his work still remains to be spoken. Perhaps the most notable characteristic of his mind in those years after his poetic power had declined was that profoundness in his habits of thought which made him seek in all matters for the basal truth. He was, in brief, always going back to first principles, always viewing things in their causes. As to his character as a man, those who are unwilling to accept Carlyle's version of it, when he spoke of Coleridge's life as "the tragic story of a high endow-

ment with an insufficient will," may apply to it a large part of what Coleridge said about Hamlet: "Hamlet's character is the prevalence of the abstracting and generalizing habit over the practical. He does not want courage, skill, will, or opportunity; but every incident sets him thinking; . . . I have a smack of Hamlet myself, if I may say so."[1] But these words were his own condemnation, because many years before this he had said: "Action is the great end of all; no intellect, however grand, is valuable if it draw us from action, and lead us to think and think till the time of action is passed by and we can do nothing."[2] We should be careful, however, not to make too much of his defects. Some who have lived since his time have spoken of his "unlovely character," and have said that "he had no morals," but those who knew him in his habit as he lived loved and reverenced him. And whatever the judgment passed upon him, he was a man, take him for all in all, whose like we shall not look upon again.

It only remains to say a word about his place in literature. As a journalist he moved on a high plane of thought and morality, and, by scorning the tactics of the mere politician and bringing his intellect to bear upon the momentous events of his time, became, at

[1] *Table-Talk*, June 24, 1827.
[2] H. C. Robinson, *Diary*, Vol. I., Chap. XV.

least in the broad view he took of all political problems, the legitimate successor of the great Burke. As a theologian his influence was even more far-reaching. He was the *vates* at whose feet sat such men as Thomas Arnold, Julius Hare, and Frederick Maurice. He sought to moralize and spiritualize the religion of England, and to find on the shadowy border between psychology and theology some relation between the human and the divine. As a philosopher his special praise is again to be found in his influence. He left no system of philosophy, and his exposition of the transcendentalism of Kant and his followers was not thorough or systematic enough to be final. He was the means, however, of introducing England to German thought, and thus of inaugurating against the materialism of Locke and Paley the revolution out of which arose the transcendental movement, headed by Carlyle in England and by Emerson in America — the result, in a way, of Coleridge's influence upon the intellect of his time. But great as was his influence in theology and metaphysics, his position as a critic is even more commanding. He is easily at the head of English philosophical criticism. Modern English criticism is indebted to Coleridge for some of its soundest principles, as well as much of its terminology and many of its famous *dicta*. He also revolutionized the accepted view of Shakspere,

showing that his work was not the product of the wild, irregular genius of a pure child of nature, but of a poetic wisdom, which was as remarkable for its disclosure of judgment as for its manifestation of genius.

As a poet Coleridge's rank is very much a matter of definitions. If we say, with Matthew Arnold, "that poetry is at bottom a criticism of life; that the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life, — to the question: How to live," Coleridge must give precedence to many others, and to none of his contemporaries more than to Wordsworth; but if we say, with Matthew Arnold again, that "poetry is simply the most delightful and perfect form of utterance that human words can reach," and add, with Coleridge himself, that the immediate object of poetry is "pleasure, not truth," then the rank assigned to the creator of the *Ancient Mariner*, of *Kubla Khan*, and of *Christabel*, must be high among the highest. In the fine harmony of his diction and the pure power of his imagination, in the ability to do by means of words what the musician does by means of notes, what the painter does by means of colors, he had, among lyric poets, few equals, — he had no superior.

II. SUBJECTS SUGGESTED FOR COMPOSITION

1. The supernatural element in the *Ancient Mariner*. 2. The story of the poem. 3. The human characters in the poem. 4. The supernatural element in *Kubla Khan* and *Christabel*. 5. The moral significance of the *Ancient Mariner*. 6. An answer to Wordsworth's criticism: "The Poem of my Friend has indeed great defects; first, that the principal person has no distinct character, either in his profession of Mariner or as a human being who having been long under the control of supernatural impressions might be supposed himself to partake of something supernatural: secondly, that he does not act, but is continually acted upon: thirdly, that the events having no necessary connection do not produce each other; and lastly, that the imagery is somewhat too laboriously accumulated." 7. An amplified description of some scene. 8. The story of the wedding-feast — details not related to be supplied by the imagination. 9. An account of the course pursued by the ship. 10. A study in detail of the form of the poem. 11. A sketch illustrating some scene suggested by some one passage. 12. A comparison of the present text with that of 1798. The older version is perhaps most easily accessible in Dowden's reprint of the first edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*,

or in Campbell's *Poetical Works of Coleridge*. 13. What Coleridge's contemporaries thought of him. See E. T. Mason's *Personal Traits of British Authors*, which can be used as a stepping-stone to the works of the contemporaries themselves. 14. A study of the prose gloss, "a gratuitous afterthought." 15. The *Ancient Mariner* as a poem of the sea. Was Swinburne right in saying that "it may seem as though this great sea-piece might have had more in it of the air and savor of the sea"? Compare it with some other of the sea-poems with which English literature abounds. 16. Coleridge's diction. 17. His use of suggestion. 18. His adaptation of scenery and other accessories to the spirit of the poem. 19. His use of the principle of contrast. 20. The poem as an illustration of the motto, *plures esse Naturas invisibiles quam visibiles in rerum universitate*. 21. The Albatross. See article in *Encyclopædia Britannica*. 22. An attempt to interpret the poem as an allegory. After working out an original interpretation, consult *The Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, Vol. XIV., pp. 327–338. 23. Coleridge's use of some rhetorical figure, — the simile, for example. 24. The effect produced by the introduction, at different places in the poem, of the wedding-guest. 25. Coleridge as a master of the monologue. In A. P. Russell's *Characteristics* will be found a selection of the best passages that have been written on Coleridge's

wonderful ability as a talker. It would be better, however, if the student were himself to hunt out these passages in the works of Coleridge's contemporaries. 26. A study of Coleridge's *Christabel,* Keats' *Lamia,* and Holmes' *Elsie Venner.*

III. BIBLIOGRAPHY

The Complete Works of S. T. Coleridge, edited by Professor Shedd, are published in seven volumes (Harper's). A cheaper edition of the prose works is that in the Bohn Library, while the best edition of his poems is edited in one volume by James Dykes Campbell (The Macmillan Co.). To these should be added the *Letters of S. T. Coleridge* and *Anima Poetæ* (Houghton), edited by the poet's grandson, Ernest Hartley Coleridge.

The latest and best narrative of Coleridge's life is by James Dykes Campbell (Macmillan), which may be supplemented with the Lives by Alois Brandl, Hall Caine, and H. D. Traill. Shorter accounts will be found in Rossetti's *Lives of Famous Poets* and in the *Dictionary of National Biography.* If the student desire to consult original sources he will find abundant references in the article on Coleridge in the *Dictionary of National Biography,* in Campbell's *S. T. Coleridge,* and in the very full bibliography appended

to Hall Caine's *Life of Coleridge.* Various contemporary portraits of Coleridge will be found in the works of Southey, Wordsworth, Lamb, Leigh Hunt, De Quincey, Hazlitt, Carlyle, and other noted men of his time. What will doubtless be the standard biography of the poet is being prepared by Mr. E. H. Coleridge.

Helpful essays upon Coleridge and his work will be found in Arnold's *Essays in Criticism: First Series* (Joubert), Beers' *Selections from Prose Writings of Coleridge,* Brooke's *The Golden Book of Coleridge,* and *Theology in English Poets, Cambridge Essays* (1856), Courthope's *Liberal Movement in English Literature,* Craik's *English Prose,* Dixon's *English Poetry,* Dowden's *Studies in Literature* and *New Studies in Literature,* Garnett's *Poetry of Coleridge,* Johnson's *Three Americans and Three Englishmen,* Lowell's *Democracy and Other Addresses,* Mill's *Dissertations and Discussions,* Pater's *Appreciations,* Shairp's *Studies in Philosophy and Poetry,* Shedd's *Literary Essays,* Swinburne's *Essays and Studies,* Warner's *Library of World's Best Literature,* Whipple's *Essays and Reviews,* and Wilson's (Christopher North's) *Essays, Critical and Imaginative.* Magazine articles worthy of note are: *Edinburgh Review,* vol. xxvii, 1816 (good only as an example of the unappreciative review of the time), *Blackwood's Magazine,* vol. vi, 1819, vol. cx, 1871,

Westminster Review, vol. xii, 1830, *Christian Examiner*, vol. xiv, 1833, *North American Review*, vol. xxxix, 1834, *Quarterly Review*, vol. lii, 1834, vol. cxxv, 1868, *Presbyterian Quarterly Review*, vol. iv, 1856, *North British Review*, vol. xliii, 1865, *Atlantic Monthly*, vol. xlv, 1880, vol. lxxvi, 1895, *Contemporary Review*, vol. lxvii, 1895, *Poet-Lore*, vol. x, 1898.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

IN SEVEN PARTS

° Facile credo, plures esse Naturas invisibiles quam visibiles in rerum universitate. Sed horum omnium familiam quis nobis enarrabit? et gradus et cognationes et discrimina et singulorum munera? Quid agunt? quæ loca habitant? Harum rerum notitiam semper ambivit ingenium humanum, nunquam attigit. Juvat, interea, non diffiteor, quandoque in animo, tanquam in tabulâ, majoris et melioris mundi imaginem contemplari: ne mens assuefacta hodiernæ vitæ minutiis se contrahat nimis, et tota subsidat in pusillas cogitationes. Sed veritati interea invigilandum est, modusque servandus, ut certa ab incertis, diem a nocte, distinguamus. — T. Burnet, *Archæol. Phil.*, p. 68.

ARGUMENT

° How a Ship having passed the Line was driven by storms to the cold Country towards the South Pole; and how from thence she made her course to the tropical Latitude of the Great Pacific Ocean; and of the strange things that befell; and in what manner the Ancyent Marinere came back to his own Country. (1798.)

Part I

An ancient Mariner meeteth three Gallants bidden to a wedding-feast, and detaineth one.

It ° is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.°
"By° thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He° holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship,"° quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!"°
Eftsoons° his hand dropt he.

The Wedding-Guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye° —
The Wedding-Guest° stood still,
And° listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
He° cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed° Mariner.

"The ship° was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The Sun° came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the Line.

Higher and higher every day,
Till° over the mast at noon — "
The Wedding-Guest° here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.°

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding° their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.°

The Wedding-Guest heareth the bridal music; but the Mariner continueth his tale.

The Wedding-Guest° he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"And now the Storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

The ship drawn° by a storm toward the south pole.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still° treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward° aye we fled.

And° now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

The land of ice, and of fearful sounds where no living thing was to be seen.

And through the drifts° the snowy clifts°
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken —
The ice was all between.

The ice° was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound°!

Till a great sea-bird, called the Albatross, came

At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough° the fog it came;

As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

through the snow-fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit°;
The helmsman steered us through!

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's° hollo!

And lo! the Albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through fog and floating ice.

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,°
It perched for vespers° nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine."

"God save thee,° ancient Mariner,
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?" — "With my cross-bow
I° shot the Albatross.

The ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.

Part II

The° Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners'° hollo!

His shipmates cry out against the ancient Mariner, for killing the bird of good luck.

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.

Nor dim nor red,° like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow° followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.°

The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean, and sails northward, even till it reaches the Line.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

All° in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As° idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About,° about, in reel and rout
The death-fires° danced at night;
The° water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

A Spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.°

The shipmates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner; in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

Ah! well-a-day!° what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead° of the cross, the Albatross
About° my neck was hung.

Part III

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.°

A speck,° a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black° lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship; and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:

A flash of joy;

Gramercy! they for joy did grin,°
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

And horror follows. For can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide?

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither° to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame.
The day was well nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When° that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

And straight the Sun° was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?°

Are° those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death?° and are there two?
Is Death that Woman's mate?

And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting Sun. The Spectre-Woman and her Death-mate, and no other on board the skeleton ship.

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare° Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Like vessel, like crew!

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
'The° game is done! I've won! I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

Death and Life-in-Death have diced for the ship's crew, and she (the latter) winneth the ancient Mariner.

The° Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;

No twilight within the courts of the Sun.

With far-heard whisper°, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

At the rising of the Moon,

We listened and looked° sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip —
Till clomb above the eastern bar°
The horned Moon, with one bright star
Within° the nether tip.

One after another,

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

His shipmates drop down dead.

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump,° a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly, —
  They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
  Like the whizz of my cross-bow°!"

But Life-in-Death begins her work on the ancient Mariner.

Part IV

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
  I fear thy skinny hand!
And° thou art long, and lank, and brown,
  As is the ribbed sea-sand.

The Wedding-Guest feareth that a Spirit is talking to him;

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
  And thy skinny hand, so brown."—
"Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
  This body dropt not down.

But the ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
  Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a° saint took pity on
  My soul in agony.

The° many men, so beautiful!
  And they all dead did lie:

He despiseth the creatures of the calm.

And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and° so did I.

And envieth that they should live, and so many lie dead.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to Heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever° a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea,° and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

But the curse liveth for him in the eye of the dead men.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to Hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse° in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside —

Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A° still and awful red.

Beyond° the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within° the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying Moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

By the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm.

Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was° a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty and their happiness.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:

He blesseth them in his heart.

A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The spell begins to break.

The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The° Albatross fell off, and sank
Like° lead into the sea.

Part V

Oh° sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly° buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

By grace of the holy Mother, the ancient Mariner is refreshed with rain.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light — almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed° ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

He heareth sounds and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the element.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And° the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The bodies of the ship's crew are inspired, and the ship moves on;

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up blew;

The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools —
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But° he said nought to me."

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
"Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

But not by the souls of the men, nor by dæmons of earth or middle air, but by a blessed troop of angelic spirits, sent down by the invocation of the guardian saint.

For when it dawned — they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet° sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;

Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark° sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the Heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth° a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The lonesome Spirit from the south-pole carries on the ship as far as the Line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance.

The Sun,° right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But° in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion —
Backwards and forwards half her length,
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living° life returned,
I heard and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

The Polar Spirit's fellow-dæmons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the

other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the man?
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

The other was a softer voice,
As° soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'

Part VI

FIRST VOICE

'But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing —
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the Ocean doing?'

SECOND VOICE

'Still° as a slave before his lord,
The Ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast —

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.'

FIRST VOICE

'But° why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?'

The Mariner hath been cast into a trance; for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life could endure.

SECOND VOICE

'The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow° and slow that ship will go,
When° the Mariner's trance is abated.'

The supernatural motion is retarded; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high,
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

The curse is finally expiated.

And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,°
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen —

Like° one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In° ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring —
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze —
On me alone it blew.

And the ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The° lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray —
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And° the shadow of the Moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The° moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies,

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full° many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

And appear in their own forms of light.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck —
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart —
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And° I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third — I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

Part VII

The Hermit of the Wood

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve —
He hath a cushion plump:°
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
'Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?'

Approacheth the ship with wonder.

'Strange, by my faith!' the Hermit said —
'And they answered not our cheer!
The planks looked warped! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod° is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared'—'Push on, push on!'
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

The ship suddenly sinketh.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The° ship went down like lead.

The ancient Mariner is saved in the Pilot's boat.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,

Like one that hath been seven days
drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips — the Pilot shrieked°
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who° now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
'Ha, ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.'

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!

The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!'
The Hermit crossed his brow,
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say —
What manner of man art thou?'

The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrieve him; and the penance of life falls on him.

Forthwith this frame of mind was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land,

I° pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What° loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:

But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

And to teach, by his own example, love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth.

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well,° who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

KUBLA KHAN

In° Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down° to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,

As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A° damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.

Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

CHRISTABEL

PART THE FIRST

'Tis° the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock,
Tu° — whit! —— Tu — whoo!
And hark, again! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew.

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff, which
From her kennel beneath the rock
Maketh answer to the clock,
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour;
Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
Sixteen short howls, not over loud;
Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is° the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark.
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,

It covers but not hides the sky.
The° moon is behind, and at the full;
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is gray:
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,°
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from the castle gate?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothed knight;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,
And naught was green upon the oak
But moss and rarest mistletoe:
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady, Christabel!

It moaned as near, as near can be,
But what it is she cannot tell.
On the other side it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek —
There° is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.
What sees she there?

There° she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:

The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck, and arms were bare;
Her blue-veined feet unsandal'd were,
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she —
Beautiful exceedingly!

Mary mother, save me now!
(Said Christabel,) And who art thou?

The lady strange made answer meet,
And her voice was faint and sweet: —
Have pity on my sore distress,
I scarce can speak for weariness:
Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear!
Said Christabel, How camest thou here?
And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet,
Did thus pursue her answer meet: —

My sire is of a noble line,
And my name is Geraldine:
Five warriors seized me yestermorn,
Me, even me, a maid forlorn:

They choked my cries with force and fright,
And tied me on a palfrey white.
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,
And they rode furiously behind.
They spurred amain, their steeds were white:
And once we crossed the shade of night.
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
I have no thought what men they be;
Nor do I know how long it is
(For I have lain entranced I wis)
Since one, the tallest of the five,
Took me from the palfrey's back,
A weary woman, scarce alive.
Some muttered words his comrades spoke:
He placed me underneath this oak;
He swore they would return with haste;
Whither they went I cannot tell —
I thought I heard, some minutes past,
Sounds as of a castle bell.
Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she),
And help a wretched maid to flee.

Then Christabel stretched forth her hand,
And comforted fair Geraldine:
O well, bright dame! may you command

The service of Sir Leoline;
And gladly our stout chivalry
Will he send forth and friends withal
To guide and guard you safe and free
Home to your noble father's hall.

She rose: and forth with steps they passed
That° strove to be, and were not, fast.
Her gracious stars the lady blest,
And thus spake on sweet Christabel:
All our household are at rest,
The hall as silent as the cell;
Sir Leoline is weak in health,
And may not well awakened be,
But we will move as if in stealth,
And I beseech your courtesy,
This night, to share your couch with me.

They crossed the moat, and Christabel
Took the key that fitted well;
A little door she opened straight,
All in the middle of the gate;
The gate that was ironed within and without,
Where an army in battle array had marched out.
The lady sank, belike through pain,

And Christabel with might and main
Lifted° her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate:
Then the lady rose again,
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court: right glad they were.
And Christabel devoutly cried
To the lady by her side,
Praise we the Virgin all divine
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress!
Alas, alas! said Geraldine,
I cannot speak for weariness.
So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court: right glad they were.

Outside her kennel, the mastiff old
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.
The mastiff old did not awake,
Yet she an angry moan did make!
And what can ail the mastiff bitch?
Never till now she uttered yell
Beneath the eye of Christabel.
Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch:
For what can ail the mastiff bitch?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will!
The brands were flat, the brands were dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying;
But° when the lady passed, there came
A tongue of light, a fit of flame;
And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
And nothing else saw she thereby,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.
O softly tread, said Christabel,
My father seldom sleepeth well.

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,
And jealous of the listening air
They steal their way from stair to stair,
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,
And now they pass the Baron's room,
As still as death, with stifled breath!
And now have reached her chamber door;
And now doth Geraldine press down
The rushes of the chamber floor.

The° moon shines dim in the open air,
And not a moonbeam enters here.

But they without its light can see
The chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain,
For a lady's chamber meet:
The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fastened to an angel's feet.

The silver lamp burns dead and dim;
But Christabel the lamp will trim.
She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright,
And left it swinging to and fro,
While Geraldine, in wretched plight,
Sank down upon the floor below.

O weary lady, Geraldine,
I pray you, drink this cordial wine!
It is a wine of virtuous powers;
My mother made it of wild flowers.

And will your mother pity me,
Who am a maiden most forlorn?
Christabel answered — Woe is me!
She died the hour that I was born.
I have heard the gray-haired friar tell

How on her death-bed she did say,
That she should hear the castle-bell
Strike twelve upon my wedding-day.
O mother dear! that thou wert here!
I would, said Geraldine, she were!

But soon with altered voice, said she —
'Off, wandering mother! Peak and pine!
I have power to bid thee flee.'
Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?
Why stares she with unsettled eye?
Can she the bodiless dead espy?
And why with hollow voice cries she,
'Off, woman, off! this hour is mine —
Though thou her guardian spirit be,
Off, woman, off! 'tis given to me.'

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue —
Alas! said she, this ghastly ride —
Dear lady! it hath wildered you!
The lady wiped her moist cold brow,
And faintly said, "'tis over now!'

Again the wild-flower wine she drank:
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,

And from the floor whereon she sank,
The lofty lady stood upright:
She was most beautiful to see,
Like a lady of a far countrée.

And thus the lofty lady spake —
'All they who live in the upper sky,
Do love you, holy Christabel!
And you love them, and for their sake
And for the good which me befel,
Even I in my degree will try,
Fair maiden, to requite you well.
But now unrobe yourself; for I
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie.'

Quoth Christabel, So let it be!
And as the lady bade, did she.
Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And° lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain of weal and woe
So many thoughts moved to and fro,
That vain it were her lids to close;
So half-way from the bed she rose,
And on her elbow did recline
To look at the lady Geraldine.

Beneath the lamp the lady bowed,
And slowly rolled her eyes around;
Then drawing in her breath aloud,
Like one that shuddered, she unbound
The cincture from beneath her breast:
Her silken robe, and inner vest,
Dropt to her feet, and full in view,
Behold!° her bosom and half her side——
A sight to dream of, not to tell!
O shield her! shield sweet Christabel!

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs;
Ah! what a stricken look was hers!
Deep from within she seems half-way
To lift some weight with sick assay,
And eyes the maid and seeks delay;
Then suddenly, as one defied,
Collects herself in scorn and pride,
And lay down by the Maiden's side!—
And in her arms the maid she took,
Ah wel-a-day!
And with low voice and doleful look
These words did say:
'In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell,

Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!
Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know to-morrow,
This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow;
But vainly thou warrest,
For this is alone in
Thy power to declare,
That in the dim forest
Thou heard'st a low moaning,
And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly fair;
And didst bring her home with thee in love and in charity,
To shield her and shelter her from the damp air.'

THE CONCLUSION TO PART THE FIRST

It was a lovely sight to see
The lady Christabel, when she
Was praying at the old oak tree.
Amid the jagged shadows,
Of mossy leafless boughs,
Kneeling in the moonlight,
To make her gentle vows;
Her slender palms together prest,
Heaving sometimes on her breast;

Her face resigned to bliss or bale —
Her face, oh call it fair not pale,
And both blue eyes more bright than clear,
Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah woe is me!)
Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,
Fearfully dreaming, yet, I wis,
Dreaming that alone, which is —
O sorrow and shame! Can this be she,
The lady, who knelt at the old oak tree?
And lo! the worker of these harms,
That holds the maiden in her arms,
Seems to slumber still and mild,
As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,
O Geraldine! since arms of thine
Have been the lovely lady's prison.
O Geraldine! one hour was thine —
Thou'st had thy will! By tairn and rill,
The night birds all that hour were still.
But now they are jubilant anew,
From cliff and tower, tu — whoo! tu — whoo!
Tu — whoo! tu — whoo! from wood and fell!

And see! the lady Christabel
Gathers herself from out her trance;
Her limbs relax, her countenance
Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids,
Close o'er her eyes; and tears she sheds—
Large tears that leave the lashes bright!
And oft the while she seems to smile
As infants at a sudden light!

Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,
Like a youthful hermitess,
Beauteous in the wilderness,
Who, praying always, prays in sleep.
And, if she move unquietly,
Perchance, 'tis but the blood so free
Comes back and tingles in her feet.
No doubt, she hath a vision sweet.
What if her guardian spirit 'twere,
What if she knew her mother near?
But this she knows, in joys and woes,
That saints will aid if men will call:
For the blue sky bends over all!

PART THE SECOND

Each matin bell, the Baron saith,
Knells us back to a world of death.
These words Sir Leoline first said,
When he rose and found his lady dead:
These words Sir Leoline will say
Many a morn to his dying day!

And hence the custom and law began
That still at dawn the sacristan,
Who duly pulls the heavy bell,
Five and forty beads must tell
Between each stroke — a warning knell,
Which not a soul can choose but hear
From Bratha Head to Wyndermere.

Saith Bracy the bard, So let it knell!
And let the drowsy sacristan
Still count as slowly as he can!
There is no lack of such, I ween,
As well fill up the space between.
In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair,
And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,
With ropes of rock and bells of air

Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent,
Who all give back, one after t'other,
The death-note to their living brother;
And oft too, by the knell offended,
Just as their one! two! three! is ended,
The devil mocks the doleful tale
With a merry peal from Borrowdale.

The air is still! through mist and cloud
That merry peal comes ringing loud;
And Geraldine shakes off her dread,
And rises lightly from her bed;
Puts on her silken vestments white,
And tricks her hair in lovely plight,
And nothing doubting of her spell
Awakens the lady Christabel.
'Sleep you, sweet lady Christabel?
I trust that you have rested well.'

And Christabel awoke and spied
The same who lay down by her side—
O rather say, the same whom she
Raised up beneath the old oak tree!
Nay, fairer yet! and yet more fair!
For she belike hath drunken deep

Of all the blessedness of sleep!
And while she spake, her looks, her air,
Such gentle thankfulness declare,
That (so it seemed) her girded vests
Grew tight beneath her heaving breasts.
'Sure I have sinn'd!' said Christabel,
'Now heaven be praised if all be well!'
And in low faltering tones, yet sweet,
Did she the lofty lady greet
With such perplexity of mind
As dreams too lively leave behind.

So quickly she rose, and quickly arrayed
Her maiden limbs, and having prayed
That He, who on the cross did groan,
Might wash away her sins unknown,
She forthwith led fair Geraldine
To meet her sire, Sir Leoline.

The lovely maid and lady tall
Are pacing both into the hall,
And pacing on through page and groom,
Enter the Baron's presence-room.

The Baron rose, and while he prest
His gentle daughter to his breast,

With cheerful wonder in his eyes
The lady Geraldine espies,
And gave such welcome to the same
As might beseem so bright a dame!

But when he heard the lady's tale,
And when she told her father's name,
Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale,
Murmuring o'er the name again,
Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine?

Alas![°] they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted — ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining —
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,

Like° cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between.
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

Sir Leoline, a moment's space,
Stood gazing on the damsel's face:
And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine
Came back upon his heart again.

O then the Baron forgot his age,
His noble heart swelled high with rage;
He swore by the wounds in Jesu's side
He would proclaim it far and wide,
With trump and solemn heraldry,
That they, who thus had wronged the dame
Were base as spotted infamy!
'And if they dare deny the same,
My herald shall appoint a week,
And let the recreant traitors seek
My tourney court — that there and then
I may dislodge their reptile souls
From the bodies and forms of men!'
He spake: his eye in lightning rolls!

For the lady was ruthlessly seized; and he
kenned
In the beautiful lady the child of his friend!

And now the tears were on his face,
And fondly in his arms he took
Fair Geraldine, who met the embrace,
Prolonging it with joyous look.
Which when she viewed, a vision fell
Upon the soul of Christabel,
The vision of fear, the touch and pain!
She shrunk and shuddered, and saw again —
(Ah, woe is me! Was it for thee,
Thou gentle maid! such sights to see?)

Again she saw that bosom old,
Again she felt that bosom cold,
And drew in her breath with a hissing sound:
Whereat the Knight turned wildly round,
And nothing saw, but his own sweet maid
With eyes upraised, as one that prayed.

The touch, the sight, had passed away,
And in its stead that vision blest,
Which comforted her after-rest,
While in the lady's arms she lay,

Had put a rapture in her breast,
And on her lips and o'er her eyes
Spread smiles like light!
With new surprise,
'What ails then my beloved child?'
The Baron said. — His daughter mild
Made answer, 'All will yet be well!'
I ween, she had no power to tell
Aught else: so mighty was the spell.

Yet he, who saw this Geraldine,
Had deemed her sure a thing divine.
Such sorrow with such grace she blended,
As if she feared she had offended
Sweet Christabel, that gentle maid!
And with such lowly tones she prayed
She might be sent without delay
Home to her father's mansion.

'Nay!
Nay, by my soul!' said Leoline.
'Ho! Bracy the bard, the charge be thine!
Go thou, with music sweet and loud,
And take two steeds with trappings proud,
And take the youth whom thou lov'st best

To bear thy harp, and learn thy song,
And clothe you both in solemn vest,
And over the mountains haste along,
Lest wandering folk, that are abroad,
Detain you on the valley road.

'And when he has crossed the Irthing flood,
My merry bard! he hastes, he hastes
Up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth Wood,
And reaches soon that castle good
Which stands and threatens Scotland's wastes.

'Bard Bracy! Bard Bracy! your horses are fleet,
Ye must ride up the hall, your music so sweet,
More loud than your horses' echoing feet!
And loud and loud to Lord Roland call,
Thy daughter is safe in Langdale hall!
Thy beautiful daughter is safe and free —
Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me.
He bids thee come without delay
With all thy numerous array;
And take thy lovely daughter home:
And he will meet thee on the way
With all his numerous array
White with their panting palfreys' foam:

And, by mine honour! I will say,
That I repent me of the day
When I spake words of fierce disdain
To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine!—
For since that evil hour hath flown,
Many a summer's sun hath shone;
Yet ne'er found I a friend again
Like Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine.'

The lady fell, and clasped his knees,
Her face upraised, her eyes o'erflowing;
And Bracy replied, with faltering voice,
His gracious hail on all bestowing;
'Thy words, thou sire of Christabel,
Are sweeter than my harp can tell;
Yet might I gain a boon of thee,
This day my journey should not be,
So strange a dream hath come to me;
That I had vowed with music loud
To clear yon wood from thing unblest,
Warn'd by a vision in my rest!
For in my sleep I saw that dove,
That gentle bird, whom thou dost love,
And call'st by thy own daughter's name—
Sir Leoline! I saw the same,

Fluttering, and uttering fearful moan,
Among the green herbs in the forest alone.
Which when I saw and when I heard,
I wonder'd what might ail the bird;
For nothing near it could I see,
Save the grass and green herbs underneath
the old tree.

'And in my dream, methought, I went
To search out what might there be found;
And what the sweet bird's trouble meant,
That thus lay fluttering on the ground.
I went and peered, and could descry
No cause for her distressful cry;
But yet for her dear lady's sake
I stooped, methought, the dove to take,
When lo! I saw a bright green snake
Coiled around its wings and neck.
Green as the herbs on which it couched,
Close by the dove's its head it crouched;
And with the dove it heaves and stirs,
Swelling its neck as she swelled hers!
I woke; it was the midnight hour,
The clock was echoing in the tower;
But though my slumber was gone by,

This dream it would not pass away —
It seems to live upon my eye!
And thence I vowed this self-same day
With music strong and saintly song
To wander through the forest bare,
Lest aught unholy loiter there.'

Thus Bracy said: the Baron, the while,
Half-listening heard him with a smile;
Then turned to Lady Geraldine,
His eyes made up of wonder and love,
And said in courtly accents fine,
'Sweet maid, Lord Roland's beauteous dove,
With arms more strong than harp or song,
Thy sire and I will crush the snake!'
He kissed her forehead as he spake,
And Geraldine in maiden wise
Casting down her large bright eyes,
With blushing cheek and courtesy fine
She turned her from Sir Leoline;
Softly gathering up her train,
That o'er her right arm fell again;
And folded her arms across her chest,
And couched her head upon her breast,
And looked askance at Christabel ——
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!

°A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,
And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head,
Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,
And with somewhat of malice, and more of dread,
At Christabel she look'd askance! —
One moment — and the sight was fled!
But Christabel in dizzy trance
Stumbling on the unsteady ground
Shuddered aloud, with a hissing sound;
And Geraldine again turned round,
And like a thing, that sought relief,
Full of wonder and full of grief,
She rolled her large bright eyes divine
Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas! her thoughts are gone,
She nothing sees — no sight but one!
The maid, devoid of guile and sin,
I know not how, in fearful wise,
So deeply had she drunken in
That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,
That all her features were resigned
To this sole image in her mind:
And° passively did imitate

That look of dull and treacherous hate!
And thus she stood, in dizzy trance,
Still picturing that look askance
With forced unconscious sympathy
Full before her father's view ——
As far as such a look could be
In eyes so innocent and blue!

And when the trance was o'er, the maid
Paused awhile, and inly prayed:
Then falling at the Baron's feet,
'By my mother's soul do I entreat
That thou this woman send away!'
She said: and more she could not say:
For what she knew she could not tell,
O'er-mastered by the mighty spell.

Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,
Sir Leoline? Thy only child
Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride,
So fair, so innocent, so mild;
The same, for whom thy lady died!
O, by the pangs of her dear mother
Think thou no evil of thy child!
For her, and thee, and for no other,
She prayed the moment ere she died,
Prayed that the babe for whom she died,

Might prove her dear lord's joy and pride!
That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled,
Sir Leoline!
And wouldst thou wrong thy only child,
Her child and thine?

Within the Baron's heart and brain
If thoughts, like these, had any share,
They only swelled his rage and pain,
And did but work confusion there.
His heart was cleft with pain and rage,
His cheeks they quivered, his eyes were wild.
Dishonour'd thus in his old age;
Dishonour'd by his only child,
And all his hospitality
To the insulted daughter of his friend
By more than woman's jealousy
Brought thus to a disgraceful end —
He rolled his eye with stern regard
Upon the gentle minstrel bard,
And said in tones abrupt, austere —
'Why, Bracy! dost thou loiter here?
I bade thee hence!' The bard obeyed;
And turning from his own sweet maid,
The aged knight, Sir Leoline,
Led forth the lady Geraldine!

THE CONCLUSION TO PART THE SECOND

A° little child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,
A fairy thing with red round cheeks,
That always finds, and never seeks,
Makes such a vision to the sight
As fills a father's eyes with light;
And pleasures flow in so thick and fast
Upon his heart, that he at last
Must needs express his love's excess
With words of unmeant bitterness.
Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together
Thoughts so all unlike each other;
To mutter and mock a broken charm,
To dally with wrong that does no harm.
Perhaps 'tis tender too and pretty
At each wild word to feel within
A sweet recoil of love and pity.
And what, if in a world of sin
(O sorrow and shame should this be true!)
Such giddiness of heart and brain
Comes seldom save from rage and pain,
So talks as it's most used to do.

NOTES

THE ANCIENT MARINER

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner was first printed anonymously in the *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798, and reprinted in subsequent editions of that work in 1800, 1802, and 1805. The text of 1800 differed materially from that of 1798 in being freed from much of its archaic spelling — a device for making it appear more like the *Sir Patrick Spens* type of ballad, and in the omission of the merely horrible. On its next appearance, which was in 1817, in *Sibylline Leaves*, some additional changes in the text were made, and the motto from Burnet and the marginal gloss were added. After this there were no alterations of any consequence.

In the *Memoirs of William Wordsworth*, Vol. I., pp. 107, 108, the following account of the origin of the poem is given by Wordsworth: "In the autumn of 1797 he (Coleridge), my sister, and myself started from Alfoxden pretty late in the afternoon with a view to visit Linton and the Valley of Stones near to it. Accordingly we set off, and proceeded along the Quantock Hills towards Watchet, and in the course of this walk was planned the poem of *The Ancient Mariner*, founded on a dream, as Mr. Coleridge said, of his friend, Mr. Cruikshank. Much the greater part of the story was Mr. Coleridge's invention, but certain parts I suggested; for example, some crime

was to be committed which should bring upon the Old Navigator, as Coleridge afterwards delighted to call him, the spectral persecution, as a consequence of that crime and his own wanderings. I had been reading in Shelvocke's *Voyages*[1] a day or two before, that, while doubling Cape Horn, they frequently saw albatrosses in that latitude, the largest sort of sea-fowl, some extending their wings twelve or thirteen feet. 'Suppose,' said I, 'you represent him as having killed one of these birds on entering the South Sea, and that the tutelary spirits of these regions take upon them to avenge the crime.' The incident was thought fit for the purpose, and adopted accordingly. I also suggested the navigation of the ship by the dead men, but do not recollect that I had anything more to do with the scheme of the poem. The gloss with which it was subsequently accompanied was not thought of by either of us at the time, at least not a hint of it was given to me, and I have no doubt it was a gratuitous afterthought. We began the composition together on that, to me, memorable evening. I furnished two or three lines at the beginning of the poem, in particular:

[1] Shelvocke, in describing his voyage between "the streights of le Mair" and the coast of Chili, says they saw no fish, "nor one sea-bird, except a disconsolate black Albitross, who accompanied us for several days, hovering about us as if he had lost himself, till Hartley (my second captain), observing in one of his melancholy fits that this bird was always hovering near us, imagin'd from his colour that it might be some ill-omen. That which, I suppose, induced him the more to encourage his superstition was the continued series of contrary tempestuous winds, which had oppress'd us ever since we had got into this sea. But be that as it would, he after some fruitless attempts at length shot the albitross, not doubting (perhaps) that we should have a fair wind after it." — SHELVOCKE, *Voyage round the World by the way of the great South Sea*, etc., London, 1726.

'And listen'd like a three years' child:
The Mariner had his will.'

These trifling contributions, all but one, which Mr. Coleridge has with unnecessary scrupulosity recorded, slipped out of his mind, as they well might. As we endeavored to proceed conjointly (I speak of the same evening) our respective manners proved so widely different that it would have been quite presumptuous in me to do anything but separate from an undertaking upon which I could only have been a clog."

In a conversation with the Rev. Alexander Dyce (Note in *Poems of S. T. C.*, ed. 1852) Wordsworth said the dream of Coleridge's friend was of "a skeleton ship, with figures in it," and claimed, besides the stanza containing the two lines quoted above, the lines:

"And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand."

Coleridge's own account of the matter has been quoted in the Introduction. It has also been claimed that Coleridge must have derived some help from Captain Thomas James' *Strange and dangerous Voyage . . . in his intended Discovery of the North-West Passage into the South Sea*, London, 1633, and a document to be found in La Bigne's *Magna Bibliotheca Veterum Patrum*, 1618, — a letter from Saint Paulinus to Macarius. Regarding the latter see *Gentleman's Magazine* for October, 1853. But whatever Coleridge's indebtedness to these sources, it should not be forgotten that he used this material as Shakspere used the sources of his wonderful plays, — it was, after all, simply the skeleton which his imagination enabled him to clothe with living flesh and blood.

Translation of Motto. — I can easily believe that in the universe the invisible beings are more than the visible. But who

shall reveal to us the nature of them all, the rank, the relationships, the distinguishing features, and the offices of each? What is it they do? Where is it they dwell? Always about the knowledge of these wonders the mind of man has circled, nor ever reached it. In the meantime, I deny not, it is pleasant sometimes to contemplate in the mind, as in a picture, the image of this greater and better world; that the intellect, wonted to the petty details of daily life, be not narrowed overmuch, nor sink utterly to paltry thoughts. But, meanwhile, the truth must be vigilantly sought after, and a temperate judgment maintained, that we may distinguish things certain from things uncertain, day from night.

The Glosses. — These marginal notes should be read both in connection with the poem and by themselves. If read with the text they will be found to give a clearer conception of the idea of the poem; if read by themselves they will be seen to constitute one of Coleridge's finest prose compositions. See Pater, *Appreciations*, p. 100; Craik, *English Prose*, Vol. V., p. 79.

l. 1. **It is**, etc. Note the rhetorical ellipsis, and for ballads beginning in a similar manner see Child, *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, I., 113; II., 256, 321; V., 48, 54. The poem begins abruptly, and in like manner nearly every important detail and incident in the poem is introduced, as, for example, the ship, the storm-blast, the Albatross, etc.

l. 2. **One of three.** Observe the poet's use of the numbers three, seven, and nine. "The odd numbers have always been regarded as particularly appropriate to the mystical or supernatural. See, for example, Rossetti's *Blessed Damozel:*

> 'She had three lilies in her hand,
> And the stars in her hair were seven.'

"Tennyson writes in the *Hesperides:*

'. . . Five and three,
Let it not be noised abroad, make an awful mystery.'

"There are, you remember, nine muses, seven wonders of the world, three fates, etc." — HERBERT BATES, ed. of *Ancient Mariner*.

l. 3. **By thy**, etc. Much is gained by this indirect description of the Ancient Mariner. Look through the poem for other examples of the same sort.

ll. 9–12. In the 1798 version there were two stanzas here :

But still he holds the wedding-guest —
There was a Ship, quoth he —
"Nay, if thou'st got a laughsome tale,
"Marinere ! come with me."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
Quoth he, there was a Ship —
"Now get thee hence, thou grey-beard Loon!
"Or my Staff shall make thee skip."

Other changes worth noting, not pointed out later, are the following: 41–54, 67, 85, 143–152, 159, 167, 234, 238, 242, 268, 309, 313–326, 327–328, 345–349, 359, 387–388, 443, 533, 583–585.

l. 10. **There was a ship.** "It is perhaps the most vivid realization ever put into words of that large life of the world which embraces the tiny fragmentary life of the individual. The ship sails in upon the changed scene under the wondering gazer's unwilling eyes. Its shadow comes between him and the board which he knows is spread so near, the procession which he can see passing, shadowy, across those shadowy seas. Which is the real ? which the vision ? The mind grows giddy, the imagination trembles and wavers. Our senses become con-

fused, unable to identify what we see from what we hear; and finally, triumphantly, the unseen sweeps in and holds possession, more real, more true, more unquestionable than anything that eye can see." — Mrs. Oliphant, *Blackwood's Magazine*, Vol. 110, p. 567.

l. 11. **Loon.** Compare *Macbeth*, V. 3. 11.

l. 12. **Eftsoons.** At once, immediately. Why "dropt" in this line, and "holds" in l. 9? Examine the tenses throughout the poem, and try to discover just what the poet accomplishes by his frequent changes.

l. 13. **His glittering eye.** "Like his own 'Ancient Mariner,' when he had once fixed your eye he held you spell-bound, and you were constrained to listen to his tale; you must have been more powerful than he to have broken the charm; and I know no man worthy to do that." — C. and M. C. Clarke, *Recollections of Writers*, p. 32. For a somewhat similar comment by John Sterling, see Russell, *Characteristics*, p. 16.

l. 14. **The Wedding-Guest.** "Mark . . . how significant is the pause which allows time to present the final relinquishment on the part of the wedding-guest of all thought of escape; whatever interruption he makes henceforth is in the interest of the narrative, and betrays its control over him; he no longer seeks to retard or dismiss it." — Gertrude Garrigues, *Journal of Spec. Phil.*, Vol. 14, p. 329. Examine those lines in which the wedding-guest is mentioned, and try to discover the poet's reason for introducing the character.

ll. 15–16. These lines, as well as lines 226–227, were furnished by Wordsworth.

l. 18. **He cannot choose.** etc. See ll. 38, 586–590.

l. 20. **Bright-eyed.** A study of the epithets in the poem

will give some insight into an important phase of Coleridge's poetic art. "The power of poetry is, by a single word perhaps, to instil that energy into the mind, which compels the imagination to produce the picture." — COLERIDGE, *Lectures on Shakspere and Milton* (Bohn ed.), p. 138. In this connection, see Sherman, *Analytics of Literature*, p. 52 ff.; on the general subject of Coleridge's diction, see Lowell, *Works*, Vol. VI., pp. 74–75.

l. 21. **The ship**, etc. This stanza should be compared with "the opening stanzas of Tennyson's *The Voyage;* indeed the whole of that poem shows Coleridge's influence." — SYLE, *From Milton to Tennyson.*

ll. 25–28. A whole day — and it is all sun, just what a sailor would see so much of at sea — is crowded into these four lines. This economy of words, but not of ideas, because Coleridge's well-chosen words are almost without limit in their suggestiveness, is characteristic of the whole poem, and, we might add, of all works of the highest art. Another feature of the stanza is that, with the exception of the two prepositions, *upon* and *into*, all of the words are monosyllables. An interesting study will be to compare this stanza, and others like it, with those in which words of more than one syllable abound, noting the difference of effect. See also the monosyllabic song at the opening of Part VII. of Tennyson's *Princess.*

The whole picture is a "grand image of the loneliness, the isolation from all other created things, of that speck upon the boundless, noiseless waters. Throughout the whole poem this sentiment of isolation is preserved with a magical and most impressive reality; all the action is absolutely shut up within the doomed ship." — MRS. OLIPHANT, *Literary History of England*, Vol. I., p. 247.

l. 30. Where, then, is the ship? Observe that only ten lines have been used in bringing the ship to this point.

l. 31. Here we are suddenly torn away from the sea picture, and borne back to the wedding-feast where the bride and the minstrelsy fill our minds with thoughts quite different from those that haunt the crazed brain of the old seafarer. When we are again at sea, it is not upon the sun or the ship that our attention is centred, but upon the *Storm-blast*, and in this way surprise and contrast are made use of to sting our imaginations into producing the picture.

l. 32. **Bassoon.** "During Coleridge's residence in Stowey his friend Poole reformed the church choir, and added a bassoon to its resources. Mrs. Sanford (*T. Poole and His Friends*, I., 247), happily suggests, that this 'was the very original and prototype of the "loud bassoon" whose sound moved the wedding-guest to beat his breast.'" — CAMPBELL, *Poetic Works of Coleridge*. See illustration in *Standard Dictionary*.

l. 35. **Nodding their heads.** Compare Coleridge's *Ballad of the Dark Ladié*, ll. 53–56.

l. 36. **Minstrelsy.** Define.

l. 37. **The Wedding-Guest,** etc. What does the poet gain by his frequent repetitions, not only here, but elsewhere in the poem? Not infrequently much of a poet's charm lies in his skilful repetitions, a fact that will be appreciated by all readers of Poe.

l. 41. **The ship drawn,** etc. Mr. Campbell suggests that *drawn* in the gloss be emended to *driven*. His reasons for the change will be found in *The Athenæum*, No. 3256, p. 371, and in a note at p. 597 of his edition of Coleridge's poems. For a defence of the present reading, see *The Athenæum*, No. 3257, p. 405.

l. 47. **Still treads**, etc. Explain this line.

l. 50. **Southward aye we fled.** "Anyone examining the poem with a critical eye for its machinery and groundwork, will have noticed that Coleridge is careful not to introduce any element of the marvellous or supernatural until he has transported the reader beyond the pale of definite geographical knowledge, and thus left behind him all those conditions of the known and the familiar, all those associations with recorded fact and experience, which would have created an inimical atmosphere. . . . In some half-dozen stanzas, beginning with 'The ship was cleared,' we find ourselves crossing the Line and driven far towards the Southern Pole. Beyond a few broad indications thus vouchsafed, Coleridge very astutely takes pains to avoid anything like geography. We reach that silent sea into which we are the first that ever burst, and that is sufficient for imaginative ends. It is enough that the world, as known to actual navigators, is left behind, and a world which the poet is free to colonize with the wildest children of his dreaming brain, has been entered. Forthwith, to all intents and purposes, we may say, in the words of Goethe as rendered by Shelley:

> 'The bounds of true and false are passed;—
> Lead us on, thou wandering gleam.'"
> —WATSON, *Excursions in Criticism*, pp. 98–99.

ll. 51–70. **And now there came**, etc. "*If* Coleridge read Captain James' 'North-west Passage' log, he probably noted the following entries. . . . 'All day and all night, it snow'd hard'; 'The nights are very cold; so that our rigging freezes'; 'It prooved very thicke foule weather, and the next day, by two a Clocke in the morning, we found ourselves incompassed about with Ice'; 'We had Ice not farre off about us, and some pieces as high as our Top-mast-head'; 'The seventeenth . . . we

heard . . . the rutt against a banke of Ice that lay on the Shoare. It made a hollow and hideous noyse, like an over-fall of water, which made us to reason amongst our selves concerning it, for we were not able to see about us, it being darke night and foggie'; 'The Ice . . . crackt all over the Bay, with a fearfull noyse'; 'These great pieces that came a grounde began to breake with a most terrible thundering noyse'; 'This morning . . . we unfastened our Ship, and came to Saile, steering betwixt great pieces of Ice that were a grounde in 40 fad., and twice as high as our Top-mast-head.'" — CAMPBELL. See *The Athenæum* for 1890.

l. 54. **And through**, etc. *Clifts* is an old form of *clefts; drifts* is used in the sense of *driving clouds of mist and snow* (see l. 51).

l. 59. **The ice**, etc. "In the beginning of the mariner's narrative, the language has all the impetus of a storm, — and when the ship is suddenly locked among the polar ice, the change is as instantaneous as it is awful." — *Blackwood's Magazine*, Vol. 6, p. 5.

l. 62. **Like noises**, etc. Swound = swoon. What could have been "more weirdly imagined of the 'cracks and growls' of the rending iceberg than that they sounded 'like noises in a swound'?" — TRAILL, *Coleridge*, p. 52. Observe also the effect of remoteness produced by this comparison.

l. 64. **Thorough.** An older form of *through*, used here for the sake of the metre. But why are so many archaic forms found in the poem? Make a list of them and then consult some good dictionary for their meanings.

l. 69. **Thunder-fit.** A noise like thunder; the word *fit* is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *fitt*, which meant *struggle*.

l. 74. **Mariner's.** Some editions read *mariners'*, as in l. 90.

l. 75. **Shroud.** See illustration in *Standard Dictionary.*

l. 76. **Vespers.** Evenings.

l. 79. **God save thee,** etc. Observe how the speech of the Wedding-Guest increases the effect upon us of the Mariner's confession. We are beginning to understand why this character was introduced.

l. 82. **I shot the Albatross.** " . . . the old man shrinks from that avowal of his offence which he yet knows he must make. He lingers and lingers on his description of the Albatross, and of its growing familiarity with the sailors, and goes on adding circumstance to circumstance, each of which is an aggravation of the deed, but which serves to postpone his acknowledgement of it, till at last it is elicited by a demand of the cause of his obvious agony, and then it bursts from him in the fewest words that could express the fact." — *Westminster Review*, Vol. 12., p. 29. "All the subsequent miseries of the crew are represented by the poet as having been the consequences of this violation of the charities of sentiment." — *Blackwood's Magazine*, Vol. 6, p. 6.

l. 83. Although this stanza is varied but slightly from that at l. 25, it should be so read as to indicate clearly the change in the course the ship is now taking. See what Lowell says about being alone with the sun at sea. *Works* (Houghton), Vol. I., p. 105.

l. 90. **Mariners'.** Both here and in l. 74 the 1798 version has the singular, *Marinere's.* Notice that the rhyme (*follow: hollo*) produces the effect of an echo. Find other passages where the rhymes are in like manner especially appropriate.

l. 97. **Like God's own head.** This phrase modifies *Sun;*

a construction that may be shown in reading the passage aloud if a brief pause is made after *red*. Dowden makes the following comment: "How majestically the sunrise at sea is expressed. . . . It is like the solemn apparition of one of the chief actors in this strange drama of crime, and agony, and expiation, and in the new sense of wonder with which we witness that oldest spectacle of the heavens we can well believe in other miracles." — *New Studies in Literature*, p. 343.

l. 104. **The furrow followed free.** In *Sibylline Leaves* (1817) the line was printed:

"The furrow stream'd off free,"

and Coleridge added in a foot-note: "In the former edition the line was —

'The furrow follow'd free';

but I had not been long on board a ship before I perceived that this was the image as seen by a spectator from the shore, or from another vessel. From the ship itself the *Wake* appears like a brook flowing off from the stern." But in 1828 he restored the old line, because, after all, it seemed to him more musical. See Dowden, *New Studies in Literature*, p. 338, and Brandl, *Coleridge and the English Romantic Movement*, p. 201.

l. 105–106. Contrast the movement of these lines with that of the two following.

l. 111. **All in a hot**, etc. This "reminds one of some of Turner's pictures. This great artist, as well as Coleridge, had a keen eye for the subtle aspects of nature that hard and brilliant minds like Macaulay's find so uninteresting. For similar touches see ll. 171–180, 199–200, 263–271, 314–326, 368–372." — Syle. How do you account for the size of the sun?

l. 117. Coleridge here suggests one of the limitations of painting. See Lessing's *Laocoön*, §§ XV., XVI. ff. Hales compares *Hamlet*, II. 2. 502.

l. 127. **About**, etc. See *Macbeth*, I. 3. 33.

l. 128. **The death-fires**, etc. See *fetch-candle*, *corposant*, in some dictionary; also Brand's *Popular Antiquities*.

ll. 129–130. **The water**, etc. See ll. 270–271. The spirit of these lines is easily caught by a reader familiar with the famous Witch Scene in *Macbeth*, IV. 1. See *Blackwood's Magazine*, Vol. 6, p. 6.

l. 138. The slow movement of this line adds to the effect of the figure. It should be noted that an important feature of Coleridge's work, whether in prose or verse, is the naturalness and appropriateness of his figures. These are everywhere so exceedingly apt that we never think that any other than the one he has chosen would have quite suited his purpose, — indeed, they fit so well into his work that we scarcely ever think of them as mere figures of rhetoric. Not infrequently he takes the most prosaic idea, and, by his exquisite placing of it, at once elevates it into the realm of poetry.

l. 139. **Well-a-day**. Define.

l. 141. **Instead of the cross**. Compare the following lines: 76, 178, 233–234, 286, 294–296, 489, 574–575, 595–596. In reading this line be careful not to stress the last syllable of Albatross too strongly; nowhere in the poem, indeed, should too much be made of the rhymes.

l. 142. "I do not think that Coleridge could have known the size of the fowl when he caused it to be hung round the neck of his Ancient Mariner." — HAWTHORNE, *Works*, Vol. VIII., p. 557. See article on Albatross, *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

l. 152. **A certain shape**, etc. See Brandl, *Coleridge and English Romantic Movement*, pp. 197–198.

I wist. *Wist* is the preterit of *wite*, to know. For instances of the use of this form in the old ballads see Child, *Ballads* (Glossary).

l. 153. **A speck**, etc. Here the Mariner becomes oblivious to all but the scene in his mind's eye, and wanders with dreamy thought over the moving picture he has described — builds, as it were, "a bridge from Dreamland for his lay." Then, after a pause, he regains sufficient presence of mind to go on with the story, which he takes up in the next line.

l. 157. **Black lips baked.** Observe the appropriateness of the labials.

l. 164. **They for joy did grin.** "I took the thought of 'grinning for joy' . . . from my companion's remark to me when we had climbed to the top of Plinlimmon, and were nearly dead with thirst. We could not speak from the constriction till we found a little puddle under a stone. He said to me, 'You grinned like an idiot!' He had done the same." — *Table-Talk*, May 31, 1830. See *Letters of S. T. Coleridge*, I., p. 81, note.

l. 168. **Hither**, etc. This, the last of his speech to his companions, is broken off by the amazement which takes from him all power of speech, — so overcome is he by the realization of the fact that the ship moves without breeze or tide. The latter fact suggests the legend of the "Flying Dutchman."

l. 175. **That strange shape.** "Fancies of the strange things which may very well happen, even in broad daylight, to men shut up alone in ships far off at sea, seem to have arisen in the human mind in all ages with a peculiar readiness, and often have about them the fascination of a certain dreamy grace,

which distinguishes them from other kinds of marvellous inventions. This sort of fascination the Ancient Mariner brings to its highest degree ; it is the delicacy, the dreamy grace in his presentation of the marvellous, that makes Coleridge's work so remarkable. The too palpable intruders from the spirit world, in almost all ghost literature, in Scott and Shakespeare even, have a kind of coarseness or crudeness. Coleridge's power is in the very fineness with which, as with some really ghostly finger, he brings home to our inmost sense his inventions, daring as they are — the skeleton ship, the polar spirit, the inspiriting of the dead bodies of the ship's crew. The *Rime of the Ancient Mariner* has the plausibility, the perfect adaptation to reason and the general aspect of life, which belong to the marvellous when actually presented as part of a credible experience in our dreams." — Pater, *Ward's English Poets.* See Dixon, *English Poetry*, p. 80.

Drove. What is the effect produced by the use of this word? Compare ll. 22, 105, 199, 200, 201, etc.

l. 177. **And straight the Sun,** etc. See Hazlitt, *Sketches and Essays* (Bohn edition), p. 274.

l. 184. **Gossameres.** Look up derivation of word.

ll. 185–213. On 185–189 see Campbell's note. In the 1798 version lines 185–213 read as follows :

Are those *her* naked ribs, which fleck'd
The sun that did behind them peer ?
And are those two all, all the crew,
That woman and her fleshless Pheere ?

His bones were black with many a crack,
All black and bare, I ween ;
Jet-black and bare, save where with rust
Of mouldy damps and charnel crust
They're patch'd with purple and green.

Her lips are red, *her* looks are free,
Her locks are yellow as gold:
Her skin is as white as leprosy,
And she is far liker Death than he;
The flesh makes the still air cold.

The naked Hulk alongside came
And the Twain were playing dice;
"The Game is done! I've won, I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistled thrice.

A gust of wind sterte up behind
And whistled thro' his bones;
Thro' the holes of his eyes and the hole of his mouth
Half-whistles and half-groans.

With never a whisper in the Sea
Off darts the Spectre-ship;
While clombe above the Eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright Star
Almost atween the tips.

One after one by the horned Moon
(Listen, O Stranger! to me).

l. 188. **Is that a Death?** Compare other pictures of Death in poetry, notably Milton's in *Paradise Lost*, II., 666–673. See also Coleridge's *Lectures on Shakspere* (Bohn edition), pp. 90–91, for a comment on Milton's description which applies almost equally well to the present passage. In the first edition there was a stanza describing Death which Coleridge finally omitted, thus rejecting "from his work the horrors, while retaining the terrors, of death" (Swinburne). "Relying largely, as he did in his poems which deal with the supernatural, on the effect produced by their psychological truth, Coleridge could afford to subdue the supernatural, and refine it to the utmost. . . . he did not need, as Monk Lewis did, to drag into

his verse all the horrors of the churchyard and the nether pit of Hell. . . . [In this instance he] felt that these hideous incidents of the grave only detracted from the finer horror of the voluptuous beauty of his White Devil, the nightmare Life-in-Death. . . . She it was, this Life-in-Death, who with her numbing spell haunted Coleridge himself in after days." — DOWDEN, *New Studies in Literature*, pp. 338–340.

l. 193. **Night-mare.** Look up meaning of second part of compound.

l. 197. **The game is done,** etc. For illustration see Doré's edition of the poem, and on the impossibility of illustrating the poem effectively see Johnson's *Three Americans and Three Englishmen*, pp. 49–51. It is important to note the effect upon the Ancient Mariner of Life-in-Death, and how easily her possession of him explains the events to happen later on.

I've won, etc. So most editions; the 1829 text reads *I've, I've won.*

ll. 199–202. This stanza has been much admired. See Traill, *Coleridge*, p. 52; Lowell, *Works*, Vol. VI., p. 74. How is the effect of rapidity produced? What is meant in the gloss by "the courts of the Sun"?

ll. 201–211. For a recast of these lines, which was found among some papers of Coleridge dated 1806, 1807, and 1810, see Campbell's note.

l. 203. **Looked sideways up.** Observe how delicately Coleridge has suggested the fear of these men, and how much stronger suggestion is than statement.

l. 209. **Bar.** Define.

l. 211. **Within the nether tip.** "It is a common superstition among sailors that something evil is about to happen when-

ever a star dogs the moon." — Coleridge, in MS. note. "But no sailor ever saw a star within the nether tip of a horned moon." — Campbell. Hunt out other passages in poetry where the moon is alluded to or described.

l. 218. **With heavy thump.** The rhyme in this line has been criticised as sounding "to a modern ear undignified," but the words *thump, lump*, with what assistance they get from the next line, suggest to the ear the sound of the falling bodies.

l. 223. **My cross-bow.** "The use of the cross-bow fixes the date of the Ancient Mariner's supposed life in or before the sixteenth century. The cross-bow, or arbalest, was not used in England after the reign of Henry VIII." — Twombly, edition of *Ancient Mariner*. What else does the line suggest, and what is gained by an allusion to it at the end of each Part?

ll. 226–227. **And thou**, etc. See note to ll. 15–16.

l. 234. **Never a saint.** "*A* here has its older force; it = one, a single." — Hales, *Longer English Poems*.

ll. 236–237. **The many men**, etc. See De Quincey's *Works* (Masson), III., p. 43, for Lamb's ungenerous remark about these lines.

l. 239. **And so did I.** What is gained by the association?

l. 245. **Or ever**: before ever. See Hales, *Longer English Poems*, p. 219.

l. 250. "The long-drawn third line gives an impression of weariness, which is increased by retarding the stanza with an extra line and rhyme-word." — Moody, ed. of *Ancient Mariner*.

l. 260. **Is a curse**, etc. It will be interesting for the student hereafter to observe the curses mentioned elsewhere in literature. See *Macbeth*, II. 2. 36–37; *Lady of the Lake* (Rolfe's edition) III., 191, note.

ll. 263–266. "Notice the contrast between the beauty of this stanza and the horrors of the narrative." — Gibbs, ed. of *Ancient Mariner*.

l. 271. "I read this description of the ship in moonlight at sea, in a tropic calm. The beauty of the illustration of the frost is equalled by its truth, the motion of the moon is almost heard in the verse, and yet the whole is a finished picture. . . . But Coleridge is uncontent to leave the description of the sky without throwing round it the light of the higher imagination, and it is characteristic of the quaint fantasy which belonged to his nature that he puts the thoughts which lift the whole scene into the realm of the imagination into the prose gloss at the side — and it is perhaps the loveliest little thought in all his writings." — Brooke, *Theology in the English Poets*, pp. 88–89.

l. 272. **Beyond**, etc. Perhaps the nearest approach in nature to the phenomenon described by Coleridge is "the trail of a shoal of fish through the phosphorescent water," which Lowell says is the most beautiful thing he ever saw at sea. See Lowell, *Works*, I., pp. 103–104; also, *Letters of S. T. Coleridge*, I., p. 260.

l. 277. **Within**, etc. Contrast this picture with the one in the preceding stanza.

l. 281. "Nor are his strange creatures of the sea those hideous worms which a vulgar dealer in the supernatural might have invented. Seen in a great calm by the light of the moon these creatures of God are beautiful in the joy of their life. . . . And it is through a sudden welling forth of sympathy with their happiness, and a sudden sense of their beauty, that the spell which binds the afflicted mariner is snapped. That one self-centred in crude egoism should be purified and converted through a new sympathy with suffering and sorrow is a

common piece of morality; this purification through sympathy with joy is a piece of finer and higher doctrine." — Dowden, *New Studies in Literature*, p. 341.

l. 290. **The Albatross fell off.** What similar to this happens in *Pilgrim's Progress?*

l. 291. The last two stanzas may be said to contain the principle of the poem, — here the climax is reached.

l. 292. **Oh sleep!** etc. "I have heard Rossetti say that what came most of all uppermost in Coleridge was his wonderful intuitive knowledge and love of the sea, whose billowy roll, and break, and sibilation, seemed echoed in the very mechanism of his verse. Sleep, too, Rossetti thought, had given up to Coleridge her utmost secrets; and perhaps it was partly due to his own sad experience of the dread curse of insomnia, as well as to keen susceptibility to poetic beauty, that tears so frequently filled his eyes, and sobs rose to his throat when he recited [this stanza] — affirming, meantime, that nothing so simple and touching had ever been written on the subject." — Caine, *Recollections of D. G. Rossetti*, pp. 164–165. If the latter were true it would indeed be no mean tribute to the present passage, since the subject has occupied the mind of nearly every poet who has ever lived. See *Macbeth*, II. 2. 37–41; 2 *Henry IV.*, III. 1. 5–31; Keats' *Endymion*, I., 453–463; Coleridge's *The Pains of Sleep*, etc.

l. 297. **Silly**: empty, useless. The word has an interesting history.

l. 308. **A blessed ghost.** "*A blessed ghost*, as opposed to a lost, damned ghost; or a *blessed ghost*, as opposed to a very miserable living man." — Herbert Bates.

ll. 318–326, 367–372. On the singular charm of the images

in these two passages see Brooke, *Theology of English Poets*, p. 90.

ll. 324–326. **Like waters**, etc. Coleridge's description of the lightning falling

> "with never a jag,
> A river steep and wide,"

though contrary to the popular conception, which represents the lightning as zig-zagged and raw-edged, is nevertheless true to nature. In his *Nature for Its Own Sake*, p. 94, Prof. Van Dyke says that the lightning "runs in streams and rivulets, and when seen in photograph it often looks like an outlined map of the Nile, with its many mouths leading to the Mediterranean."

l. 344. For a comment on certain similar phenomena see Holmes, *Pages from an Old Volume of Life*, *Works*, Vol. VIII., pp. 201–202.

l. 352. The spirits in the bodies, and not the bodies themselves, sing.

l. 359. **I heard the sky-lark.** Read Shelley's and Wordsworth's odes *To a Skylark*. See Keeler's and Davis' *Studies in English Composition*, p. 79. In reading the last line of this stanza do not stress the last syllable of *jargoning*, but pronounce it lightly and observe the effect.

ll. 367–372. These lines prove that for certain effects language is superior to both painting and sculpture. Explain. Are there any other similar instances in the poem?

l. 372. In the 1798 version four stanzas followed l. 371:

> Listen, O listen, thou Wedding-guest!
> "Marinere! thou hast thy will:
> "For that, which comes out of thine eye, doth make
> "My body and soul to be still."

Never sadder tale was told
To a man of woman born:
Sadder and wiser than wedding-guest!
Thou'lt rise to-morrow morn.

Never sadder tale was heard
By a man of woman born:
The Marineres all return'd to work
As silent as beforne.

The Marineres all 'gan pull the ropes,
But look at me they n'old:
Though I, I am as thin as air—
They cannot me behold.

l. 383. **The Sun**, etc. "The ship has now reached the equator, returning north. In line 30 she is represented as having crossed the line, going south. In Coleridge's prose comment, on ll. 103–106, he represents the ship, *at that point of the narrative*, as having reached the line, going north. But this is contradicted by ll. 328, 335, 367–368, 373–376, all of which imply a sailing north from the point reached in 107." — SYLE.

l. 385. **But in a minute**, etc. See *Christian Examiner*, Vol. 14, p. 114.

l. 395. **My living life.** As contrasted with his present life-in-death.

l. 407. **As soft**, etc. See *Kubla Khan*, 52–53, lines that have been applied to Coleridge himself. How do the lines that follow aid in showing that "The other was a softer voice"?

ll. 414–417. **Still as a slave**, etc. For sources of these lines see *The Athenæum*, No. 3256, pp. 371–372.

ll. 422–429. If Coleridge read James' *Voyage*, the latter

part of the following passage may have helped in the invention of Part VI. of his poem: "What hath been long agoe fabled by some *Portingales*, that should have comne this way out of the South Sea: the meere shaddowes of whose mistaken Relations have comne to us: I leave to be confuted by their owne vanitie. These hopes have stirred up, from time to time, the more active spirits of this our kingdome, to research that meerely imaginary passage. For mine owne part, I give no credit to them at all; and as little to the vicious, and abusive wits of later *Portingals* and *Spaniards*: who never speake of any difficulties: as shoalde water, Ice, nor sight of land: but *as if they had been brought home in a dreame or engine*" (p. 107). See gloss at line 422; also *Athenæum*, March 15, 1890, quoted in Campbell's note.

l. 428. **Slow and slow.** Why?

l. 429. See l. 391–392.

l. 443. **The ocean green.** "Is the ocean actually *green* by moonlight?" — Herbert Bates.

ll. 446–451. **Like one,** etc. "This stanza introduces us into the realm of the supernatural much as does Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. It takes us to the primeval imagination as it created the spirits of good and evil which wait on man to reward or to punish. Mr. Stopford Brooke says: 'I never met a sailor whose ship had been among the lonely places of the sea who did not know of these hauntings.' . . . In these days of utilitarianism, when we are taught that it is more important to know the law of the suction-pump than to know *Hamlet*, it is well to get back to the great principle which underlies such art as the *Ancient Mariner*, *Macbeth*, *Paradise Lost*, *The Divine Comedy*, *Faust*, *The Prometheus* of Æschylus, and the Book of Job." — George, edition of *Ancient Mariner*. See Dixon, *English Poetry*, p. 82.

l. 455. **In ripple or in shade.** "Visible either by a ripple or by a belt of darker water. But is breeze on moonlit water dark?" — HERBERT BATES.

ll. 465–466. See ll. 23–24.

l. 470. **O let me,** etc. What is the meaning of his prayer?

l. 475. In the 1798 version these stanzas followed this line:

The moonlight bay was white all o'er,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
Like as of torches came.

A little distance from the prow
Those dark-red shadows were;
But soon I saw that my own flesh
Was red as in a glare.

I turn'd my head in fear and dread,
And by the holy rood,
The bodies had advanc'd, and now
Before the mast they stood.

They lifted up their stiff right arms,
They held them strait and tight;
And each right arm burnt like a torch,
A torch that's borne upright.
Their stony eyeballs glitter'd on
In the red and smoky light.

I pray'd and turn'd my head away
Forth looking as before.
There was no breeze upon the bay,
No wave against the shore.

ll. 478–479. **The moonlight,** etc. ". . . how pleasantly, how reassuringly, the whole nightmare story itself is made to end, among the clear fresh sounds and lights of the bay, where it began." — PATER, *Appreciations*, p. 101.

l. 482. **Full many shapes**, etc. Can you account for these shapes, — their color and their location ?

l. 503. In the 1798 version the following stanza appeared after this line :

> "Then vanish'd all the lovely lights;
> The bodies rose anew :
> With silent pace, each to his place,
> Came back the ghastly crew.
> The wind, that shade nor motion made,
> On me alone it blew."

Campbell notes that "the Editor of 1877–1880 says that in a copy of 1798 Coleridge put his pen through the stanza and wrote on the margin :

> "Then vanish'd all the lovely lights,
> The spirits of the air,
> No souls of mortal men were they,
> But spirits bright and fair."

l. 520. **He hath**, etc. Just why does this line add so much to our appreciation of the two following lines ? From what the Hermit says and from what is said about him, what can you judge as to his character ? Does he differ at all from the hermits you have read about ?

l. 535. **Ivy-tod**. Ivy-bush.

l. 549. **The ship went down**, etc. For a criticism upon the sinking of the vessel see *Quarterly Review*, Vol. 52, pp. 28, 29.

l. 560. **The Pilot shrieked**. "With what consummate art are we left to imagine the physical traces which the mariner's long agony has left behind it by a method far more terrible than any direct description — the effect, namely, which the sight of him produces upon others." — Traill, *Coleridge*, p. 52. Why, by

the way, is this effect greater upon the Pilot and his boy than upon the Hermit?

l. 565. **Who now doth crazy go.** On insanity caused by sudden fright see Holmes, *A Mortal Antipathy*, *Works*, VII., p. 91.

l. 586. **I pass, like night,** etc. This recalls the legend of the Wandering Jew.

l. 591. **What loud uproar,** etc. "Notice with what dramatic skill this poem is *set*. The mariner's tale — gloomy, weird, supernatural — stands out in compelling contrast against the scenery of the bridal — cheerful, domestic, humanistic. If you look especially at the marvellous way in which the supernatural element is introduced, you will perhaps agree with me that no poet — not even the mighty Shakespeare himself — has so brought home to us those spiritual existences which, to a devout mind, attend our every movement and preserve our going out and our coming in." — SYLE.

ll. 612–613. **He prayeth well,** etc. "The Poem illustrates . . . the personal, simple religion of Coleridge. We see in it how childlike the philosophic man could be in his faith, how little was enough for him. Its religion is all contained in [these lines]." — Brooke, *Theology in English Poets*, p. 90. "Mrs. Barbauld once told me that she admired the *Ancient Mariner* very much, but that there were two faults in it, — it was improbable, and had no moral. As for the probability, I owned that that might admit some question; but as to the want of a moral, I told her that in my own judgment the poem had too much; and that the only, or chief, fault, if I might say so, was the obtrusion of the moral sentiment so openly on the reader as a principle or cause of action in a work of such pure imagination. It ought to have had no more moral than the *Arabian Nights* tale of the merchant's sitting down to eat dates by the

side of a well, and throwing the shells aside, and lo! a genie starts up, and says he *must* kill the aforesaid merchant *because* one of the date-shells had, it seems, put out the eye of the genie's son." — *Table-Talk*, May 31, 1830. For some attempts to "interpret" the poem see Johnson, *Three Americans and Three Englishmen*, p. 48; Gertrude Garrigues, *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, Vol. 14, p. 329 ff.; *North American Review*, Vol. 39, pp. 451, 452; De Quincey, *The Spanish Nun*, *Works* (Masson), Vol. xiii., pp. 195–196.

Conclusion. — "The conclusion has always appeared to us to be happy and graceful in the utmost degree. The actual surface-life of the world is brought close into contact with the life of sentiment, — the soul that is as much alive, and enjoys, and suffers as much in dreams and visions of the night as by daylight. One feels with what a heavy eye the Ancient Mariner must look and listen to the pomps and merry-makings — even to the innocent enjoyments — of those whose experience has only been of things tangible. One feels that to him another world — we do not mean a supernatural, but a more exquisitely and deeply natural, world — has been revealed, — and that the repose of his spirit can only be in the contemplation of things that are not to pass away. The sad and solemn indifference of his mood is communicated to his hearer, — and we feel that even after reading what he has heard, it were better to 'turn from the bridegroom's door.'" — *Blackwood's Magazine*, Vol. 6, p. 7. "It brings our feet back to the common soil with a bewildered sweetness of relief and gentle quiet after the prodigious strain of mental excitement, which is like nothing else we remember in poetry. The effect is one of those which only supreme genius could produce, — genius which dares to sink from the highest notes of spiritual music to the absolute simplicity of exhausted nature. Thus we are set down on the soft

grass, in a tender bewilderment, out of the clouds. It is over, this visionary voyage — we are back again on the mortal soil from whence we started; but never more, never again, can the visible and the invisible have to us the same meaning. For once in our lives, if never before, we have crossed the borders of the unseen." — Mrs. Oliphant, *Blackwood's Magazine*, Vol. 110, p. 569.

KUBLA KHAN

This poem was written in 1798,[1] but not published until 1816. It was then issued in a pamphlet containing *Christabel* and *The Pains of Sleep*, and preceeded by this note:

"The following fragment is here published at the request of a poet of great and deserved celebrity, and as far as the author's own opinions are concerned, rather as a psychological curiosity than on the ground of any supposed *poetic* merits."

"In the summer of the year 1797, the author, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farm-house between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effects of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment that he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in *Purchas's Pilgrimage*: 'Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto. And thus ten miles of fertile ground was inclosed with a wall.'[2] The author continued for about three

[1] It would seem that the poem was written in 1798, and not, as Coleridge himself says, "in the summer of the year 1797." For a discussion of the matter see *Letters of S. T. Coleridge*, Vol. I., p. 245, note.

[2] "In Xamdu did Cublai Can build a stately Palace, encompassing sixteene miles of plaine ground with a wall, wherein are fertile

hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as *things*, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room, found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general import of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone has been cast, but alas! without the after restoration of the latter. . . ." See Andrew Lang's comment in *Littell's Living Age*, Vol. 206, p. 285.

l. 5. **Down to a sunless sea.** "But what a grand flood is this, flowing down through measureless caverns to a sea without a sun! I know no other sea equal to it, except Keats', in his *Ode to a Nightingale*; and none can surpass that." — Leigh Hunt, *Imagination and Fancy*, (Am. ed.), pp. 211–212.

l. 36–40. **A damsel**, etc. See Talfourd, *Memoirs of Charles Lamb* (Phila., 1892), p. 80.

l. 36–53. "In some of the smaller pieces, as the conclusion

Medowes, pleasant Springs, delightfull Streames, and all sorts of beasts of chase and game, and in the middest thereof a sumptuous house of pleasure." — Purchas, *His Pilgrimage*, London, Fol. 1626, Bk. IV., chap. xiii., p. 418.

of the *Kubla Khan*, for example, not only the lines by themselves are musical, but the whole passage sounds all at once as an outburst or crash of harps in the still air of autumn. The verses seem as if *played* to the ear upon some unseen instrument; and the poet's manner of reciting verse is similar. It is not rhetorical, but musical; so very near recitative, that for anyone else to attempt it would be ridiculous; and yet it is perfectly miraculous with what exquisite searching he elicits and makes sensible every particle of the meaning, not leaving a shadow of a shade of the feeling, the mood, the degree, untouched." — *Quarterly Review*, Vol. 52, p. 8.

CHRISTABEL

This poem was first published, with the following preface, in 1816:

"The first part of the following poem was written in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven, at Stowey, in the county of Somerset. The second part, after my return from Germany, in the year one thousand eight hundred, at Keswick, Cumberland. Since the latter date, my poetic powers have been, till very lately, in a state of suspended animation. But as, in my very first conception of the tale, I had the whole present to my mind, with the wholeness, no less than with the liveliness, of a vision, I trust that I shall be able to embody in verse the three parts yet to come, in the course of the present year.

"It is probable, that if the poem had been finished at either of the former periods, or if even the first and second part had been published in the year 1800, the impression of its originality would have been much greater than I dare at present expect. But for this, I have only my own indolence to blame. The

dates are mentioned for the exclusive purpose of precluding charges of plagiarism or servile imitation from myself. For there is amongst us a set of critics, who seem to hold that every possible thought and image is traditional; who have no notion that there are such things as fountains in the world, small as well as great; and who would therefore charitably derive every rill they behold flowing, from a perforation made in some other man's tank.[1] I am confident, however, that as far as the present poem is concerned, the celebrated poets whose writings I might be suspected of having imitated, either in particular passages, or in the tone and the spirit of the whole, would be among the first to vindicate me from the charge, and who, on any striking coincidence, would permit me to address them in this doggerel version of two monkish Latin hexameters:

'Tis mine, and it is likewise yours;
But an if this will not do,
Let it be mine, good friend, for I
Am the poorer of the two.

"I have only to add that the metre of the *Christabel* is not, properly speaking, irregular, though it may seem so from its being founded on a new principle, — namely, that of counting in each line the accents, not the syllables. Though the latter may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be

[1] Tennyson's expression of the same thought is perhaps more familiar: "But there is, I fear, a prosaic set growing up among us, editors of booklets, bookworms, index-hunters, or men of great memories and no imagination, who *impute themselves* to the poet, and so believe that *he*, too, has no imagination, but is forever poking his nose between the pages of some old volume in order to see what he can appropriate." — *Letter to Mr. S. E. Dawson*, November 21, 1882.

found to be only four. Nevertheless this occasional variation in number of syllables is not introduced wantonly, or for the mere ends of convenience, but in correspondence with some transition, in the nature of the imagery or passion."

l. 1. **'Tis the middle of night**, etc. "The circumstances with which the poem opens are admirably conceived. There is in all the images introduced a certain fearful stillness and ominous meaning, the effect of which can never be forgotten. The language, also, is so much in harmony with the rude era of the tale that it seems scarcely to have been written in the present age, as is indeed a wonderful proof of what genius can effect in defiance of unfavorable associations. Whoever has had his mind penetrated with the true expression of a Gothic building will find a similar impression conveyed by the vein of language employed in this legend. The manners, also, and forms of courtesy ascribed to the personages, are full of solemn grace." *Blackwood's Magazine*, Vol. 6, p. 9. For suggestions as to the sources of the three scenes in Part I., — the meeting in the wood, the castle, and the bed-chamber, — see Brandl, *Coleridge and the English Romantic Movement*, pp. 210–213.

l. 3. **Tu-whit**, etc. "An onomatopœia which occurs in one of Shakespeare's best-known lyrics." — Traill. See Tennyson's two songs to *The Owl*.

l. 14. **Is the night chilly and dark?** Brandl observes that the style of this poem is characterized by "an accumulation of question and interjection."

l. 18. **The moon is behind**, etc. Dowden thinks a suggestion of the description may be found in Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal*. See Knight's *Life of W. Wordsworth*, Vol. I., p. 134.

l. 23. **Christabel**. On the origin of the name see Caine's

Recollections of D. G. Rossetti, pp. 151–153. "With the most exquisite feeling for womanhood in its general features, he seems to have been incapable of drawing strongly the features of any individual woman. . . . Even Christabel is a figure somewhat faintly drawn, — a figure expressing indeed the beauty, innocence, and gentleness of maidenhood, but without any of the traits of a distinctive personality." — DOWDEN, *New Studies in Literature*, p. 321.

l. 48. **There is not wind**, etc. Dowden refers again to Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal*. See Knight's *Life of William Wordsworth*, Vol. I., p. 141.

ll. 58–65. For the various readings to this passage, and others following, see notes to Campbell's edition.

l. 113. **That strove to be**, etc. Like one's steps in a nightmare.

l. 131. **Lifted her up.** "The lifting her over the sill seems to be something like the same superstition that we have in Scott's *Eve of St. John:*

> 'But I had not had pow'r to come to thy bow'r,
> If thou had'st not charm'd me so.'"

— C. B., *Notes and Queries*, First Series, Vol. I., p. 324. In Vol. II., p. 47, C. Forbes quotes from *The Abbot:* "'Reverend father,' replied Magdalen, 'hast thou never heard that there are spirits powerful to rend the walls of a castle asunder when once admitted, which yet *cannot enter the house unless they are invited, nay, dragged over the threshold?* Twice hath Roland Groeme been thus drawn into the household of Avenel by those who now hold the title. Let them look to the issue.'" See *The Abbot*, chap. 15, *ad finis*, and note.

l. 158. **But when the lady passed**, etc. "With what exquisite delicacy are all these hints of the true character of this stranger imagined — the difficulty of passing the threshold, the dread and incapacity of prayer, the moaning of the old mastiff in his sleep, the rekindling of the dying embers as she passes, the influence of the lamp 'fastened to the angel's feet.' . . . After the notion of evil has once been suggested to the reader, the external beauty and great mildness of demeanor ascribed to the stranger produce only the deeper feeling of terror, and they contrast, in a manner singularly impressive, with the small revelations which every now and then take place of what is concealed beneath them." — *Blackwood's Magazine*, Vol. 6, pp. 10–11.

ll. 175–183. **The moon shines**, etc. "Nowhere out of Keats' *Eve of St. Agnes* is there any 'interior' to match that of Christabel's chamber, done as it is in little more than half a dozen lines." — Traill, *Coleridge*. p. 54.

l. 238. **And lay down**, etc. On the singular beauty of this line see Leigh Hunt, *Imagination and Fancy* (Am. ed.), pp. 6–7.

l. 252. **Behold!** etc. There has been much speculation as to the sight revealed to Christabel. See Campbell's note; Caine, *Recollections of D. G. Rossetti*, pp. 153–154; Dowden, *New Studies in Literature*, p. 339; *Notes and Queries*, First Series, Vol. I., p. 324.

ll. 408–426. Coleridge, in a letter to Poole, called these lines "the best and sweetest" he ever wrote. Rossetti thought that they were written separately and then fitted into the poem. See Pater, *Appreciations*, pp. 102–103; also *Letters of S. T. Coleridge*, Vol. II., p. 609, note.

l. 422. **Like cliffs**, etc. See Caine, *Recollections of D. G. Rossetti*, pp. 161–162, for some geological strictures on this line and lines 424, 426.

l. 583. **A snake's small eye**, etc. See Brandl, *Coleridge*, etc., p. 214. "It is that description of the serpent-look of the witch's eyes which, on being read in a company at Lord Byron's, is said to have caused Shelley to faint." — Reed, *Lectures on British Poets*, Vol. II., p. 125.

ll. 605–606. **And positively**, etc. "We see how such a poet obtains his music. Such forms of melody can proceed only from the most beautiful inner spirit of sympathy and imagination. He sympathizes, in his universality, with antipathy itself. If Regan or Goneril had been a young and handsome witch of the times of chivalry, and attuned her violence to craft, or betrayed it in venomous looks, she could not have beaten the soft-voiced, appalling spells, or sudden, snake-eyed glances of the lady Geraldine, — looks which the innocent Christabel, in her fascination, feels compelled to 'imitate.' . . . This is as exquisite in its knowledge of the fascinating tendencies of fear as it is in its description." — Leigh Hunt, *Imagination and Fancy*, pp. 205, 206.

ll. 656–677. Campbell thinks it "highly improbable that the lines were composed for *Christabel*. They were sent to Southey in a letter of May 6, 1801, and were therefore probably written about that time." In the letter to Southey these lines follow immediately after an expression of anxiety as to the little Hartley's health, and are in turn followed by a sentence which fully explains their import: "A very metaphysical account of fathers calling their children rogues, rascals, and little varlets, etc." See *Letters of S. T. Coleridge*, Vol. I., pp. 355–356, for E. H. Coleridge's note on the passage. For another interpreta-

tion of the passage see *Notes and Queries*, First Series, Vol. V., pp. 339–340.

The Conclusion of Christabel. — Although Coleridge made many allusions in his letters and conversations to finishing the poem, nothing ever came of all his plans. In Gillman's *Life of Coleridge*, however, the following conclusion is reported (pp. 301–303) :

"The following relation was to have occupied a third and fourth canto, and to have closed the tale. Over the mountains the Bard, as directed by Sir Leoline, hastes with his disciple; but in consequence of one of those inundations, supposed to be common to this country, the spot only where the castle once stood is discovered, the edifice itself being washed away. He determines to return. Geraldine, being acquainted with all that is passing, like the weird sisters in *Macbeth*, vanishes. Reappearing, however, she awaits the return of the bard, exciting in the meantime, by her wily arts, all the anger she could rouse in the baron's breast, as well as that jealousy of which he is described to have been susceptible. The old Bard and the youth at length arrive, and therefore she can no longer personate the character of Geraldine, the daughter of Lord Roland de Vaux, but changes her appearance to that of the accepted though absent lover of Christabel. Now ensues a courtship most distressing to Christabel, who feels, she knows not why, great disgust for her once favored knight. This coldness is very painful to the Baron, who has no more conception than herself of the supernatural transformation. She at last yields to her father's entreaties, and consents to approach the altar with this hated suitor. The real lover, returning, enters at this moment, and produces the ring which she had once given him in sign of her betrothment. Thus defeated, the supernatural being,

Geraldine, disappears. As predicted, the castle bell tolls, the mother's voice is heard, and to the exceeding great joy of the parties, the rightful marriage takes place, after which follows a reconciliation and explanation between the father and daughter." See also Rossetti, *Lives of Famous Poets*, p. 250; Caine, *Recollections of D. G. Rossetti*, p. 154; Wordsworth's *Prose Works*, Vol. III., p. 427.

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