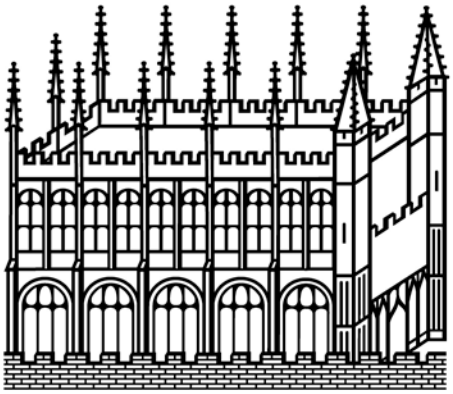

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MEMOIR OF HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

BY HIS BROTHER.

IT is thought by many, that the lives of literary men are sufficiently known from their writings, and that any record of their private history is at best superfluous. Much may be said in support of this opinion. Of poets more especially it may be affirmed, that the image which they put forth of themselves in their works is a true and adequate representation of the author, whatever it may be of the man:—nay, that in many cases it may depict the man more faithfully,—may show more truly what he was, than any memorial of what he did and suffered in his mortal pilgrimage, too often a sad tissue, so it is made to appear, of frailty and sorrow. Homer and Shakspeare are little more than impersonations of the poetic faculty. The former is literally a phantom—*nominis umbra*. Of the latter we just know that he lived and died; and if the record were to be

supplied, as has been attempted, by the ordinary materials of the biographer,—by a meagre outline of every-day facts, filled in by such anecdotes as vulgar curiosity most commonly collects and remembers, it had better remain a blank.*

Yet, on the other hand, it may be urged that

* So deemed the subject of this memoir. "It were well," he observes in his Life of Bentley, "for great authors, poets, philosophers, scholars,—may be also for divines, if their memory lived only in their works — if their books were like the pyramids, which are admired the more, because we know not by whom, or for what, they were erected. Happiest, as the first and greatest of poets, is Homer, of whose corporeal existence not a record survives. So utterly are the footsteps of his mortal pilgrimage obliterated, that certain irrefragable doubters deny that he ever appeared in the body, and maintain that the 'Iliad' is a meteor formed of the exhalations of a national mind, a unison of many voices, blended by the distance of a remote age; and it is pleasanter to believe even this, than to think that his life was spent in petty squabbles, and *qui tam* litigation; or that, according to one tradition, he drowned himself from vexation, because he could not guess a miserable riddle."—*Northern Worthies*, vol. i., p. 103, of New Edition.

Of Shakspeare he says in like manner:—"Gladly as we would know more of our great dramatist, it is, perhaps, just as well that so little is recorded. The ins and outs of his life would doubtless make a curious tale; but then he would doubtless have had imitators, *servile pecus*, just as rational as Commodore Trunnion, when he tacked about in a side-wind on a plain turnpike road."—*H. C., Marginalia.*

Yet if the life of Shakspeare could indeed be recovered; if we could be told how he thought, felt, and acted as an individual; how he bore himself under the pressure of this world, and with what mind he looked forward to another;

there is a meaning in every man's life—a moral which may be studied with advantage. It has been said that the life of any man, however obscure, fully and faithfully recorded, if this were possible, would excite a deeper interest, and convey more needful instruction, than the annals of an empire. The proposition, thus stated, goes further than my present purpose requires; yet we may take it far enough to conclude that the strong desire which all men feel to become acquainted with the personal history of those who have in any way distinguished themselves above their fellows, though often a mere craving for excitement, or associated with yet meaner passions, is not in itself unreasonable. It may point to an instinct in our common nature by which we are directed from the observation of others to the contemplation and knowledge of ourselves, and in ourselves of those all-concerning truths, the ultimate evidence of which is from within. The truth may be that the story of any man's life would be worth telling, if it could be told truly; yet that one man may be more

the record might make us sadder, but would it not make us wiser men?

There is a charm in those passages in the "Paradise Lost," which refer to the author's personal feelings, which made Johnson, though he thought them out of place, more than half regret the absence of similar allusions in the "Iliad" and "Odyssey."

"noticeable" than another, whether in himself or in his circumstances, and that such are fit subjects for biography, the proper business of which is not to record facts, as such, but in their bearing upon the personal life of an individual. A false, distorted, partial record is indeed to be deprecated; and this consideration might of itself be sufficient to overcome the scruples by which those who alone are able to save the memory of a departed friend or relative from misrepresentation are not unfrequently withheld from undertaking the task.

> "Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
> We write in water;"

and this as much from ignorance as from levity or malice. Their evil manners are on the surface: their virtues often lie deeper—known perhaps but to the few who have discovered them by the divination of love. We should have a truer as well as a more consolatory impression of many characters of which we now think hardly, if their lives had been handed down to us by their friends—by those who had looked upon them, and into them, with a loving eye. To withdraw the veil from domestic privacy is indeed most often an uncalled-for, and therefore an objectionable display;—to publish "the secret with which the stranger intermeddleth not," an offensive exposure. But there are cir-

cumstances which set aside ordinary rules. It is the motive which governs the act.

And as regards men of letters, although it be true that imaginative compositions of the highest scope possess a permanent and universal interest quite independent of personal associations, yet there is a wide department of literature of which this cannot be affirmed. Many works, both of fancy and reflection, and those of no ordinary merit, partake of an occasional character, and cannot be fully understood or appreciated without some acquaintance with the life and circumstances of the author. The writings of Dryden, Swift, and Pope are of this class. And there are others, again, the charm of which is mainly heightened, if it be not altogether produced, by the acquaintance which we form with the writer himself—with the peculiarity of his mind and character. We read the essays of Montaigne and Charles Lamb, not so much for the sake of the thoughts or opinions themselves, as of the coloured medium through which they pass.

In all these cases the life of the author is a commentary upon his works.

Who is not pleased to be made acquainted with the author of the Deserted Village, and of the Vicar of Wakefield? Who does not love the man for the sake of the writings, and the writings better for the sake of the man?

The life of Savage is a sad tale, but who would wish it untold? What a lesson does it teach! Here the history of the author has preserved the memory of his writings, and given them the greater part of their value. The same is perhaps true of Chatterton; and though this cannot be said of Burns, yet in neither case can we separate the Poet from the Man.

> "We think of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
> The sleepless Soul that perished in his pride;
> Of Him who walked in glory and in joy,
> Following his plough along the mountain side;"

and we ask ourselves how it could be said, with so much confirmation from fact, that—

> "Poets in their youth begin in gladness,
> But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness."

Triste augurium! These lines were early applied to himself, with sad presage, by the subject of the following memoir. Whether it be well to retrace the course of his life, as it flowed from open sunshine "under the shade of melancholy boughs," must be left for others to decide. The motives which have determined his brother, after much hesitation, to take upon himself this responsibility, will have been partly gathered from the preceding observations. If the writings of Hartley Coleridge,

whether in verse or prose, were not believed to possess some independent value, they would not have been reproduced, at least by the present editor: still less would his posthumous remains have been added to the collection, with a record of his life and fortunes. But all who knew my brother with any degree of intimacy, are agreed that his written productions fall far, very far short of what he might, under happier circumstances, have achieved, whether as a poet and critic, or as an historian and political writer, or again as a scholar and divine. All are agreed that he was in himself in a high degree remarkable and interesting; not solely or so much on the score of his mental endowments, and of the rare conversational faculty by which he made them known and felt, as of the peculiarity of his character,—the strange idiosyncrasy of his moral and intellectual nature. It was impossible to give publicity to his writings, except in the most sparing extracts, without letting much of this appear. They present an image of the man, but broken and imperfect as a reflection upon troubled water. It seemed desirable to complete the picture. They point to "a foregone conclusion." It seemed better that this should be stated faithfully and distinctly, than that it should be supplied by vague conjecture and uncertain report. If this design should not altogether fail in the

execution, it is believed that the interest which attaches to the name of Hartley Coleridge, among those who knew him as a man, will be felt by some of those who only know him as a writer.

His name, indeed, must ever be associated with that of his father, a portion of whose genius he certainly possessed, and appears to have inherited. A resemblance in kind is discernible, more especially if the comparison be made with the earlier productions of the elder Coleridge, though this is not so striking as the contrast exhibited on the whole. A wit and a humourist, a keen observer, and a deep but not a sustained or comprehensive thinker; intensely *subjective*, or at least introspective, yet not disposed to dwell in pure abstractions; seeing the universal in the individual, yet resting in the individual rather than the universal; acute and sagacious, often under the disguise of paradox; playful and tender, with a predominance of the fancy over the imagination, yet capable of the deepest pathos; clear, rapid, and brilliant, the qualities of his mind may almost be regarded as supplemental to those by which his father's later and more elaborate productions are distinguished. Yet this unlikeness may perhaps be imputed rather to difference of cultivation, than to original diversity.*

* Both father and son were in the habit of writing freely in the margins of books, as if disputing with the author; and

At any rate we have here an instance where the poetic faculty, contrary to what has been laid down as a rule, seems to have been transmitted by natural descent; and it may not be wholly unimportant to learn in what relation a son, so gifted, stood to such a father.

If, however, I shall be judged to have decided wrongly, if so extended a record be considered disproportionate to its subject,—one, who occupied when alive so small a portion of the public eye, and who did, it may be said, so little on which to found a posthumous reputation,* let it be considered as addressed to those among his contemporaries, neither few nor undistinguished, among whom he excited a personal interest, to the friends by whom he was loved, and the acquaintances by whom he was admired.

here, where each appears in undress, the original similarity of their minds is observable, yet with a marked difference: the former is exploratory and shifting, the latter conclusive and self-consistent. From the one we obtain a profound intuition, from the latter a summary of observation. The father sometimes *mistakes*;—he is incorrect in particulars; if the son err, it is in principle; he is one-sided or sophistical. Both write with precision, even to the placing of a comma: but the style of one is close and pregnant, of the other easy and sparkling.

* The published collection of his works may perhaps have lessened the force of this objection. Nov. 1851.

"TO H. C.

"SIX YEARS OLD.

"O THOU! whose fancies from afar are brought;
Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel,
And fittest to unutterable thought
The breeze-like motion and the self-born carol;
Thou fairy voyager! that dost float
In such clear water, that thy Boat
May rather seem
To brood on air than on an earthly stream;
Suspended in a stream as clear as sky,
Where earth and heaven do make one imagery;
O blessed Vision! happy Child!
Thou art so exquisitely wild,
I think of thee with many fears
For what may be thy lot in future years.
I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest,
Lord of thy house and hospitality;
And Grief, uneasy lover! never rest,
But when she sat within the touch of thee.
O too industrious folly
O vain and causeless melancholy
Nature will either end thee quite
Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,
Preserve for thee, by individual right,
A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks.
What hast thou to do with sorrow,
Or the injuries of to-morrow?
Thou art a Dew-drop, which the morn brings forth,
Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,
Or to be trailed along the soiling earth;
A gem that glitters while it lives,
And no forewarning gives;
But, at the touch of wrong, without a strife
Slips in a moment out of life."

WORDSWORTH.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE, to whom these exquisite and all but prophetic lines were addressed, the eldest son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, was born at ~~Clevedon,~~* a small village near Bristol, of which

Clevedon, Bristol

* Poetical Works of S. T. Coleridge, vol. i., pp. 190, 193. (Pickering, 1847.)

city his mother was a native, on the 19th of September, 1796. The circumstances under which this took place belong to the life of his father, to which this memorial may be considered as an appendix and contribution. For the same reason no account need here be given of his family connexions.

He was an eight months' child, and was born during the absence of his father, who has recorded his feelings both when he heard of his birth, and when he first saw him, in two sonnets,* interesting in themselves, and as the first expression of an affection, which never ceased to regard its object as in some sort an infant still. This affection was returned in kind. To the latest hour of his life, Hartley, in the presence of his father's memory, which was seldom long absent from him, felt as a child, even when reviewing the writings or opinions of his departed sire with the boldest independence of thought.

The singularity of appearance, by which he was distinguished through life, and which, together with the shortness of his stature, (possibly attributable in some measure to his premature birth,) had a marked influence upon his character, was apparent from the first,† though he grew up to be a pretty and engaging child. His father in the

* Poet. Works, vol. i., pp. 251, 252.

† See Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria," vol. ii., p. 374.

exquisite poem, entitled "Frost at Midnight,"* addresses him as his "babe so beautiful." The lines must be familiar to all the readers of Coleridge's poetry, but they may perhaps be read here with a new interest.

"Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought!
My Babe, so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look on thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,
And in far other scenes! For I was rear'd
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
But *thou*, my Babe, shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountains, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language which thy God
Utters, Who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in Himself.
Great universal Teacher! He shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask."

Whether these lines be taken as expressing a purpose or a hope, the prediction which they contain was fulfilled in a manner and to an extent which could not at the time have been anticipated.

* Poet. Works, vol. i., p. 216.

In a similar strain his father addresses him in the poem entitled "The Nightingale."*

"That strain again?
Full fain it would delay me! My dear Babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
How he would place his hand beside his ear,
His little hand, the small fore-finger up,
And bid us listen! And I deem it wise
To make him Nature's Playmate. He knows well
The evening star; and once when he awoke
In most distressful mood, (some inward pain
Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream,)
I hurried with him to our orchard plot,
And he beheld the moon, and, hush'd at once,
Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
While his fair eyes, that swam with undropt tears,
Did glitter in the yellow moon-beam. Well,
It is a Father's tale: but if that Heaven
Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
Familiar with these songs, that with the night
He may associate joy!"

The "lakes and sandy shores" and "mountain crags," among which Hartley Coleridge's childhood was actually passed, are not visited by the feathered songster of the night and of the woods. But the hope and purpose expressed in the above lines were fully realised in their general meaning. It is more remarkable that Hartley's childhood proved to be in the highest degree susceptible of such influences.

* Poet. Works, vol. i., p. 212.

By nature not less than by circumstances he was indeed the poet-child of a poet-father.

His name, however,—Hartley,—bore evidence to his father's early fondness for a study, which was destined to supersede within a few years what, perhaps, most persons may consider the more genial pursuits of poetry. It was given him in honour of the metaphysician, David Hartley; and had he been baptised in his infancy, he would have borne both names.* His baptism did not, in fact, take place till within the period of his distinct remembrance.

A picture of his infancy has already been pre-

* In a letter to Mrs. Poole, dated Nov. 1, 1796, his father thus refers to his monthling:—"David Hartley Coleridge is stout, healthy, and handsome. He is the very miniature of me."

Again, in a most interesting letter, written after a visit to my father in August 1797, the writer (Mr. Richard Reynell) thus brings us back to the time and place, and persons:—"Coleridge has a fine little boy about nine or ten months old, whom he has named David Hartley—for Hartley and Bishop Berkley are his idols—and he thinks them two of the greatest men that ever lived. This child is a noble healthy-looking fellow, has strong eye-brows, and beautiful eyes. It is a treat, a luxury, to see Coleridge hanging over his infant and talking to it, and fancying what he will be in future days." The remainder of the letter, which refers to Mr. Wordsworth as well as to my father, and gives a most lively account of both, will appear elsewhere. It has recently been communicated to me by the kindness of Dr. Wreford, of Bristol, the nephew of the writer.

sented, for the sake of the painting and the painter; one anecdote of his earliest childhood* may be acceptable for its own sake. I have heard my mother say that when he was first taken to London, being then a child in arms, and saw the lamps, he exclaimed, "Oh! now I know what the stars are—they are lamps that have been good upon earth, and have gone up into heaven."

As the greater portion of this memoir will consist of my own reminiscences, it may not be irrelevant to mention that my brother was four years my senior. His sister Sara, the darling of his boyhood, was the youngest of the three by two years. We were all brought to the sacred font together in the parish church of Crosthwaite, near Keswick, in the vale of Derwentwater.

It was in the autumn of the year 1800, shortly before my own birth, that my father came with my mother and brother to reside in that land of lakes and mountains with which a supposed school of

* Horace has told us how, when surprised by sleep in a wood, he was preserved, by favour of the Muses, from vipers and bears, *non sine Diis animosus infans*. My brother's childhood was not less wonderfully protected. He came in one day with the mark of a horse's hoof on his pinafore, and it was found, on inquiry, that he had been pulling hairs out of a horse's tail, which had pushed him back, as his father firmly believed, with intentional forbearance.

poetry came to be associated.* A large house, in a most beautiful situation, in the vale above mentioned, on the bank of the river Greta, and about a mile from the lake, since better known under its name of Greta Hall, as the residence of Robert Southey, was then in building by a Mr. Jackson, whose name is mentioned with honour more than once in Mr. Southey's Life and Correspondence, recently published.† An

* See the amusing note to Ignoramus on the Fine Arts, No. I., "Talking of lakishness," &c. p. 190.

† In a letter from S. T. Coleridge to R. Southey, this house and its landlord are thus described:—

"Our house stands on a low hill, the whole front of which is one field and an enormous garden, nineteen-twentieths of which is an enormous nursery-garden. Behind the house is an orchard, on a steep slope, at the foot of which flows the river Greta, which winds round and catches the evening light at the front of the house. As to books, my landlord, who dwells next door, has a very respectable library, which he has put with mine,—histories, encyclopædias, and all the modern gentry.

"Our neighbour is a truly kind and affectionate man, a father to my children, and a friend to me. He was offered fifty guineas for the house in which we live, but he preferred me as a tenant at twenty-five, and yet the whole of his income does not exceed, I believe, 200*l.* a year. A more truly generous man I never met, severely frugal, yet almost carelessly generous, and yet he got all his money as a common carrier, by hard labour, and by pennies and pennies. He is one instance, among many in this country, of the salutary effects of a love of knowledge. He was from a boy fond of learning." Dated Greta Hall, Keswick, April 13, 1801.—*Southey's Life and Correspondence.*

arrangement was made by which this house when completed was to have been divided between my father and his landlord. As it turned out, the portion then completed was shared by them in common, the other portion, and eventually the whole (my father's health obliging him to quit Keswick as a place of permanent residence) being occupied by Mr. Southey, who came to reside with my father in the year 1803. These circumstances had a close connection with my brother's early life, and produced a lasting effect upon his habits and character. Mr. Jackson, a remarkable man, who, though self-educated, had acquired a taste for books, and possessed at that time the best library in the neighbourhood, with his housekeeper, Mrs. Wilson, an elderly woman of a disposition singularly affectionate and unselfish, took charge of the little Hartley on his first arrival, and becoming devotedly attached to him, retained him in their house, and more or less under their care, during the whole period of his earlier boyhood; and the unlimited indulgence with which he was treated by these good people tended, without doubt, to strengthen the many and strong peculiarities of his nature, and may perhaps have contributed to that waywardness and want of control, from which in after-life he suffered so deeply. Perhaps:—but our judgments are apt to be swayed unduly by

particular results. When we consider what he was upon the whole, "the young lamb's heart," which he retained, "amid the full-grown flocks," it will be hard to say whether he would have gained or lost more by a sterner discipline in his childhood. Mr. Jackson became his godfather, and at his death left him a small legacy.*

* Mr. Southey regarded this excellent man with affection, and in a letter dated September 19, 1809, thus records his death :—"Poor Jackson is gone at last. I followed him to his grave to-day. A good man to whom the town of Keswick and many of its inhabitants are deeply beholden. He has left Hartley 50*l.*, to be paid when he comes of age. Had he thought of bequeathing him his books, it would have been a more suitable remembrance."—*Southey's Life and Correspondence.*

From Mrs. Wilson, "the aged friend serene" of Southey's "Pilgrimage to Waterloo," once the belle of Keswick, and a person, as Mr. Cuthbert Southey records, "of a marvellous sweetness of temper, and sterling good sense," I learnt many interesting particulars respecting the mode of life presented in these vales a century ago. It was in a high degree pastoral and primitive. Butcher's meat was cooked but once a-year. A small piece of salted beef, or hung mutton, as it was called, or bacon, was cooked on the Sundays, and served for the remainder of the week. The principal articles of diet were oatmeal, bread, and porridge, milk, butter, cheese, and honey, and pot-herbs, not including potatoes. Tea was almost unknown. The price of butter was three-halfpence or twopence a pound. Ague was so prevalent in the vale of Keswick, that a servant-maid who came even from a few miles' distance, had to make up her mind to a "six weeks' shake," as it was called. Whether from improved drainage, or more generous diet, this liability has long ceased to exist.

What the powers of my brother's mind were at this early age may be surmised from the following extract from a diary kept by Mr. Henry Crabb Robinson, and kindly sent to me by that gentleman with a view to this memoir :—

"*8th August*, 1811.

"AFTERWARDS stepped to Charles Lamb's. Coleridge there. A short but interesting conversation on German metaphysics. C. related some curious anecdotes of his son

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There was neither surgeon or apothecary nearer than Cockermouth, at the distance of twelve miles from the town, as miles counted then. Mrs. Wilson's mother was lying-in-nurse to the whole district, and only once or twice in a long life found it necessary to call in professional assistance. The herbal was still in repute for medical, if not for magical purposes. People used to make their wills before they went to London. If to this account it be added that there were no stiff plantations of larches to offend the poet's eye, that villas were unknown, the few large houses being occupied by old country families, and that, to descend to particulars, Latrigg was in a state of nature, it will be inferred that the lakes and mountains to which we have now such ready access by rail and steamboat, do not present quite the same features, either to the eye or mind, as when they were visited by Gray. It would be a gross exaggeration to say that they have been spoiled by the hand of art and the progress of civilisation. It would be affectation to deny that they have been rendered in many ways more desirable as a place of residence. Yet it would be something to spend a summer—if not, for a world-weary man, the remainder of a life—in the vale of Derwentwater, as it was a hundred years ago. These reflections may be excused in a native of the place, whose recollections date from a time when the change had not proceeded more than half way.

Hartley, whom he represented to be a most remarkable child—a deep thinker in his infancy. He tormented himself in his attempts to solve the problems that would equally torment the full-grown man, if the world and its cares and pleasures did not distract his attention. Hartley, when about five years old, was asked a question about himself being called Hartley. 'Which Hartley?' asked the boy. 'Why! is there more than one Hartley?' 'Yes,' he replied; 'there's a deal of Hartleys.' 'How so?' 'There's Picture-Hartley (Hazlitt had painted a portrait of him), and Shadow-Hartley, and there's Echo-Hartley, and there's Catch-me-fast-Hartley;' at the same time seizing his own arm with the other hand very eagerly—an action which shows that his mind must have been drawn to reflect on what Kant calls the great and inexplicable mystery, viz., that man should be both his own subject and object, and that these two should be one.

"At the same early age, continued Coleridge, Hartley used to be in agony of thought, puzzling himself about the reality of existence. As when some one said to him, 'It is not now, but it is to be.' 'But,' said he, 'if it *is* to be, it is.' Perhaps this confusion of thought lay not merely in the imperfection of language. Hartley, when a child, had no pleasure in *things;* they made no impression on him till they had undergone a process in his mind, and were become thoughts or feelings. Of his subsequent progress Coleridge said little or nothing."

Of this incident my father himself gives a somewhat fuller account in a letter to Miss Wordsworth, dated February 9, 1801, which determines my brother's age at the time: four years, four months, and twenty days.

"I had a very long conversation with Hartley about Life, Reality, Pictures, and Thinking, this evening. I wish you

had been with us. Much as you would desire to believe me, I cannot expect that I could communicate to you all that Mrs. C. and I felt from his answers, they were so very sensible, accurate, and well-worded. I am convinced that we are under great obligations to Mr. Jackson, who, I have no doubt, takes every opportunity of making him observe the difference of things, for he pointed out without difficulty that there might be five Hartleys, Real Hartley, Shadow Hartley, Picture Hartley, Looking-glass Hartley, and Echo Hartley: and as to the difference between his shadow and the reflection in the looking-glass, he said that the shadow was black, and he could not see his eyes in it. One thing he said was very curious. I asked him what he did when he thought of anything. He answered, 'I look at it and then go to sleep.' 'To sleep?' said I. 'You mean that you *shut your eyes.*' 'Yes,' he replied, 'I shut my eyes, and put my hands so, (covering his eyes) and go to sleep, then I wake again, and away I run! That of shutting his eyes and covering them was a recipe which I had given him some time ago; but the notion of that state of mind being sleep is very striking; and he meant more, I suspect, than that people when asleep have their eyes shut:—indeed I *know* it, from the tone and *leap up* of the voice with which he uttered the word 'wake.' To-morrow I am to exert my genius in making a paper balloon, and the idea of carrying up a bit of lighted candle into the clouds makes him almost insane with pleasure. As I have given you Hartley's metaphysics, &c."

This tendency to metaphysical inquiry, not very uncommon in clever children, though rarely manifested in so striking a manner, did not, however, grow upon him, as it did upon his father, or become characteristic of his mind. Indeed, if I may trust my recollections, he was far more remarkable for the far-fetched fancies, spoken of

in Wordsworth's exquisite poem (prefixed to this memoir), than for any extraordinary reach of thought in the *mundus intelligibilis*. Seated upon "Jacky's" knee, or standing by "Wilsy's" apron (these were the names by which the friends above-mentioned were familiarly known), the chirp of whose knitting-needles formed an accompaniment to the chirrup of his voice, with flashing eyes, which those who have seen will not easily forget, the child Hartley would pour out his strange speculations, and weave his wild inventions, believing in his own tale; for indeed he had hardly become conscious of a difference between fact and fiction.*

As regards book-knowledge, his early education was interrupted and desultory, and his progress by no means remarkable. His father began to teach him Greek before he had learnt any Latin, when

* In a letter to his mother (1829) he thus alludes to the happiness of this period of his life:—"But Cuthbert is welcome to the shells. I wish I could bequeath to him, along with them, a tithe of the pleasure I have felt in arranging them (not, perhaps, according to the most scientific system of mineralogy or conchology) on dear Wilsy's worm-eaten table, with that beloved check toilet-cover on it. Oh, could I impart but a tithe of the pride with which I used to exhibit these treasures, assigning them names and histories, with the fearless inventiveness of unsuspecting innocence! Could I disburse from the treasure of my memory but one farthing in the pound of the mighty debt of happiness which I owe to dream-nourished childhood, and pay the dividend to the heirs and assignees of childhood!"

he was ten years old, and commenced the compilation of a Greek grammar for his use. This fragment, consisting partly of original matter, partly of leaves cut out of a Westminster grammar, with the English written over the Latin, is now in my possession. It contains some curious attempts at simplification, some interesting philological remarks, and some very eloquent writing on the advantages of classical studies, combining, in a manner very characteristic of my father's mind, milk for the merest babes, with strong meat for men of ripest years and understanding.* Beginning Greek nearly at the same time, and being somewhat more regularly instructed, I was soon sufficiently on a level with my brother to share his lessons, and thus became his class-fellow. His verbal memory was stronger than mine; but his

* The title-page, if so it may be called, of this curious relic, is as follows:—"Hartley Coleridge: from his affectionate Father, S. T. Coleridge. Tuesday, 4th November, 1806. For his Greek exercises.

Σοὶ δ' ἐγὼ εὐφρονέων ὑποθήσομαι οἷα περ αὔτος
Ὑἱ ἀπὸ τῶν ἀγαθῶν, παῖς ἔτ' ἐὼν, ἔμαθον.
Θεογν. γνωμ. 27."

It must therefore have been written immediately after my father's return from Malta, where he had been residing for the recovery of his health.

On the next page is the Greek Alphabet, with a rhythmical enumeration of their names, in Hartley's own pot-hooks,

real superiority lay in his flow of thought and invention, and was shown rather out of school than in it. In arithmetic, for which study he had no aptitude, I soon surpassed him.

which may serve for other very juvenile Grecians, as it served for us.

"Alpha, Beta,
Gamma, Delta,
Epsilon, Zeta, Eta, Theta,
Iota and Kappa, and Lambda and Mu,
Nu, Xi, Omicron, Pi,
Sigma, Ro, Upsilon, Tau,
Omega, and Phi, and Chi and Psi.
"I have sung the whole alphabet twenty and four;
He fibs or he blunders who says there are more."

Then follows, in my father's own handwriting, the Grammar; some further account of which, with extracts, will be given in the Appendix. As a monument not merely of overflowing paternal affection, but of patient, laborious pains-taking, in a man of whom far other things have been believed, it has a peculiar value in my eyes.

What the relations of father and son were at that time, may be gathered from the following observations written by the latter, in a fellow volume to the above exercise-book, more than twenty years afterwards :—

"On the 4th November, 1806, my dear father presented this book to me, little thinking, I guess, that some pages of it would be still blank in 1830, and still less foreseeing through what dark and miry ways, what dull vicissitudes of ill, my own fancies would lead me before the last leaf was written. High were his hopes of me, for his love was strong, and finding an understanding and creative spirit in me, ready tears, repentance close upon offence, and simple notions of the nature of ill, he never thought the heart could be wrong."

The following year, A.D. 1807, was the *annus mirabilis* of my brother's childhood, of which he ever retained the liveliest and the fondest recollections. In the spring of the year he was taken by his father to Coleorton,* in Leicestershire, the

* In a note to an old number of the "European Magazine," I find the following reference to this period of his life :—

"1807. Oh, public affairs ! I was then at Coleorton, in my zealous novitiate in politics. What an antigallican was I ! I read every scrap about the battle of Eylau, and was enraged, if a doubt of the Russian victory was hinted."

It may be interesting to compare with the feelings of the child the reflections of the man, some forty years afterwards in his solitary chamber :—

"How little this vile, faint, or rather false-hearted scribbler foresaw how irrecoverably the French skill, discipline, and numbers were destined to be destroyed by the Barbarians of Russia, aided, no doubt, by their barbarous climate, and yet more by that barbarism which set their own houses on fire rather than they should afford a shelter to the enemy. Still the κακομάντεις of 1807 were right for the time. The hour was not yet come : the iniquity of France was not full, or rather it had not reached the level of Austrian, Prussian, and Russian iniquity. Napoleon had not then done anything to compete in wickedness with the partition of Poland. Besides, a curse hung upon the subsidising system of Pitt. Are we yet cured of putting our trust in princes ? It will be seen should another continental war arise.

"In the blank period which succeeded the degradation of Russia in 1807, every straw was caught at. The King of Sweden and Miranda were two names of praise; and he would have been branded as an Infidel in human virtue, who had said that the chivalrous descendant of Gustavus was a madman, without personal courage, and the Creole adventurer no better than a buccaneer, nay, not near so good.

seat of Sir George Beaumont, the friend of genius and the patron of art, for whom his portrait (the same which has been engraved for the present work) was painted by Mr. (afterwards Sir David) Wilkie; Mr. Wordsworth, the great poet, recently numbered with the illustrious dead, being also of the party. Though he speaks of himself as "a very childish child," his age being ten years, he had already learnt to mark with interest the course of public events, and to engage in the discussions to which they led. With Mr. Wordsworth and his family he proceeded to London, where he spent the summer months under the hospitable roof of Mr. Basil Montagu, to whom and to Mrs. Montagu* a debt of gratitude is due on his account,

Yet his warmest and hopefullest admirers would have started to hear that, ere twenty years were past, old Spain would not possess a foot of South America, and that, long ere that time, Buonaparte and his threatened invasion would be as historical as the Invincible Armada. There was, indeed, a blind faith and noble confidence in the better minds that France would be chastised and Europe delivered at length; but no one foresaw, no one counselled the means. There was not a ray of real light till Wellington began his career."

* In a letter from this lady, dated April 4th, 1849, I find the following reference to a still earlier period of my brother's life:—

"He was a most extraordinary child, exhibiting at six years old the most surprising talent for invention. At eight years of age he had found a spot upon the globe which he peopled with an imaginary nation, gave them a name, a language, laws, and a senate; where he framed long speeches,

for much kindness shown to him in after-years and under altered circumstances. These long-tried friends have lived to hear of his death, when he had become white-headed, and in semblance, if not in years, an old man. They will read this narrative with a mournful interest.

Here he was introduced to the London theatres,*

which he *translated*, as he said, for my benefit, and for the benefit of my neighbours, who climbed the garden-wall to listen to this surprising child, whom they supposed to be reciting pieces from memory. About this time he wrote a tragedy; and being at a loss in winding up the catastrophe, applied to his father, who excited his indignation by treating the matter too lightly, when he said 'he should inform the public that the only bad lines in the tragedy were written by Mr. Coleridge, Senior!' He called this nation the 'Ejuxrii;' and one day, when walking very pensively, I asked him what ailed him. He said, 'My people are too fond of war, and I have just made an eloquent speech in the Senate, which has not made any impression on them, and to war they will go.'"

The truth is, he believed to all intents and purposes in the creations of his own mind: but to this subject I shall have occasion to recur presently.

* In a marginal note to the "London Magazine," No. 22, I find the following reminiscence:—"The 'Town and Country' was my first play in London, 1807, then in the course of a successful run at Covent Garden; Kemble as Reuben Glenroy. I have little recollection of it, only the peculiarity of Kemble's enunciation and his fine statue-face took up their abode with me; and I was wonderfully pleased with a moon which S. H. compared to a copper warming-pan. Though I could make little either of its plot, its pathos, or its wit, and thought it neither so good nor so well acted as plays I had seen at Keswick, the splendid house, the tiered boxes, the

to the Tower, which he visited in company with Mr. (afterwards Sir Walter) Scott, and other London sights.* Here also he was made acquainted with the wonders of chemistry, under the auspices of Mr. (afterwards Sir Humphrey) Davy. All this made an indelible impression upon his mind, the effect being immediately apparent in the complexion of those extraordinary day-dreams in which he passed his visionary boyhood, and to which he was wont to transfer whatever struck his fancy or stimulated his intellect in actual life. Nothing remained for him upon the earth to which it belonged. The scenery at his feet he beheld mirrored in a floating cloud, when it became for him more

almost stupendous galleries, and the novelty of sliding scenes, (which were not, however, so perfectly illusive as I expected London scenes to be,) kept me as happy as wonder could make me, not a little vexed at the angry disgust expressed by the adults of my party. 'Mother Goose' succeeded, with Grimaldi in all his glory, and became my thought by day, my dream by night. *I set my little wits to contrive a pantomime, if possible still more marvellous, and really thought to perform it in a theatre of our own construction on the mould-heap, with the assistance of automaton actors.* Happy days of Thorpaugh Street!"

On another occasion he saw the "Wood Demon," his account of which, as seen through the long vista of from thirty-five to forty years, though somewhat long, I have thought sufficiently curious to print in the Appendix to this memoir. In the same paper he alludes to his visit to the Tower of London.

* See Appendix, No. II.

real and important than the matter-of-fact world in which he had to live.

The autumn of the year he spent at Bristol with his maternal grandmother, where he joined his mother, his little sister, and myself. It is now that my own recollections of my brother begin to be distinct and continuous. From this time for the next eight years—how large a portion of those first twenty years which have been truly said to constitute a full half of the longest life!—I was his constant companion, at home and at school, at work and at play, if he could ever have been said to play,—by day and by night: we read together, walked together, slept together. Thus I became the depository of all his thoughts and feelings, and in particular of that strange dream-life which, as above mentioned, he led in the cloud-land of his fancy. It will not be thought strange if I linger over this period, the most remarkable, and, as it proved, by far the happiest of his mortal existence; nor, considering the object of this narrative, do I think an apology necessary for the following details.

At a very early period of his childhood, of which he had himself a distinct though visionary remembrance, he imagined himself to foresee a time when, in a field that lay close to the house in which he lived, a small cataract would burst forth, to which he gave the name of Jug-force. The banks of the

stream thus created, soon became populous,—a region—a realm; and as the vision spread in ever-widening circles, it soon overflowed, as it were, the narrow spot in which it was originally generated, and Jugforcia, disguised under the less familiar appellation of Ejuxria, became an island-continent, with its own attendant isles,—a new Australia, or newest Sea-land,—if it were not rather a reflection of the old Europe projected from the clouds on some wide ocean somewhere.

The history and geography of this region were at one time as familiar to me, to say the least, as any—other portion, I was about to say, of the habitable globe. The details have gradually faded from my memory, and, fitly enough, no written record * remains (though an elaborate map of the

* "I have found, however, the fragment of a story in my mother's handwriting, the scene of which is laid in Ejuxria. It is entitled "The History of St. Malo, an enthusiastic Reformer and Hierophant," but the art of composition was not acquired by my brother till he had lost the unconscious inspiration of his childhood, the freedom of which was always checked, if not destroyed, by the attempt. Beneath, in his own handwriting, are the following words, added probably in the year 1830:—"Thus ends this fragment. I preserve it as a specimen of my dear mother's hand. Never may I forget her, seated before the old desk, the very desk I now possess, patiently performing the part of an amanuensis, while I, stamping about the room, dictated with all the importance of an unfledged authorling. Heaven bless her, and grant me grace to heal the wound which my folly has inflicted in her heart; Amen, Amen."

country was once in existence), from which they can be recovered.

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water hath,
And these are of them. Whither have they vanish'd?"—

"Into the air, and what seemed corporal melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!"

Taken as a whole, the Ejuxrian world presented a complete analogon to the world of fact, so far as it was known to Hartley, complete in all its parts; furnishing a theatre and scene of action, with *dramatis personæ*, and suitable machinery, in which, day after day, for the space of long years, he went on evolving the complicated drama of existence. There were many nations, continental and insular, each with its separate history, civil, ecclesiastical, and literary, its forms of religion and government, and specific national character. In Portfomandra,* the analogon of England, as I now discern, though the correspondence was free and poetical, not in the nature of a fac-simile, nor, as in Gulliver's

* Portfomandra, an island, of an oblong form, something like Candia, lay to the north-west over against Flametia, of which Loco was the capital. Cassu lay before. Cracaw, I believe, was central. Maza, I know not where. *Vox et prætera nihil.* The great dramatist Claferion was a Flametian. Both Christianity and Mahometanism had found their way into the country. There was a story of ancient settlers to account for the latter, and of a Latin Bible found on the sea-shore out of which the former was promulgated. But these links were by far the weakest part of the contrivance—the

Travels, of an intentional disguise—I believe it to have been a work of the imagination rather than an ingenious fancy—in Portfomandra, more especially, the tissue was woven with wonderful minuteness, and, as I believe, with uniform consistency. The names of generals and statesmen were "familiar to my ears as household words." I witnessed the jar of faction, and had to trace the course of sedition. I lived to see changes of government, a great progress of public opinion and a new order of things!

When at length a sense of unreality was forced upon him, and he felt himself obliged to account for his knowledge of, and connection with, this distant land, he had a story (borrowed from the Arabian Nights) of a great bird, by which he was transported to and fro. But he recurred to these explanations with great reluctance, and got rid of them as quickly as possible. Once I asked him how it came that his absence on these occasions was not observed:—but he was angry and mortified, and I never repeated the experiment. In truth, I was willingly beguiled. His usual mode of introducing the subject was—"Derwent," calling

only part, indeed, which could be said to be *contrived.* It did not occur to him at first that the names of persons and places ought in every case to be original; and when this was pointed out to him, he altered the spelling and pronunciation so as to remove the objection. Thus Fitzharding became Fizzardin.

me by my name (for these disclosures in latter years were made to me alone), "I have had letters and papers from Ejuxria." Then came his budget of news, with appropriate reflections, his words flowing on in an exhaustless stream, and his countenance bearing witness to the inspiration—shall I call it?—by which he was agitated. Nothing could exceed the seriousness of his manner, and doubtless of his feelings. He was, I am persuaded, utterly unconscious of invention: and if the early age in which this power was exercised be remarkable, the late period to which it was continued was not less so. I have reason to believe that he continued the habit mentally, from time to time, after he left school, and of course had no longer a confidant; in this, as in many other ways, continuing a child.

Scarcely less curious, and perhaps even more characteristic of my brother's strangely constituted mind, was another visionary habit of his earlier boyhood, of which, however, I should find it more difficult to convey an adequate notion. Whatever he had seen in London—theatres, tower, laboratory, or chemistry-house, as he called it; whatever struck his fancy in reading,—armies, ships, battles by sea and land, news, negociations, alliances, diplomacy—he thought to reproduce in little in his own playground, though in fact he had not a particle of

mechanic ingenuity, and took the whole process for granted. This, it will be said, is a common instinct and trick of childhood*—but in the scale of his projects, the extravagance of his inventions, and the power by which he imposed upon himself and his associates, as if the whole would really be brought to pass, of which the smallest portion was never actually commenced, I have neither seen nor heard of anything like it. These were his "future plans," as he called them—an ominous name. But enough of these oddities, wilding buds—of hope, shall we say, or fear?—unless some determined

* "Behold the child——

* * * * *

See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, and strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little Actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his 'humourous stage,'
With all the Persons down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage:
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation."

child-fancier think it worth while to cast his eye over the note at the bottom of the page.*

Looking to the event, it might seem that this phantasmagoria, however extraordinary, indicated a latent weakness in his mind. But the defect was moral, and brought out by the force of circumstance. The ends which he proposed to himself in after-life were such as he might have reached, if not easily, yet successfully, for they were not more than commensurate with his powers: but he overlooked the process to contemplate the result, and lived in a perpetual prospective—in "future plans."

* A spot of waste ground was appropriated to his use. This was divided into kingdoms, and subdivided into provinces, each of the former being assigned to one of his playmates. A canal was to run through the whole, upon which ships were to be built. A tower and armoury, a theatre and "chemistry-house," (under which mines were expected to be formed,) were to be built, and considered common property. War was to be declared and battles fought between the sovereign powers. Besides the automatic actors alluded to in a previous note, he had a scheme for training cats and even rats for various offices and labours, civil and military. What he craved was reality—to do the thing he dreamed, or to dream of doing it, and for this purpose he must begin with something real, something of his own. Any hint—the slightest symbol—was enough to connect the world of imagination with the world of fact. If I mistake not, this whimsical narrative is not without psychological interest, even in an educational point of view. But how he talked! and how his hearers, one of them a play-fellow from the town, the Sancho Panza of our Don Quixote, listened and believed!

This account of my brother's childhood would be incomplete, if I did not allude to the pleasing relation in which he stood to his ever-honoured relative, Mr. Southey, in whose "Correspondence" he is frequently mentioned under the playful appellation of Moses, afterwards changed to Job, on account of his *im*patience.

The following amusing letter has already appeared in the work above alluded to. It is here republished by permission of the Editor:—

To Hartley Coleridge.*

Keswick, *June* 13, 1807.

Nephew Job,

First, I have to thank you for your letter and your poem; and secondly, to explain why I had not done this sooner. We were a long time without knowing where you were; and, when news came from Miss Barker that you were in London, by the time a letter could have reached you, you were gone: and lastly, Mr. Jackson wrote to Bristol. I will now compose an epistle which will follow you farther west.

Bona Marietta hath had kittens; they were remarkably

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* "This playful effusion was addressed to Hartley Coleridge, who is often referred to in the earlier letters by the name of Moses, it being my father's humour to bestow on his little playfellows many and various such names. When those allusions and this letter were selected for publication, my cousin was yet amongst us, and I had pleasantly anticipated his half-serious, half-playful remonstrances for thus bringing his childhood before the public. *Now* he is among the departed; and those only who knew him intimately, can tell how well-stored and large a mind has gone with him, much less how kind a heart and how affectionate

ugly, all taking after their father Thomas, who, there is reason to believe, was either uncle or grandsire to Bona herself—the prohibited degrees of consanguinity, which you will find at the end of the Bible, not being regarded by cats. As I have never been able to persuade this family that catlings, fed for the purpose, and smothered with onions, would be rabbits to all eatable purposes, Bona Marietta's ugly progeny no sooner came into the world than they were sent out of it. The river nymph, Greta, conveyed them to the river god, Derwent; and if neither the eels nor the ladies of the lake have taken a fancy to them on their way, Derwent hath consigned them to the Nereids. I fear that if you meet with any of the race of Mrs. Rowe's cat at Ottery, you will forget poor Marietta. Don't bite your arm, Job.

We have been out one evening in the boat—Mr. Jackson, Mrs. Wilson, and the children—and kindled our fire upon the same place where you drank tea with us last autumn. The boat has been painted, and there is to be a boat-house built for it. Alterations are going on here upon a great scale. The parlour has been transmogrified. That, Hartley, was one of *my* mother's words; your mother will explain it to you. The masons are at work in my study; the garden is inclosed with a hedge; some trees planted behind it, a few shrubs, and abundance of currant-trees. We must, however, wait till the autumn before all can be done that is intended in the garden. Mr. White, the Belligerent, is settled in the General's house. Find out why I give him that appellation.

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a disposition. He has found his last peaceful resting-place (where Dr. Arnold so beautifully expresses a wish that he might lie) 'beneath the yews of Grasmere churchyard, with the Rotha, with its deep and silent pools, passing by;' but his name will long be a 'living one' among the hill sides and glens of our rugged country,

'stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child.'"

Note by the Editor of Southey's Life and Correspondence.

There has been a misfortune in the family. We had a hen with five chickens, and a gleed has carried off four. I have declared war against the gleed, and borrowed a gun; but since the gun has been in the house, he has never made his appearance. Who can have told him of it? Another hen is sitting, and I hope the next brood will be luckier. Mr. Jackson has bought a cow, but he has had no calf since *you* left him. Edith has taken your place in his house, and talks to Mrs. Wilson by the hour about *her* Hartley. She grows like a young giantess, and has a disposition to bite her arm, which, you know, is a very foolish trick. Herbert is a fine fellow; I call him the Boy of Bashan, because he roars like a young bull when he is pleased; indeed, he promises to inherit his father's vocal powers.

The weather has been very bad; nothing but easterly winds, which have kept everything back. We had one day hotter than had been remembered for fourteen years: the glass was at 85° in the shade; in the sun, in Mr. Calvert's garden, at 118°. The horses of the mail died at Carlisle. I never remember to have felt such heat in England, except one day fourteen years ago, when I chanced to be in the mail coach, and it was necessary to bleed the horses, or they would have died then. In the course of three days, the glass fell 40°, and the wind was so cold and violent, that persons who attempted to cross the Fells beyond Penrith were forced to turn back.

Your friend Dapper, who is, I believe, your god-dog, is in good health; though he grows every summer graver than the last. This is the natural effect of time, which, as you know, has made me the serious man I am. I hope it will have the same effect upon you and your mother, and that when she returns, she will have left off that evil habit of quizzing me, and calling me names; it is not decorous in a woman of her years.

Remember me to Mr. Poole, and tell him I shall be glad when he turns Laker. He will find tolerable lodgings at the Hill; a boat for fine weather, good stores of books for a rainy

day, and as hearty a shake by the hand on his arrival, as he is likely to meet with between Stowey and Keswick.—Some books of mine will soon be ready for your father. Will he have them sent anywhere? or will he pick them up himself when he passes through London on his way northward? Tell him that I am advancing well in "South America," and shall have finished a volume by the end of the year. The "Chronicle of the Cid" is to go to press as soon as I receive some books from Lisbon, which must first be examined.

I am desired to send you as much love has can be inclosed in a letter. I hope it will not be charged double on that account at the post-office; but there is Mrs. Wilson's love, Mr. Jackson's, your aunt Southey's, your aunt Lovell's, and Edith's; with a purr from Bona Marietta, an open-mouthed kiss from Herbert, and three wags of the tail from Dapper. I trust they will all arrive safe, and remain,

Dear Nephew Job,
Your dutiful uncle,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

But it is more than time that I pass on to my brother's school-days. These were passed at Ambleside, under circumstances most favourable, it might be thought, to the development of his peculiar genius, and certainly most conducive to his immediate happiness. Elsewhere he might have had higher advantages in the way of scholarship; for his master, an excellent and in many respects a remarkable man, was a native of the place, and had been educated after the fashion of the north-country, where little attention is paid to the niceties or graces of classical learning, and though possessed of a vigorous understanding, by

no means disposed to repair his deficiencies by severe study in after years. He was a man of lofty stature, and immense bodily strength, and though sufficiently exact in the discharge of his scholastic duties, yet he evidently attached quite as much importance to the healthful recreations and out-of-door life of his scholars, as to their progress in Greek and Latin. Morbidly shy, he shrank from mixing in society, and in his walks would as soon have met a lion as a lady in his path. In his clerical capacity, though of the highest respectability, he cannot be said to have been edifying; but he had the very soul of honour, and carried with him in every word and gesture the evidence of a manly and cordial nature. No wonder that his scholars regarded him with more pleasant feelings than boys usually entertain towards their master, though he was at all times sufficiently formidable, and not always sufficiently on his guard against undue excitements of anger. He died a few years ago, in a ripe old age, having retained his upright stature and physical energy almost to the last. He was never married, and left no near kinsman to inherit his property, which, notwithstanding some gifts of large amount made to individuals in his lifetime, had become considerable.

I gladly embrace this opportunity of paying a tribute of affection and respect to the memory of

my worthy master, to which indeed, both on my own and on my brother's account, he has a peculiar title. We were among his earliest scholars; and deeming it, as he said, an honour to be entrusted with the education of Mr. Coleridge's sons, he refused, first for the elder, and afterwards for the younger brother, any pecuniary remuneration. Both of us he regarded with especial kindness, and I believe I may say with some degree of pride; though, with characteristic reserve, he never bestowed a word of commendation on either of us in our hearing.

But the hours which are spent in school, under a master's eye, are not the whole of a schoolboy's life, nor perhaps do they form the most important part of his education. The great poem, so long withheld as a gift, and now at length bequeathed as a legacy to the world by its illustrious author, among the many life-concerning truths, to which it has not merely lent a new charm, but imparted a new power, has shown how much is due to spontaneous growth under favourable circumstances during the hours of boyish freedom. In my brother's case, if we regard the nurture and direction of his poetic faculty, it was all in all; and as, with this encouragement, I have not scrupled to retrace—

"The simple ways in which his childhood walk'd,"

I shall hope for pardon if I follow them a little further:—

> "Those chiefly which first led him to the love
> Of rivers, woods, and fields:"

a little further,—though perhaps I may be thought already—

> "To have lengthen'd out
> With fond and feeble tongue a tedious tale."

I shall not have again to solicit a similar indulgence. Though my brother's life was prolonged almost to the confines of old age, the latter portion was comparatively a blank;—too like an Australian river, wide at first, a flow of hopeful waters, which speedily contract into a feeble narrow stream, and are lost insensibly in the sand.

It was in the summer of the year 1808, that my brother and myself were placed as day-scholars under the care of the Rev. John Dawes, the excellent man whose character I have attempted to portray, who had just opened a school for a limited number of gentlemen's sons. We were lodged at Clappersgate, a small hamlet beautifully situated at the distance of a mile from the town, this place having been selected on account of its nearness to Old Brathay, the residence of my father's literary friend Charles Lloyd,* whose name will be remem-

* "Coleridge and Southey, Lloyd, and Lamb and Co.,
Tune all your mystic harps, and praise Lepeaux."
Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin.

bered, as well on his own account, as from his connexion with men of wider and more permanent fame. His sons, four noble lads, were our school-fellows, and their admirable mother, had we needed it, would have been a mother to us. Domestic supervision, or at least control, we had none; we lived with an elderly woman, the daughter of a Westmoreland *statesman*, and her son,* a man of some education, originally intended "for the church," but now a maltster, who, in a rough simple way, took good care of us, and to whom we became much attached. But our freedom, out of school-hours, was unlimited; our play-place was the hill-side, the river-bank, or the broad bosom of the lake, and our bounds the furthest point to which our inclinations led, or our strength could carry us. Some time afterwards we were joined by two companions, sons of a Liverpool merchant, who had built a house in Grasmere;—and certain it is that the licence we enjoyed, however perilous

* James Longmire. He had received a *Latin-school* education, which was to have been carried on with a view to Holy Orders, in a school where he held the place of usher; but becoming home-sick, and finding himself unable to accommodate himself to new habits, he had returned to his mother's house, and carried on, with her, the business of a maltster. He was a well-meaning and intelligent, but pompous man, and latterly fell into intemperate habits, having to encounter the double temptation of the market and the club, as a tradesman and half-gentleman.

it might have been under other circumstances, was never abused during the whole time that it lasted, some eight or nine years, by any one of the party. No harm came of it either to body or mind, but, as I believe, much good to both.

My brother, however, employed his liberty in a very different way from any of his schoolfellows.* He never played. He was indeed incapable of the adroitness and presence of mind required in the most ordinary sports. His uncle used to tell him that he had two left hands. Hence he was much alone, passing his time in reading, walking, dreaming to himself, or talking his dreams to others. One friend he had, a resident in the town, though

* As a *little* boy, he paid the usual penalty of helpless oddity. Though not persecuted with the savagery of which so many sad instances might be collected from the annals of the school-room and the play-yard, he was *plagued* in a manner and to an extent of which, as we shall see hereafter, he never lost the impression. Far more attention should be given by schoolmasters to this matter than has hitherto been deemed necessary.

He was not deficient in personal courage. When very young he ran into the Greta to save a child from drowning, which he effected by holding its head above water till a passer by was attracted by his cries. The grateful mother, a poor woman, brought him a bag of marbles. She might as well have presented him with the balls of an Indian juggler, for any use that he could make of them.

When older he fought a battle, awkward as he was, with great spirit; and from this time he was treated, on the whole, with respect.

not a schoolfellow, Robert Jameson, to whom he afterwards addressed a series of beautiful sonnets; but with this exception he had, strictly speaking, no mates, and formed no friendships. He stood apart,—admired and beloved by all, but without intimacy. He could do nothing for or with his schoolfellows,* except to construe their lessons, and to tell them tales.

In the latter capacity he stood, I believe, quite alone. Other boys may have displayed more invention, and perhaps greater originality, though none such have come under my observation; but what

* With two of these, however, he afterwards lived on terms not of intimacy only, but of the most affectionate friendship. The first of these, Owen, third son of Mr. Charles Lloyd, on whom a portion of his father's tender spirit and refined intelligence had descended, was curate of Langdale, having returned to the haunts of his boyhood, to be for a while an example of the gentlest piety,—and to die. He did not go to the grave

"Without the meed of some melodious tear."

The lines to the memory of Owen Lloyd, printed in this collection, will show in what estimation he was held by his poet-friend.

The other survived him—not long. Eminently favoured by Nature in person and intellect, gallant, accomplished, generous, he too had returned to the lakes and mountain-streams which he had frequented when a boy. He brought back with him from a torrid clime the remains of an impetuous spirit, a soldier's graceful bearing, a cultivated mind, and blighted health. *Eheu! Herberte.*

he did—his achievement, if I may so express myself, as a story-teller was unique. It was not by a series of tales, but by one continuous tale, regularly evolved, and possessing a real unity, that he enchained the attention of his auditors, night after night, as we lay in bed, (for the time and place, as well as the manner in which he carried on his witchery, might have been adopted from Scheherezade,) for a space of years, and not unfrequently for hours together. This enormous romance, far exceeding in length, I should suppose, the compositions of Calprenede, Scudery, or Richardson, though delivered without premeditation, had a progressive story, with many turns and complications, with salient points recurring at intervals, with a suspended interest varying in intensity, and occasionally wrought up to a very high pitch, and at length a final catastrophe and conclusion. Whether in the sense of Aristotle it could be said to have had a beginning, a middle, and an end, whether there was a perfect consistency, and subordination of parts, I will not trust my recollection to decide. There was certainly a great variety of persons sharply characterised, who appeared on the stage in combination and not merely in succession. In the conception of these, my impression is that very considerable power was evinced. He spoke without hesitation, in language

as vivid as it was flowing. This power of improvisation he lost, or conceived himself to lose, when he began the practice of written composition.

The moral of the tale, though neither very original nor particularly edifying, was characteristic both of himself and of the time. It turned upon the injustice of society, and the insufficiency of conventional morals to determine the right or wrong of particular actions.*

It is instructive to remark that the power here exhibited, did not place him at first much in advance of other clever boys in the use of the pen. He had to pass through the ordinary process of learning, and his peculiar powers seemed to have been suspended during the operation. His themes

* The hero of this tale bore the name of Haratti, an imperfect echo of his own. The best-drawn characters were a subtle, intellectual villain, Scauzan, and his father, a man of gigantic stature, outlawed and persecuted through the machinations of his son. The latter played the *quasi-supernatural* part, of which such effective use was afterwards made by Scott, as in the character of Meg Merrilies, Norna, &c. The struggles between parental affection and resentment against the injuries of his son were, I remember, powerfully depicted. It will be no matter of surprise that the rhapsodist sometimes lulled his hearers, tired schoolboys, to sleep; but the interest excited was occasionally so great as to become painful. It bore no name. We called it "The Tale," or rather the "Tale-Telling," with the usual deflections of school-boy phraseology; but when it drew to a close, he surnamed it "The Virtuous Robbers."

and verses were well-composed and sensible, but do not exhibit any remarkable precocity. They were, strictly speaking, *exercises*. He was acquiring, not without visible effort, the use of his tools. Perhaps a sense of difficulty, a struggle, is a more hopeful sign in a young writer, than premature facility.

It was among the advantages never to be forgotten of our school-days, that we had the opportunity of constant intercourse with Mr. Wordsworth and his family. It was in the library at Allan Bank, in the vale of Grasmere, where the great bard at that time resided, that Hartley carried on his English studies, and acquired in a desultory manner a taste for literary inquiries, and no inconsiderable amount of knowledge. This privilege was continued after Mr. Wordsworth had removed his residence to Rydal. It was at this early period that he became acquainted with the poet, now Professor Wilson, then residing at his beautiful seat, Elleray, on the banks of Windermere, who became from that time, and continued to the last, one of his kindest friends. In his later years my brother looked back upon the hours which he spent at Elleray, as among the happiest of his life. He has himself recorded the pleasure and profit which he derived from his visits at New Brathay, the seat of John Harden, Esq., a gentleman of varied accomplishments and most engaging manners—

(that social charm which bespoke him the countryman of Sheridan and Moore). It was to Mr. Harden that he owed his early and intimate acquaintance with the works of Hogarth.* His intercourse with Mr. Lloyd † was neither less delightful nor less instructive. It was so, rather than by a regular course of study, that he was educated;—by desultory reading, by the living voice

* Ignoramus on the Fine Arts, No. III. *Essays and Marginalia, Vol. I. p.* 265.

† Charles Lloyd was a man of subtle intellect, highly, but not healthfully, cultivated; of warm benevolence, and an acute moral sense, with extreme refinement of manners, and a sensitiveness of feeling always morbid, and in the end destructive of his mental sanity. His latter years were spent at Versailles, where he died. When I knew him, he used to soothe his disordered nerves by music, by digging in his garden, or more commonly by knitting. He was the author of a novel, "Edmund Oliver," of some remarkable poetry, and of a translation of Alfieri.

My brother, in one of his latest reminiscences, thus reverts to his early intercourse with this remarkable man:—"I remember dear Charles Lloyd reading Pope's 'Translation of Statius,' in the little drawing-room at Old Brathay. The room, the furniture, the little 12mo. Pope, are all before me. He highly commended the following lines:—

> 'Yet who, before, more popularly bow'd?
> Who more propitious to the suppliant crowd?
> Patient of right, familiar in the throne?
> What wonder then? He was not then alone.'"

Lloyd appreciated Pope as rightly as any man I ever knew, which I ascribe partly to his intelligent enjoyment of French

of Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth, Lloyd, Wilson, and De Quincey,—and again by homely familiarity with town's folk, and country folk, of every degree; lastly by daily recurring hours of solitude,—by lonely wanderings with the murmur of the Brathay in his ear.

It will surely be asked, what came of this? To this question, not without "great searchings of heart," I prepare to return an answer. From the year 1814, when my brother left school, my personal intercourse with him, speaking comparatively, may be said to have ceased. From this time till his death, in 1849, I saw him only for short periods, and at distant intervals. Of his outward life what needs to be communicated, with one important exception, the account of his last hours,

writers, tempered as it was with reverent admiration of the greater English. The lines are really good, though a great extension of the original: —

"Tamen ille precanti,
Mitis et affatu bonus, et patientior æqui.
Quid mirum? Non solus erat."

The Latin supine is certainly a treasure,—a piece of gold not to be exchanged into any current coin without great loss.

See the interesting sketch of Charles Lloyd by the editor of Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria," vol. ii., p. 382, of the 2nd edition. The initials "S. C." may remind the reader of the dearly beloved sister so often alluded to by the subject of this memoir.

I have collected from his own memoranda, or from letters, and these failing, from the information of others, not without difficulty and uncertainty. The shadow of oblivion follows close upon our steps, covering up our path as we proceed. If we do not keep an eye behind us, we soon lose sight of our past selves; a loss, I suppose, and a grief to most of us, if only as scanting our tribute of grateful remembrance to the Giver of all good. For myself, I look back on the vacant spaces of memory with a sort of shame, regarding them as lost links in the chain of natural piety. This digression—perhaps my whole narrative—will hardly escape the charge of egotism; but my task has carried me back to the calends of my own May, when I was by my brother's side, and in looking for my companion, my eye is caught by my own image.

"Salve fugacis gloria sæculi !
Salve secundâ digna dies notâ !
Salve vetustæ vitæ imago,
Et specimen venientis ævi !"

I said of my brother's *outward* life: but of this there will be soon but little to record. As regards the stirring interests of this life, after he left college, he may be said to have been "deprived of the residue of his years." Of his inward life, going on, as it needs must, for time and for eternity, he has himself spoken, in broken but rememberable accents,

a strain which will be heard, I think, by those who listen, among the fainter echoes of the past.

A word before I proceed, of more serious import. My brother's life at school was so blameless—he seemed, and was, not merely so simple, tender-hearted, and affectionate, but so truthful, dutiful, and thoughtful—so religious, if not devout, that if his after-years had run in a happier course, the faults of his boyhood might well have been overlooked, and nothing seen but that which promised good. An eye sharpened for closer observation may, in the retrospect, descry the shadow of a coming cloud. A certain infirmity of will, the specific evil of his life, had already shown itself. His sensibility was intense, and he had not wherewithal to control it. He could not open a letter without trembling. He shrank from mental pain, —he was beyond measure impatient of constraint. He was liable to paroxysms of rage, often the disguise of pity, self-accusation, or other painful emotion—anger it could hardly be called—during which he bit his arm or finger violently. He yielded, as it were, unconsciously to slight temptations, slight in themselves, and slight to him, as if swayed by a mechanical impulse apart from his own volition. It looked like an organic defect—a congenital imperfection. I do not offer this as a sufficient explanation. There are mysteries in our

moral nature, upon which we can only pause and doubt.

The year 1814, when he left school,* belonged

* The following extracts from a metrical letter to his sister, boyish enough in style and execution, but giving promise of that combination of vigorous thought and easy expression by which his after-compositions were distinguished, may serve to show his feelings on this occasion :—

"The holidays are very near,
And then we shall come home, my dear.
You say your heart, my sister sweet,
With very thoughts of them does beat,
And sure I should be most ungrateful,
Thought I the name of Keswick hateful.
But yet from this place to depart,
Will cost an aching to my heart ;
And though it is a general rule,
That school-boys long to part from school,
Yet here I've so much kindness met,
That I shall leave school with regret ;
So I regard, there's no concealing,
Midsummer with a mingled feeling.
Think not that I would gladly stay
Longer than properly I may ;
For all events I hold a mind,
With patient fortitude resigned.
Of this enough. More could I write,
But it would make you weary quite
Should I thus, out of place and season,
On local ties descant and reason,
Tell you how strongly we are bound
To every little spot of ground
In which our early years delighted,
For you would think I was benighted

to the unhappiest period of my father's life. He was residing at Calne, with his friend, Mr. Morgan, (whose subsequent misfortunes are alluded to in one of Mr. Southey's published letters,) in a state of health, bodily and mental, which, together with the position of his affairs, rendered it impossible for him to contribute to my brother's support at college, and difficult, in a degree which *his* and *our* FATHER alone can measure, to make any present

> In my own feeling's wilderness,
> (Not far from truth I must confess,)
> For such a subject once begun,
> 'Twould be long time ere it was done;
> And therefore do I think it wise
> Not to begin to moralise.
> Suffice it then to say that soon,
> Ere we behold another moon,
> On the concluding day of June,
> The ardently desired vacation
> Will seal up Sara's expectation."
>
> * * * * *

And again, after touching upon the death of a friend :—

> "Sweet sister, 'twas not my intent
> On such grave subjects to comment,
> In my unpolish'd doggrel rhyme;
> Yet, Sara, count it not a crime
> That, with such half-confounding speed,
> Deep themes to lighter do succeed.
> Nought in this vast world we find
> So rapid as the human mind;
> So, in the course of its uncurb'd range,
> E'en in a moment it can change

exertion on his behalf. A lengthened period of comparative happiness, and consequent usefulness, awaited him in the society of those honoured friends, Mr. and Mrs. Gillman, with whom he was soon after domesticated at Highgate; and when it became necessary to make provision for the residence of his younger son at the University, he was enabled to exert himself effectually

As far as if from black to white,
Or from all-covering darkness to fair light.
Say not I think myself a poet,
And that I anxious am to show it;
But kind affection is no worse,
I hope, for being put in verse.
Commend me to my uncle, he
Doubtless regards most heavily
Spain's hapless revolution, and
Curses young master Ferdinand.
But he, like a wise man, foretold,
Their Constitution would not hold;
And very likely that of France
Will not stand a much better chance.
But you care not for politics,
More than for old rotten sticks.
How's Mrs. Wilson? This my letter,
I hope, will find her health much better.
There's other matters, but oh rot 'em,
I am arrived at paper's bottom.
Kiss all the children one by one;
And zounds! now all the paper's done."

School-boys are not wont to give "sarcenet surety for their words," but my brother's expletives were purely literary—borrowed from old-fashioned plays and poems.

for this object. In my brother's case, means were supplied by his father's friends and relatives through the active intervention of Mr. Southey;* and in the following year he went to Oxford, as a scholar or postmaster, as it is termed, of Merton College.

Of his earlier life at Oxford I have very slight memoranda. I knew but one of his college friends, and he did honour to his choice. He was a man of the highest principles, and the most spotless life,—an excellent scholar, of the Eton breed,—being a successful competitor for the Latin-verse prize, a mathematician, and, in due course, a

* In the fourth volume of Mr. Southey's "Life and Correspondence," a work conducted with singular delicacy and judgment on the part of the editor, my near and highly esteemed relative, to whom, if only for the feeling manifested towards my lamented brother, my affectionate thanks are due, there appears a letter on this subject, exhibiting the active kindness of the writer, ever gratefully acknowledged by him to whom it was shown on this as on so many other occasions, and in so many other ways; but which, as regards my father, requires more explanation than could be given there, or than can find a place here. Not till the life of S. T. Coleridge shall have been published *in extenso*, if this be ever possible, will he be truly known either in his weakness or in his strength. It is one object of this publication to show how my brother felt towards *both* his parents, believing that such a record of veneration and love can lead but to one inference.*

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* See Appendix C.

double first-classman, after which he became a Fellow of Exeter College.* He always spoke of my brother with affection and respect, which I have every reason to believe he fully merited.

As might have been expected, he was more distinguished for general talent and information, than for technical scholarship. The interesting statement which follows has been communicated to me by the writer, the Rev. Alexander Dyce, through the kindness of Mr. Moxon.

"9, GRAY'S INN SQUARE, *July* 30, 1849.

"MY acquaintance with Hartley Coleridge commenced at Oxford, soon after his first examination in the schools, and it continued till the time when he stood for the Oriel fellowship. I then quitted the University, and we never met again.

"If I had known Hartley later in his career, perhaps something painful might have mingled with my recollections of him; but I remember him only as a young man who possessed an intellect of the highest order, with great simplicity of character, and considerable oddity of manner.

"His extraordinary powers as a converser (or rather a declaimer) procured for him numerous invitations to what are called at Oxford 'wine-parties.' He knew that he was expected to talk, and talking was his delight. Leaning his head on one shoulder, turning up his dark bright eyes, and swinging backwards and forwards in his chair, he would hold forth by the hour (for no one wished to interrupt him) on whatever subject might have been started—either of

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* Robert Burton. He died young, after having commenced a successful career as a lawyer, of a phrenzy fever.

literature, politics, or religion—with an originality of thought, a force of illustration, and a facility and beauty of expression, which I question if any man then living, except his father, could have surpassed.

"I have reason to believe that this display of eloquence did him some harm eventually at the University. Reports were rife that he was fond of inveighing against all establishments, (a more unpardonable offence than his having been seen in his cap and gown buying a pennyworth of apples from an old woman in Oriel Lane,) and very probably he *had* given cause for such reports being spread abroad by matter-of-fact persons, who could not distinguish between what he said when truth was his sole object, and what he uttered when he was declaiming merely to show his ingenuity in argument. I have little doubt he was no more serious in those supposed 'attacks on Church and State' than he was when he maintained (as I have heard him do) that ages of darkness would again prevail in Europe, to the destruction of literature and the arts; (a catastrophe which the discovery of printing has rendered impossible;) or when he gravely asserted that, for all we know, *dogs may have a language of smell,* and that what is to our organs a very disagreeable odour may be to the canine organs *a most beautiful poem.*

"In accurate knowledge of Greek and Latin he was inferior to many youths of his standing; but he used to read sundry classics which are seldom opened at the University; for instance, he had carefully gone through the whole of Aulus Gellius, and he would take great pleasure in talking to me about passages in that curious writer.

"ALEX. DYCE."

It is delightful to me to record such testimony from such a witness. My brother was, however, more sincere in his invectives against establishments, as they appeared to his eyes at Oxford and elsewhere, than Mr. Dyce supposes. Though far

from a destructive in politics, he was always keenly alive to what he supposed to be the evils and abuses of the existing state of things both in Church and State, while he remained constant in his allegiance to what he believed to be the essentials of both. He was neither a high Churchman nor a high Tory; but views similar to his, in many particulars, have since been adopted by a class of ardent and generous reformers who claim both names. On these points his creed was early formed, and never changed. On all subjects he spoke his mind, often, through whim or impatience, more than his mind, freely, without regard to consequences. This, at the time of which we are speaking, helped to bring him into trouble. Soon afterwards, he bought the privilege of impunity at a very dear rate.

His first vacation was spent with his father at Calne, in Wiltshire, of which place, and of his life while there, he has left the following interesting and characteristic account in one of his note-books.

"Calne, a place I can never think of without a strong twitching of the eye, though I have long lost the comfort of tears. Alas, what was I then! what might I have made myself? Even a comfort and a stay to those who loved me then, and upon whose latter day misfortune, not *then* a stranger, returned in the threadbare coat of poverty. Calne is not a very pretty place, nothing like so pretty as Stowey,

or many of the villages in the neighbourhood of Oxford. The soil is clayey and chalky—the streams far from crystal —the hills bare and shapeless—the trees not venerable—the town itself irregular, which is its only beauty. There were, however, some wildish, half-common fields, wherein the hedgerows had returned to a state of nature, with old remains of hawthorn bowers and clumps of shady trees, where I used to dream my mornings away right pleasantly. Then there were meadows and bean-fields, wealthy-looking farms, and comfortable mansions; Bremhill and Bowood, and others of less note besides. And there were good, comfortable, unintellectual people, in whose company I always thought S. T. C. more than usually pleasant. And then there were for a time strolling players, for whom, and indeed for all itinerants, I have a great liking. The first half of that long vacation was the happiest of my life, next to my two visits to Nether Hall, and my sojourning at Ellery, and my lake excursions with poor Burton, and a few weeks of dear delusion at the close of 1822. I was at Calne in the close of Waterloo year. But Waterloo was not to me what the victories of 1814 had been. Young as I was, I saw there was no hope for freedom or happiness in the restoration, and I could never bear the idea of England being beaten. I was less bitter against Boney on his return from Elba than on any of his former vagaries. I know not whether I should like to visit Calne again. All I knew or loved must be gone, and I myself far other or worse. But there is no place where sad recollections await me not."

His other long vacations were passed at Highgate or Keswick. It was during the last of these, and at Greta Hall, that he became acquainted with Chauncey Hare Townshend, then on a visit with Mr. Southey. To this gentleman, whose cultivated talent and graceful genius qualified

him to appreciate the character and estimate the powers of his eccentric friend, I am indebted for some delightful reminiscences, principally referring to this period of my brother's life. From these it will appear that previous to taking his degree he had become a diligent student.

"It was, I think, in the summer of the year 1818, that I first saw your brother Hartley, during a visit that I was paying to Mr. Southey at Greta Hall. I cannot easily convey to you the impression of interest which he made on my mind at that time. There was something so wonderfully original in his method of expressing himself, that on me, then a young man, and only cognisant externally of the prose of life, his sayings, all stamped with the impress of poetry, produced an effect analogous to that which the mountains of Cumberland, and the scenery of the North, were working on my southern-born eye and imagination.

"It was the custom of Hartley at that time to study the whole day, and only towards the dusk of the evening to come forth for needful exercise and recreation. My attention was at first aroused by seeing from my window a figure flitting about amongst the trees and shrubs of the garden with quick and agitated motion. This was Hartley, who, in the ardour of preparing for his college examination, did not even take his meals with the family; but snatched a hasty morsel in his own apartment, and only, as I have said, sought the free air when the fading daylight no longer permitted him to see his books. Having found out who he was, that so mysteriously flitted about the garden, I was determined to lose no time in making his acquaintance; and through the instrumentality of Mrs. Coleridge, I paid Hartley a visit to what he called his den. This was a room afterwards converted by Mr. Southey into a supplementary library, but then appropriated as a study to Hartley, and presenting a

most picturesque and student-like disorder of scattered pamphlets and open folios. Here I was received by Hartley with much urbanity and friendliness, and from that time we were a good deal together. Years have swept from my mind the particulars of our various conversations, yet the general impression on my memory of eloquence and beauty will never pass away. We skimmed the fields of literature together; together we explored the fair and bright regions of metaphysics. Politics nearly excepted, we ran over every subject of human thought and inquiry, Hartley throwing upon all the light, I might say splendour, of his own fine intelligence. Religion was our frequent theme, and in this I had occasion to admire the profound knowledge of Hartley; the perfect view he had of free salvation by the only merits of Christ, and the large liberality of his sentiments.

"Added to all this was a fineness of perception; a keenness of feeling which continually made me feel how exactly Mr. Wordsworth must have delineated Hartley, years before, in the period of early childhood. I allude to the lines 'To H. C., six years old,' beginning—

> 'O THOU! whose fancies from afar are brought;
> Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel,
> And fittest to unutterable thought
> The breeze-like motion and the self-born carol.'

Perhaps something of the sadder feeling with which our great philosophical poet then regarded the imaginative child accompanied the delight which Hartley's conversation then gave me. One could not help thinking—'Here are faculties too fine for the "unkindly shocks" of every-day life.' And Hartley, though far from betraying anything sickly in his mental texture,—he was force itself both in thought and expression—had his moments of despondency, such as perhaps the finest and even the most energetic organisations cannot fail occasionally to have.

"One especial day when this spirit was manifested, comes out to me from the indistincter mass of recollections with

peculiar vividness. It was on a Sunday, almost the only day on which Hartley was to be tempted from his studies, when we took our way at an early hour towards a church in St. John's Vale, with the intention of there attending divine service. The gleaming weather was even better calculated for the embellishment of the mountains than unbroken sunshine would have been. There had been rain in the night, and a few clouds still hung upon the mountain summits like white crowns. Wordsworth's lines were musically repeated, as all poetry was, by Hartley:—

'All things that love the sun are out of doors;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with raindrops;—on the moors
The hare is running races in her mirth.'

And so on throughout a great part of that fine poem, entitled 'Resolution and Independence,' (I must remark, by the way, that Hartley's verbal memory was astonishing,) till he had repeated the stanza,—

'But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
Of joy in minds that can no further go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low;
To me that morning did it happen so
And fears and fancies thick upon me came;
Dim sadness—and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor could name.'

Hartley here stopped, and there was a pause of silence—broken by his saying in somewhat of an altered and lower tone—'I cannot tell you how exactly this and other expressions in this grand poem of Wordsworth's hit my mood at certain times so exclusively as almost to render me unobservant of its corrective and higher tendencies.

"The fear that kills;
And hope that is unwilling to be fed,—'

these have I known—I have even heard a voice, yes, not like a creation of the fancy, but an audible and sensuous voice forboding evil to me.'

"I tried to combat the idea; but at that moment the idea was predominant, and was not to be combated. Hartley shook his head in silence. His brow was contracted. But in a mind like his despondent thoughts were but passing guests, and could find no permanent resting-place. Other moods of his have shown him to me hopeful, buoyant, always energetic; and even on the occasion I refer to, the dejection was but short-lived. However, he said no more at that moment, and soon after we reached the quiet humble church so beautifully situated on the projecting ledge of an elevated mountain swell. Before we entered the house of God we could not help pausing, as we stood before the quaint old wooden porch, to take one look at the landscape below us. Fit preparation for hearing God's Gospel was such a revelation of creative power and beauty. A small river, winding over the brown moor beneath, was distinctly shown in all its wanderings by its marvellous reflection of the blue heaven. The fine mountain commonly called Saddleback, more poetically Blen Cathra, was before us, closing up the vista of the vale with its grand Olympian form. Round it were dark and wreathing clouds, through which its summit pierced in light so intense that irresistibly it presented to my mind an image of Mount Sinai when 'the Lord descended upon it in fire.' Almost could I have figured to myself Moses descending from out the darkness, bearing with him the 'two tables of stone,' while the whole Jewish nation, standing 'at the nether part of the mount,' awaited him in trembling expectation.

"As we looked on this grand scenery, I could see Hartley's face grow lighter; and after we were seated in the church itself, where windows freely open admitted glimpses of sky and mountain, together with the elastic mountain breeze, his countenance entirely regained its accustomed cheerfulness. When, too, after the service, we, at the clergyman's

request, went into a Sunday-school, held in a small stone building near the church, Hartley with alacrity and spirit asked the children questions, to demonstrate to me their good Cumbrian instruction and Biblical knowledge. This interesting examination over, as we left the school, Hartley —looking (as he could) full of humour and exuberant kindness—whispered to me, 'This is a capital cure for blue devils.'

"Hartley was of an absent turn of mind. That which in another person might have been affectation of eccentricity, was in him perfectly natural. He was far too wise in spirit to despise the conventionalities of life; but often he did not attend to them, through the real absorption of his mind upon higher matters. I remember, upon one occasion at Mr. Southey's, a proof of this. Hartley generally joined the family at tea, which was served in Mr. Southey's study or library, a large room whose walls were books, whose ornaments were works of art and objects of science—an apartment in which all requisites for bodily and mental comfort were more united than in any apartment I ever saw. As it was known that Hartley, at that period, was wholly occupied with his studies, and that these were pursued up to the last available moment of the day, he was by common consent absolved from what Galt would have called the prejudices of the toilet, and so it was his wont to stray into the room where the family were assembled attired in his reading costume, namely, a sort of loose toga, between a coat and a dressing-gown, and his feet in slippers. Sometimes he did not appear in the library at all; but with that perfect liberty which made happy the inmates of Mr. Southey's house, he would stay away or come just as it suited his fancy or his studies. On one occasion it so happened that, after a day or two's seclusion, Hartley came into the library in the very identical reading costume I have described, on an evening when, added to the usual frequenters of our tea-table, were a party of strangers, (a circumstance of which Hartley was wholly unaware,) some of them ladies

from the South, such as were wont occasionally, during the summer, to seek Mr. Southey's residence with any pretext or introduction which might further their desire to see the great poet and partake his known hospitality. When I saw Hartley open the door, and walk in with his usual abstracted look, I felt awkward for him, but I might have spared myself that feeling; Hartley did not seem to think that the addition to our party was a legitimate cause of embarrassment, or rather, he did not, I believe, employ any thought on the subject at all. For exactly as if not a single person had been present, besides those whom he was accustomed to behold, he quietly walked up to the first seat that presented itself, which happened to be an ottoman, where one or two ladies sat, and placed himself by their side with a preparatory bow, as if he was doing (which in fact he was) a perfectly natural thing. Whatever the ladies might at first have thought of this rather unusual apparition, I am quite sure that, in a very few minutes, every other feeling of theirs was completely merged in unfeigned delight at the conversation into which Hartley entered with them, with an easy good breeding which he possessed in a remarkable degree, and which, united as it was with uncommon powers of mind, his fair auditors might perhaps have looked for in vain from one who had approached them dressed point device, and encased in the whole buckram of ceremony. For intellectual powers of the highest kind had Hartley; never did I meet with any one who so completely, in his own person, demonstrated the specific difference between talent and genius;—genius, intense, glowing, ever-kindling genius, breathed in every word he uttered; originality, the unfailing companion—no, rather the essential form of genius, which in its very nature is creative—was the life and soul of his most common converse. The merest trifle, coming from his lips, acquired a spirit and an interest which the gravest matter might have missed in being moulded by another tongue."

On his return to Oxford he passed his examination for his degree in the Michaelmas Term of this year, and was placed in the second class *in literis humanioribus*. It is said that considerable difference of opinion prevailed among the examiners, on this occasion, some being inclined to place him in the first class, from the talent and general knowledge which he displayed, and others in the fourth, on account of certain deficiencies in his scholarship —and that his actual position was the result of a compromise. The most favourable opinion was confirmed not long afterwards, when he stood for a fellowship at Oriel, which he obtained with high distinction, his superiority on this occasion not admitting of a doubt.

A proud and happy day it was for me, and for us all, when these tidings reached us. Obviously unfit for the ordinary walks of professional life, he had earned for himself an honourable independence, and had found, as it seemed, a position in which he could exert his peculiar talents to advantage. But a sad reverse was at hand; and as this, in its effects, and yet more perhaps in its causes, overclouded the remainder of his days, permanently affecting not merely his happiness but his usefulness, my purpose requires that I should not shrink from setting this sorrowful occurrence in its true light,— doing that justice which, "nothing ex-

tenuating," is yet the truest charity. My brother was formed by nature and circumstance, but for "these unlucky deeds," not merely to delight, but to improve his fellow-men, to make them wiser and better. I trust that, as it is, he will be found to have done something of this kind; that, as an awakener of pregnant thoughts and holy affections, if not as an authoritative guide of opinion, he may continue, in his degree, a living power for good. I seek so to explain and to account for the anomalies of his outward life, as to leave this power, so far as may be, unimpaired. I would show what I believe to be most true, that the deeper issues of his soul still sent forth sweet waters, which flowed on to the end strangely unmingled with the bitter. But to return.

At the close of his probationary year he was judged to have forfeited his Oriel fellowship, on the ground, mainly, of intemperance. Great efforts were made to reverse the decision. He wrote letters to many of the Fellows. His father went to Oxford to see and to expostulate with the Provost. It was in vain. The specific charges might have been exaggerated. Palliations and excuses might have been found for the particular instances in which they were established. A life singularly blameless in all other respects, dispositions the most amiable, principles and intentions the most upright and

honourable, might be pleaded as a counterpoise in the opposite scale. It was to no purpose. The sentence might be considered severe, it could not be said to be unjust, and alas! my poor brother did not take the only course which could have discredited the verdict of his judges. The infirmity which was thus heavily visited, was not subsequently overcome. As too often happens, the ruin of his fortunes served but to increase the weakness which had caused their overthrow.

The stroke came upon his father, with all the aggravations of surprise, "as a peal of thunder out of a clear sky."* I was with him at the time, and have never seen any human being, before or since, so deeply afflicted: not, as he said, by the temporal consequences of his son's misfortune, heavy as these were, but for the moral offence which it involved. To what did this amount?

In order to examine this question it will be necessary for me to go back a step or two in my narrative. I shall have to trace the cause of that

* From a letter written to a young friend on the occasion, 31st July, 1823. The anonymous publication (however kindly and respectfully intended) of these letters, in which disclosures are made without the antecedent circumstances and final issues, have rendered explanations connected with this painful subject necessary, (more with reference to my father's history than to my brother's,) which might else have been avoided.

tendency (not then by any means habitual, but it is to be feared already sufficiently indicated) to the intemperate use of wine, which constituted at this time his only real delinquency, and which led, in its results, to all the errors and shortcomings of his after life.

All men who are cut off in any respect, or from any cause, from the ordinary pursuits and sympathies of their fellows, are apt to be thrown back unduly on themselves; the effect being either to sour the feelings, and give to the mind a misanthropic direction, or, in more amiable natures, to foster vanity and an excessive love of praise. Of this latter fault my brother was early conscious. The following memorandum is in the hand-writing of his boyhood:—

"It has been among my day-dreams for some time past to write a history of my own life and feelings, beginning from my earliest remembrance, and continuing it at intervals so as to form a sort of review of my own character. This scheme will probably never, except partially, be put in execution. Besides that the effect of such employment would be to nourish a self-love already too strong, and the worst of self-love, a respect for the faults of self; to confine myself to truth would be too much to expect of myself. Many other reasons," &c.

But this vanity, while it led him to what he calls "a girlish love of display," was but the efflorescence of a deeper feeling. What lay at

the root was an intense craving for sympathy, rendered anxious by a melancholy temperament, and exaggerated sense of his own peculiarities. This melancholy—of which, moody depression and extravagant hilarity, a *humorous* sadness and a humorous mirth, are but (as S. T. Coleridge would have said) opposite poles—was displayed before any outward event had occurred to excite, and to deepen it,—sometimes, as we have seen, in obscure forebodings of evil to come,—more commonly in a fitful, whimsical, affectionate drollery, such was the form which it took in his loving nature,—which continued through life, and by which perhaps he will be most frequently remembered by his friends. But it is with the gloomy phase of this "humour" that I have now to speak. Among his *puerilia* I find the following lines, which may be taken as the expression of something more than a wilful fancy :—

PRESENTIMENT.

SOMETHING has my heart to say,
Something on my breast does weigh,
That, when I would full fain be gay,
Still pulls me back.
Something evil does this load
Most assuredly forebode :
So my experience sadly show'd,
Too well I know.

Sometimes, as if with mocking guile,
The pain departs a little while;
Then I can dance, and sing, and smile
With merry glee.
But soon, too soon, it comes again—
The sulky, stifling, leaden pain,
As a black cloud is big with rain,
Is big with woe.

All I ask is but to know
The depth and nature of the woe;
I hope not for a wind to blow
The cloud away.
I hear an inarticulate sound,
Wherein no fixéd sense is found,
But sorrow, sorrow without bound
Of when or where.

This temperament, with its strange alternations (of which old Burton, bringing the *omne scibile* to bear upon the subject, and *melancholising* the whole, has left so characteristic a picture, and be it remembered, it was a sad reality to him) constitutes "the humorist" in the true sense of the term, and produces, as an indispensable condition and co-efficient, all genuine humour, grave or gay, mirthful or pathetic. It is very marked in Shakspeare, in Swift, in Sterne, and in Cowper. It is traceable in Shenstone, in Johnson, in Southey, and still more in Charles Lamb. It is this which alone gives truth or meaning to the famous line,—

"Great wit to madness sure is near allied."

In Hartley Coleridge it cannot, perhaps, be said to have overstepped the confines of sanity (indeed, between the extremes there lay an interspace of healthy cheerfulness and buoyant vigour), and yet, under all the circumstances, it may well account for, and palliate, if not wholly excuse, much of what followed—the sorrow and the regret of his after life.

But I must be more particular. This vanity, whether love of display, or craving for sympathy, took, in my brother, a specific direction. To stand well in the opinion of the other sex, was with him more than the ordinary ambition of youth; it allied itself to all the yearnings of a nature tender and affectionate in the extreme, but singularly impatient of control. Whatever put on the guise of authority —of stern authority—irritated and repelled him: hence he sought in woman, what he afterwards found in children, an object which he could love without restraint. Once or twice, perhaps oftener, this feeling centered on a particular object—at Oxford, and afterwards — "brief periods of dear delusion," which quickly vanished, for I believe he never made his wishes known; but, for the most part, it remained homeless and unclaimed, "going to and fro," or brooding in the air without a resting-place. This passion long rankled within him, supplying food to his peculiar melancholy,

after the hopes which it engendered were well nigh extinct. Many of his poems, some of them of extreme beauty, give expression to these feelings.*

It was in this temper of mind that he went to the University. By his peculiar appearance and manners, he conceived himself precluded from winning the grace which he coveted. Shy and sensitive, and oppressed, as I have said, by a morbid and self-insulating consciousness of his own singularity, (which, however, could he have thought so, need have caused him no such un-

* See, for instance, the sonnet, Vol. I., p. 35 :—

"What is young Passion but a gusty breeze?"

and in particular the song, p. 43 :—

"The earliest wish I ever knew
Was woman's kind regard to win;
I felt it long ere passion grew,
Ere such a wish could be a sin.

"And still it lasts; the yearning ache
No cure has found, no comfort known:
If she did love, 'twas for my sake;
She could not love me for her own."

As he said long afterwards :—"The hope, which with varying names still had one object, hath evanesced, perhaps, for ever, and I am content it should be so, for now I can love without hope, almost without wish. Yet no—I do *wish*, —I wish to be beloved, as I am sure I am not now. I wish that some one should love me, not for my own sake, but for her own: that she should wish for my love, rejoice in it, take a pride in it. But that must not be."

easiness), he shrunk from the semblance of repulse. He trusted, however, that the *éclat* which he should obtain by his talents, and particularly as an acknowledged poet, would counterbalance these deficiencies. This hope was doomed to disappointment, at least for the purpose with which it was cherished, and at the time when he expected most eagerly and most confidently that it would have been fulfilled.

The prizes for composition in the Latin tongue were obviously out of my brother's reach. The skill which they are intended to encourage is seldom or never acquired by self-taught men; and my brother, over and above his want of school-teaching, had been brought up with little respect for these exercises,—less respect, I think, than they deserve. But he wrote copies of English verse, each successive year, for the Newdigate prize, the subject of the first being the Horses of Lysippus.* He was unsuccessful on all three occasions, and was chagrined by his failures, more especially by the first, far more than the occasion

* "The Farnese Hercules" (see Essays) and "the Coliseum" were the subject of the other two. "In my own should-have-been prize verses on the Coliseum," he says in one of his note-books, "was this couplet—

> "Where yellow Tiber rolls his scanty wave,
> Reflecting empires' wreck and glory's grave."

warranted. He fell into a passionate despondency, which, deepened, alas! by the errors into which it led, or helped to lead him, furnished the clue to much of his after-life. The springs of action were weakened, and he sought relief in the stimulus of present excitement, which only served to renew, to aggravate, and to perpetuate the evil.*

* The following remarkable confession, extracted from a critique upon a Westminster Play, in one of my brother's note-books, may serve to illustrate and confirm the above observations. The reader must supply what it was impossible for my brother to record—the extreme simplicity of character with which his very foibles were associated:—

"Westminster—though Ray, Smith, and Vincent Bourne were among her *alumni*—never competed with Eton in the regular supply of Latin verse. This I attribute to the greater strictness of the Eton rules. Restrictions which are the bane of original composition, are the strength of art where art must necessarily be all. I should allow myself fewer licenses in translation than in an original work. As this pretty knack of verse-writing (really an elegant and gentleman-like accomplishment) is the *opus magnum* of our public schools, and implies a familiar acquaintance with two or three authors quite worth knowing, I should be sorry to see it decline. The absurdity is not that it is encouraged and honoured, but that it is enforced on all. When a boy has made verses enough to be master of quantity and of the technicals of versification, he should make no more, unless he has shown some particular dexterity in the turns of phrase, or a peculiar inventive fineness of ear, or an antique cast of thought. English verse, as it gives a command of language, might be a profitable school exercise; but the subject should be rigidly laid down. I very much doubt the expediency of English verse prizes at the Universities. That the poems produced

Other causes concurred. He took pupils, and exerted himself, faithfully and energetically, as a teacher; but he was unable, as well through utter inexperience, as through a natural incapacity which no experience could overcome, to govern them, and it is not surprising that they, on some occasions, governed him.

on these occasions are not always of first-rate excellence, is no great objection; but the train of feeling they induce is alien from the course of academical study, and the public recitation before the assembled beauties of commencements and commemorations, is too intoxicating for any but mathematical heads to bear. I verily believe, that I should have gone crazy, silly-mad, with vanity, had I obtained the prize for my 'Horses of Lysippus.' It was almost the only occasion in my life wherein I was keenly disappointed; for it was the only one upon which I felt any confident hope. I had made myself very sure of it, and the intelligence that not I, but Macdonald, was the lucky man, absolutely stupified me. Yet I contrived, for a time, to lose all sense of my own misfortune, in exultation for Burton's success. Poor dear Burton! —how calmly he took it, rejoicing chiefly in the pleasure his honours would afford to his mother and sister; though perhaps another, whom he mentioned not, was not less in his heart. The truth is, I was *fey*. I sang, I danced, I whistled, I leapt, I ran from room to room, announcing the great tidings, and tried to persuade even myself that I cared nothing at all for my own case. But it would not do. It was bare sands with me the next day. It was not the mere loss of the prize, but the feeling or phantasy of an adverse destiny. I was as one who discovers that his familiar, to whom he has sold himself, is a deceiver. I foresaw that all my aims and hopes would prove frustrate and abortive; and from that time I date my downward declension, my impotence of will,

My brother's freedom of speech, and the undisguised tendency of his opinions have already been mentioned. His unsuitableness to his position, as a member of a collegiate body, appeared in other ways. On one occasion, when I was with him for a few days, he entertained in his rooms a young man who had made himself obnoxious

and melancholy recklessness. It was the first time I sought relief from wine, which, as usual in such cases, produced not so much intoxication as downright madness.

"My failures in two succeeding trials produced no such ill effects. They made me glumpy and despondent; but that was all. Still I believe success, which I once was within an ace of, would have upset the little discretion I ever possessed. Not that the simple reputation of making a fair copy of verses would have exalted me in my own opinion—though I was not then aware how very common is the talent of spinning something more like real poetry than any I had then achieved. But the exhibition in the Rostrum would have been too much. I had always a girlish love of display; and it was not till some years after that I acquired the counterbalance of a more than girlish timidity of observation. I had a passion for spouting, which, had I not been conscious of a diminutive and ungainly exterior, might have tempted me to try my fortune on the boards. Above all, I had an intense and incessant craving for the notice of females, with a foreboding consciousness that I was never fashioned for a ladies' man. My perverse vanity made me take mere indifference for absolute aversion, and I fancied that all this antipathy would be changed into beaming, sun-shiny admiration should I appear in the irresistible character of prize-man, as a reciter of intelligible poetry, and it is not unlikely that I should have been an object for a few days of some curiosity to the fair promenaders in Christ Church

(justly, I doubt not) to college censures,—not from any sympathy with the man, or his pursuits, but from mistaken compassion, and a strong disposition, not sufficiently controlled by moral considerations, to side with the weaker party. Again, through awkwardness and habitual absence of mind, he was inattentive to forms, and inobservant of punctuality; and thus became involved in a maze of petty irregularities, from which he could never extricate himself.*

Meadow; while the dear creatures with whom I was on bowing and speaking terms, might have felt a satisfaction in being known to know me which they had never experienced before. A great poet I should not have imagined myself, for I knew well enough that the verses were no great things. Except the first copy I never thought much of them. But I should have deemed myself a prodigious lion, and it was a character I was weak enough to covet more than that of poet, scholar, or philosopher.

"Yet in my longing for the general good graces of the sex, I was not solely intoxicated by vanity. I conceived, and I believe I was not far wrong, that any woman in particular will give her affections more readily to a man who is a favourite with women in general than to one who is voted a quiz or a bore."

The verses on the Horses of Lysippus have been preserved, and are given in an appendix. The other copies have not been recovered. I doubt not that each exhibited a fresh accession of skill,—for in the art of versification he had become a master, before he left Oxford, or very soon after it.

* To those who knew him well in after life, it became evident that this absence of mind, with the eccentricities to which it gave rise, was beyond his control. "He was," as one

These indiscretions were patent; and although, in an estimate of character, if the general innocency of his life, the purity of his intentions, and the entire simplicity of his heart and mind, could have been taken into the account,—if, in a word, my brother could have been fully known, and even his outward conduct judged as a whole,—they might well have been regarded as venial: it is matter neither of surprise nor blame, that he was considered unsuitable for the responsibilities properly attached to a college fellowship, then beginning to be more fully and generally acknowledged. It was indeed urged, that while his eccentricities unfitted him for collegiate duties, he might, under the very peculiar circumstances of the case, have been allowed to retain his fellowship on condition of non-residence. It was, perhaps, hardly to be expected that this alternative would be adopted; but a sum of 300*l.* was awarded him, whether as a free-gift, or in mitigation of what, however inevitable, could not but be regarded as a

of his best and truest friends has remarked—"an exceptional being. No one who had opportunity to observe the absence of mind of which he was the victim, could doubt his being such,—an obliviousness so utterly uncontrollable as to make him sometimes, when involved in deep study, mistake one hour of the twenty-four, for its corresponding one." "Hartley, how," said another friend to him, not long after he left Oxford, "how *could* you think of standing as you did in church last Sunday in the aisle, lost in thought, instead of going into a seat?"

very severe penalty. It is right to add, that he has left no record of any resentful feeling on his part, and he has taken occasion, in the notes to one of his published Essays, to speak of the late Bishop of Llandaff, then Provost of Oriel, in terms of high admiration.

When all was over, and he had entered on a new course of life (May, 1821), he sent me, as a caution to myself, the following "short view of his Oxford life:"—

"With few habits but those of negligence and self-indulgence, with principles honest, indeed, and charitable, but not ascetic, and little applied to particulars, with much vanity and much diffidence, a wish to conquer neutralised by a fear of offending, with wavering hopes, uncertain spirits, and peculiar manners, I was sent among men, mostly irregular, and in some instances vicious. Left to myself to form my own course of studies, my own acquaintances, my own habits, —to keep my own hours, and, in a great measure, to be master of my own time, few know how much I went through; —how many shocks I received from within and from without;—how many doubts, temptations, half-formed ill resolutions passed through my mind. I saw human nature in a new point of view, and in some measure learned to judge of mankind by a new standard. I ceased to look for virtues which I no longer hoped to find, and set perhaps a disproportionate value on those which most frequently occurred. The uncertainty of my prospects cast a gloom on what was before me. I did not love to dwell in the future, and gradually became reconciled to present scenes which at first were painful to me. This was not a good preparatory discipline for Oriel, and, indeed, from the first moment that I thought of offering

myself as candidate, I felt that I was not consulting my own happiness. But duty, vanity, and the fear of being shipped off to Brazil, determined me on the trial. You will scarcely believe that, after the first flush of success, I was seized with uneasy melancholy,—*triste augurium*,—a feeling that I was among strangers, and a suspicion, not yet wholly removed, that my election arose, in a great measure, from the failure of my county opponents, and the vague appearance of talent, rather than from that hearty conviction of my eligibility which, with their views, would have been the only justifying cause of putting me on so severe a trial. My engagement with my pupils contributed (if only by taking up much of my time) to prevent me from falling immediately into Oriel habits; and, to tell the truth, I did not much like the state of a probationer, or submit, as I ought to have done, to a yoke of observances which I sincerely think very absurd, and which I hoped that I had escaped by being made a Fellow. I knew, I felt that I was subjected to a kind of espionage, and could feel no confidence in men who were watching me.

"The natural effect of all this on my mind was a tendency to resistance, and I was not bold enough to fight, or prudent enough to make peace. I was induced to fly; to shun the inquiring eyes, which I ought to have met firmly; and to vent my chagrin in certain impotent, but, I dare say, not forgotten, threats of great reformations to take place in the college and university when my unripe fortunes came of age. The complex effect of all this discontent and imprudence was, of course, self-reproach, inconsistency, quickly formed and quickly broken resolutions, just enough caution to lose my reputation for frankness, increasing dread of my consocii, incapability of proceeding in any fixed plan, and an extreme carelessness whenever the painful restraint was removed. You know the consequences."

He did not immediately give way under his calamity. At first, indeed, he was full of hope and

self-confidence. He had not yet learnt his own weakness, and he trusted that in London he should have been able to win position and independence by his pen. It would be a painful task to trace, step by step, the disappointment of these expectations. The cause of his failure lay in himself, not in any want of literary power, of which he had always a ready command, and which he could have made to assume the most popular forms,—but he had lost the power of will. His steadiness of purpose was gone, and the motives which he had for exertion, imperative as they appeared, were without force. Necessity acted upon him with the touch of a torpedo. He needed a more genial stimulus. Dreamy as he had always been, he had not hitherto neglected the call of duty. He had shown no want of energy or perseverance either at school or college. Now he gave way to a habit of procrastination, from which, except for short intervals and under favourable circumstances, he did not recover till it was too late. Thus leaving undone what he wished, and continually intended, to do, he shrank from the bitterness of his reflections, which, notwithstanding, continually returned upon him, and took the place of action; and though he never deliberately sought relief in wine, yet he was a welcome guest in all societies, and when surprised by consequences against which

he was not sufficiently on his guard, he shrunk from the reproaches, and yet more from the uncomplaining forgiveness, of his friends. This led to a habit of wandering and concealment, which returned upon him at uncertain intervals during the middle portion of his life, exposing himself to many hardships, if not dangers, and his friends to sore anxiety. This is the dark side of the picture.

Meanwhile, his conversation and manners preserved all their charm; his temper was most sweet and engaging; he retained not merely his love and admiration for moral beauty and excellence, but a high moral purpose and an enlightened creed. His letters were full of wit and wisdom and affection. He was still a pure-minded, single-hearted, child-like being, in whom every one felt an interest,—over whom *almost* every one was ready to have a care, viewing his aberrations with a peculiar compassion, as if from some mysterious cause he were not fully responsible for his actions. But this did not secure him against self-reproach. In his own sight, he was deeply humbled. It was so to the end.

The following extract from one of his letters written at this period, is here given, for its peculiar vein of mirthfulness. His laughter was excited by an odd sense of comicality, which he had when

a boy, and which no gloom nor sorrow could afterwards extinguish. *

"*Gray's Inn, August 27th,* 1821.

"My dear Derwent,

"Do not think yourself obliged to me for this letter, though I intend it for a very kind one. Don't be frightened, now,—I've no more intention of begging a favour than conferring one. I'm not going to dun you nor to give you good advice; yet, after all, I can't pretend to draw a bill upon your gratitude, for I have several motives for writing that take precedence of that old-fashioned one—kindness to you. You must know, then, that I do not, in the course of the day, talk half as much nonsense as my health requires; in consequence whereof, so great an accumulation of that substance takes place upon my brain that the vessels occasionally discharge their contents in my most serious conversation,—nay, in my gravest compositions. This truly mortifying accident occurred on the day whereon we parted, in the course of a very interesting discourse on capital punishment. * * * * I am thoroughly convinced there is nothing so wholesome for mind and body as talking nonsense. Writing it is not half so good. It's like sending sal volatile by the waggon with the cork out; but, situated as

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* This peculiarity in my brother's temperament was thus noticed by one of the friends of his latter years:—

"While Hartley is made grave and thoughtful by real wit of a high order, whether from himself or others, such conceits and playful fancies as these (alluding to some nursery rhymes which he had been improvising) would throw him into hysterics of laughter. This acute sense of nonsense is perhaps allied to the delight which he takes in the play of children, and in all their innocent thoughts and words, and is surely part of 'the young lamb's heart' which he has so singularly retained in his passage along the soiling earth."

we are, what can one do better? Nonsense, however, should never be written except to one's very intimate friends,—good folks, whose careful memories can supply the proper looks and tones, and whose imaginations can restore our stalest good things to their original freshness. Even a pun does not look well on paper; it 's so like deliberate villany: and then its orthographical imperfections are so open to the gaze of a censorious world. A lie is still worse,—without the solemn face, it is mere vapid impudence. But a funny thing —that son and heir of laughter—which never grows old, and might be as good a hundred years hence as at the moment of utterance,—alas! alas! pen and ink are its destruction. Woeful it is to reflect, that of all the wonders that you and I and the Maum * have produced in that way,—not one can be of the slightest benefit to posterity. The words, indeed, may be handed down from generation to generation, like relic bones and sacred nail-parings of the saints (most of whom, by the way, never pared their nails at all); but ὀτοτοτοῖ, πόποι δὰ—they will work no miracles. The wine will be drawn and the bare lees be left this vault to boast of. Two things, therefore, must the world despair of enjoying—a printed collection of our FUNNY THINGS and a polyglott edition of Joe Miller: the latter, by general confession, incomprehensible to all but John Bull, and the former to all but our own single two selves,—like the ladies' coronation tickets, not transferable. This is a pity; but what remedy? Let them be like the Druidical mysteries—*quæ literis tradere nefas. We* shall never forget them. I don't know how it is, but I can never laugh at anything but what is exquisitely bad, and, to appearance at least, purely accidental. Indeed, a premeditated funny thing is worse than a premeditated piece of sensibility. Wit to me is hardly ever laughable, because it is an exertion of the faculties; and humour, true humour, is too nearly connected with thought. I may laugh at it at first hearing, or so long as it has the effect of sur-

* A playful name for his mother.

prise; but if it will bear thinking of, I cannot recur to it whenever my sides want a shaking. Few persons, I believe, enjoy the humorous more than myself; and the higher the humour, the greater is my delight; but as far as the mere excitement of the risible muscles is concerned, the coarsest drollery will answer just as well. I never laugh now at Hogarth, or Fielding, or Cervantes, or if I do it is at their meanest jokes, unless in sympathy with others. But at our old funny things I can laugh by myself for an hour together; —nay, they furnish me with a reservoir of laughter for all needful occasions. If ever any of those jokes 'which must be laughed at' are obtruded upon me, I have but to recal the image of you kicking about the stone in my aunt's court and complaining 'how you *did* hurt yourself' (I can hardly write for thinking of it), and I gratify the joker to the very altitude of his ambition."

He remained in London and the neighbourhood about two years, being domesticated for nearly half that time with the excellent friends to whose kindness I have already alluded, writing, from time to time, small pieces for the "London Magazine," and intending to do much more,—*multa et pulchra minans*. His poetic faculty was now approaching to ripeness, as the beautiful sonnets to Robert Jameson, first published in the above-mentioned periodical, sufficiently testify. About this time, the fragment of "The Prometheus" was composed, which his father regarded with much interest.

It was plain, however, that his continued residence in London, without any professional engagement, was not desirable. It was proposed that he

should take a school in the north of England. From this my brother turned with not unreasonable repugnance. In a letter to his father, turning upon the painful occurrences to which I have alluded, he thus writes :—

"My dear Father,

"You have probably, ere this, received Robert's letter, acquainting you that I am well in bodily health. I hope I may add that I am in a sane state of mind. For what is past, it is irremediable, and I know you too well to imagine that mere expressions of contrition, however sincere on my part, could afford you that consolation which can only be derived from a rational hope with regard to the future. You must be aware that the pain arising from the contemplation of a life mis-spent is often the cause of continuance in misdoing, even after the temptations which first misled have lost their power, and when the sophisms which have long deluded appear in their true deformity. Without in the least attempting to palliate conduct which admits of no palliation, I will simply declare to you, that for a long time, almost ever since my return to Mr. Montagu's, I had been oppressed with an inward sinking, a despondency which perhaps the more impaired my voluntary powers, as it did not visibly affect my health. I was, in short, afflicted with a sense of incapability—a dread of looking at my own cure. The more my faults became obvious to those interested in me, the more I was possessed with that helpless consciousness of them, which conduces to anything rather than amendment. Further than this, there has been no cause of despondency with which you are not acquainted. The going to Ambleside in the face of such unfavourable sentiments on the part of some, certainly weighed upon my heart, and I felt a physical incapability of exerting the necessary authority and preserving the necessary distance among a set of boys, in whose number there must needs be found high spirits

and intractable natures. Boys of fifteen are harder to govern than men of twenty, and yet I can sincerely say I did my utmost at Oxford to perform the duties of a tutor, and I did it in vain. I ought, my dear father, to have said this candidly, but I did not. It is past now. I was at the time I last saw you in a state of mind and body truly pitiable. Thank Heaven, I am much better now; and with the recovery of health I have recovered free-will and hope. In regard to my future plans, I shall not decide till I hear from you. It is my wish to make another trial of my talents in London. I know I can make more than a livelihood, and I have hopes —more than hopes—of my own steady perseverance in the right path; but I will not be obstinate. Only let me say,— that, what with my past failures, what with the unavoidable weakness of nerves, and defect of that sort of sternness which is a necessary supplement to kindness in a pedagogue, I think schooling, of all things possible, the least eligible.

"My kindest love to dear Mr. and Mrs. Gillman, and Miss Harding and the children.

"I will finish Prometheus forthwith.

"Believe me, my dear father,

"Your truly affectionate, if not dutiful son,

"HARTLEY COLERIDGE."

He was not obstinate, but his irresolution continued. To Ambleside he went, and so far as this event restored him to the scenes of his boyhood, which, except for two or three short periods, he never afterwards quitted, and to the society of friends by whom he was familiarly known and affectionately esteemed, no better course could have been adopted.*

* "Several years ago, when some of his friends thought of asking him to visit them in the south of England, the project

The school plan, as might have been expected, failed. With the best resolutions, and, as it might seem, under the happiest auspices, he entered upon the field left vacant by the approaching retirement of his old master, Mr. Dawes, with whom he resided for some time, acting as his assistant in directing the studies of some almost grown-up youths preparing for college, "who loved him," it is said, "with a beautiful devotedness."

The lady, from whom I borrow this expression, draws his picture, as it was then for the first time presented to her, in the following terms:—

"A numerous party had assembled one evening at Brathay Hall. Late in the evening I saw such a figure as I had never seen before glide noiselessly into the bright drawing room, small, dressed in black, with thick, long, raven hair almost on his shoulders, in such a manner as to fill up the space between, and to give the upper part of his form a peculiar preponderance over the lower. In his manner of approaching the lady of the house, his stiff, slow, silent bow, a sort of distressed shyness in his countenance, and a deprecating politeness, like that of the olden times, as I fancied it, and in his whole demeanour there was something strange and unusual. His humorous air of simplicity, his slow measured

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being mentioned to Wordsworth, he strongly disapproved of it: 'It is far better for him,' said he, (we heard the words ourselves) 'to remain where he is—*where everybody knows him, and everybody loves and takes care of him.*'"—*Gent. Mag., June*, 1851.

words, and general eccentricity of manners and appearance, was at first a signal for merriment. But that evening," my correspondent * adds, "was the beginning of an affection which existed between us in uninterrupted continuance as that of a brother for a young sister, and was on my part fed yet more by the beauties of his moral nature, than by my high appreciation of his intellect and his genius."

Subsequently he went into lodgings, taking pupils first on his own account, and afterwards in conjunction with a Mr. Suart, a schoolmaster, part of whose house he occupied, and who, on the strength of this assistance, took larger premises, with a view to boarders—a step which eventually proved injurious to both parties, though, with characteristic generosity, my brother took the entire blame upon himself. Previous to this connexion (and perhaps for a short time afterwards), all appeared to go well. He even looked forward to taking holy orders,—but the worm was within. In a letter addressed to myself, in the year 1823, and dated Ambleside, May 2, he thus expresses himself:—

"Considering, indeed, my various and repeated failures, I have many, very many, grounds for thankfulness. I am now fixed in something like a profession, with the prospect of

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* Now Mrs. Charles Fox, of Trebah, near Falmouth, who, with her mother, occupied, during the autumns of several years, a cottage beautifully situated on Grasmere Lake, in which my brother was a frequent and a welcome visitor.

taking orders in two years, should I then determine on that course, as is certainly my present intention. I have found more kindness, both here and elsewhere, than I have earned. I have been delivered—providentially delivered—when I was hopeless of delivering myself, and what is almost equal to all —I cannot find that either my cares or my follies have materially diminished my bodily or intellectual vigour. I receive kind and cheerful letters from father and mother, and dear Sara. I am in no immediate pecuniary embarrassment, and need not fear for my future independence. All these are claims upon my gratitude. They do make me thankful, and they ought to make me cheerful—if that word 'ought' and 'cheerful' have, indeed, any connexion. Why should I trouble you with my complaints—my blighted hopes, the premature winter of the soul?"

Of his intention to enter holy orders, he presently repented as presumptuous. In a memorandum, dating some ten years afterwards, he thus records his feelings on this point:—

"Every man who enters the ministry without a call, becomes a worse man than he would have been had he remained a layman. Thank God, I have not that sin to answer for; yet how near was I once leaping over the pales! I do sincerely believe that the All Wise has suffered me to go astray in one path, as a judgment for my presumption in purposing to obtrude myself on another, that is most holy for those who are appointed thereto—most perilous and accursed to all others."

In a second letter, written in the following July, but in a more cheerful spirit, he says:—

"All this is very foolish gossip, and very unsuitable to my present mastigophoric dignities. I am sorry that A. has not been well or not happy. I trust that even now the cloud has passed away. That he should feel at times a want of inward strength, of faith, of hope, of fortitude, I rather lament than wonder. It is the common, perhaps the universal fine paid for the possession of extraordinary illumination, of lights not derived from the communicable intellect, of assurances which are of necessity their sole evidence. The mind that depends on these visitations stands in regard to the ordinary understanding as a dial to a clock; when enlightened it is certain, when unenlightened it is useless. There are periods of doubt, of darkness, of temptation, when the soul is proved, when nothing but the love of God and of man remains to support it. It is then that we discover our strength and our weakness, our dependency on divine aid,—the imperative nature of divine truth. It is then that, by patience, we may prove victorious, and rise more safe than from no fall. You are not ignorant how severely I myself have been tried. I have sunk under the trial, yet not so as to have lost the power to hope against hope, to believe in spite of my own unbelief. When I review my past life, the soarings and stoopings of my spirit, the sad wreck of purposes and resolves that have perished almost before they were, and consider what I still am, and what power of spiritual growth still remains in me, I often blush for what I have been, but oftener shudder at what I might have been. I am now not happy, but I am at ease,—I am content and I am cheerful. I have no hopes and not many wishes, and I have a strength within me, which is the more secure because I have learned not to confide in it."

But school-keeping proved, as he had anticipated, too much for him. He was unable to maintain the necessary discipline. One by one his scholars were taken from him. As hope declined, his habits became less regular, and, after a struggle

of four or five years, the undertaking was abandoned. Writing to his mother, in 1831, he says :—

"Even while I had the school, and your letters were, for the most part, full of encouragement, I had a presentiment that it would never do, and therefore your commendations seemed like reproaches put out to interest. There is none of my delinquencies for which I feel so much remorse as for my foolish compliance with the advice of some well-meaning people who knew nothing of me, in consequence of which poor Suart was induced to embark in an undertaking ruinous to himself and injurious to his creditors.* For all the duties of a preceptor, except the simple communication of knowledge, I am as physically unfitted as dear papa for those of a horse-soldier. For a teacher who has to deal with females or young men, it may be sufficient if you can engage attention; but the master of school-boys must be able to command it, and this is a faculty not to be acquired. It depends upon the voice, the eye, and the nerve. Every hour that I spent with my pupils was passed in a state more nearly related to fear than to anything else. How, then, could I endure to be among unruly boys, from seven in the morning till eight or nine at night, to be responsible for actions which I could no more control than I could move a pyramid? Strange it may be, but I have an instinctive horror of big boys,—perhaps derived from the persecution which I suffered from them when a little one. When I am at all unwell, which, I thank Heaven, is much seldomer than I have deserved, they are

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* Mr. Suart, relying on the name and talent of his new associate, took a large house, as above mentioned, and endeavoured to establish a boarding school on a considerable scale. For the failure of this scheme my brother was not exclusively, or even mainly, responsible. It was owing to other causes, with which he had no connexion, and of which it is not necessary to give an account here.

always at me in my dreams,—hooting, pelting, spitting at me, stopping my ways, setting all sorts of hideous, scornful faces at me, oppressing me with indescribable horrors, to which waking life has no parallel. You have often wished that I had been bred at a public school. I have not the least doubt that the fagging and maltreatment of these places would have driven me frantic-mad even to see it.* It may often be a man's duty to persevere in a profession to which he feels a strong disinclination; but no man ought to enter into a way of life for which he is conscious of an insurmountable incapacity. In my own case, the disorder was so far from diminishing by use, that the increasing disorder of my nerves made it every day greater. Hence you may conjecture the cause (I mean it not for a palliation) of the unhappy irregularities into which I latterly fell."

This affecting statement requires no comment. On the failure of the school, he removed from Ambleside to Grasmere, at the distance of four miles, a place of greater seclusion, residing first at the little rustic inn, and afterwards with a Mrs. Fleming, an elderly woman, the widow of a farmer, by whom he was regarded with motherly affection. Go where he would he won all hearts —living in so simple a manner, and, indeed,

* The reader will be reminded of Cowper's account of his own sufferings when a school-boy. I have myself known a man of eccentric manners and repulsive appearance, but of the very largest natural capacity, whose whole moral and intellectual nature had been dwarfed and distorted by the treatment which he had met with at school. His genius, which it was impossible to quench, kept smouldering on, till life and it went out together.

practising so strict an economy, that though the proceeds of his pen, to which he now again looked entirely for support, were insufficient for his maintenance, his expenditure was so small as to occasion his mother, who cheerfully made up the deficiency, no serious inconvenience. He was indeed, so far as his necessities admitted, honourably and delicately scrupulous in regard to money matters, incurring pecuniary obligation with reluctance, and acknowledging it with affectionate gratitude.

He kept no regular diary, but he has occasionally jotted down the occurrences of a single day. The following gives a picture of his mode of life, with something of his way of feeling and thinking at this period. It is my wish to represent him exactly as he was,—to place him as far as possible before the mind's eye, with such insight as can be obtained into the movements within.

"*July 25th*, 1830.

"And now the day of rest draws to a close. The weather has kept the sabbath. The morning was the very perfection of stillness. No gay sunshine, no clamorous wind, no drudging rain: the sky wore one grey sober veil, and the mist hung upon the hills as if it paused on its journey: the vapours were gathered up; no light detachments foraged along the mountain sides to catch the flying sunbeams, but the thick masses formed an even line, like an army drawn up for a decisive engagement, and only halting till the truce of God was past—they divided the mountains as it were in half, concealing the higher moiety, and leaving the lower bulk

distinct in dark, damp, solemn visibility. The vale was clad in deepest green, and fancifully resembled the face of one that is calm and patient after long weeping. The few patches of hay, gathered into round cocks, appeared to solicit the prayers of the congregation. All was quiet, pensive, not sad—only the young damsels in their fresh and fragrant garments (such I mean as did not think it necessary to look like Death, because a man whom they cared nothing about was gone, let us hope, to heaven) tripping along the fields and green lanes, and picking their way in the moist high roads, glanced by like living sunbeams, and made their bright blue and pink ribbons dance like things of life. Some time before nine I arose, found the twin two dear innocent little girls, whose shining faces are a far better refutation of Calvinism than Dr. Tomline's, in their blue stuff frocks (as pretty a dress as a little rustic can wear) prepared for Ambleside rush-bearing. Found also my own breakfast ready—read part of the life of Barry—deliberated whether to go to church—saw J. W., hailed him from the window—determined to hear him—set forth with bible and prayer-book—called into the Sunday-school, found the two nuns surrounded with good little women and men, bright with the beauty of benevolence—how sweet even a plain woman can look when engaged unaffectedly in doing good—found myself thirsty—called at the Red Lion and took a sober potation of John Barleycorn—got into church (*mirabile dictu*) in time—John does duty very respectably—first lesson, David's politic getting rid of Saul's family—second, a truly heavenly chapter, 13th of John, admirably calculated to remove the unsafe impressions of the first. N.B. Much doubt the good effects of the public reading of certain portions of the Old Testament which can only profit souls deeply imbued with Christian love. Singing rather out of tune. Resolved to write a poetical address to the Supreme Being.—Clergymen should not wear Wellingtons and trowsers of a Sunday—black woollen hose and capacious shoes with broad buckles much more in keeping.—Sermon, James ii. verse 22, "Seest thou how faith wrought with his works, and by works was faith made

perfect." A sensible discourse; Paul and James harmonised; still the grand truth that real faith cannot but display itself in works of love, truth, and purity, though implied, was not so clearly enunciated as it might have been; nor was any allusion made to the distinction between good works and righteous actions; faith rather spoken of as a concurrent duty than as the constituent power of good works. St. Paul's, *logical* Epistle. Right. But Paul's logic is neither Aristotle's, nor Aldrich's, nor Lully's, nor Ramus's, but his own. C. D. as sweet looking as ever; what a blessing in her smile! E. C. a lovely creature, and all her roses returned. Clouds dispersed with the congregation—mists rolled away in sunshine, and the green mountain tops, bedecked with white array, like young brides shone forth happily. Drank glass of wine with F. Corrected my political views of the Beer Tax. Dinner, eggs and bacon; nothing better. Nap, dreamed that one eye was bunged up—found that my arm was on it. Tea. Last years of Lord Byron—Count de Gamba raised him in my esteem. The spirit of music came upon me; the horned moon, looking tranquillity; promise of better times. Now will I read a chapter and smoke a pipe, and so to bed, for it is Monday morning. To-morrow, ay, to-morrow, for it is to-day till one goes to bed, spite of clocks—will finish if possible the article on the Fine Arts. Amen.

"I did not know when writing the above that the Count de Gamba was the brother of Byron's paramour, or I should have received his testimony with more caution."

From the year 1826 to the year 1831, he wrote occasionally in "Blackwood's Magazine," to which he was introduced by the kindness of his friend, Professor Wilson. His contributions to this periodical form part of the general collection of his Essays. He used to speak of them slightly, as written for a temporary purpose. They will be

found, however, full of spirit and drollery, with a certain characteristic humour, and with no attempt at condensation, yet acute, thoughtful and suggestive. The essay on the character of Hamlet, in particular, excited much attention, and may certainly be compared, without prejudice, to the celebrated critique in Goethe's Wilhelm Meister,—perhaps to any piece of criticism extant on this subject, or in this kind.* In Blackwood also first appeared the beautiful poem of "Leonard and Susan."

He had now acquired considerable literary reputation, sufficient to induce a young printer and publisher, Mr. F. E. Bingley, to take him with him to Leeds, with whom he entered into engagements, secured by a bond, to furnish matter for a biographical work on the Worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire, with a number of poems, sufficient for two small volumes. During his residence in Leeds, he was domesticated in Mr. Bingley's family, where he was treated with much kindness and regard, and for some time the undertaking proceeded prosperously. The publication of "The Worthies" proceeded as far as the third number,

* These essays may be studied as specimens of diction. The easy mastery of the language, which rises without an effort to the very height of the subject, and falls as naturally to a lower level, will be apparent to every reader,—the style throughout being rich, varied, and *chromatic*, with little quaintness, and with no affectation.

forming a large octavo volume, of 632 pages, during the year 1832; and in the following year, 1833, a volume of poems was published; when the connexion between my brother and Mr. Bingley was interrupted by the bankruptcy of the latter. My brother returned to Grasmere, and, after considerable delay and negotiation, was released from his engagement, through the intervention of an invaluable friend, Mr. James Brancker, to whom my brother had already been indebted for much judicious kindness during his residence at Croft Lodge, near Ambleside, and who continued to the end of his life to regard him with affectionate interest. Mr. Bingley's letter on this occasion will spare the necessity of further comment:—

"*Leeds, January*, 1833.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Having been informed by your friend Mr. Brancker that you feel no inclination to resume the editorship of 'The Worthies,' and that your mind is not at ease respecting your promise to furnish me at some time with MS. for a second volume of poems and a pamphlet, I beg to state that you need no longer consider yourself under any engagements to furnish me with MS. either for the aforesaid volume of poems, or for any other work. But although I shall never call upon you to redeem any engagement that you have entered into with me, I shall consider myself both honoured and obliged by the offer of any of your MS., either now ready or in embryo, for publication.

"I remain, my dear Sir,

"With sentiments of respect and esteem,

Yours very truly,

"F. E. BINGLEY."

The "Worthies," consisting of thirteen lives, as published in a collected form under the title of "Biographia Borealis," immediately obtained, and continues to enjoy, considerable reputation. The work may even be said to be popular. That the Lives are drawn up, for the most part, from obvious materials, skilfully put together, with more pretension to original thought and lively illustration, than to independent research, is no matter of surprise, considering the circumstances under which they were composed, written as they were against time, to meet the demands of the press, in a country town, affording scanty opportunities for literary investigation. As mere biography they show what Hartley Coleridge might have achieved in this department, if not in the higher walks of history. But they are more than what they profess to be: they run over with acute observations and ingenious speculation on all sorts of subjects,—a manner of writing natural to the author and parallel to his style of conversation, expressed in an easy and vivacious diction, and supported by a large amount of miscellaneous information.

It is pleasant to know that this production was read by his father carefully and with evident gratification, as appears from the tenor of his remarks (which, however, are for the most part expostu-

latory), recorded in the margin of the copy, which had been placed in his hands. These annotations will appear in a new edition of the work.*

To the poems a larger meed of praise is, in my judgment, to be awarded. Though printed for sale, they can hardly be said to have been published; but by the few readers of poetry to whom they are known, they are much, and I think justly, admired as works of genial inspiration and of finished art. They have been long out of print, and a copy is scarcely to be procured.

The following letters to his sister, shortly after his return from Leeds, on the occasion of Miss Southey's marriage, is sufficiently characteristic to find a place here.

"*Greta Hall, March* 24, 1834.

"My dear Sara,

"It was a sweet consolation to hear soon after Edith's marriage that your old playmate and cousin-bride had seen you, and that you were at least well enough to take pleasure in the meeting; nor could the good tidings have transpired in a more fitting place than this identical parlour, where, changed as most things are, there are still some lingering relics of old times: of the happy times which 'have left a joy for memory'—times, which are the most invaluable possession of my heart, and, paradoxical as it may sound, the better for being flown. There is much and true

* This edition is now in the press, and may be expected in a few weeks.—*December* 1, 1851.

philosophy in a saying of Farquhar's, though he puts it into the mouth of a ruined rake and fortune-hunter, that 'past pleasures are best.' 'Not e'en the gods upon the past have power.' To walk with reverted eyes, to live in the days that are gone, is commonly accounted to be the natural propensity of old age, or the acquired indulgence of affliction. For myself, I remember not a time when it was not so with me. Distant hopes were never the stuff of my day-dreams. If in childhood, or, as was more frequently the case, in the turbulent period of transition betwixt boyhood and adolescence, I sometimes felt in haste to be a man, no anticipated delight, no definite purpose, or indefinite yearning, mingled with my angry impatience. The idle wish arose merely from a horror of restraint, a sore antipathy to counsel. Yet, in my earliest childhood I was not without a sense, a presentiment that I was enjoying more freedom than I could ever expect again—though I rather envied the dirty, ragged boys who were not made to change their stockings when they got wetshod, and if they had pennies given them, were allowed to spend them in gunpowder and little cannons. I believe that obstinacy, or the dread of control and discipline, arises not so much from self-willedness, as from a conscious defect of voluntary power, as fool-hardiness is not seldom the self-disguise of conscious timidity. You will not wonder (I hope, indeed, you have too much sense to wonder or be shocked at anything) that I regard all the reforms wrought on these premises as unfavourably as the stanchest Conservative can regard the Reformed Parliament. Even the conversion *of Paul* seems to me little better than apostasy.* The organ room is out of tune; not at all comparable to what it was with its bare walls, whereon the damp had played the geographer, mapping out Ejuxras and Eutopias, With shores

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* "Hartley's parlour," as it was once called, had been converted into a supplementary library, and morning-room for the family. The process by which this was effected was termed robbing Peter to pay Paul. Hence its new name.

embayed, and winding rivers long and wide, And forests vast of mouldy greenery, Sharp-jutting capes to cleave the long-backed waves; What time my cousin Robert and myself On fiddle, hight of Caledon, did play Broad Scotia's ancient music. Poor dear Wilsy's kitchen !—but of this I cannot bear to speak; besides, I suppose you know the changes well enough, though some have taken place since your departure. But there are worse alterations than these. Our dear Mother's chair and little table no longer occupy their 'customed nook. You are no longer 'the shorty.' Edith's queen-like form is seen no more: and, alas ! the churchyard is full of our hopes and affections. But enough. Uncle is still the same—quite as good, and sometimes quite as funny and light-hearted, though assuredly he has more frequent fits of silence and abstraction; and I am assured he looks gloomily on public affairs. And what do you think of the 'Doctor?' And what do you think of Lockhart's wise conjecture? that I—even I—Hartley Coleridge, assisted by my father, am the author thereof? A great compliment, doubtless. It is a book ! a book indeed: it must be delightful to every one; and yet there are touches that can only be felt by a few. I do, I confess, like the Pantagruelism, and the narrative, and the love, better than the good advice, or the religion, or the politics, which *may* be all very good in their kind (although, *entre nous*, the sort of sectarian Church of Englandism which it breathes is anything but ——, no matter); but the contrast between the serious and comic parts seems to me too sharp. I have to review it in 'Blackwood,' and shall throw out some sapient innuendos respecting the author, just to lead the wiseacres astray. I shall insist upon it, that it could be written by none but a clergyman, a Doncastrian, a valetudinarian, a great traveller, a man who had experienced disappointments in love, probably—an Oxonian and a senior fellow. Of course the A. I. Chapters must be regarded as altogether fabulous or allegorical; and I shall prove by irrefragable arguments that the Bhow-Begum is the Church. But uncle is just going out; so I must end with

thanking you for your letter. To-morrow I shall most likely return to Grasmere and my labours. All here send their best loves to you all. Commend me to mamma and Henry; I shall write to them both soon. God bless you, and be thanked for the improvement in your health.

"H. COLERIDGE."

In the autumn of the year 1834, he lost his father. His letters to his mother and myself, on receiving the tidings of this event, are so characteristic of his better self, and do so much honour to his father's memory, that I cannot entirely withhold them. To his mother he writes:—

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"Though from Miss Hutchinson's report I had too much reason to expect the sad event announced in Henry's letter of last Friday, and though I cannot say that I was much surprised, yet so little had I prepared my mind for the loss, that it fell upon me as the fulfilment of an unbelieved prophecy: and even yet, though I know it, I hardly believe it. I do not feel fatherless. I often find my mind disputing with itself—What would my father think of this? and when the recollection awakes, that I have no father, it appears more like a possible evil than an actual bereavement. You may, perhaps, have felt something like this on first hearing of the departure of distant friends; I am sure I do not express it well; yet, had I been forewarned by that mysterious presentiment which the future still throws before, I could not but feel that something was coming. Nightly I dreamed of my father, and had daily an especial longing to see him. But this is sad talk, and vain. Henry, God bless him! bids me write comfortably to you. Whence can that comfort be derived if not from the consideration that he departed in the faith of Christ, with the Holy Spirit conducting his soul

through pain to victory? But this I need not say to you. When we mourn for the dead, we mourn but for our own bereavement; we believe, or strive to believe, that they live for themselves and for God; but for us the dead are dead.* It is common on these occasions to dwell on the shortness and uncertainty of life; I know not why, but that is not the moral I draw from death. I rather grieve that it was not I; that I was not, like Kirke White, called away in my youth; that my beloved parents did not close my eyes; that my death should have been the only sorrow I had ever caused them; that when they talked of me, they might weep tears of tender joy, thinking of what I might have been, and no painful thought of what I had been, ever joined

> "The silent melody of thought that sings
> A ceaseless requiem to the sainted dead;
> That so the sharp wound, hid within the heart,
> May grow a spot most finely sensible
> To each good impress of the hand of God:
> Till death no longer seemed a terrible thing,
> But like a blithe and long-wished holiday
> That frees the spirit weary of the school
> And discipline of earth, once more to join
> The friends and kindred of their happy home
> While the All-father, with a look benign,
> Praises the task, imperfect though it be,
> And blesses all in their love and His own.

"Dear mother, this is a sad attempt at verse, and it may seem to you to evidence small sense of my orphan state that I should choose such a vehicle; but I have so long used myself to express my deeper feelings in metre, that I find a difficulty in expressing them in prose."

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* This thought is expanded in the beautiful sonnet,—

> "Still for the world he lives, and lives in bliss,
> For God and for himself."—Vol. ii. p. 58.

His letter to myself, in which the first gush of his feeling had found vent, I cannot trust myself to characterise. It is, as he said, "a long, long, very long letter," written in all the eloquence of a grief embittered by self-reproach. A short extract, which the object of this memoir seems to require, is all that can be given from this sacred memorial.

"*Grasmere, August* 1, 1834.

"DEAR DERWENT,

* * * * *

"I feel, I know how utterly incommensurate my grief is to its occasion. Friends think they have nothing to do but console. Perhaps other people do, or think they do, lament the departed enough; I declare that I reproach my own heart for its unfilial insensibility. All the sorrow I feel were scarce adequate to the loss of an affectionate dog. In times past I have shed tears, hot, scalding, painful tears, for mere nothings, and now I cannot weep, though now my tears might be a second baptism, washing my soul from sins of many days. But this day I saw a mother and a father parting with their child for six months only, and they wept, and I could have wept with them. And why? they had no cause, no hint of grief, and yet I envied them not their hope, but their pregnancy of sorrow. And yet, why sorrow? It was his wish that he might so meet death as to testify the depth and sincerity of his faith in Jesus. And was he not, while life and breath were granted him, a powerful preacher of Jesus? For myself I can speak that he, he only, made me a Christian. What with my irregular passions and my intellect—powerful, perhaps, in parts, but ever like 'a crazy old church clock and its bewildered chimes'—what but for him I might have been, I tremble to think. But I never forgot him; no, Derwent, I have forgot myself too often, but I never forgot my father. And now if his beatified spirit be

permitted to peruse the Day Book of the Recording Angel, to contemplate the memory of God which forgets nothing, in which the very abortions of time, the thoughts which we think we never thought, the meanings which we never meant to mean, live everlastingly—if he may look in that book, or rather, if an intimate knowledge of its contents be consubstantiated with the essence of his beatitude, then will he know that among my many sins it was not one that I loved him not; and wherever the final bolt of judgment may drive me, it will not be into the frozen regions of sons that loved not their fathers.

"That I did not pray with him when he uttered his last prayer, that I partook not with him the blessed Sacrament, that I heard not his last words, I shall ever regret; for I had not, as you have, imperative duties to withhold me, and had I known ——; but what use is it now to say what I might, or would, or ought to have done? He is gone—gone from earth for ever, and to whom can I pay the huge debt of duty which I owe him?"

These sentiments, with the feelings which they engendered, self-reproach, and a passionate desire to find in himself an image of the Good and Holy, —The only Good and Holy—to the knowledge of Whom he had been guided by his earthly parent now departed, were never extinguished, and speedily awoke, if they appeared to sleep. But the spell was not broken. It is needless to remark how little mere feeling can do, however correct, to break through the despotism of habit, or to reinstate the broken springs of action. Yet the struggle was perpetually renewed, and as the sun of life went down, he looked forward with prayerful

hope to a gradual restoration and a final reconcilement in death.

It may be proper to record here the peculiar provision made for him by his father in his will. The instrument is dated Grove, May 2nd, 1830, four years before the death of the testator.

"This is a codicil to my last will and testament.

"S. T. COLERIDGE.

"Most desirous to secure as far as in me lies for my dear son Hartley the tranquillity indispensable to any continued and successful exertion of his literary talents, and which, from the like characters of our minds in this respect, I know to be especially requisite for his happiness, and persuaded that he will recognise in this provision that anxious affection by which it is dictated, I affix this codicil to my last will and testament; and I hereby give and bequeath to Joseph Henry Green, Esquire, to Henry Nelson Coleridge, Esquire, and to James Gillman, Esquire, and the survivor of them, and the executors and assignees of such survivor, the sum whatever it may be which in the will aforesaid I bequeathed to my son Hartley Coleridge after the decease of his mother, Sara Coleridge, upon trust. And I hereby request them (the said trustees) to hold the sum accruing to Hartley Coleridge from the equal division of my total bequest between him, his brother Derwent, and his sister Sara Coleridge, after his mother's decease, to dispose of the interest or proceeds of the same portion to or for the use of my dear son Hartley Coleridge at such time or times, in such manner, and under such conditions as they the trustees above named know to be my wish, and shall deem conducive to the attainment of my object in adding this codicil, namely, the anxious wish to ensure for my son the continued means of a home, in which I comprise board, lodging, and raiment. Providing that nothing in this codicil shall be so interpreted as to interfere

with my son Hartley Coleridge's freedom of choice respecting his place of residence, or with his power of disposing of his portion by will after his decease according as his own judgment and affections may decide.

"S. T. COLERIDGE.
"*2nd July*, 1835.

"*Witnesses*:

"ANNE GILLMAN,
"JAMES GILLMAN, jun."

A home he never wanted in the sense intended by his father; and on the death of his mother in 1845, he was placed, by means of an annuity on his life, on a footing of complete independence. But he survived this arrangement little more than three years.

It is difficult to pass in narrative without a jar from the discussion of such feelings and such interests to more ordinary topics. In life the transition is natural and easy from the deepest seriousness to every-day occupation, to cheerfulness and gaiety.

It appears that, when acting for another, and relieved from personal responsibility, he could discharge the duties of a preceptor with great ability. In the year 1837, he assisted his friend, the Rev. Isaac Green, in the school at Sedbergh for several months, and in the following year he took the place of the Head Master from March to the Midsummer Vacation. Here he found a school already organised, discipline established, and a class

of intelligent youths prepared and anxious to profit by his instructions. His lessons were now in the higher classics; and I have heard from one of his scholars that they were highly appreciated by the boys themselves, his teaching being eminently distinct, impressive, and interesting. My informant dwelt particularly on the clearness of his explanations. This was characteristic of his mind. The following letter from one of his pupils, afterwards his admiring friend, refers to this period of his life:—

"8, *Beaufort-terrace, Seacombe, near Liverpool,*

"DEAR SIR, *Oct.* 25, 1850.

"The few letters that Hartley Coleridge wrote to me, with a sonnet or two, were left at Mrs. Nelson Coleridge's in the spring of this year, to be used in what way his literary executors might think best. Some time I should like to have them again, for I have no other record of such kindness and such friendship as I cannot hope to find again. I first saw Hartley in the beginning, I think, of 1837, when I was at Sedbergh, and he heard us our lesson in Mr. Green's parlour. My impression of him was what I conceived Shakspere's idea of a gentleman to be, something which we like to have in a picture. He was dressed in black, his hair, just touched with grey, fell in thick waves down his back, and he had a frilled shirt on; and there was a sort of autumnal ripeness and brightness about him. His shrill voice, and his quick, authoritative 'right! right!' and the chuckle with which he translated 'rerum repetundarum' as 'peculation, a very common vice in governors of all ages,' after which he took a turn round the sofa—all struck me amazingly; his readiness astonished us all, and even himself, as he afterwards told me; for, during the time he was at the school, he never

had to use a Dictionary once, though we read Dalzell's selections from Aristotle and Longinus, and several plays of Sophocles. He took his idea, so he said, from what De Quincy says of one of the Eton masters fagging the lesson, to the great amusement of the class, and, while waiting for the lesson, he used to read a newspaper. While acting as second master he seldom occupied the master's desk, but sat among the boys on one of the school benches. He very seldom came to school in a morning, never till about eleven, and in the afternoon about an hour after we had begun. I never knew the least liberty taken with him, though he was kinder and more familiar than was then the fashion with masters. His translations were remarkably vivid; of μογερὰ μογερῶς 'toiling and moiling;' and of some ship or other in the Philoctetes, which he pronounced to be 'scudding under main-top sails,' our conceptions became intelligible. Many of his translations were written down with his initials, and I saw some, not a long while ago, in the Sophocles of a late Tutor at Queen's College, Oxford, who had them from tradition. He gave most attention to our themes; out of those sent in he selected two or three, which he then read aloud and criticised; and once, when they happened to agree, remarked there was always a coincidence of thought amongst great men. Out of school he never mixed with the boys, but was sometimes seen, to their astonishment, running along the fields with his arms outstretched, and talking to himself. He had no pet scholars except one, a little fair-haired boy, who he said ought to have been a girl. He told me that was the only boy he ever loved, though he always loved little girls. He was remarkably fond of the travelling shows that occasionally visited the village. I have seen him clap his hands with delight; indeed, in most of the simple delights of country life, he was like a child. This is what occurs to me at present of what he was when I first knew him; and, indeed, my after recollections are of a similarly fragmentary kind, consisting only of those little, numerous, noiseless, every-day acts of kindness, the sum of which makes a Christian

life. His love of little children, his sympathy with the poor and suffering, his hatred of oppression, the beauty and the grace of his politeness before women, and his high manliness,—these are the features which I shall never forget while I have anything to remember. I shall be glad to go into particulars, if you think it worth while, next week.

"I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

"THOMAS BLACKBURN."

The following letters to his friends may be taken as specimens of his talent as a correspondent :—

"DEAR ISAAK,

"Many days, not to say weeks, I have been meditating an epistle, but the weather has been so humorsome, sometimes so fine, it was a sin to stay within doors—sometimes so confoundedly hipp'd, it would have been mere rebellion to be cheerful even on paper, and I know that there is no vacancy for dumps in your soul. Sunday, for example, began in tears, to be sure, like a fair babe weeping at its own nativity; but that passed over in the matutinal chambers of day, into which I reverently refrain from intruding. Then, how sweet the infant face of half-past nine, not smiling through its tears, but smiling on them—

" Turning the relics of departed grief
Into bright promise of approaching joy,
So bright the tear-drops on each blade, and leaf !
Alack ! they were too free, too little coy,
Greeting the sunbeams that must soon destroy
Their watery essence. Joy is ever brief.
Best is the joy that sinks into a calm,
Soft as the cadence of a holy psalm.

But it was horribly hot in Rydal chapel; and I was seated so directly within the scope and malice of a gaudy, painted

window, that I am afraid I thought far more of Archimedes and his burning-glass, and Vitalianus and the Goths (*vide* Lempriere, Gibbon, and the Byzantine historians), and Apollo killing Niobe's children with his arrows, and folks driven crazy in the wilds of America by a *coup de soleil*, and a particular passage of Southey's Kehama, where somebody or other turns a stake of teak-wood into white flaky ashes with a sun-beam, than of Ahab, and Naboth, and Jezebel, in the first lesson. A friendly cloud enabled me to give my attention to the second, as well as to my cousin-in-law's admirable discourse on the Gospel—'If thou hadst known,' &c. I dined at Mr. ——, and saw that most interesting of all sights, a pair of youthful lovers whose love was blessed with parental approval. I could not make out what Miss —— saw in her swain, except a pretty young gentleman in a white neckcloth and Deacon's Orders; but I saw in her almost as much as he could imagine, only I saw it calmly, as I might have done a fair picture illustrating an ingenious tale of possible goodness. Thank Heaven, I have arrived at the point which one of my early doggrel compositions foretold as my best state.

"'To find my proper joy in others' bliss.'

* * * * *

"It is indeed no small comfort to me to be assured that my vicarious ministration in the school is not unpleasantly remembered by the boys; but it is yet more consolatory to contrast your present state of health and spirits with the despondent mood in which I found you in 1837. Should ever need occur again I shall ever be glad to give any aid in my power.

"But what of my dear little god-daughter? Is the sweet creature as sweetly provoking and as provokingly sweet as ever? I should like to pat her dear little curly head. My sister requested me to undertake the sponsor's responsibility for the coming babe, but it was ordered otherwise; the child, though safely delivered and promising, never lived to be

carried to church. It was privately baptised, and returned to its Maker within a fortnight after its birth. There is a mystery in this, but I doubt not there is a mercy and a blessing also. My brother had, as you have had, a severer trial: a lovely girl lived long enough for love and hope, and then was snatched away.

"I trust soon to send you a second volume of my poems. I hardly anticipate for them so kind a reception as the first have met with. In truth, I find it now more difficult than ever to please myself."

"*To the Rev. Isaak Green, Sedbergh.*"

"*Grasmere, September* 15, 1837.

"DEAR MADAM,

"Your letter shot like a sunbeam across my solitude; for very solitary I am, even now, beside my solitary taper, glad to transfer my thoughts to your cheerful fireside, inasmuch as they were engaged in nothing better than a speculation about the present abode of the vital particle of the sheep whose tallow is my present substitute for day. I am, in fact, a dweller on a desolate island, yet not so utterly excommunicated from the church and conversation of my species that I need inquire of the winds whether my friends do 'now and then send a wish or a thought after me.' The post occasionally gives me more substantial intelligence of their continuance in this dirty planet; nor are callers and invitations wanting to assure me that I am not quite alone in the world. Still, it is much, very much, to a creature divided from all his natural kin to be reminded that he abides in the memories of good people, and my sojourn under your roof is one of the few stations of my mortal pilgrimage on which I can look back with satisfaction. Glad shall I be if it prove equally acceptable to you, and that your excellent husband may believe that my visit in anywise contributed to his recovery. I need not say that I congratulate him on his resumption of his pædagogic and pastoral duties. Should a recess from the former be

desirable, a line to me will procure a *locum tenens* at any time. *Verbum sat.* But you used to complain of our Latin. I am much obliged to you for your Sedbergh news; much of which deeply interested me, particularly the Miss U——'s legacies. Give my, whatever is proper—you know I am a great stickler for propriety in these matters, though in my heart I hate it—to those young ladies when you see them; at least, you may give my love to little Martha, and my grateful remembrances to Mr. U——. I am afraid I fell sadly in the Miss U——'s estimation for my heretical opinions about little Sunday-school girls picking flowers on the Sabbath. I certainly had better have held my tongue. Often and often have I resolved never to utter a syllable which can by any possibility provoke a religious or political controversy, for I know that such verbal combats must be both irritating and unedifying; but somehow or other I cannot tolerate dogmas which seem to derogate from the holiest attribute of the Most High. Yet I honour those who boldly and consistently maintain their convictions, however contrary to mine. Ambleside is at this moment a house divided against itself respecting the merits of Mr. Faber, a young clergyman who preached his maiden sermon in Mr. Dawe's pulpit a few Sundays ago, and has continued to occupy it ever since. He is high Church to the very verge of Romanism. I have heard him but once: he is evidently a man of genius; he has the pale face, wild eye, and self-oblivious manner which evinces sincere enthusiasm. He is not the man to fling brimstone at the heads of an unoffending congregation, and then go and dine with the worst sinner that will give him a good feed. Of his sincerity there can be no doubt—of his Christian sanity I have my suspicions. At all events he has put the sincerity of his admirers to an *experimentum crucis.*

* * * * *

"But all this is not news, at least not interesting news, to you. From doctrine to dancing may seem a desperate leap, yet I must tell you there was a very grand ball last week at Mr. ——; I, who am not invited to G——, except when

there is a call of the house, had the honour of a note on that occasion. As gents were superabundant, and fancy waistcoats predominant, I only danced once. I hate to prevent a poor girl getting a partner who will do her credit; for I believe it is not the man whom they best like, but the man whose attentions will give the most *éclat*, that girls *ettle* at, and for this righteous end, now that the science of the neckcloth is involved in sable silk, a gentleman's waistcoat and stockings are much more available than his brains. I wish you could have seen E—— C——; not that he danced, but his loins were girded with a flower-garden which would have confounded Hervey himself. I am glad to see that the young ladies have returned to white—the appropriate vesture of the lilies that toil not. Some looked so lovely that I had reason to be joyful that I shall be forty-one next Monday. If you *think on* to drink my health, so be it."

"*To Mrs. Green, Sedbergh.*"

About this time his excellent hostess, Mrs. Fleming,* dying, some anxiety was entertained about his future residence. He had not, however, to change his abode. The house was taken by a young farmer and his wife, with whom, first at Grasmere, and afterwards at the Nab Cottage, on the banks of Rydal Water, he spent the remainder of his days. I cannot record the names of William and Eleanor Richardson without emotion, remem-

* "The aged woman" alluded to in the poem of the two Dinahs—

> "Whose goodness often seen, but ofter felt
> To common duties gave a grace uncommon."
>
> Vol. ii. p. 150.

bering the respectful solicitude with which they watched over him for the twelve years that he passed under their roof, and the affectionate devotion with which they tended upon him during his last sickness.

A few paragraphs may now bring my narrative to a close, so far as it is intended to be a record of events. Day followed day, and week followed week, during these twelve years in even succession, bringing with them the same business, if business it might be called, and the same recreation. Let one description serve for all.

The cottage in which he lived, and with which my brother's name will, I suppose, long be associated, has already attracted the notice of visitors, as having been the abode of Hartley Coleridge. One of these, to me unknown, has recorded his impressions in a not unkindly spirit. He says, that "after the cheerfulness of The Mount, the residence of William Wordsworth, which lies high above it, at the distance of a few furlongs, it looks lonely and desolate." Lonely it is; but not, to my feelings, "desolate." It stands by itself on the road-side, between Ambleside and Grasmere, and at nearly an equal distance between the two, having the little lake of Rydal, with its two woody islets in front, at the distance of a stone's throw from

the door;—a simple rustic dwelling, very low, and somewhat darkened by the mass of ivy which has got a footing on the old bird-nest chimney, with a little cottage-garden on one side, and a small farm-yard on the other. A sloping meadow behind leads to the many-coloured side of Nab Scar, which rises steep and, in part, precipitous, through a skirt of trees, with which it is slightly feathered to a considerable height. On the opposite side of the lake runs the range of Loughrigg, greeting the eye with a rich variety of hue and outline, light and shade. On the whole, I take the character of the place to be that of cheerful retirement without seclusion, well fitted for the abiding-place of a man at once contemplative and social, who, living much alone, and in communion with nature, yet needed ready access to the haunts of men—and such was my brother.

It was surely a happy, and, so to speak, a suitable disposition of events—I would not lightly use the word Providential—which brought my brother to spend his latter days, as it were, under the shadow and at the foot of that great poet, his father's friend, —so pronounced in words of immortal fame,—with whom his own infancy and boyhood had been so closely and so affectionately linked. As a poet, he would have accounted this an honourable place, and would have claimed no higher. To this, of

all his contemporaries, he was every way best entitled. Living in such neighbourhood together, and with no greater distance of affection, they were not far divided in their deaths, and now they lie all but side by side.

His time was spent much as it had been when he was a boy, out of doors in lonely reverie, in intercourse with his many friends, or at his desk; for though he read much, it was commonly with the pen in his hand.

Let us see him at home—but indeed his lodging was to him but one of many homes;—his household gods followed him to many a hearth, yet returned with him to their own sanctuary. His friends will not soon forget the little chamber—the walls remain, but the room, as they remember it, is among the things that were—in which he spent so many hours, alone with his books, and with his thoughts, and in which he received his visitors. It is thus described by an intelligent observer, for whom it had a peculiar interest:—

"Most days the window blind was down, so that when you were in the room you had 'a light much like a shade.' Hartley was seldom in in summer or fine weather; it was only on dark cold days, or in the evening, that he was at home, and the fire was lit. Then the little chamber looked snug and cosy. One side was occupied by something which resembled a pigeon-box rather than a book-case: then there was a door covered with red baize, that looked like the entrance to a

closet, but which you found to be a receptacle for a little white-curtained bed. The fire-place had large hobs, and what school-boys would call 'caves,' where pipes rested. Over the mantel-piece hung a cocked hat and feather, and a sword—I believe his father's—and a print of one of his father's earliest friends. Within arm's length of an old cushioned chair, with claws and grotesque arms, was the book he most used, Anderson's British Poets. Floor and table and window-seat were piled up with dusty papers."

The hat and sword had been, it seems, his father's—relics of his military equipment, and memorials of a well-known episode in his early life.* I remember to have seen them when a child. The portrait was that of Thomas Poole, Esq., of Nether Stowey, "that remarkable and excellent man," as he has justly been styled, whose name I gladly mention in this connection. Among the dusty papers might be seen heaps of old magazines and Athenæum newspapers, richly fringed with annotations in my brother's peculiar hand-writing —strong, black, rapid, and irregular, yet, for the most part, distinct and legible—running down the narrow margins; but his choicer manuscripts were stored away, with some care, in a little black box made for him when at school, by his friend, Robert Jameson, and which had been his companion ever since.

* See the biographical supplement to Coleridge's Biographia Literaria. Vol. ii. p. 337.

The number of those to whom the above details will recal a real scene may perhaps be counted by units. Thousands retain the image of the man himself as he was seen out of doors, standing immersed in thought, or strolling onwards, now slow, now fast, with gusty and irregular movement, along the lanes and roads of his own, and the adjoining vales—that wider home, for such it was to him, in which he was so long domesticated.

As I have before intimated, his purposeless wanderings had been sometimes pursued till he lost the power to return. Guided forward by feelings, the nature and intensity of which may rather be guessed than known, he seemed to fly from the sight of his own home and the presence of friends, whose very love was a constraint, till he was found by his anxious host perhaps in some remote vale. He could not fall among strangers. Go where he would, be where he might, he was treated with affectionate respect. Love followed him like his shadow. But this was not the habit of his latest years.

Among his friends we must count men, women, and children, of every rank and of every age. While he preserved the tone of his manners (which, though somewhat eccentric, were free from any tincture of vulgarity), and seldom, if ever, failed of being treated with due respect and considera-

tion, he willingly overstepped the conventional distinctions by which society is divided. In the farm-house or the cottage, not alone at times of rustic festivity at a sheep-shearing, a wedding, or a christening, but by the ingle side with the grandmother or the "bairns,"* he was made, and felt himself, at home. It may be that his social tendencies, his willingness to see the best side of every character, and his disposition to reluct against what he considered uncharitable censures and pharisaical restrictions, may have led him to be less select than might be desired in the choice of his casual associates in humble life, or in a rank more nearly approaching to his own. If it were so, I know it not. Certain it is, that the individuals with whom he held most intercourse, to whom he was most attached, and who regarded him with the deepest interest—the most affectionate admiration—and this for a long course of years;—those by whom his death was most sincerely mourned, and by whom his memory is most dearly cherished, were not merely in the highest degree estimable, but in many cases persons of peculiar refinement, moral and intellectual. The inference is obvious. It was in some small measure to repay, or at least to express, the pleasure that he

* In Westmoreland and Cumberland this word is pronounced "barns."

derived from the society of these friends, that many of his occasional poems were composed—some of which will be found, I believe, to rank among the best of their kind. These were thrown off with the greatest facility, and in the most casual manner, though sometimes elaborated afterwards with considerable care. They exhibit the union of a graceful fancy, and highly cultivated powers of expression, with a certain thoughtful tenderness not unmixed with melancholy. They testify, in a peculiar manner, to his love of children—the young, the innocent, the beautiful, and the happy.

This love was returned in kind;—children doted upon him.—The exquiste sonnet, beginning—

"Hast thou not seen some aged rifted tower?"

gives a deep and pathetic meaning to this fondness. He would nurse an infant by the hour. A like overflowing of his affectionate nature was seen in his fondness for animals—for anything that would love him in return—simply, and for its own sake, rather than for his.

His manners and appearance were peculiar. Though not dwarfish either in form or expression, his stature was remarkably low, scarcely exceeding five feet, and he early acquired the gait and general appearance of advanced age. His once dark, lustrous hair, was prematurely silvered, and became

latterly quite white. His eyes, dark, soft, and brilliant, were remarkably responsive to the movements of his mind, flashing with a light from within. His complexion, originally clear and sanguine, looked weather-beaten, and the contour of his face was rendered less pleasing by the breadth of his nose. His head was very small, the ear delicately formed, and the forehead, which receded slightly, very wide and expansive. His hands and feet were also small and delicate. His countenance, when in repose, or rather in stillness, was stern and thoughtful in the extreme, indicating deep and passionate meditation, so much so as to be at times almost startling. His low bow on entering a room, in which there were ladies or strangers, gave a formality to his address, which wore at first the appearance of constraint; but when he began to talk, these impressions were presently changed,—he threw off the seeming weight of years, his countenance became genial, and his manner free and gracious.

Of his conversation I am less able to speak from personal knowledge than many others. Let it not be thought that I speak of myself with any personal reference, when I say that he regarded his brother, the companion and friend of his happy boyhood, so long separated from him by the stern necessities of life, with very peculiar feelings. I had become

idealised in his mind. Endeared ever more and more to his affections,*—(I was with him, he said, in his daily thoughts, and in his nightly dreams,) —I had become exalted in his imagination, so that his judgments respecting his far-off brother are to be regarded simply as part of himself. The truth is, that "he held my temper in a high respect," and with this was joined, besides some painful reflections, which were but too natural, a morbid and excessive self-depreciation; so that when, after an absence of more than twenty years, I was enabled to visit him in 1843, he was at once excited and embarrassed. I had much communion with him in private,† but in society he was nearly silent.

* The following beautiful passage in one of his letters to a friend may well find a place here. "I cannot live much longer without a sight of my dear brother and his little ones. You cannot conceive how much my affections to my kindred are intensified by my increasing years. Time was that I thought lightly of the ties of blood, and held that every man should choose for himself a kindred and a brotherhood, not according to the flesh, but according to the spirit; but whether I be grown wiser or weaker, I now believe that nature, which, though not God, is the law and power, and manifestation of God, is wiser than man, a more permanent and trustworthy exponent of the eternal reason than the mere human understanding—at best but the balance-sheet of the debtor and creditor accounts of the senses, too often miscalculated and sophisticated by the corrupt will."

† "To D. C.

"We grappled like two wrestlers, long and hard,
With many a strain and many a wily turn;

The general testimony of friends and strangers, however, leaves no doubt that the conversational eloquence of his early manhood remained unimpaired to the last. It is of course impossible to recal the charm which was almost universally attributed to his manners and to his habits—the pregnant thought, the wide-spreading fancy, the playful, good-humoured causticity to which his striking countenance, his rich, rhythmical voice, and even his eccentric demeanour, gave additional effect. On this subject, one of his friends (Mr. James Spedding), one well able to give evidence on this point, thus writes to me:—

"As to memoranda, I have some lively memoranda in my own mind of the impressions which his conversations

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The deep divine, the quaint fantastic bard,
From night to night we did the strife adjourn.

"The one was stiff as any bending reed
Is stiff with ice, with frosty mail emboss'd,
By nature flaccid as the lank sea-weed,
But seeming stanch—by might of brittle frost.

"The other, like a pine, was like to yield,
But upward sprang, and heavenward pointed still:
The reed and pine to every blast reveal'd
How weak is wilfulness, how strong is will.

"Thou wert the pine, and I, with woeful ruth,
Confess myself the reed: ah! woe is me,
If such be all the banded hosts of Truth,
Of Justice, Freedom, and Humanity."—1843.

left upon me; but I have never practised, nor indeed acquired, the art of setting such things down in writing; and they are like my impressions of a face which I know; which seems as definite and distinct as the life, until I try to draw it, and then I find that I can produce no resemblance. I could indeed quote several of his sayings with tolerable correctness, for his talk abounded in things quotable, but I believe that if we had a collection of as many of the sayings of Shakspeare as Ben Jonson could have remembered, set down one after the other as illustrations of his conversation, it would be very disappointing, and convey no part of a true impression of the thing."

Another friend, the same to whom I am indebted for the interesting sketch, already given, of his earliest manhood, thus records his impression in later years:—

"In days subsequent to those which I have been attempting to remember, I have been constantly struck with new astonishment in every new interview with Hartley. The mine of his knowledge was inexhaustible. He had an acquaintance with every subject—with all books. Though in later years living in distant and sequestered scenes, where one might have thought his communion with Nature would have been greater than his worldly information, his knowledge of all that was passing in the bustling haunts of men, of every work that had been recently published, was complete, nay, even it might have seemed intuitive and miraculous. In relating the smallest anecdote his powers of humour and pathos were alternately brought into play. He would bring every little circumstance of a scene or event before the very vision with astonishing vivacity; eye, and voice, and gesture, all speaking and working to one end. Accustomed to consider men as men, to him it mattered little to whom he disburthened himself of the load of mental treasure that literally seemed

to oppress him, and to be ever seeking an utterance. I have known him enter into metaphysical disquisitions with a Cumberland peasant (be it not, however, forgotten that a Cumberland peasant is more or less an educated man), or (as it happened on one occasion, when we had taken shelter from the rain about the ingle-nook of a way-side hostel,) deliver what might be called an historical lecture to a party of Cumbrian farmers. Nor was his eloquence wholly lost even upon these less refined auditors. Their respect for his talents amounted to veneration; and even if they could not always follow him in his higher flights of speculation, a sort of consciousness that their being had been raised by communication with such a man remained to them, and it was with a sentiment of real veneration, in itself favourable to humanity, that they summed up the impression which Hartley's eloquence had made on them by the words—'Aye, but Mr. Coleridge talks fine.'

"How delightful, then, to more informed minds—what a valued privilege was Hartley's conversation! What a true enjoyment was a walk with him amidst the glorious scenery with which he was, and will long remain, identified! But it was not only by the qualities of his mind that Hartley was favourably known; he had a kind and affectionate heart, a kindly genial disposition, a fine temper and a peculiar generosity of sentiment; capable as he was of forcible and satiric painting, his word-pictures were ever free from offence, and always had the light of his own geniality over them;—never have I heard one word from him of personal bitterness. The keenest arrow in his speech was 'tipped with good nature.' Yet, in detailing any act of injustice, his eyes, for a brief moment, would flash fire, his very teeth be ground, and his whole frame moved.

"This freedom from all personality or narrow rancour caused that it might have been said emphatically of Hartley, that he had no enemies; the nature of his being was such as might more particularly be called '*attracting;*' there was about him a child-like and confiding spirit, a oneness and

simplicity which bore witness to Wordsworth's wondrous penetration, when (in the lines 'to H. C., six years old, already alluded to,) he predicted that Hartley would retain,

" 'By individual right,
A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks.'

He was not one whom any could coldly see as a mere intellectual curiosity, but he was of those who (to use an expression of Mr. Southey's) 'make the eye sparkle' when we meet them. That his talents were appreciated by the lower orders in Cumberland I have intimated; but, more than this, he was deeply beloved amongst them. I have heard some of that class say, they would 'go through fire and water for Mr. Coleridge.' To all, indeed, of any class who ever were in familiar intercourse with Hartley, I may appeal to bear me out in the assertion, that his memory will not be less identified with the affections, than honoured by the intellect. How often will those who shall re-seek the shores of Windermere, after having wandered by them in his company, recall to mind his own beautiful lines on the death of Mr. Jackson of Lowwood Inn! How often will they look around on the lovely lake and landscape, almost wondering that every inanimate object should be as it was, and the 'hills in beauty rise' as before, while the presiding spirit that animated those scenes is fled! So will they feel until the strain with which Hartley himself concludes the touching memorial alluded to may haply recur to them, with the high truths which it teaches:—

" 'The lake is still the same, the changeful skies
Change by a law which we may not control:
Sage Nature is not bound to sympathise
With every passion of a single soul.

Look not for sorrow in the changeful skies,
The mountain many-hued, or passive lake;
But look to Him, who sometimes will chastise
Those whom He loves, but never will forsake.' "

" *Lausanne, Dec.* 3, 1849."

Notwithstanding the difficulty, above noticed, of arranging by means of anecdotes and table-talk, any sufficient idea of the living man, the two following letters appear to me peculiarly and accurately graphic. These contributions are the more valuable, as they exhibit my brother's portrait from two opposite points of view :—

"8 *Beaufort-terrace, Seacombe, near Liverpool.*
"*Oct.* 29, 1850.

"DEAR SIR,

"I thank you for your very polite letter. I am glad that my hasty outlines should be of any use. Since sending them I have lit upon this sonnet, which is, I think, of too personal a nature to be brought before the public, though it has two very pretty lines. Another sonnet begins with—'How strange the cold ungenial atmosphere,' written when we were together in 1841. I gave Hartley a copy of it some years after. He had quite forgotten it, and thought it good. I have mislaid the original, but I can vouch for the correctness of the copy from memory. Hartley never, or very seldom, remembered what he had written. The sonnet I have quoted he had so far forgotten, that, but for the style, he thought some one else might have composed it. It was his custom to put aside what he had written for some months, till the heat and excitement of composition had effervesced, and then he thought it was in a fair condition to criticise. He seldom altered. 'Strike the nail on the anvil,' was the advice he often gave to me. ———'s poetry he called bakers' poetry, from its superfine polish. He never kneaded, or pounded his thoughts; they always came out *cap-à-pie*, like a troop in quick march. To see him brandishing his pen (the very recollection of which has made me sadly blot this page) and now and then beating time with his foot, and breaking out into a shout at any felicitous idea, was a thing never to

be forgotten. The common method of keeping up the velocity, by muttering and remuttering what is written, and using one line as a spring-board to reach another, was not the method which he adopted. His sonnets were all written instantaneously, and never, to my knowledge, occupied more than ten minutes; when he once challenged me to a match, and exceeded that time, he tore up the paper; and yet a rapid, continuous, oral discourse he told me he never accomplished. I remember him once taking a text, and betting me he would preach a sermon, but he broke down after the first sentence. 'I can write,' he said, 'why can't I speak?' His enthusiasm carried him off the rails. His genius was too uneven to run in a groove. His conversation was a continual sparkle; very irregular and unequal, yet, when worked up to a certain warmth, throwing out jets and gushes so radiant and hilarious that, like a Christmas fire, it inspirited and made happy everybody. I never saw him in a large party; it was chiefly at Fell's, and when he dined with two or three friends, that I met him. 'I hate fashionable parties,' he said, 'I feel very uncomfortable. The other night I was at one, and I shrank up, like a rat in a corner, and conceived the idea of jealousy. There was a beautiful little girl there that I should have liked to have talked to; but a fop came

"'With crooks and cringes;—
Sleek were all his oily hinges,'

and I couldn't say a thing.' The description of the dance I remember as very beantiful.

"On his way to one of these parties he called on me, and I could not help saying, 'How well you look in a white neck-cloth!' 'I wish you could see me sometimes,' he replied; 'if I had only black-silk stockings and shoe-buckles I should be quite a gentleman.' Those who had only seen him in the careless dress that he chose to adopt in the lanes—his trowsers, which were generally too long, doubled half-way up the leg, unbrushed, and often splashed; his hat brushed the wrong way, for he never used an umbrella; and his wild, unshaven

weather-beaten look—were amazed at his metamorphose into such a faultless gentleman as he appeared when he was dressed for the evening. 'I hate silver forks with fish,' he said; 'I can't manage them.' So did Dr. Arnold, I told him. 'That's capital; I am glad of such an authority. Do you know I never understood the gladiator's excellence till the other day? The way in which my brother eats fish with a silver fork made the thing quite clear.'

"He often referred to his boyish days, when he told me he nearly poisoned half the house with his chemical infusions, and spoiled the pans, with great delight. The 'Pilgrim's Progress' was an early favourite with him. 'It was strange,' he said, 'how it had been overlooked. Children are often misunderstood. When I was a baby I have often been in the greatest terror, when, to all appearance, I was quite still; —so frightened that I could not make a noise. Crying, I believe, is oftener a sign of happiness than the reverse. I was looked upon as a remarkable child. My mother told me, when I was born she thought me an ugly red thing; but my father took me up and said, "There's no sweeter baby anywhere than this." He always thought too much of me. I was very dull at school, and hated arithmetic; I always had to count on my fingers.'

"He once took me to the little cottage where he lived by the Brathay, when Charles Lloyd and he were school-companions. Mrs. Nicholson of Ambleside told me of a donkey-race which they had from the market-cross to the end of the village and back, and how Hartley came in last, and minus his white straw hat.

"I send this to-day. My time and thoughts are occupied with one subject just now, and I could only crop a minute here and there; you will excuse me, and believe me,

"Faithfully yours,

"THOMAS BLACKBURNE."

(*In continuation.*)

"He seldom talked about scenery. He hated nothing more

than what he called 'mock raptures.' The popular use of the word 'nice,' as, a nice day, a nice horse, &c., he greatly disliked. *Nice* ought only to be applied to puddings and tarts, which he never ate. His sight was not keen enough to distinguish objects at a distance, which was perhaps the reason why he never enjoyed wide prospects. High mountain views, he told me, he had no taste for at all. His favourite spot was a little glade above Stock-gill force, quite shut in with trees and hills, where the stream flows in deep lucid pools. 'I wonder what pleasure the people find in that noisy fall,' he one day said to me, 'I like this silence a great deal better; but no one notices it.' His remarks for the most part concluded with some sadness. He used to say, when he saw me sad, 'Don't give way, my dear fellow; if I were to do so, I could make out a list of more sorrows than any man living.' The only rivers I ever heard him mention were those in the neighbourhood of Sedbergh. They run over peat moss, and are rapid; and, when flooded, the colour of old port. They are Homer's rivers, he used to say, *οἰνοπες ποτάμοι.* A bridge on the road to Kirkby Stephen was a favourite leaning-place of his. He preferred the Brathay to the Rotha; and Derwentwater, he said, was the sweetest of the lakes. I fancied, because he had lived near both. 'When you go to Keswick,' he once said, 'you must not forget St. John's vale.' I shall not soon forget two long rambles in summer and early spring; the only set walks we ever had. 'Where shall we go?' I said,—it was when I first went to stay at the Lakes. 'I'll take you the prettiest walk in the world;' and so we set out, avoiding the village, and following the stream from Stock-gill force to Rotha bridge, where he showed me a house which he thought he never could have liked again, for one of his best friends had left it; 'but, do you know, an excellent family has come to it; they're Quakers. I always like Quakers, and Quakeresses most of all. *Simplex munditiis,* Wordsworth translates 'with a neat simplicity,' but Pyrrha was anything but a Quakeress. I think it means 'becomingly beautiful.' I like Horace, he's such a gay old fellow. *Persicos*

odi, puer, apparatus, is the true expression of the poet; and *moriture Deli,* who could ever translate that?'—and thereupon, as if a thought struck him, he set off a-running. At Clappersgate we stopped by the little white-washed cottage, almost covered with clematis and yellow corchorus, built up into the crag. 'My father once lived there,' he said, looking up with a kind of awe and tenderness, as he always did when he spoke of his father, as of a spirit in heaven.* 'Owen Lloyd and I used to play here and go to school at Ambleside. Poor Owen! Have you ever been to Langdale? He's buried there.' We sauntered down to Brathay Bridge, and looked down where the river hurries among the smooth black rocks, overshadowed almost to the water's edge on either side by thick and wide-spreading beeches. 'It is very beautiful,' he said, 'but I like the islands on the other side better, and those little shallows; I used to fish there.' We kept the left bank of the Rotha, and there he read me a sonnet, which he said he once thought of calling Geology and Genesis; but that some people might think it profane. It began:—

> 'No revelation hath withdrawn the veil
> That God hath deign'd to cast o'er Eden's bowers.' †

"We went to Brathay churchyard, and looked down into the valley. 'Do you see those hazel-woods on the other side? I once attempted to take a short cut over Loughrigg, and I never was so nearly lost in my life. "The nodding horror"

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* There is a slip here in the links of memory. His father lived for a short time in Grasmere, not at Clappersgate. Again, the boy Hartley never fished. The reference is, doubtless, to his schoolfellows.

† This sonnet (see vol. ii., 343,) was sent in a letter to his sister, with the following remarks:—"You will easily understand, though perhaps you will not confirm, my fancy that our first parents may have lived millions of years in innocency, while all the geological changes were going on."

of those boughs, and the stinging horror, too, I shall not soon forget. I never think of taking short cuts since. I don't like this churchyard so well as Grasmere—a low churchyard and quietness :—though I should not mind little girls running over my grave.' Our walk to Skelwith was employed in discussing Tennyson, whom he was very fond of. 'He's not one of those men with an eye-glass and fine clothes; but just what I expected from the author of the May Queen. Why has he gone and spoilt it with that conclusion about the new year? Continuations are always bad. I never hear the May Queen sung without crying. Such things always affect me. When we read St. Agnes' Eve the other night it affected me more than my mother's death. I couldn't cry then. I dare say many people thought I didn't care.' In the meadow of Skelwith Force, Langdale Pike stood full before us. 'What is your notion of sublimity? I once defined it in a sonnet as

"'The eternal struggling out of time.'*

What is supernatural, as the ghost in Hamlet, is sublime, but it disturbs us too much. Shakspeare, I think, wished to show the confusion arising from dealing with the supernatural. I wrote a paper in Blackwood on the subject. I intend to carry out the idea upon Macbeth. Goethe, in my opinion, is utterly at fault. The Tempest I think one of the most beautiful.—Charles Lamb's tales I read most of any book when I was a boy.'

"As we came by Brathay Bridge again, I said 'What a shame it is to think of taking down this fine old bridge for the sake of improving the road. There has never been an accident yet.' 'But there might be,' he said, 'and life is too serious a thing to be put into peril for the sake of poetry. I don't object even to the thought of a steamer upon Windermere, though I don't see any need of a railway. Whether machinery is a curse or a blessing I don't know. I don't like

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* See vol. ii. p. 14.

cotton manufacturers much, nor merchants overmuch. Fancy any of them speculating in the Excursion, or Paradise Lost. Cobden seems to be a good kind of fellow, but I wish he were not a cotton-spinner. I rather respect him. I 'm always on the side of the poor, and am what is called a liberal; but some of the liberals are most illiberal, in every sense of the word.'"

In the following sketch my brother's character is seen, not only from a different point of view, but through a different medium.

"*Appleby, Nov.* 11, 1850.

"DEAR SIR,—

"In offering to send you a few of my recollections of your poor brother, I little thought what I was undertaking to do.

"Like you, I find myself embarrassed, on all hands, with riches, and cannot, for the life of me, decide what anecdotes to select as most characteristic of Hartley's wonderful and singular powers.

"By way, then, of cutting a knot, which I feel it impossible to untie, I shall draw upon my memory freely, and without any attempt to systematise,—leaving to *you* the delicate and difficult duty of culling the best out of the good. Though your brother's genius was all but catholic—I say *all but;* for he could never demonstrate that the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal—yet to me he generally showed the bright and sunny side of his nature; and I need not tell *you* that, when he was in merry mood, he was as gay as 'a three years' child.'

"The ups and downs of life had not, at fifty, left a single canker-spot on his sweet and equable temper.

"It is no uncommon thing to see an old man with hair as white as snow; but never saw I but one—and that was poor Hartley—whose head was mid winter, while his heart was as green as May.

"Kick a donkey, or strike a child—particularly if the child was but *half-saved**—and you forfeited the good opinion of Hartley Coleridge for six months to come.

"I have heard of his rescuing a bairn (at the risk, of course, of being annihilated) from a termagant mother, and have seen him, with my own proper optics, clasp a tethered donkey round the neck.

"'*That* a stupid animal!' he burst out; 'the man, who calls a brainless fellow an ass, is a brute, who insults his betters: look at his eye, sir: is not his eye the beau ideal of the *βίος θεωρητικὸς*, as his meek, down-hanging head is the type of resignation.'

"Another story about the donkey tribe:

"During his visit at Appleby, your brother was taking tea at a farm-house in this neighbourhood, when the good man brought in the news that 'the cuddie was dead.'

"'And I am not sorry for it,' he added, addressing a lad, who was present; 'it was a mischievous beast, no smith has been able to shoe it for the last three years, and I was afraid for your lives when any of you backed it.'

"Hartley, meanwhile, was seated at a side-table, busily engaged in versifying; but he had heard all that passed, as the farmer, to his no little astonishment, soon discovered.

"'Mischievous brute! sir; come, come, don't abuse *our family* behind my back: let me but finish this scrawl, and I will show you that you are the beast, and not the cuddie.'

"'Oh, the aches
That patient merit from the unworthy takes.'"

"'How do you do this morning?' said a lady to your brother. [*Scene*—My study. *Time*—About five years ago.] 'As well, my dear madam,' was the reply, 'as can be expected; but my feelings have just sustained a dreadful

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* "William Dove's was not a case of fatuity. Though all was not there, there was a great deal. He was what is called *half-saved.*'—*The Doctor*, p. 28.

shock. On looking over your library, I find "Oliver Twist" cheek by jowl with the devout Dr. Isaac Barrow, while the volumes that should be together are, like noblemen and their wives, all living apart.'

"Hartley undertook to reduce this chaos to *κόσμος*; but unfortunately, selected, for the purpose of reaching the higher shelves, a chair with a loose seat, which, as such chairs are apt to do, let him, plunge! down to the ground.

"'Oh!' he exclaimed, 'I wish my poor father could but see me: he used to say that I could get through nothing; but, at all events, I am clean through this chair.'

"While he was in the middle of his arrangements—the goal he never reached—he was asked by one of the fair sex upon what principle he was reorganising the scattered volumes. 'Principle! madam,' was his immediate rejoinder, 'principle! Your question, my dear lady, comes at an unfortunate moment: principle! I had a *plan* in my head; but I have just abandoned it, and not yet concocted another. I had intended to place on this shelf (here he pointed to the shelf) books to be read by ladies on Sundays:—on this books to be read by ladies on other days:—and on this, books not to be read by ladies at all. But the plan was no sooner formed, ma'am, than it was given up—and for the following unanswerable reasons. The Sunday shelf, I fear, would become the property of the moths and spiders; the every-day shelf would have all but uninterrupted holiday; but as for the poor volumes not to be read at all, why, *they* would be dog-eared, and thumbed to pieces in a week.' The fair querist, it is needless to add, dropped the subject. Not that the fair sex were, by any means, the only objects of your brother's humorous, but always good-humoured sallies.

"'Have you ever taken notice,' said a barrister, in his hearing, and in mine too, 'that clergymen always marry for money, and lawyers for love?'

"'No,' interrupted Hartley, 'I have never noticed any thing of the kind, sir; but let us suppose the assertion true, and try if we can account for your remark. You marry for

love—and well you may. Dishonesty, sir, *must* have an honest basis, or it falls to the ground from its own rottenness. You marry for love—and wisely; for on this single honest action you build a rogue's livelihood.'

"Our friend, the barrister, thought it would be as well to let 'that little fellow' alone, when he met him again. And now for an anecdote of a more serious cast.

"When your brother left Appleby, I accompanied him as far as Kendal, and we were, you may be sure, loth to part. By way of inducing him to tarry a little longer, I tried all sorts of persuasives, and, as a desperate expedient, proposed at last to put the clock back an hour.

"'Ah!' said he, 'put the clock back! By the bye, are you likely to write to Oxford soon? When you do, present my respects to Newman, Keble, or Pusey—I care not which—and tell them from me that is just what they are doing. They are putting the *Church clock* back; but, like you, they cannot put back the time of day with it. Still,' and this your brother added with solemn emphasis, 'still, mark one thing. I do not join the vulgar pack in hunting down these poor Oxford divines. I reverence them, as I reverence the noble and the honest. Their aim is not preferment; it is not popularity; but what they look upon as truth, and truth, too, for truth's sake. They court not the great, and, what is better still, they court not the many. They'll all die poor, and out of favour with the million.'

"You may have heard your brother describe his metamorphoses; if so, the following specimen of broad fun will not be new to you.

["*Hartley loquitur, to any auditor you please.*]

"'In the reign of the good Queen Bess, I was a donkey—donkey, as far as I remember—but we are not permitted to remember these things too distinctly; but donkey I believe I was to the Dean of Durham.

"'And a most kind and good master was the Dean to me. When the groom, and that was not unfrequently, robbed

me of my due—the rascal used to sell my oats and drink the money—the good old man would bring me an extra feed in his shovel hat.

" 'I was the favourite animal, sir, of all his stud, and he always rode me himself—yes, he rode me himself. For be it remembered that deans in those days, like the prophets of old, *did* ride their asses; and, what is more, they rode us in full canonicals.

" 'Now picture to yourself me and my old master.

" 'I can assure you that when he was mounted on my back, it was a most difficult thing, unless you had a discriminating eye in your head, to tell where the Dean ended and I began; into such a sublime compound animal did we blend. Well, sir, this went on for many happy years, and I thought that I should have died a natural death in the service of a kind master.

" 'But it was not to be.

" 'A wicked H.B.—there are H.B's in all reigns—chanced to come to Durham on a visit; and oh! the wretch, if he did not caricature me and my poor old master.

" 'And what do you think he wrote under his cruel daub?

" 'CENTAUR NOT FABULOUS.'

" 'He did indeed, and his joke was a fatal one to me. The Dean, sir, who though a good-natured man, could never stand a joke at his own expense, had me shot, and so ended the happiest of my existence—my donkeyhood.

" 'I will not trouble you with all my metamorphoses, in the time of the Stuarts and during the Protectorate, but come down at once—for it is *apropos*—to the reign of George III. I had the offer, sir, I had—of being a donkey in the days of the third George; but I declined it.

" 'This was the era of donkeys, and I liked not then, as I like not now, to be one of a multitude. I declined the offer, sir, and for my obstinacy on that occasion—for I cannot account for my fate in any other way—I was condemned to be what you now see me—*a man*.'

"I have many other anecdotes, and, amongst them, a remarkable colloquy between Hartley and an eccentric miller (Hartley's part reminded me of 'The Devil's Walk'); but I must subscribe myself for the present, at all events,

"Yours very faithfully,

"JOHN RICHARDSON."

With respect to the "metamorphoses," as I am informed by another correspondent:—

"He did not usually relate them consecutively, but rather brought one or other forward, with various alterations, according to 'the fancy of the moment,' and appropriateness to the persons addressed, or to illustrate some proposition or sentiment; or in a sort of humorous modesty, when discussing some historical question, or the like, he would thereby playfully avoid giving prominence to his own vast superiority over others in the knowledge of facts. There was less assumption in experience than in learning; and he would tell his 'recollections' of a previous state of existence with an air of simplicity, and at the same time an earnest gravity, which for the moment would often surprise his hearers into the persuasion that he did actually believe in such transmigrations of the soul. Thus, in an argument on some passage in the Iliad, he said—'I remember being present on one occasion during the Siege of Troy, when it was reported, &c. &c.' And one of us asking what he meant, he answered—'Don't you know that I was one of the martyrs to Helen's beauty? I was then an insect, which in these days is nameless, and having crawled upon her bright yellow hair, I was pointed out to her by Paris, and she crushed me with her pearly nail.'

"At another time some person was chasing a wasp, when he warned us against killing it, to which slaughter he always evinced an especial dislike, telling us that 'whereas at every moment a child is born into the world, the soul of each slaughtered wasp enters the body of the infant of that moment, which accounts for the number of ill-natured

people in existence. There is an ancient book, full of malice, entitled the "House of Glass." It was written by a wasp-spirited man, who in his winged days was confined under a tumbler to keep him out of mischief.'"

The following memoranda date from the year 1837:—

"Hartley was in one of his cynical moods to-day, and growled out sundry aphorisms against men and things (but always with some of the loving exceptions of his deep and faithful heart). He professes a firm faith 'in the universal mendacity of man;—there may be exceptions, but in unregenerated human nature, lying is the proper use of the faculty of speech.' 'The principle of even honest men in general is, that if one can turn a penny by another man's roguery, it is one's duty to do it.' 'No men have so much vanity as your men of *common sense*.' He expects that 'an Act will shortly be passed to forbid any one to appear before his Majesty, the People, if his face and hands have been washed within a fortnight.'"

"I cannot remember *exactly* what point was under discussion when Hartley professed to have been at the Siege of Troy, but I *think* it was Homer's individuality. It was a great offence to him to hear this doubted."

The following are of later date:—

"To-day Hartley was in a more serious mood. He talked about his painful sense of a want of 'the manners of society,' and said that politeness is a sort of light that never shone on him. He calls Y. 'a sweetly tuned instrument that never gave out notes of unkindness.' He thinks that 'men are more influenced to faith in religious truths, by internal evidence than by any outward teaching, or by investigation of the understanding. No man believes in heaven till he finds something in himself that demands it, or in hell, till he finds something in himself that deserves it.'

"'We should not attempt to explain, by natural causes, the miracles related as such in Scripture. They were designed to be interruptions of the course of nature for a specific purpose, without in any way altering nature, and therefore are not likely to have left behind them material traces. I doubt whether any phenomena ought to be attributed to the Deluge, which was sent merely for the sake of man—not to change the earth's surface. The flood I view as a mystical operation, produced in the form of a general and gentle rain, which quietly descended, like the sweet influences of the Holy Spirit, on the soul of man.

"'The attacks of Hume cannot be met by any reasoning on the ground of natural causes. You can best repel them by upholding the mighty power of God in carrying out his will by miracles, or in any other way, as it pleases Him.'"

The remarks which follow (which are from the pen of Mr. James Spedding) touch upon a more important—indeed the most important—point, the relation between his conversation and his moral being:—

"Of his general character and way of life I might have been able to say something to the purpose, if I had seen more of him. But though he was a person so interesting to me in himself, and with so many subjects of interest in common with me, that a little intercourse went a great way; so that I feel as if I knew him much better than many persons of whom I have seen much more; yet I have, in fact, been very seldom in his company. If I should say ten times altogether, I should not be understating the number; and this is not enough to qualify me for a reporter, when there must be so many competent observers living, who really knew him well. One very strong impression, however, with which I always came away from him, may be worth mentioning; I mean that his moral and spiritual sensibilities seemed to be abso-

lutely untouched by the life he was leading. The error of his life sprung, I suppose, from moral incapacity of some kind—his way of life seemed in some things destructive of self-respect; and was certainly regarded by himself with a feeling of shame, which in his seasons of self-communion became passionate;—and yet it did not at all degrade his mind. It left, not his understanding only, but also his imagination and feelings, perfectly healthy,—free, fresh, and pure. His language might be sometimes what some people would call gross, but that I think was not from any want of true delicacy, but from a masculine disdain of false delicacy; and his opinions, and judgment, and speculations, were in the highest degree refined and elevated—full of chivalrous generosity, and purity and manly tenderness. Such, at least, was my invariable impression. It always surprised me, but fresh observations always confirmed it."

But it is as a lonely student and thinker that he best deserves to be known. The quantity, the variety, and, I venture to add, the quality of the thought which passed through his mind during these latter years, judging only from his note-books, and miscellaneous papers, and taking no account of that which perished with him, would surely have ranked him among the most copious and most instructive, as well as the most delightful writers of his age, had he exerted the resolution, or possessed the faculty of combining his materials on any considerable scale, or on any given plan. The hope and intention of turning his literary talent to account in this way he never ceased to cherish, and he was not wanting in exertion. He mastered several modern languages, French, Italian,

and German,* which it had not fallen in his way to acquire in youth. He had commenced the study of Hebrew;† expressly with a view to theological investigation, and had begun to apply his knowledge, rudimental as it was, to good purposes. He read and wrote incessantly; he made copious collections; the margins of his books are filled with carefully written annotations, evidently intended for future use,‡ to which, in some few cases, they

* It appears that he was acquainted with German sufficiently for etymological investigation before 1836, in which with very imperfect aids, he displays all the sagacity of a practised scholar.

† He was engaged, shortly before his death, (Nov. 14, 1848,) in an examination of the names of animals mentioned in the Hebrew Scriptures.

‡ This appears from the fact, that when written in pencil, they are in many cases retraced by himself in ink, with occasional, though not frequent, corrections. The books so annotated are, first, Anderson's British Poets, in thirteen volumes. This was S. T. Coleridge's copy, and had also been read by Southey. Unfortunately the eighth volume, containing Pope, had been lost, and with it whatever remarks, critical or illustrative, neither few, it may be surmised, nor without interest, which that writer would have called forth. Secondly, Shakspeare's Plays, Stockdale's edition, in two volumes, with explanatory notes, 1807. Thirdly, Allan Cunningham's Lives of the British Painters, volume the first only. Fourthly, A Dictionary of the Bible, by John Brown, Minister of the Gospel at Haddington, two vols., Edinburgh, 1789. This work, which he had possessed from childhood, as well as the two former, is enriched by a double series of notes—one of earlier, the other of later composition. Besides these,

have been actually applied; but by far the largest portion is unpublished. His note-books, which are very numerous, and bear quaint names, are full of

the margins and blank pages of Reviews, Magazines (some of very ancient date), and even of the Athenæum newspaper, as the numbers came to him for many years in succession, are filled with remarks suggested by the text, but quickly taking a direction of their own, and possessing an independent interest.

His note-books, consisting, for the most part, of a few sheets of paper stitched together, very closely written, range over a period of thirty years; and exhibit, as might be expected, increasing facility in expression, and an enlarging store of knowledge. In opinion and sentiment, a remarkable consistency is observable. *Qualis ab incepto*, might be taken as the author's motto, as far as regards his way of thinking on almost all subjects. They bear, as noted in the text, quaint titles, such as, "Dry leaves stopped on the surface of Lethe," "Bricks without Mortar from the tower of Babel," "Grains of gold and clots of dirt," "The Omnibus," "*Ψώμια, Ἀποσπάσματα φύσικα*," "Gripes and grumblings," "Palæosophia," "*Ὀνολόγια*, or anecdotes of Asses," &c. &c. These strange miscellanies consist, for the most part, of collectanea —curious information, whether on words or things, curiously put together, of which it is hardly probable that any use will now be made. Interspersed, however, through the mass, there is a considerable amount and variety of original matter, the spontaneous reflections of his own mind, which, like the unpressed droppings of grapes, carry with them a more genuine and characteristic, if not a richer flavour, than more elaborate productions. To what extent these may be made public, will depend upon the reception given to the present and following volumes.—Feb. 1851.

A volume of these Miscellanies will appear shortly.—Dec. 1851.

original matter, little cycles of speculation, sometimes profound, often acute and sagacious, almost always original and characteristic, but thrown together without an attempt at method. These are always written in the first person, somewhat after the manner of Montaigne. Even extracts from books, lexicography, facts in natural history, &c., are interveined with something of his own, and not unfrequently of himself.

That he did not make the use of these materials for which they were intended and adapted, is not perhaps to be attributed wholly to his habit of procrastination. There may have been—I think there was — some faculty wanting in his mind necessary for the completion of any great whole. Even his father, to whom, at whatever distance, he had many points of resemblance, never acquired the art of book-making. His thoughts did not arrange themselves within artificial limits; the tendency of his genius was to break off, as it were, fragments from the universal, not referable to any particular whole. This was evident in his conversation, and such unity as he gave to his writings was more or less casual, forced, or imperfect. But the elder Coleridge could conceive and methodise the most magnificent scheme—could arrange in a moment, as if by intuition, any proposed total around a central idea, with a perfect co-ordination

of parts. To borrow a metaphor, which is indeed more than a metaphor, the centrifugal and centripetal parts of his mind were well balanced; but the foci of his thought were so distant that their orbit became practically unlimited, though each portion contained the law of its return and the prophecy of its completion. No such power was ever exhibited by his son; he does not appear ever to have realised even the conception of any great whole. His stream was copious, but it had no banks; it took therefore no certain course, and preserved no body of water; it divided itself into rills, or lost itself in pools, and instead of moving powerful machinery for the benefit of mankind, it might have seemed as if its use and purpose were to move the water-mills of a child.

Whether this defect, be it moral or intellectual in its nature and origin, might have been counteracted by any outward corrective, I will not undertake to decide. The result of his engagements at Leeds and Sedbergh might lead to a question whether, by judicious direction and encouragement, with such an amount of control as might have been disguised under the semblance of an indulgent friendship, his great talents might not have been made to bear more fruit; and though a doubtful answer must be returned, my own observation inclines me to believe that a good deal might have

been effected in this way. He was not made to go alone; he was helped through life as it was: perhaps, under altered circumstances, he might have been helped more.

One other specimen of his powers was actually produced, and, through the forbearance of a friendly publisher, given to the world. In the year 1839 it was proposed to him by Mr. Moxon, whose kind interest in these volumes I have now to acknowledge, to prepare an Introduction to the works of Massinger and Ford. It was to have contained a biographical account of these two authors, with a critical review of their writing. The former only was completed; the latter, which would have exhibited the reviewer's powers in a very favourable point of view, was blighted, if not in the bud, yet before the fruit was ripe, by delay. So perished many similar projects not less hopeful.

As the correspondence on this occasion exhibits my brother's literary character—his clear views, his good intentions, and alas! from whatever cause arising, his tardy performance—a few extracts from his letters to Mr. Moxon may not be inappropriate.

"*Grasmere, March* 30, 1839.

"SIR,

"Through my excellent friend, Mr. James Spedding, I received notice of your proposal respecting the lives of Massinger and of Ford. I immediately communicated to

him my ready acceptance of the terms, which are more liberal than any on which I have hitherto been engaged, except perhaps for the Edinburgh Janus, an annual which did not live to be biennial. Of my style of biography you are perhaps not wholly ignorant, should you ever have chanced to look into my 'Biographia Borealis,' a blustering title, as the 'Doctor' says, of which I am rather ashamed; but it was hastily adopted, 'The Worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire' being inapplicable to the portion of the contemplated work which circumstances allowed me to execute at the time. With regard to Massinger, I should conjecture there are few facts to be added to the few that Gifford has detailed; for Gifford, however defective in taste, seldom failed in research; moreover, Massinger seems to have passed his life in the obscurity, and, alas! in the penury and brevity of a smoky winter day. It would be to little purpose to swell the narrative with anecdotes of his patrons and contemporaries; but of the characteristics of his genius, his *peculiar* excellence, I am not aware that anything satisfactory has been written, except a few valuable points in the Remains of S. T. C. On these points alone can I promise any originality. With Ford I am less acquainted; but in both lives you must put up with a paucity of facts. I hope you will not complain of superabundant criticism. I do not know to what limits I shall be restricted; but I suppose I must not much exceed the length of Procter's 'Ben Jonson.'

"As the edition is to be confined to single volumes, the notes, if any, must be few; though I think each play should have a short introduction, setting forth the time when first acted, source of the story (when either ascertained), &c. Dr. Ireland's moral applications, evidently copied from those in Croxall's Æsop, may well be dispensed with. What had his reverence to do with profane stage plays? I think I can borrow Gifford's Massinger—I shall be obliged to you for Ford, likewise for Ben Jonson, who is a huge favourite of mine. I don't think his biographer, Barry, *entre nous*, has done him half justice. Of his poems, which abound in

grand moral truths and powerful thought, sometimes finely, sometimes, it may be, quaintly illustrated, but always expressed in sterling English, a better sample might have been given than a few songs, one of which, passing pretty in its way, is hardly fit for modern lady-singing, even by ladies who warble Tom Moore with perfect innocence; you cannot misunderstand old Ben into propriety.

"I believe Mr. Spedding said something to you about a collection of Essays which I propose to publish. I was not ignorant that the consent of former publishers must be obtained; but I do not apprehend any difficulty on this score, especially as the number contained in any one periodical are too few to compose a respectable volume. Most appeared in works now defunct, as 'The London Magazine' (Taylor and Hessey), 'The Janus,' and 'The Winter's Wreath;' the others will be worked up into a new shape, and the greater number will be unpublished; but I will do nothing clandestinely. I should like to know on what terms you would undertake publication, as also of my second volume of poems, which, *D. V.*, I would wish to appear in the current season. Were I informed on these points I might authorise my friends to take steps for the recovery of the copy-right of the first volume, which I believe is nearly out of print.

"A speedy answer through the Colonial Office would much oblige,

"Yours sincerely, though unknown,

"HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

"P.S.—You will probably not deviate much from Gifford's text, which appears to me as good in most points,—as good as is likely to be obtained. Should any consideration occur to me, I will take the liberty of submitting it to your judgment. Pray remember me kindly to Mr. Procter. I have not forgotten his kindness some nineteen years ago."

The work was undertaken, but advanced slowly.

"*Grasmere, Oct.* 4, 1839.

"DEAR SIR,

"I received your letter this morning, and am very happy to hear of your safe return, hoping that you have been both pleased and benefited by your continental tour. I am afraid my *paw* gives your printer a great deal of trouble; you will find the proof blotted in a most Horatian and Popish fashion. No one will say that I want that last and greatest art in which copious Dryden was deficient. Perhaps you will think that I am redundant in note; you are at liberty to retrench or omit that on the Family of Pembroke. I shall now keep your press from standing till the work is complete. Let me know, if you please, whether you approve my plan of writing the few particulars known of both lives consecutively, and then comparing the two authors and their several works critically. This will save room, and avoid repetition. But I shall be in a manner obliged considerably to exceed the length of Barry Cornwall's Jonson. Do you mean to give a portrait of Massinger? I shall allude to it only in a note, which you may insert or not at pleasure.

"The Wordsworths were well on Sunday.

"Yours truly,

"H. COLERIDGE."

The next letter explains itself.

"*Grasmere, September* 18, 1839.

"DEAR SIR,—

"I am really ashamed that my tardiness and procrastination should have been the cause of uneasiness or inconvenience to you; but lengthened apologies would only consume time and paper capable of being more usefully employed.

"What I now send will enable you to set the printers at work: by the next post but one I will send the remainder of the two lives, which I think it best to place directly one after another, with a comparative critique, at the end. I will

faithfully promise to finish the whole in the first week of next month, if not sooner. Ford is already written, and only needs arranging and transcribing.

"I am afraid my delay on the present occasion will not recommend me to future employment; but if Mr. Southey's health does not allow him to fulfil his engagement as to Beaumont and Fletcher, I shall be glad to relieve him. At the same time, as being ignorant of Spanish, from which most of their plots are derived, I cannot do it as he could have done—nor can my name bear the same weight.

"I must request you to thank Mr. Procter and Mr. Kenyon for their kind presents, and to accept my thanks for the Jonson (which is beautifully printed), Shelley, &c.

"I remain, sir,

"Yours truly,

"H. COLERIDGE.

"N.B.—To-morrow I shall be 43."

The work appeared in due course, with the biographical essay carefully finished, but without the comparative critique. In the following year the correspondence was renewed.

"*Grasmere, March* 12, 1840.

"DEAR SIR,

"My dear and honoured mother has informed me that you have transmitted to her your liberal remuneration for my introduction, for which I am truly grateful; it is considerably more than I expected. I regret that I did not adopt, in the biographical notices of Massinger, the same brevity which I effected in the life of Ford. I should then have left myself room for a critical analysis of their several dramatic and poetic merits, for which I have much material written, much more than I found it possible to compress into the few pages which your limits would have allowed in addition to what I had already occupied. As it is, I hope you

are not dissatisfied with my work, though I cannot expect you quite to overlook the tardiness of the performance.

"Mr. Wordsworth called upon me this morning, in company with Mr. Baron Field. The latter informed me that you had applied to Mr. Cary for the Beaumont and Fletcher, but that he declined appearing as the double of Mr. Southey. Mr. Wordsworth was of opinion, that those authors could not be properly treated by any one not acquainted with Spanish literature.

"I see, by advertisement, that you have given Vanbrugh, Congreve, & Co. to Leigh Hunt. He will make a good thing of it, if he takes care not to smuggle in any socialist heresies, for which Vanbrugh, at least, in his 'Provoked Wife,' hangs out such tempting loops. Nothing more or better can be said in defence of these writers than what Lamb has said in his delightful essay on the Old Actors; which is, after all, rather an apology for the audiences who applauded and himself who delighted in their plays, than for the plays themselves. It would be indeed unjust to conclude upon the evidence of the 'Confederacy' or the 'London Cuckolds,' that all the husbands east of Temple Bar were horned cattle, or that people would always act or approve in real life what they laugh at upon the stage. But Lamb always took things by the better handle. A severer moralist might conclude from the indifference or positive pleasure with which we read and behold the representations of sin, that we have little abhorrence of sin apart from its painful consequences—here and hereafter. Besides, Lamb's defence of Congreve is like my dear father's defence of the attack on Copenhagen—unavailable to the doer, however available for the deed. It was the defence which Congreve himself set up against Collier. He stoutly maintains his pious purpose, in a manner that might have suggested Byron's

"'If any one pronounce the tale not moral,
I tell him—if a clergyman—he lies.'

"Believe me, sir,

"Your obliged,

"H. Coleridge."

What he did he did well; he spared no pains. The greater part of the Life of Massinger was transcribed four times, and is in effect a thoughtful and highly finished, as well as a lively and brilliant composition. It has been said of this, as of his other essays, in the same kind, that they are too digressive, and remind the reader too much, and too often of the biographer, who ought to keep himself quite in the back ground. I believe few readers would wish them to be other than what they are, or care to have them made nearer what they should be. The loss would be certain, the gain doubtful. Mr. Moxon was desired to suppress as many of the notes to the Life of Massinger as he should consider redundant; but, on looking them over, found that there were none that he could prevail upon himself to part with. It is no objection to a work that it is not something else, though the name which it may bear should be a misnomer.* If it be pleasing and instructive, the

* Thus the pastorals of Bion and Moschus have been found fault with as not being pastoral: perhaps not; they are very beautiful poems. How much depreciatory criticism has been wasted upon Shakspeare's tragedies, to prove that they do not fulfil the definition of Greek, or rather of French tragedy! Call them romantic, or simply tragic dramas, or any other better name that may be devised, and the objection vanishes. The *situations* in a comedy may be farcical. Think of it as a farce, or something else, in five acts, and see

matter must be good; and if it be self-consistent, there need be no quarrel with the form. Let it be judged on its own merits. Who would not listen with pleasure to the well-considered discourse of an eloquent, accomplished, and meditative student upon the life and writings of a favourite author? Who would not be better pleased if they should be made the text of general remarks and casual illustration, if the style should pass from grave to gay, should not seldom sparkle with witticism and sometimes turn aside into contemporary allusion; if at last the hearer should go away knowing some-

whether it fulfils its own end. Take, for instance, The two Gentlemen of Verona, and read it for what it is, not for what it is called.

Again, a very good piece of writing may be a very bad model; easy to mimic, difficult to imitate. All humorous writing is of this kind; the manner belongs to the individual and must never be repeated. The works of old Fuller, Burton, Sir Thomas Brown, and Sterne, are obvious examples. The right of an author to his own peculiarities is indefeasible; but he should respect the property of others; he should be careful indeed not to mimic himself. The author of a work once published becomes an abstract personage, with whom the living man is only identified by courtesy. At best he can only claim a kindred genius with his quondam self, and not always that. Hence, an author should look upon his former works very much as upon those of a predecessor. He is their appointed guardian; but if he abuses his trust they will be thrown into the chancery of public opinion, and taken out of his hands. He must correct them with deferential caution, and he must not steal from them at all.

thing about the talker as well as about the subject of his discourse. Grant the remarks to be at the least ingenious, the illustrations entertaining, the satire good-humoured, and we shall have, I think, a not unfaithful description of my brother's prose writings.

But it is mainly as a poet that my brother's name will, I suppose, be remembered, and perhaps I can find no fitter place in this biography for completing what I have to say on this head. Certain it is, that he possessed the poetic faculty in no ordinary degree, and that it was carefully, I may say highly, cultivated. He was an habitual, and, as his annotations witness, a critical student, not only of the great masters of English verse, ancient and modern, but of the entire range of English poetic literature, including, of course, much which is seldom read, except from motives of curiosity, or expressly as a student of the art which they exhibit. He had made himself extensively acquainted with the subject-matter of these writers, following out even their slightest allusions, and keeping in view the character both of the men and of their times. He went minutely, and with excellent judgment, into questions of language and metre. In a word, he had trained himself fully for the practice of metrical composition.

He was also an intelligent student of Greek and

Latin poetry.* Homer was his daily companion, and he read the Greek drama as only a poet can. He had given no less attention to Latin poetry: Lucretius, Catullus, and Horace were perhaps his favourites; but he was thoroughly catholic in his tastes, and read with the nicest observation. He was, however, eminently English in his tastes and studies.†

* It may be remarked, that while his father, Mr. Wordsworth, and Mr. Southey, viewing the subject from different points of view, all leant to the Wolfian, or, as my brother called it, Wolfish and Heinous (Heyne) hypothesis respecting the origin of the Homeric poems, Hartley was always a stout and vehement upholder of the orthodox opinion. Of his father he said that he would have thought differently, had he been, like himself, an almost daily reader of the Iliad and Odyssey.—Adhuc sub judice lis est,—

> "Whether, indeed, blind Melesigenes
> Greet thee, or bards to whom alike belongs
> That hoar abstraction of Troy's scattered songs."

At least the psychological view of the question, taken by the elder Coleridge, has not yet had justice done to it.

† I might mention here his habitual reading of the English Bible; but though his powers both of expression and conception cannot but have been strengthened and enriched by this practice, I do not find that he brought to the reading of Holy Scripture that purely æsthetic spirit, sometimes observable in critical students, which, when it is suffered to predominate, cannot but interfere with the higher purposes of this exercise. The Bible with him was always The Bible.

If, on entering a room, he observed a copy of the Sacred Volume lying on the table, he would take it up and open it with a certain solemnity of manner and seriousness of countenance which was *felt* by all present.

Of his poetical temperament, of the general powers of his mind, and of the circumstances under which both were nurtured, enough has already been said. I must now speak of the actual performances upon which his reputation, as a poet, has to rest. He wanted resolution for any long flight; perhaps, also, he wanted grasp of conception, the forethought and backthought necessary for the arrangement or completion of any extensive or complex undertaking. Many, it may be, most, of his pieces are slight and occasional; many are hasty and unfinished sketches, thrown aside by himself. Yet, passing over these, there remain of well-considered compositions, some of them deeply meditated, and highly finished, a greater number of lines than has sufficed to establish the poetic fame of a Goldsmith, a Collins, or a Gray. He has done quite enough, in bulk, to earn a permanent place in the poetic literature of his country. On this score no regret need now be entertained. It remains to inquire, whether the quality be of that mark which may be expected to resist the rust of time? Is it original—self-derived? Is it individual?—a strain distinctly characterised, which you cannot hear elsewhere? or is it one of the countless echoes, more or less pleasing, struck from the poetic mind of the age? Has it any such weight as may give it lasting worth?

It would be useless to attempt an answer to questions which must be referred to a stern, but as I believe, infallible judge, who listens to no advocate, and from whom there is no appeal. Poetry of the quality which I am supposing has its true mark set upon it as soon as it appears, and cannot long be kept out of its appropriate circulation,—whether it be a medal for the cabinet of the curious, or a coin for general currency. But it may not be amiss to advertise individual readers what they have to expect.

The poems in the present collection consist of sonnets, in which the author's chief strength lies, one section being on scriptural subjects; and of miscellaneous poems, principally short pieces of sentiment or description, but including one tale of considerable length, in blank verse, the fragment of a lyrical drama, a few songs, with some specimens of playful and satirical humour. These productions exhibit a facility corresponding to the ease with which they were composed, and which has been said to amount to improvisation. It had, however, little to do with the faculty so named. It was not a quickness in stringing together rhymes upon any subject, but the power of expressing some definite thought readily in appropriate diction, under the influence of strong feeling, on particular occasions; and this was not a mere gift, it was an

attainment. At any hour, in any place, or in any company, if the fit took him, that is, if he found himself with anything to say, he would ask for a scrap of paper, and produce a short piece of poetry, perhaps a sonnet, often of very perfect construction. This was attributed to *genius,* but in fact, he showed his genius as an accomplished *artist.* He did not want

"The vision or the faculty divine."

But he had acquired, quite in the regular way, "the accomplishment of verse."

The result was a certain spontaneousness, by which, more perhaps than by any other quality (the subject-matter being always sufficient, and the diction more or less felicitous,) Hartley Coleridge's poetry appears to me to be favourably distinguished. There is no strain either in the thought or in the language; there is no forcible condensation, nor laborious expansion; no deliberate effort to be new or striking. His poems spring naturally from the soil, like flowers, which seem to grow up by "their own sweet will," but are in reality controlled by the law of their being. Some of them you may cast aside as weeds*—very many have been so

* More than half of the poems found in manuscript have been, for various reasons, laid aside,—not in every case because they were considered weeds. No piece has been admitted of pure drollery, or in which the occasional cha-

treated, and perhaps a fastidious taste might pluck out a few more from our garland; but flower or weed, they are good for what they pretend to be.

These poems exhibit no traces of the peculiar imagination which produced the "Ancient Mariner," or "Christabel;" they do not glow with the lyric fire of the "Ode to France," or of that to the "Departing Year." Had the son melodised his religious musings, they would have been less metaphysical, less imaginative, more individual and pathetic than those of his father. Both write in the purest English, and display great mastery in versification; but the exquisite diction of the elder Coleridge is more highly wrought, the metrical harmony more elaborately studied; the perfection of the workmanship attracts more attention on its own account.

The influence of Wordsworth's peculiar genius is more discernible in the productions of Hartley

racter appeared to predominate; although many of these *jeux d'esprit*,—out-pourings of a sportive fancy, and of a most affectionate heart—gave much pleasure in the author's immediate circle, and are such, perhaps, as none but himself could have produced.

Some of the poems now published have been varied by the author in successive copies. In these cases, a doubt may arise as to the *best* reading; and in some—it is believed a very few—instances, the *right* reading may have been missed from a defect in the manuscript. The editor will be obliged by any corrections or additional pieces which may be communicated to him by any of the author's friends.

Coleridge than that of his father, more especially in the sonnets, which, I venture to think, may sustain a comparison with those of the elder writer. Their port is indeed less majestic, they have less dignity of purpose, and, particularly in combination, are less weighty in effect; but taken as single compositions, thay are not less graceful, or less fraught with meaning; they possess a softer, if not a deeper pathos, they have at least as easy a flow and as perfect an arrangement. A tender and imaginative fancy plays about the thought, and as it were lures it forward, raising an expectation which is fully satisfied. Indeed, if I am not wholly mistaken, there will be found among these sonnets models of composition comparable to those of the greatest masters. They are, of course, unequal; but I have retained none in which I did not perceive, beside the ease by which all my brother's writings are characterised, some felicity of thought or expression.

His poetic faculty was, however, by no means limited to the sonnet, or to the poetry of sentiment. He managed the so-called heroic couplet with so much skill, and has displayed so much power in vigorous and witty description, that I cannot but regret that he has not done more in this way. In the fly-leaves of his notes of "Anderson's British Poets," I find a series of

metrical introductions to the principal authors in that collection, after the manner of Addison, but far superior both in style and conception. I believe they will be found equal to the best examples in this species of composition.

He had not fully satisfied his own ear in blank verse, but his tale "Leonard and Susan" is pleasingly versified, as well as skilfully told. This is his longest flight, and he does not droop upon the wing. The lyrical movement of the "Prometheus" is appropriate and melodious: this piece is characterised by a picturesque fancy, but is somewhat imperfect in execution, if not in conception; perhaps it is not to be regretted that it remains incomplete, though it was regarded by my father as full of promise.*

* A contemporary critic, by whose judgment I am glad to be supported and informed, has recorded his opinion of Hartley Coleridge's poetic powers in the following terms:—

"He always spoke of himself as 'one of the small poets;' and it is probably true that the loftiest functions of poetry, which no man could better understand and describe, were beyond his reach. But it is in this sense only that he can be accounted a small poet. His style, both of thought and expression, is decidedly large and grand; and in short pieces of every kind—whether bursts of emotion, or embodiments of ideal conception, or broodings of sentiment—he may rank almost with the greatest."

And again:—

"He had a great and subtle understanding, an exquisite sensibility, an open and liberal nature, a fine observation, a

A letter to Mr. Moxon will complete what has been said on this subject, and serve as an introduction to that which is to follow :—

"*Aug.* 12, 1841.

"DEAR SIR,

"After so long an interval, you will perhaps be disposed to view my autograph with something of that unwelcoming would-be incredulity wherewith Poll of Wapping beholds her husband returned from transportation, when she has got another. Yet, sir, I assure you, I have not forgot our engagements; and if you persevere in your intention of publishing Spenser, shall be glad to prefix a Commentary on his Pastorals and Faery Queen, with some observations on his personal history, as indicated in his writings. I have no doubt that many particulars of his life, not uninteresting or unconnected with the public history of his time, might be gleaned from divers sources. Had I access to the many collections of papers in private hands, I would willingly perform the task; but in my present Patmos this is impossible. But however little I may have to say about the Spenser that is dead, I think I can say much of the Spenser that lives, and will live for ever.

"Did you see the abuse of me in the 'Atlas?' I am glad of it; I find I can stand fire. I am like a soldier who has been in battle. I should like, though, to know who it is.

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rich, delicate, and abundant fancy, a masterly and original power of expression, so that in all departments of poetry, except the highest, he was or might have been, great. And, indeed, if we take one of those collections of British poetry in which the extracts are distributed into classes—as epic, dramatic, descriptive, sentimental, humorous, didactic, satirical, and so forth—we would almost engage to find in these little volumes a specimen of every class (the epic and dramatic only excepted) which should rank with the best of them."—*Tait's Magazine, May*, 1851.

"What I should have said, and have written on Massinger and Ford, will find a place in an Essay on the Age of Shakspeare, in which I purpose to set forth what in each author was catholic in relation to that age and phase of human existence, and what was each author's own.

"But my more immediate intent in addressing you at present respects my poems, which are very nearly, if not quite out of print. In three weeks' time I could, if you were disposed to publish, produce a volume, as large as the last, of sonnets or miscellanies; and before Christmas, 'Prometheus,' whom I think we shall do better to introduce to the public alone, and in a more convenient form. I have a considerable number of sonnets, and other short poems on scriptural subjects, which I sometimes have thought of publishing separately, as a Christmas present. But then they are so purely Catholic, neither high church nor low church, orthodox nor dissenting—have so little of Newman or M'Neil in them, and my own reputation has so little of the odour of sanctity, that I am half-afraid. By the way, the Chartists have been revenging their imagined wrongs on you, which is annoying enough; a good way of advertising a book, if mere publication of opinion were the thing desired, but not very agreeable to author or publisher. With my next I may perhaps send a portion of a small work to be entitled 'Church Sectarianism,' for your consideration.

"Believe me, yours truly,

"H. COLERIDGE."

The Miscellaneous Poems, selected from a very large number, the "Prometheus," still a fragment, unless it be regarded as a dramatic scene, with the Sonnets and other poems on Scriptural subjects,*

* In reference to these pieces my brother wrote to his sister as follows:—"I am going to send you a heap of sonnets, and other poems, on religious subjects. I hope

are now presented to his friends, by whom they will be kindly welcomed; to the public, if it will have them: to posterity, if they contain any portion of that stuff which "the world will not willingly let die."

The author has no longer anything to hope or to fear from the result. The responsibility, and it is not a light one, rests with the editor; for although it will be seen that in publishing these remains I am only fulfilling my brother's long-cherished intentions, yet they were not prepared in a collective form for the press, and I have no

you will not find much heresy, and no schism, in them. One or two you will perhaps think latitudinarian. I would fain devote rather more than a tithe of my talent, be it what it may, to the direct service of God, hoping that all may ultimately contribute thereto. If there be any expression which you think could offend any pious person of any denomination, mark it, and I will gladly expunge it: but I will not sacrifice my idea to the opinion of any sect. Word, thought, image, metaphor, however good I might think them myself,—though they were my poetic eye, or foot,—I would cast away, could they be a *σκάνδαλον* to any Christian, or a rat-hole through which any enemy of Christianity could creep in. Rather lose your joke than your friend, is a proverb of rather lax meaning, for a friend that could be lost by a joke is not worth having. But rather lose your joke, your wit, your fancy, your philosophy, than risk your friendship with God, by offending one of those little ones, who, far more than all the visible universe, are symbols of Christ's divine humanity. But what I mean, I will not alter till I am convinced it is untrue."

guide but my own judgment in making the selection. It is not a mere question of literary merit. Other, and far graver considerations, must be taken into account. If I were not fully persuaded that my brother's religious writings, whether in prose or verse, convey the clear convictions of his mind, and the genuine emotions of his heart—if I thought that the sentiments expressed were in any degree fictitious or exaggerated—if I did not believe them to record, not merely the thoughts of a clear thinker and truthful speaker on the most important subjects, but the throes and workings of an affecting, and I will not scruple to say, an edifying struggle in the inner man, I should assuredly not have ventured to produce them as specimens of ratiocinative power, or of artistic skill. For the opinions, as such, I do not make myself responsible. They differ, or seem to differ, in some important respects, from my own. Yet if I did not believe them suggestive of the truth, as well by the reasonings which they involve, as by the moral perceptions to which they refer,—bearing, as they do, upon the most interesting controversies of the time—I could not have made myself a party to their promulgation.

With what are called liberal views, both in religion and politics, and a very tolerant bearing

towards all varieties of speculative opinion, and all forms of religious combination, my brother was himself, upon conviction, a member of the English Church, the liturgy and ordinances of which he regarded with reverent and affectionate admiration. His views on the Christian priesthood (ministry he would have called it, in speaking of the human functionaries) approached to those of the late Dr. Arnold, though not adopted from him; but on the question of Church government he took the opposite line, carrying his dislike of what are called by those who oppose them, Erastian principles, and of the secularity which he believed them to engender, to the length, if not of advocating a separation between Church and State, yet of viewing the existing connection with very great suspicion. In this, and in his approval of all such returns to homely customs as may tend to revive a cordial relation between the pastor and his flock, and give to the Church a more popular character, he sympathised freely with high Church reformers of the modern school; but as he deprecated the attempt to reconstruct the Church on the model of the middle ages, so he smiled, but without bitterness, at what he considered the vain assumption of a mediæval costume.

His opinions, whatever might be their leaning, were not pushed to extravagance. In a letter

written to myself in 1848, not long before his death, he thus expresses himself:—

"You must not be surprised if I commence writing on public affairs. But I will be, if not exactly what you will call conservative, the advocate of peace, order, and loyalty on religious grounds. As for the symbolic and chivalrous, you cannot keep them any longer. One great object of my mind is to show that the Church property is property, and not pension. Do not risk it by a servant-maid-like partiality to the splendour of the crown!"

His religion, however, was by no means of a political cast. His memoranda turn far more frequently on the interpretation of Scripture, in which he appears to great advantage. Sterling good sense, expressed with something of a laical freedom, but united, when occasion serves, with a deep and touching piety, characterises his observations. He is wholly free from neological tendencies, which he regarded as at once dishonest and trifling. He neither paltered with the facts, nor lowered the doctrines of revelation. He was a devout, as well as a critical reader of Holy Scripture. His bible and prayer-book, the same which he possessed when a boy, and which he took with him to church as long as he lived, bear the marks of careful and habitual use. The book of Job, of Isaiah, and the Psalms in particular, show the traces of constant perusal. Of the Psalms he preferred the older version, not on critical grounds,

but as more satisfactory to his feelings; and in a large prayer-book belonging to the house, to which he had recourse when his eyes began to fail, a comparison between the two is continually made in the margin. Particular verses are underlined, with an evident reference to his own spiritual state, and such short remarks, often in the nature of prayer, as leave no doubt that these readings were in effect devotional exercises.

Reading Holy Scripture in this spirit, with a clear judgment, and with deeply humbled feelings, he was enabled to receive the fulness of the Christian revelation as matter of faith, and to look earnestly, and in the right direction, if not in a right manner, for a way of reconcilement. He felt himself enthralled, and he strove—weakly, inconsistently it may be, but strive he did—through the course of long years, on to the end. Traces of this sore struggle, sometimes sadly, sometimes bitterly expressed, occur among his most secret reminiscences, and most often in verse, the vehicle of all his deeper feelings.

Thus in a memorandum dated 1827:—

"With the last day of the first month I conclude this miscellaneous chaos of sense and nonsense. Like a candle lighted at both ends, my book is exhausted at the centre. It was begun when I stood high in the world, proud but not glad of academic honours, with all the material, but, alas! without the moral of happiness. Its conclusion finds me a

beggar, bankrupt in estate, in love, in friendship, and, worst of all, in self-esteem. Yet the faith with which it was commenced has ripened into certainty, and the sad knowledge of what I am feelingly informs me what I might have been.

"This day, too, I beheld the first snowdrop, the earliest primrose. Nature begins to revive, and why should not I commence a new year from this day?

"A woeful thing it is to find
No trust secure in weak mankind;
But ten-fold woe betide the elf
Who knows not how to trust himself.

What then remains? Can oath or vow,
Or formal protest aid me?
Ah! no, for if I make them now,
Next week they will upbraid me:
For what I am, oh! shame and sorrow,
I cannot hope to be to-morrow.

If I am weak, yet God is strong,
If I am false, yet God is true.
Old things are past, or right or wrong,
And every day that comes is new.
To-morrow then fresh hope may bring,
And rise with healing on its wing.

"This vile doggrel, hoarse and melancholy as the wind that moans without, dull as the embers of the dying fire, and like to be as the month now past—forgotten! 'Tis now February, and yet, a solitary comrade of midnight, fearing like a thief the tardy dawn,—

"'Which new-born pleasure brings to happier men,'

I scribble with an aching head and trembling hand."

Again in 1830:—

"It has been a lovely day; the rain has fallen like a blessing on herb, and tree, and flower. The fields, the hills, the lake, so fickle, yet so constant in its commingling transitions

from light to shade, were possessed in the unity of peaceful gladness, now rejoicing in the soft yellow sunbeams, now pensive, not sad, as the clouds floated leisurely along the sky. The birds, who love in their seasons, and know not the collapse of despair, nor the fighting chaos of jealousy, nor the shame, the uneasy silence, the self-condemned yet cherished longing of forbidden hope, sang as if there were no evil upon the earth.

"He bids me hope, vow, pray; but Hope obeys nor man's nor spirit's bidding, and to resolve is but to fetter flame with cords of flax. To vow—to enter my own condemnation in the book of Heaven. To pray—oh! that I could pray! that I could lift up my heart to Him that heareth prayer, were it but with the heavings of agony.

"He spake to me calmly, and his talk was of high matters. Of faith, the soul's prime energy—that is to man the life of all power, strength to the weak, and sight to the blind, whereby we know that God is in us, and in all and above all; whereby the soul receives capacity even as the sea to contain the many streams of Divine grace. He spake too of mysterious instincts—prophetic impulses, yearnings which our universe could not satisfy; which nevertheless crave for the most unsubstantial of earth's kickshaws, for dreams, omens, auguries, stellar configurations, and mystic signatures on stone or flower. Vain folly all, which yet bears testimony to a hidden wisdom."

And again, after an interval of five years:—

"When I received this volume small,
My years were barely seventeen;
When it was hoped I should be all
Which once, alas! I might have been.

And now my years are thirty-five,
And every mother hopes her lamb,
And every happy child alive,
May never be what now I am.

But yet should any chance to look
On the strange medley scribbled here,
I charge thee, tell them, little book,
I am not vile as I appear.

Oh! tell them though my purpose lame,
In fortune's race, was still behind,—
Though earthly blots my name defiled,
They ne'er abused my better mind.

Of what men are, and why they are
So weak, so woefully beguiled,
Much I have learned, but, better far,
I know my soul is reconciled."

The following is a similar strain:—

"I need a cleansing change within,
My life must once again begin;
New hope, new love, and youth renewed,
And more than human fortitude.
I must be washed in purer streams
Than e'er reflected Dian's gleams.

Ah! why did fabling poets tell
That Lethe only flows in hell?
It is the only fount of bliss
That springs in the waste wilderness.
It is the true Bethesda, solely
Endued with healing might, and holy.

Not once a year, but now and ever
It is the blest undying river,
That descending from the skies,
Waters earthly paradise.
But its well, unseen, unknown,
Is hid beneath Jehovah's throne.

Woe for him that, fettered fast
In the dim dungeon of the past,
Cannot stir a limb or sinew,
Nor a course of hope begin new;
It is useless to regret—
Teach, oh! teach me to forget." *

He sought strength by a divine renewal. He wished, he prayed, that the former things might pass away—that he might be disentangled and set free from himself. But with this clear perception and full acceptance of evangelical truth, he had not been led sufficiently to regard the Christian life in its disciplinary aspect, or perhaps to set a due value on those means and processes of self-regulation, which are accommodated to this view. His short-comings were obvious,—open to all eyes: yet if all could be known, it may well be questioned whether he did not differ as much from ordinary men in the bitterness of his self-reproach, as in the extent of his failings.

A few months before his death, he wrote the following affecting lines in a copy of his poems, alluding to his intention of publishing another volume:—

"'FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER.'

"Oh! woeful impotence of weak resolve,
Recorded rashly to the writer's shame.

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* These lines were afterwards remodelled, and published under the title Regeneration (Vol. i., p. 133).

Days pass away, and Time's large orbs revolve,
And every day beholds me still the same,
Till oft neglected purpose loses aim,
And hope becomes a flat unheeded lie,
And conscience, weary with the work of blame,
In seeming slumber droops her wistful eye,
As if she would resign her unregarded ministry."

His last years, though not marked by any decided change in his state of mind, exhibited upon the whole an increase of activity,—of the wish and effort to make his labours profitable, and exert his talents to advantage. His mind became more cheerful,—at least his memoranda are less desponding. He appears conscious of a progress in himself, which he records, *inter alia*, with his usual humility, but with a certain satisfaction.

"17th.—Sunday,—At Rydal chapel. Alas! I have been *Parcus Deorum cultor et infrequens* of late. Would I could say with assurance, *Nunc iterare cursus cogor relictos.* I never saw Axiologus (Wordsworth) look so venerable. His cape cloak has such a gravity about it. Old gentlemen should never wear light great coats unless they be military; and even then Uncle Toby's Roquelaure would be more becoming than all the frogs in Styx. On the other hand, loose trowsers should never invest the nether limbs of eld. It looks as if the Septuagenarian were ashamed of a diminished calf. The sable silk is good and clerical, so are the grey pearl and the partridge. I revere grey worsted and ridge and furrow for ὁ μακαρίτης his sake, but perhaps the bright white lamb's wool doth most set off the leg of an elderly man. The hose should be drawn over the knees,

unless the rank and fortune require diamond buckles. Paste or Bristol stones should never approach a gentleman of any age. Roomy shoes, not of varnished leather. Broad shoe-buckles, well polished. Cleanliness is an ornament to youth, but an indispensable necessity to old age. Breeches, velvet or velveteen, or some other solid stuff. There may be serious objections to reviving the trunk breeches of our ancestors. I am afraid that hoops would follow in their train. But the flapped waistcoat, the deep cuffs, and guarded pocket-holes, the low collar, I should hail with pleasure; that is, for grandfathers and men of grandfatherly years. I was about to add the point-lace ruffles, cravat, and frill, but I pause in consideration of the miseries and degraded state of the lace-makers.

"I sat in a pew directly opposite to Pupilia, her mama, and sisters. He that left the receipt of custom, might have called to mind Juvenal's 'digitis aut septem aut quatuor,' the thin light partition applying to both cases. I have felt such a separation myself. The text, Romans ii. v. 16, 'In the day when God shall judge the secrets of men,' &c. Sermon good—not too long. The secrets of men taken for their thoughts. More might have been said about the means of excluding evil thoughts, and procuring good ones, as prayer, reading, employment, lawful diversions—for introverted self-watchfulness, thinking about one's thoughts, is a morbid state.

"Dined with Montanus, who was about to dine with the betrayer of Wallace. Weather soaking, smoking, misty, and disagreeable, yet not altogether without beauty. The opening mists have shown some fine effects of light in the hills, and the perfect stillness of the lakes in the early morning, beneath the overhanging steam, looked patient and devout. I have been very steady, tolerably diligent, but not very successful; yet on the whole I shall enter chapel to-morrow with a consciousness that my last Sunday's prayers have not been unanswered."

In the year 1845, he lost his mother, an event to which allusion has already been made. The following beautiful verses, addressed to a lady in a letter, may suffice to show his feelings on this occasion :—

"Sweet Lady, 'twas my wish to write unto thee
In such quaint wise as we were wont to talk,
When I was fain, in quaint odd stuff, to woo thee
To mirth with wit, that was like ball-room chalk.

But since I saw thee I have had a loss—
I am alone, of hope and kin bereaven ;
Another nail is struck into my cross,
To drive my lagging soul from earth to heaven.

Oh, Anna, hadst thou but my sister been,
And plucked with me the foxglove, tall and gay,
I might have told thee all my heart does mean,
And all the worth of her that's gone away.

Had I a sister, or a sister's friend,
Though mute in sorrow, sitting by my side,
Then tears, soft tears and holy, would descend,
And sorrows gush in self-o'ertaking tide.

But unto thee a sister not akin
In blood, but yet a sister of my soul,
(For rarely have I met among the din
Of the world's wheels that aye impetuous roll ;

A spirit quiet, mirthful yet sedate,
Queen of itself, and just as mine should be,—
Had I sustained aright the awful weight
And duty of my place and destiny,

As thine, kind partner of my hope and creed)—
What can I say ? In very truth, 'tis sad
To show the drear November seed
To one who saw the April flower so glad.

Far off we are. I cannot bid thee sigh,
Though well thou mayest, for sorrows sharp and near;
So long we laughed together, thou and I,
How can we manage to combine a tear?

"HARTLEY COLERIDGE."

The same event is thus referred to in a marginal note to the life of Roscommon, by Anderson, in which the following passage occurs :—

"At Caen he is said by Aubrey to have had some preternatural intelligence of his father's death; but the name of Aubrey cannot recommend any account of that kind to credit in the present age." Upon this my brother observes—"I do not reject all tales of this kind. I do believe that there is a mysterious sympathy between all nature and all created beings, which sometimes rises above the horizon of consciousness. Though I cannot say that I had a distinct consciousness of my dear mother's departure, yet I had for some days previous to it so strong a boding of approaching ill, that, when the black letter came, I recognised the fulfilment of a dark oracle."

In the year 1847, he was invited to deliver a lecture on poetry at Kendal, a task which he performed very much to the delight and satisfaction of his audience. His own account of his performance, contained in a letter to his sister, is as follows :—

"*Nab, April* 10, 1847.

"DEAR SARA,—

"This is not the *long* letter which I have been so long engaged upon, but it may serve to explain why that epistle is not forthcoming according to promise.

"You have probably been informed that I delivered a lecture in the Museum of the Natural History Society, of

Kendal, on the Final Cause of Poetry, which went off pretty well upon the whole, though some complained that it was too abstruse; and the term 'final cause' was objected to as obsolete. However, I gave such satisfaction to as large an audience as a room, pretty well crammed with cases of minerals and stuffed animals, could accommodate, as to be requested to give readings of the English poets, with observations interspersed, which came off on the 8th and 9th ult.* I am now engaged to continue those readings, taking Dryden, Pope, and their followers and compeers, for the subject. Compeers, in fact, they had none, and I believe that their indisputable pre-eminence in their own way for a time exalted them to a higher place among poets in general than

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* The following remarks on my brother's powers as an elocutionist are abridged from the memoranda of Mr. Joseph Burns, late of Hawkeshead, in Lancashire, a gentleman to whose friendship my brother was indebted for much kindness and hospitality: —

"In addition to these rare accomplishments, he was gifted with elocutional powers of a high order. His readings were delivered with energy, deep pathos, keen discernment, and varied modulation of tone. His choice selections were from the dramas of Shakspeare, and in particular from Othello. The villainy of Iago and the jealousy of the Moor were depicted with incomparable force and grandeur. The chamber-scene, in 'Sardanapalus,' another of his favourites, was delivered by him with electrifying effect. Milton he recited with not less skill; and Eve's supplication to Adam, after her transgression, was given in a deep, tender, pathetic strain, which kindled pity in every heart."

Several of the poems in the following collection were addressed to this gentleman, or to different members of his family. In particular, the beautiful lines to a friend suffering from a recent bereavement; the sonnet entitled "Childhood," and that "To an Infant," immediately following.

they actually deserved. This is fixed for Monday, 2nd inst. When over I will finish and dispatch the packet, which will respond to all your epistles, for I fear to say how long."

In the year 1848—the last which was allowed him in this probationary state—he appears again to have roused himself. Mr. Moxon had placed the sheets of his Massinger into his hand to be corrected for a second edition. This drew from him the following reply :—

"DEAR SIR,—

"It is not without some degree of shame and misgiving that I venture to address you, after so long an interruption of our correspondence,—*meâ culpâ, meâ culpâ*—as the Papists say (*à-propos de bottes,* you are not, I presume, the Bibliopole that has joined the Church of Rome,) and after leaving an incomplete work so long on your hands; I am somewhat emboldened, however, by your confidence, in trusting the introduction into my hands for revision. Our excellent friend, Mr. Robinson, shall have no trouble about it. With your leave I will omit some of that irrelevant matter, for which I was soundly castigated by Mr. Howitt's 'honest editor of the Atlas,' and supply the place with stuff more pertinent. I am not angry with my critics. Rather, I am glad of the experience they have afforded me. I feel like a soldier that has smelt gunpowder, and found that he can stand fire. I will never be snuffed out with an article, I assure you. I know not whether it be worth while to reply to a more insidious attack in an obscure, and, I believe, defunct journal, the 'Metropolitan Conservative,' which, after some sham commendation, and an insinuation that I availed myself, without acknowledgment, of my father's sayings, accused me of using the word 'Catholic' as synonymous with Papist, which I have carefully guarded against, more perhaps in compliance with my father's scruples than with my own.

I certainly refuse to all visible churches their claim of Catholicity. 'This jargon,' said my orthodox reviewer, 'might be excused in an alderman of London, but not in a Fellow elect of Oriel,' or something to the same purpose, evidently designing to recal to memory the most painful passage of a life not over happy. But perhaps it is as well to let it alone. The writer might be some one in whom my kindred are interested; for I am as much alone in my revolt as Abdiel in his constancy. Would it suit your purpose to insert a short dissertation on the character of Ford and Massinger, as dramatists? Much of it is ready. Concerning essays and poems, I will write when my performance of the work in hand has secured your confidence. I must and will rouse and exert myself while it is yet day—'for the night cometh.' I am fifty-one, and it's 1848—a snowy, murky, disagreeable New Year's day. Wishing you, and every one else, a better year than the last, I remain

"Yours gratefully,

"H. Coleridge."

The night was coming—how soon he did not foresee. He had now lost the elasticity of his step, and found some difficulty in getting from place to place. A friend, who had come to see him from a distance, was so affected by the apparent change, that on parting with him he sat down by the roadside and wept. His note-book, however, showed no intermission of his usual in-door occupations. He wrote much, evidently with a view to publication, and his letters exhibit their usual characteristics.

Perhaps the following verses exhibit the last exercise of his poetic faculty. They are extracted,

with the preliminary matter, from a little note-book entitled "Horæ Otiosissimæ :—

"Walking beside Loughrigg town on a dreary, wet Sunday, towards the close of the revolutionary year, 1848, I met a long train of carts, steaming umbrellas, women in bombazine, and black silk bonnets of the old north country fashion. Old neighbours in black suits, some of which had seen more than one generation to a churchyard, and would yet see another—coats which, if capable of thinking, might suppose sepulture the sole business of human life, so rarely had they been worn, but at a funeral. These good people, as I now recollected, were conveying from a cottage in Loughrigg, to Grasmere churchyard, the mortal remains of Aggy Mackereth —a woman who had attained her hundreth year, dwelling most of her time in Loughrigg, and probably with very indistinct notices of the mighty changes that were taking place even in her native vales; absorbed for half a century at least, in the one idea 'to keep her bit gear togither"—for which she was no more to blame than a dormouse abused for laziness, because it sleeps out the winter. While taking refreshment at the hospitium of Skelwith Bridge, I wrote the following lines :—

"'Upon my way I met a long, slow train
Of men and carts, so silent that the rain,
Through the still air distill'd, amid the hush
Was softly heard. More audible the gush
Of falling waters in their desperate leap,
And melancholy bleat of draggled sheep;
And moaning wheels. With solemn pace they trod
To lay beneath the church-yard's billowy sod
A woman, that had borne the woes, and fears,
And hopes of life, for nigh a hundred years;
That was a little baby in a frock,
Ere the wild bird had planted in the rock
Yon tree,—a wonder how its roots are fed,
That decks the autumn with its berries red.

She has outlived her loves. The world hath changed
Since she was young. The nimble feet that ranged
The lofty pastures—upward push'd the plough—
Straight in the coffin they point upward now!
The oldest man that walks behind her hearse
Her middle age might see—a babe at *nurse*.'

"*September 24th.*"

The following beautiful letter of sympathy and consolation addressed to a friend suffering a severe domestic bereavement, shortly before his own death, may properly find a place here :—

"DEAR SIR,— "*Nab, October* 23, 1848.

"The last letter you addressed to me was concerning the death of one in whom we were both much interested; but I little thought that the next which you would send to the Nab was to announce the departure of another so much dearer to you. A creature full of life and happiness, and the joy of kindliness,—so like in ripe womanhood to what she was as a blooming girl, that I find it difficult to think of death and her together. To assure you of my deep sympathy would be superfluous—to offer consolation worse than impertinent. It is true that events ofttimes make the merest common-places awful truths, or it may be insulting falsehoods; meaning returns into words, that have hitherto been 'vox et præterea nihil,' like the expected reunion of soul and body at the last day.

"But all that can be said is doubtless present to your mind and heart, and I am not one who conceive that truth can become truer or weightier for my affirmation. It is not the house of mourning that needs be reminded of the uncertainty of life, of the sereneness or hopefulness of death. In such cases, grief not only finds, but is its own relief. One suggestion only I will venture, though it cannot be new to you, but it is applicable to all cases of what is called sudden

death, where death is not the result of guilt. Nothing can be sudden to God; he sees the things that are not as if they were,—the seeds that are in the heart, and what leaves, stalks, fruits they envelope; whether it be His will that they should ever be developed in this world or not; and if they be good will not fail to supply whatever culture may be needful for their perfect growth and bearing.

"It is impiously absurd to say (for I think no sane Protestant thinks) that He will cast them out of His garden for the want of manure and pruning, for which He did not decree them an opportunity. Of course this does not take away the duty of preparation where time is allowed for it.

"William and Agnes desire me to tell you that they partake of your sorrow, and hope you will be supported under it. Mary Fisher, the Greens, Fell, and Sandford, have all expressed their regret and compassion for your bereavement.

"I hope your children are all well. They will hardly yet be fully aware of their loss.

"I remain, dear sir,

"Your sincerely sympathising friend,

"HARTLEY COLERIDGE."

On the 26th of December, I was summoned to his bed-side by a letter from Mrs. Wordsworth, the friend of his infancy, informing me that he had been seized with bronchitis, and that his life was despaired of. He was attended by Dr. Davy, of Ambleside; by his affectionate and admiring pupil, Dr. Thomas Green; by Dr. Stolterforth, who, though comparatively a stranger, watched the progress of the disorder with the deepest personal interest, and by his long-tried and highly-valued friend, Mr. Fell. He was nursed with untiring

devotion, night and day, by his kind and excellent host and hostess. It is needless to say that all was done that skill or care could effect: but his hour was come. Mrs. Richardson was the first to feel an alarm, which was presently shared by the medical attendants, and he was not long without a knowledge of his state. I did not expect to see him alive.

Contrary to my expectations, I found him in full possession of his faculties, and out of the most immediate danger, though his medical friends entertained but feeble and wavering hopes of his ultimate recovery. He was taken to his rest on the Saturday, the 6th of January, 1849, ten days after my arrival.

It would be worse than useless to dwell on the details—solemn and affecting beyond description —of this period. He died the death of a strong man, his bodily frame being of the finest construction, and capable of great endurance. Of his state of mind it will be sufficient to say, that it was such as might have been looked for by those who knew him, and loved him well,—gentle, humble, loving, devout. His time was passed either in religious exercises, or in the most searching self-communion. A few days before his death he received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, having named a friend whose presence and

participation he desired on this occasion; and again, after the last struggle had commenced, his eye resting on another friend, with whom of latter years he had been much associated, he requested him to join with him in the last expressions of hope and faith. It was so that he bade him farewell. His sorrowing friends, with whom he had so long been domesticated, and his young friend, Dr. Green, who never left him night or day, were also present.

In these last hours he took a clear review of his past life, his words, whether addressed to me or to himself, falling distinct on my ear; his mind appearing to retain its wonted sagacity, and his tongue scarcely less than its wonted eloquence. Of this most solemn confession, I can only repeat, that it justified the most favourable construction that could be put upon the past, and the most consolatory hope which could be formed for the future.

His illness, it is needless to state, was a subject of general interest, and his death of general sorrow, wherever he was known.* By his friends, in the

* The following affecting stanzas tell their own story :—

LINES WRITTEN AT THE NAB COTTAGE.

WEEP ! for the light is fled
That never re-appears.
Our poet's face is cold and dead;
He will not feel our tears.

strict sense of the term, whom it would be invidious to particularise, but whose long-continued kindness to the subject of this memoir must not pass without a general acknowledgment,—by his friends, to whom his visits, his conversations, his playful wit, his simple and affectionate confidingness,—nay, his very foibles and eccentricities, his need of guidance

Weep ! but with tender eyes,
Such as the skies
  In April have,
Or like love dews, that flowers will drop upon his grave.

He is not here. Alas !
  No fire can warm his room ;
The sun may beam in through the glass,
  But cannot quell the gloom.
Along the wall, how still and slow
  The shadows glide !
And every whisper seems to know
  That here he died.

He is not here, and here!
  He never more will come.
From long late wanderings, dark and drear,
  He now hath found a home ;
And softer than a mother's breast
That love whereon his head doth rest.

He is not here with glee
  For many a little child ;
He is not here, alas ! for me,
  Whom grief beguiled.
Pure as a dew-drop in the wintry earth
He hath sunk down that it might know his worth.

T. B.

and protection, had become a refreshment and a stimulus of no ordinary kind, his departure, when at last he was taken from amongst them, was felt as a loss—a deprivation, not easily to be replaced. I believe that no one, young or old, by whom he was intimately or casually known, either did regret, or, taking the highest ground, had any reason to regret his acquaintance. On the contrary, whatever sorrow may mingle with their recollections on his own account, his influence was felt to be for good, wholly for good, both on the hearts and minds of those with whom he held intercourse. Not merely were the kindly affections drawn out in a peculiar manner, but a love of goodness, purity, and truth, was fostered by his society. It was commonly said of him, that he was no one's enemy but his own. This is a false and dangerous way of speaking, yet it has a certain propriety when applied to Hartley Coleridge.

But while I restrict myself to general terms in speaking of the many affectionate regrets which were occasioned by my brother's death, and which, I doubt not, this record of his life will awaken, a word must be set apart for the aged friend, who, having watched with that insight, of which foresight is but the developed form, his hopeful, fearful childhood, had seen him as he lay a dying man, and now heard that he was no more. He

was deeply affected. Perhaps he remembered that the fear which he had so beautifully expressed had proved more prophetic than the hope by which he had put it from him,—that "the morrow" had come to him, and many a morrow with a full freight of "injuries"—from which he had not been saved by an early, a sudden, or an easy death. He dropt some hint of these thoughts, but his words were few, and concluded by this touching request, or, I should say, direction:—Let him lie by us—he would have wished it.

The day following, he walked over with me to Grasmere—to the churchyard, a plain enclosure of the olden time, surrounding the old village church, in which lay the remains of his wife's sister, his nephew, and his beloved daughter. Here, having desired the sexton to measure out the ground for his own and for Mrs. Wordsworth's grave,* he bade him measure out the space of a third grave for my brother, immediately beyond.

"When I lifted up my eyes from my daughter's grave," he exclaimed, "he was standing there!" pointing to the spot where my brother had stood on the sorrowful occasion to which he alluded. Then turning to the sexton, he said, "Keep the ground for us,—we are old people, and it cannot be for long."

* This arrangement was afterwards slightly modified.

In the grave thus marked out, my brother's remains were laid on the following Thursday, and in little more than a twelvemonth his venerable and venerated friend was brought to occupy his own. They lie in the south-east angle of the churchyard, not far from a group of trees, with the little beck, that feeds the lake with its clear waters, murmuring by their side. Around them are the quiet mountains.

The entrance to the churchyard from the north is by a lych-gate, under which you pass to the village school. Possibly this thought may have been in my brother's mind, and an image of this quiet resting-place in his mind's eye, when he penned the following characteristic observations on the choice of a grave. In an odd number of the London Magazine, I find the following remarks written in the margin :—

"I have no particular choice of a churchyard, but I would repose, if possible, where there were no proud monuments, no new-fangled obelisks or mausoleums, heathen in everything but taste, and not Christian in that. Nothing that betokened aristocracy, unless it were the venerable memorial of some old family long extinct. If the village school adjoined the churchyard, so much the better. But all this must be as He will. I am greatly pleased with the fancy of Anaxagoras, whose sole request of the people of Lampsacus was, that the children might have a holiday on the anniversary of his death. But I would have the holiday on the day of my funeral. I would connect the

happiness of childhood with the peace of the dead, not with the struggles of the dying."

It was a winter's day when my brother was carried to his last earthly home, cold, but fine, as I noted at the time, with a few slight scuds of sleet and gleams of sunshine, one of which greeted us as we entered Grasmere, and another smiled brightly through the church window. May it rest upon his memory!

Two portraits of Hartley Coleridge when a child, were painted by Hazlitt. One, of which mention has been made in an early part of this memoir, represented my brother in a child's frock, with an expression at once so infantine and so thoughtful, as to tally in a remarkable manner with the anecdote there recorded.

Another and still better picture, also by Hazlitt, presented him in a little red jacket, and dark trowsers, down by the river-side among the trees, with his hands clasped before him. The eyes large, dark, and vivaciously dreamy. He looked happy. Both pictures have unfortunately been permitted to perish from damp.

The portrait by Wilkie, which has been engraved for this work, was taken by that eminent artist, in the year 1807, at the time when he was engaged with his picture of the Rent Day, for the then

Sir George Beaumont. Though a mere sketch, it was, at the time, a most striking and characteristic resemblance, and, as sometimes happens, where not the outward features merely, but the inward form —the life and expression—has been delineated, it retained this likeness to the last; proving how much of the child may still be discernible beneath white hairs.

He also sat for his picture to a young artist of the country, Mr. Tyson, a few years before his death. The attitude is by no means characteristic, (my brother rarely sat when talking, and never in the way represented) but the likeness is unmistakeable, and not unpleasing, though by no means so expressive as the preceding.

There are also two photographs, which, with the defects almost uniformly attaching to this mode of representation, recal my brother, to those who knew him well, with a sense of reality quite unproducible by the pencil or the brush. They record, some may think, too faithfully the effect of years and the result of life.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

A.

Fragment of a Greek Grammar by S. T. Coleridge.

A GREEK GRAMMAR.

"THIS is not a Philosophical Grammar; for philosophical grammar pre-supposes a perfect knowledge of the language which is its subject, and can scarcely be studied with success without the knowledge of several languages. Secondly, it pre-supposes a knowledge of psychology, or the laws by which we think and feel, and by which thoughts and thoughts, feelings and feelings, and thoughts and feelings arise out of or are associated with (*i.e.* made to accompany) each other. Thirdly, it supposes an acquaintance with the history of men in different states of society, as the savage, the semi-barbarous, the civilised, the refined, the luxurious and corrupt states of society. And, fourthly, it supposes a familiarity with writings composed in different states of language, from the rudest to the most polished. But this Grammar is only an invention to facilitate and assist the memory, and introduces only such parts of the philosophy of language as can be understood by common sense, and of such parts those only that conduce to easy remembrance. Its great object is to bring together those words which recur in almost every sentence, and by classifying all the terminations not found in common dictionaries, to enable the learner to refer each to that termination which is to be found in the dictionary, and to instruct him what addition to or change of the meaning found in the dictionary or lexicon each termination is the sign of. Thus, I cannot find τύπτ-εις in my lexicon, but my grammar instructs me to look for τύπτ-ω,

and to add to the interpretation of τύπτ-ω the syllable '-est.' Accordingly, I find τύπτ-ω interpreted by the word 'beat.' I add, '-est,' and make it 'beatest,' and that is the meaning of τύπτ-εις: σὺ τύπτεις ἐμὲ: σὺ thou, τύπτεις beatest, ἐμὲ me.—N.B. σὺ is involved in the final sigma of τύπτεις.

"Thus, then, the purpose of this Greek Grammar is twofold; first, to preclude the necessity of consulting the lexicon where it is possible, and secondly, to make it both possible and easy to make use of the lexicon where it is necessary.

"Books are made up of sentences, sentences of words, words of syllables, syllables of letters, letters of lines."

Then follows an elaborate analysis of the forms and sounds of the Greek letters; η, ι, and χ being pronounced as in German, *ay, ee, ch* (guttural), and the diphthongs as in English: the object being, "that each vowel may have its separate sound, and that we may give to the Greek language all the variety with which the ancient Grecians spoke it; though it is not pretended that the sounds here appropriated to these vowels are in every instance the very same by which the Greeks themselves pronounced them."

After this we have an account of the numbers, genders, and cases.

Of the Numbers.

"In Greek there are said by grammarians to be three numbers: the singular, the dual, and the plural. The dual, however, in strictness belongs to the Ionic dialect, and is hardly found in the writers of the *lingua communis* of Greece. Deeming it a less task for the memory to remember it as an exception (it being of rare occurrence, and the law of its variation from the plural, both in nouns and verbs) than as a regular member of every declension or conjugation, we have accordingly referred it to the Chapter on the Dialects of Greece, as far as the manner of learning this grammar is [illegible]ed. For, as I have not transcribed but transferred [illegible] part of the nouns and verbs from the printed

Greek grammar, the duals will of course be found in their ordinary places. But I would have them omitted in the learning in all but the articles and pronouns primitive.

Of the Genders.

"These are called masculine, feminine, neuter, and common, *i.e.*, masculine or feminine, and are designated in lexicons and grammars by the article 'O, 'H, TO', and ὁ and ἡ. The origin of genders in the Greek language having no apparent explanation from sexual ideas in the greater number of words, is a problem of philosophical grammar, yet I shall endeavour to trace the history and causes of this circumstance at the close of the work, or among the different chapters on the root and growth of the Greek language. By careful perusal of the short paragraphs prefixed to each declension, the final syllables most commonly distinctive of each gender will be easily learnt; and as Greek is learnt for the sake of reading, not speaking it, the articles prefixed to the nouns in a very great majority of instances will tell the gender at once. Thus, ὁ ἀνὴρ, the man; ἡ γυνὴ, the woman; τὸ ζῶον, the animal.

Of Cases.

"By cases we mean the same thing or appearance in different relations. Now the appearance precedes the action either in reality, as when the action is expressed by a verb active, or at least in that point of view in which the mind contemplates it; or it follows the action, and is the immediate *object* of the action; or it follows second in order, and is the object of the object. The first, which gives the principal *name* (nomen) to the action, is usually called the nominative case, but might more intelligibly be called the precedent or subjective case, *i.e.*, case of the subject. The second, ordinarily called by the obscure word 'accusative,' we will call the objective case. The third, or the object of the object, inasmuch as it implies a continuation, and, as it were, *goal* of the motion, we may call the *motive* case (in common grammars called the dative). I move an apple to

my wife. 'I' precedes the action, 'move' expresses the action, 'an apple' is the immediate *object* of the action, 'to my wife' the motive case. Besides these, we often meet with a noun which shows at once that in order to convey any meaning it must *belong* to and depend upon some other noun, as Hartley's—Hartley's what? why, Hartley's hand. Of Hartley; well, and what of Hartley? Why, this is the work of Hartley. This case (obscurely called the genitive) we will call the dependent case.

"Again, we often meet with a noun substantive either by itself, or with a noun adjective, which shows that it is spoken or called to, either as really present, or as if it were present, as, Come to me, *my son.* This is called the vocative case, from the Latin *voco,* I call; and may always be known by prefixing the word O, as, O my Son! If it *make sense,* the word or words are in the vocative case. Thus, then, there are five cases enumerated: 1. the precedent, 2. the dependent, 3. the motive, 4. the objective, 5. the vocative. Example: (1) His father gave (4) this book (3) to Hartley; do not dirty it, (5) O Derwent, for it is (2) Hartley's.

"N.B.—The Latins have in many nouns a sixth case, dividing the third into two cases. All motion *toward* they gave to the dative, all motion *from* any thing, or *with* or *by* any thing, they expressed by the second, which they call the ablative. But if we called every separate relation by a separate case, cases would be endless: we must therefore count them in each language by the greatest number of terminations which any noun is found to have in any one number, singular or plural. Now this in Latin is six, including the precedent; in Greek five; in English, three, in the twenty-three little words called pronouns (1. I, thou, he, she, we, ye, they, who: 2. his, hers, whose, its, ours, yours, theirs: 3. me, thee, him, her, us, you, them, whom): in all other words, only two, the precedent, *dog,* the dependent, *the dog's* (kennel)."

Then follows an account of the declensions, not varying from that of the common grammars, and then

Of the Parts of Speech.

"What is a verb? It is a word which signifies some motion either seen or felt, or necessarily supposed, either, 1. by the mover on another; or, 2. by the mover on itself; or, 3. by a motion felt in myself from another, or from myself considered as another, as, when we say, 'I wonder at myself.' This last case arises from the self-contemplative faculty of man, by which we can and very often do use the words, *I, me, self,* in two senses; the first as the self contemplating, the second as the self contemplated. Now all cause is conceived of by us as a sort of motion; therefore the verb may be said to comprise all those words which represent cause as in action.

"Of this motion or action we have described three kinds. 1. A acting on B, *i.e.,* causing motion, or being in motion, and thereby making B to be, or feel, or know, or by some one of the senses to perceive something which it otherwise would not have done. This first class is called the verb active; thus, τύπτω τὸν παῖδα, I beat the child. That is, by putting my arm or other instrument in motion, I cause the child to feel pain. 2. When A acts on A, as, τύπτομαι, I beat myself. This class is called the verb middle. 3. When A is acted on by B, as, τύπτομαι τῷ ἀνθρώπῳ, I am beaten by man. This is called the verb passive, and may always be turned into a verb active; as, ἄνθρωπος τύπτει ἐμὲ, man beats me, means the same as, I am beaten by a man. A verb passive may be always defined to be that in which the person first brought forward to the mind in the action is one and the same with the object of the action. Thus, the action is *beating;* the person first brought forward is *I:* but who is the object of the beating, that is, who is the object beaten? *I*—I am beaten.

"Besides these we may add a fourth, verbs neuter, in which the person and action are mentioned, but not the object.

"But after a thing has ceased to make us think of it as moving or acting, it may yet exist to our senses, as, to skin, is to put a skin in motion. But when the skin has ceased

to move we may still see and feel it. This class of words we call nouns, as, to skin, a verb; a skin, a noun. But of any thing thus seen something may go away, and yet still we know it; as, Hartley had rosy cheeks yesterday, to-day he came to with me his cheeks quite yellow; yet still they were cheeks. That which we think of as permanent, and which cannot be lost without the thing itself being lost, we call noun substantives. The other more transient or less essential we call noun adjectives; as, cheeks, a noun substantive, rosy, yellow, noun adjectives; *i.e.*, that which is not thought of as being in the substance of the thing, but as being *adjected*, that is, added close to or combined with it.

"N.B.—These non-essential appearances may, however, be conceived of collectively as having a substance or permanence in themselves; as, the white, or whiteness: and then of course they become substantives.

"Noun adjectives by themselves always require the question what? as, a red—red *what?* a red cloak.

"Noun substantives may always have prefixed to them the question which? or, what sort of? as, cloak—which cloak? the red cloak. What sort of a cloak? a short blue cloak.

"Prepositions, conjunctions, and adverbs are nothing more than verbs, substantives, or adjectives, altered and commonly abbreviated by constant or very frequent use. Prepositions and conjunctions are, more frequently than otherwise, altered verbs of the imperative mood; as 'if' is in old writers gif, and gif is the same as give. Adverbs are more commonly adjectives of which the substantive is understood without being spoken: he acted badly, that is, he acted like bad (men).

"N.B.—*Ly* is the same as *like*, only pronounced softer, the *k* having been originally like the χ of the Greeks and Germans, a soft breathing from the throat and with the palate.

"Participles are adjectives expressing action done or suffered, and might aptly be called verb-adjectives,—as loving, loved; a loving man, a man loving his wife.

"The articles are adjectives. Thus, in English, 'the' is

the same word as 'this' or 'that,' and signifies a thing in particular, and 'a,' which is the same as 'one,' signifies a thing in general; while the universal is expressed by the omission of both—as, the God, a God, God. The Greeks used only the first, ὁ, as an article, and therefore express both the general and universal by mere omission. In this respect our language is more clear and better adapted to philosophy than the Greek. Interjections are mere sounds of passion—as, Oh! Ah!—Oo'oo'oo!—as in shivering. It is more than probable that interjections are the seeds and elements of all other words.

"I have thus briefly sketched out, as it were, the country that lies before you, my beloved son!—and you will regard this short account of the parts of speech in general as one of the small maps of Great Britain, which take the first place in a collection of county maps. Hereafter I shall give a whole map to each part of speech for itself: beginning with interjections, proceeding next [to pronouns, then] to verbs,—1. neuter, 2. active, 3. middle, 4. passive, and verbs-substantive,—thence to noun-substantives, thence to noun-adjectives, and from these four—namely, 1. sounds of passion; 2. passing into words of motion, and from motion into causative motion of four-fold nature,—that in which the agency is confined to the agent considered as one and undistinguished, called by grammarians, verbs neuter; or where the agent acts on itself with an *expressed* distinction of itself into agent and passive, itself contemplant and itself contemplated, itself acting and itself acted on, called reflective or middle verbs (thus, '*I lay*' on the grass is a verb neuter—'I lay me' on the grass is a middle or reflective verb); thirdly, when the agent has an expressed object of its agency out of itself, called verbs active,—as, 'the horse drags the cart;' and lastly, where the object is made to take the place and grammatical form of the agent, or where the person or image presented to the mind previous to the word of action is one and the same with the object of the action,—as, 'I am beaten" these being called verbs passive, and may

always be altered into verbs middle or verbs active,—'I am beaten by myself' into 'I beat myself;' 'I am beaten by my master' into 'my master beats me;'—though, indeed, it sometimes happens that the object and precedent person are identified, when no particular agent is known or meant to be conceived by the mind,—as 'I am beaten.' And from this last distinction, or species of causative motion, stepping into life or existence, expressed as a simple act of being, or say, rather, words that express being as *an act*, these are very significantly called *verbs-substantive* (*I am*), even as when a mathematician conceives a line as existing in consequence of the motion or fluxion, that is, the perpetual flowing-in, of its constituent points, but conceive it as one motionless whole, and you have then the noun. Thus the verb passive leads to verb-substantive, and the verb substantive passes as naturally into the noun, as the noun naturally divides itself into a thing conceived as motionless in itself, and essential, and into a thing conceived as adherent to, or combined with, a thing, but not forming its absolute essence —in grammatical terms, into nouns-substantive and nouns-adjective. Well, I say that out of these four great classes, with their subdivisions,—namely, out of, 1. interjections; 2. verbs; 3. substantives; and 4. adjectives,—I shall explain the conjunctions, prepositions, pronouns, adverbs, and articles.

"I will first, however, paste in the leaves from the Greek grammar containing the contracted substantives, the adjectives, together with the pronouns substantive and adjective, and then the verbs, and by projecting labels, so point out the place in this book in which each, and each division of each, is to be found, that you may turn to the same without difficulty.

"May the Almighty God prolong my life if it be useful to you, and may the knowledge which I am labouring to communicate produce in you those effects for which alone knowledge is desirable or valuable,—namely, 1. Habits of *attention* and the power of self-control; 2. Habits of intellectual accuracy, greatly favourable and even akin to habits of

moral truth; 3. A taste born and nursed in simplicity, a sense of continuous *admiration*, with an aversion from *wonderment*, and an attachment to that *manner* of writing which seldom or never becomes an object of conscious attention for itself, yet gives an additional *soul*, as it were, to the matter. Thus, Virgil describes Eneas as modified by the power of Venus; she did not walk beside or before him to be wondered at for herself, and to draw off all attention from her companion, but herself invisible,—

> 'ipsa decoram
> Cæsariem nato genetrix, lumenque juventæ
> Purpureum, et lætos oculis afflavit honores,
> Quale manus addunt ebori decus.
> RESTITIT ENEAS.'
>
> *Æneidos*, Lib. I., 592.

4. A resource in solitude, a consequent love of occasional solitude, and a freedom from low or ruinous pleasures by the mind's having been pre-occupied by nobler pleasures. 5thly, and lastly, A tranquillity,—partly arising from the sense of stability in the objects of your love, and that consequent veneration of ancient things of that which was and yet is and will continue to be, which feeling, counterpoising the natural love of novelty, reduces the mind to the proper balance, and connecting it with the future without breaking it off from the past, makes it truly continuous in itself, and an harmonious part of a continuous whole; and partly by habitually associating your enjoyments and intellectual efforts with objects that are far above that unwholesome atmosphere of envy, jealousy, anxious rivalry, hatred, or selfish exultation, which surrounds us as men of the world living wholly among the persons and works of our contemporaries, unites passion with calmness, animates peace by love, and by habitual admiration of the permanent past tends, in the very fountain of our feelings, to check the propensity to factious idolatry of present greatness, and so, independent of the facts which ancient literature supplies,

precludes fanaticism by furnishing a steady rule of measurement. Truly, I might add, that by living affectionately in the past, we gain the power of transporting ourselves to the future, and by considering all things as partaking of unity we foster that power, the accomplishment of which is the proud distinction of our nature, the power of contemplating the innumerable *distinctities* of the world as moving and having their actual being in one adorable indivisibility; and become practical knowers that GOD IS, and thereby partake of his *existence*. Idolatry, my son, is atheism; and all passions which dimming the eye of the soul with the drowsy film of sensual materialism make us honour or love anything or person as excellent in its dividual self, is idolatry. The ambitious, the lustful, the covetous, are more despicably idolators than the poor African, who takes the first stick or stone on which his eyes open after sleep for his god of the day, to that devotes his thoughts, and from that expects his happiness. But I earnestly pray that you may feel that—

"Ein Gott iſt: ein heiliger Wille lebt,
Wie auch der menſchliche wanke:
Hoch über der Zeit und dem Raume webt
Lebendig der höchſte Gedanke:
Und ob alles in ewigem Wechſel kreiſt,
Es beharrt in dem Wechſel ein ruhiger Geiſt.*

Τῷ Θεῷ μόνῳ Δόξα!"

* From the German of the poet Schiller. (N.B. Pronounce it Shiller.) Literal translation: A God is! An holy Will lives, however the human may stagger. High above time and space moves operatively life-fu t. ? supreme THOUGHT† or mind! And though all things groan in the throes of an endless vicissitude, there abideth in that vicissitude ONE QUIET SPIRIT.

† *Thoughtage*, or all thoughts existing collectively in one. "Ge," the German *pre*fix, is the same word and of the same meaning as the English *af*fix "age" in shippage, wharfage, &c.; foliage, *i. e.* all the leaves of a tree or of trees considered as one. "Gedanke" is, therefore, a more suitable and forceful word than Intelligence. Mind would be better.

APPENDIX B.*

First Visit to the Theatre in London.

THE tradition of Picardy reminds me of the Wood Demon of Monk Lewis; and I believe his last dramatic performance, which I saw twice in the spring of 1807, and was in a great passion with S. H. for not admiring, the plot of which consisted in the covenant of a Danish peasant to offer on a certain annual day a human victim to a forest fiend, before the midnight clock struck one, on the condition of boundless wealth and honours—the forfeiture, body and soul to the demon. The day has arrived. It is a grand fête for victory over a giant and his myrmidons, who, after one of those outside dreams, which the examples of Shakspeare in drama, and Rembrandt in painting, can hardly reconcile to my imagination, but which afforded an opportunity of exhibiting one pretty lady very temptingly asleep beneath an arch of roses, and another rather dangerously exposed on white canvas clouds, march processionally over the stage, led by Elliston, in scaly silver mail (the first time I ever saw even an imitation of armour), cross a drawbridge to drums and trumpets, and enter the castle while the curtain falls. The giant was really a man of huge dimensions, and clattered his chains gigantically. Act II.—After some would-be comedy, at which the galleries and pit laughed immoderately—and one female in the boxes thought proper to be disgusted, though I can remember no harm in it—the grand *salle à danser*, the utmost extent of the Drury stage, is discovered. Foil, tinsel, spangles, feathers without limit. It appeared to me the most splendid show and the greatest crowd I had ever seen—a grand emblematical procession of the Seasons;—but here the plot thickens, and we must regress a little. It had been announced in the first act that Summer, Autumn, and Winter were all pretty

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* From a note-book, entitled, "The Wisdom of our Ancestors."

well, but that poor little Spring had got the measles. This announcement uttered by Bannister, who played a bragging coward, with a knowing squeak, was received with a rattle and a *πάταγος*, that showed little compassion for the dangerous state of the prettiest portion of the year. There might be some allusion that I did not understand. A substitute—double, I believe, is the theatrical word—must be provided to represent the invalid season;—a dumb child, whose mother is housekeeper, or still room maid, or something or other about the castle, has just arrived on a visit to mama. I suspect that this speechless innocent was no other than the now famous Adelaide Kemble, who has recovered her voice miraculously. She was at any rate a sweet little creature. Her looks, her fingers, her every motion spoke; and she danced delightfully. I could not then sympathise, though I should now do so, with S. H.'s manifest pain at the exhibition. But I never could acquire her disgust at adult noise and nonsense. But I am going to write all night about this trash,—it makes me such a child again. Well, the coward contrives to get hold of little Dumby, and shuts her up, ready to play Spring. In due time she appears, vernally arrayed enough in an elegant car, and causes primroses and violets to spring out of the bottom of it. I thought the trick inimitable. Summer follows, and produces tulips as spontaneous as Minerva's olive. Autumn, a mature-looking matron, brought forth grapes and other fruitage very tantalising to look at; and, finally, came Winter, an old man with hair like a lion's mane, only white, shivering over a fire drawn by two white bears (not real). This was best of all. Bannister, who, I suppose, was Holofernes and Inigo Jones on the occasion, strutted about much to his own and the audience's satisfaction. But his master—the Deformed Transformed—has far other thoughts in his head, and other fish to fry. He has fixed on poor dumb Spring (I forget his name, for, though the actress was female, the character was a boy; we will call him Marcelline) for the annual sacrifice. At the close of the scene the Wood Demon, horribly got up, with

serpent locks and powdered resin, appears at the back of the stage, it is to be supposed, to the Baron and audience alone. The curtain falls. Act III.—Marcelline and his mother—he dances, plays on the guitar, and goes to sleep,—the Baron steals in, in a robe-de-chambre, or sacrificial gown, lays the sleeping child (whose mother has fallen conveniently asleep likewise) on a bed which sinks, like that which introduces the merchant in "Anne of Gierstein" to the Vehmic Tribunal; and the scene changes to a subterranean cavern, wherein stands the altar of the Wood Demon, and other ghastly apparatus, together with a huge town-clock. By some means or other, which I forget, the sleeping lady of the first scene, who is the betrothed mistress of the Baron, for whom she has jilted a man of low degree, whom she really prefers, forewarned by her vision, some objects of which occurring to her waking sight still further alarm her, gets into the cave. Perhaps she was concealed in the bed. The Baron, in rage and fury, reveals the bloody business in hand, its necessity, and urges execution. It yet wants a quarter of one. Marcelline, who is not deaf, hears, shudders, looks wistfully at the clock, as if counting the minutes he has to live. The lady implores, expostulates, as may be expected, in vain. Elliston ranted in high style. He had certainly a glorious voice when he did not whimper. I have seen him great in Sir Edward Mortimer, and in Fitzharding ("Curfew"). The fearful preparations are proceeding—a thought strikes Marcelline—his eyes brighten, he points to a spear—the lady puts it into his hand—he pushes the pointer some ten minutes—the clock strikes one—the Wood Demon and some score of diablotins rise through trap-doors, and the Baron is carried off, *à la* Don Juan, with *quantum suff.* of red fire and thunder, and a strong smell of gunpowder. The lady is united to her first love, who, of course, is in the way, and the curtain falls on general happiness, and a *tableau vivant.*

Childish as all this seems, I have no doubt that numbers who were as thoroughly convinced of its good-for-nothing-

ness as the author (Matthew was no noodle) went to see it over and over again, as often as they could find an excuse, as a little boy who had never seen a play,—it was so fit for children;—or a party of country cousins, who had never seen Bannister, or any other reason why. Morton's "Town and Country," which was much worse—glorious and never-to-be-forgotten "Mother Goose," at Covent Garden—Tobin's "Curfew," which rather hung fire, and lingered out twenty nights, chiefly by the aid of the "Wood Demon," at Drury Lane—were the scenic attractions of the regular theatres in 1807. Catalani was, I believe, in her first season; Young appeared at the Haymarket (I saw him at Bristol in Octavian and in Petruchio); the slave trade was abolished, and the ministry turned out to shouts of "No Popery!" Sir Francis Burdett and Lord Cochrane elected for Westminster; Sir Francis fought P.;—such (not to mention the battles of Elau and Friedland, and Duckworth's unfortunate expedition to the Dardanelles) were a few of the wonders of 1807,—a wonderful year to me, but not very illustrative of the wisdom of our ancestors.

Is it possible that Sir Walter, then plain Walter Scott, saw the "Wood Demon?" Is it irreverent to conjecture that he might (I do not say he was) be indebted to Monk Lewis's melodrama for a hint which he wrought out in that terrible scene in "Old Mortality," where Habakkuk Mucklewrath puts forward the clock to hasten the death of Henry Morton? Walter was certainly in London in the Spring of 1807; for well do I remember his accompanying a bard, then less in fashion than himself (though of his greater poems only the "Lay" had appeared), the two sage sisters, and my too happy self to the Tower. The economy of the bard would not allow us to see the Jewel Office. Who knows what effect on my then susceptible imagination the splendour of the crown, sceptre, and globe, the sword of justice, and the sword of mercy, might have wrought? It might have made me a divine-right-of-kings man. I, who thought a player in his mimic finery something more than human,

what might I have been taught to dream of the mysterious functionary who alone could wear that crown, and grasp that sceptre in his sacred hand! Those who think they can revive Catholic devotion by restoring Catholic candlesticks, may consider this. But he was no anactolater* then. Mr. Scott had evident pride in showing me the claymores and bucklers taken from the loyalists at Culloden. I fear that they perished in the fire.

APPENDIX C.

In the fourth volume of Mr. Southey's "Life and Correspondence," a work conducted with singular delicacy and judgment on the part of the editor, my near and highly esteemed relative, to whom, if only for the feeling manifested towards my lamented brother, my affectionate thanks are due, there appears a letter on this subject, exhibiting the active kindness of the writer, ever gratefully acknowledged by him to whom it was shown on this as on so many other occasions, and in so many other ways; but which, as regards my father, requires more explanation than could be given there, or than can find a place here. Not till the life of S. T. Coleridge shall have been published *in extenso*, if this be ever possible, will he be truly known either in his weakness or in his strength. It is one object of this publication to show how my brother felt towards *both* his parents, believing that such a record of veneration and love can lead but to one inference.

Thus far had I written in the first edition of this work, and I do not willingly recur to the subject, but the ever-recurring mis-statements,—I shrink from pronouncing them calumnies—of the public press, respecting my father's

* King-worshipper.

relations to Mr. Southey, seem to impose it upon me as a duty to place upon more permanent record, a letter addressed by me to the editor of the *Times* newspaper towards the close of the preceding year, and which, as it could not but have removed all such misconceptions, would I trusted have put a stop to all such misrepresentations.

"SIR,

"Permit me to offer a few words of reply to some remarks upon the private circumstances and conduct of my late father (Coleridge), the poet and philosopher, which appeared in the *Times* of Wednesday last, in an article upon *Hunt's Autobiography*.

"Hitherto, I have refrained from noticing any such strictures, and it is only to prevent, or to correct, gross misapprehension as to matter of fact, that I now depart from my rule. What the relations of Mr. Coleridge may have been to his friends at Highgate, or those of his family to the 'brother-writer' whose name is—most deservedly—held up to honour by the writer of the article in question, are matters of domestic history, into the details of which it is not necessary that I should enter. Suffice it to say that they were of a kind upon which all the parties concerned can look back with satisfaction, and that there was no ground of obligation on either side, in any painful sense, however much there may have been of love and grateful affection on both sides. Mr. Coleridge did *not* 'avail himself of eleemosynary aid on all sides.' Whatever pecuniary aid he at any time received, was from private friends, who held themselves indebted to him in a way and to an extent, which money could neither measure nor repay. He did *not* 'see wife and offspring thrown beggared upon the world,' whatever this expression may mean. They enjoyed the whole of his permanent income during his life, with such additions as from time to time he was enabled to make—the efforts which he made for this object being neither few nor slight—and he did not leave them unprovided for at his death. He left his widow

an income competent for her support, and that of his daughter, had she needed it; my brother's portion of which, after her death, was sufficient to place him above either want or dependence. It is not true 'that he would not work.' He *did* work, as few men ever did before, and as few men ever will again; but he had *not* the means of gaining money at command. He worked in the way that his genius dictated, and to the utmost extent that his health admitted. In the words of his nephew and son-in-law, 'he did the day's work of a giant.' True, it was of a kind calculated rather to enrich the world with wisdom, than himself with money; but if his children are far more than content that it should have been so, who else need complain?

On the general tenour of my father's life I offer no remark, whether in the way of praise, or apology, or explanation. The time may come, when he will be better known, but this is not the place for the discussion. As, however, his character has been arraigned, again and again, after he has gone to his rest, on hearsay evidence, and often in terms of strange asperity, it may be permitted me to refer to the dying testimony, *valeat quantum*, of one who had known him long in early manhood, and in his 'latter days.' 'He was the greatest man I ever knew, and one of the best—a thousand times more sinned against than sinning.' These words were spoken by Allston, the American artist, the day before his death, and were reported to me by the gentleman to whom they were addressed.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"DERWENT COLERIDGE."

"ST. MARK'S COLLEGE, CHELSEA.
Sept. 6th, 1850."

APPENDIX D.

Puerilia et Juvenilia.

His earliest compositions, both in prose and verse, have been preserved, not because any value was attached to them, but because they happen to be written in a blank book, afterwards filled with other matter. From this volume I extract the following remarks; they are in the handwriting of his later boyhood.

"This book is one which has been to me a source of much pain, and some pleasure. Before composition, and particularly metrical composition, became a pleasure to me, it naturally was a troublesome labour, to which I could only be induced by paternal solicitude, or the spur of vanity, which is by no means what the old Greek calls ἄυπνον βέλος. The doggrel on the 'Ass' was, perhaps, hammered out with as much pain as any exercise I ever did; and, indeed, as soon as command was remitted, I deserted versification altogether. Thus the compositions here contained may be arranged in four kinds:—1. Those written by desire of others, as the 'Ass.' 2. Those written for exercise, as 'The Child's First Lesson' (not preserved). 3. Those written under the mania of vanity, as 'The Ghost in the Wood.' 4. Those written at a more advanced age for the relief of my own feelings, as the 'Three Weeks' Dream,' &c. (not preserved,) or for joke, as the 'Valentines.'

"Reading over the 'Ghost in the Wood,' I had an additional proof of the power of self-love, accompanied with a gloomy presage of the judgment my riper years will pass on the productions of which I am now fond, if not vain. Their dwelling so much on my own character and feelings is, doubtless, faulty in itself, but hereafter, when the dream that they possess any"—"merit shall have passed away" may be supposed to follow, but the next leaf is gone.

The poem on the "Ass" is, as here stated, mere doggrel, written apparently in his eleventh year. If the youthful bard had already begun to climb the Muse's ladder, his foot was assuredly on the very first stave.*

The "Ghost in the Wood" is a "dramatic romance," of which the two first scenes only were written. The first page, containing the dramatis personæ, gives the names of the actors, who are supposed to be *Portformandrans*, in their native titles, like the Signor this, and Herr that, of a modern playbill. A soliloquy by the hero, and a song by the heroine, may serve as a specimen.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*A dark Wood. Moonlight.*

Enter MURCIA.

"Here gloomy silence reigns, sole, absolute, and undisturbed; the very falling of a leaf might here be heard distinctly. Here all is quiet, save myself alone! But within my bosom bloody war there rages, which, like an envious

---

* It is amusing, and may not be uninstructive, to compare the following first attempt of our artist in verse, with the poem to the Nautilus, or one of his highly-finished sonnets.

POETRY ON AN ASS.

An Ass, as it play'd in an African wild,
At a time when the air was balsamic and mild,
Heard the fierce lion's loud roar,
And thought he should never hear more.
The roar was so loud,
That all that great crowd
That in London's vast streets do parade,
Could not make this poor Ass more afraid
Than this single fierce lion it did,
More dreadful because he was hid.
At length, in a transport of fear, the Ass set up a bray
So horribly harsh, that his foe fled away;
He leap'd, and he leap'd, plunged, and then plunged again,
Till he got to his cave, and slunk into his den.

worm, doth prey upon my vitals, and still they grow again to be devoured, or like civil warfare, where fathers against sons, casting away all natural affection, inhumanly contend, till finally they weaken and destroy the country that produced them. Even like to such pernicious combats, but far more dreadful, are those fights within my breast. For these do vex me in my dreams; while these continue, food cannot nourish me, sleep cannot refresh me. I am consumed as by a slow internal fire. But hark! I must away."

[*Bell Rings.*

The song is somewhat smoother, and is, perhaps, caught from "Blow, blow thou winter's wind," in "As You Like It."

GENTIA, *sola.*

Cruel the bloody war,
  Cruel the winter snows,
Cruel the chilly wind
  That from the cold south blows;
But one thing crueller than these
  My wonted rest denies,
And that's the bitter, hopeless love
  That in my bosom lies.

This may have been written in my brother's thirteenth or fourteenth year.

The Valentines may bear transcription in a biographical sketch, for the sake of the remarks appended to them by the Author.

I.

1813.

Since first I saw thy angel face,
Thy modest mien, and heavenly grace,
My soul hath still been tempest-tost,
My heart is altogether lost,
Nor day, nor night, I rest can find,
But hopes and fears distract my mind.

I sometimes fancy that I see
My lovely Mary smile on me,
Oh! then how great my ecstasy!
But soon, too soon, the pleasing dream
Is borne down black despair's rough stream.
Then demons foul impress my brain
With images of foul disdain,
And tell me that I love in vain.

Mary, the beam of thy bright eyes
Alone my hope can realise,
Can drive despair's black night away,
For you're my sun, your smile my day.
Then pity him who loves so true,
Whose joy or grief depends on you;
O say but that thou wilt be mine,
And I for ever will be thine,
Thy ever faithful Valentine.

II.

Oft I've determined to disclose
The torment of my mind;
Her heart is soft,—said I, who knows
But what she may be kind?

But when the time to speak is come,
(What can it be that ails me?)
Like any statue I am dumb,
My foolish heart so fails me.

Yet sure, from all I say and do,
Sweet maid, you may discern
That I do love, and that 'tis you
For whom my heart does burn.

O, then, would Cupid fire thy breast,
As he has kindled mine,
No swain on earth were half so blest
As thy fond Valentine.

"Such were my poetic effusions," the author remarks, "at sixteen and seventeen, which I thought very clever at eighteen. I might say of each of these trifles, 'A poor thing 'twas, but it expressed my fancy!' The second is not unlike a song of Bellay. I cannot think that there is any promise in my juvenilia; for there is no ambition, except to express common-place sensations in bad metaphors."

More promise, perhaps, than if he had gone out of the way to hunt for originality.

The two following are apparently of somewhat later date:—

I.

How fair the bosom of our lake,
When each rude wind is hush'd asleep,
And summer's sighs, alone awake,
Over the passive waters creep!

How sweet, all silent and alone,
To lie upon some islet green,
Till I forget all I have known,
And nothing know but that calm scene!

Or let my spirit wander o'er
The world, from common sight conceal'd,—
The enlightening river's further shore,
Where all the wounds of grief are heal'd.

So let the haze of distance veil
Remembrance of all things below,
That guilt may seem a beldame's tale,
And no reality in woe.

Ah! once in such a dream I spent
My days so blessedly deceived,
Still wishing, never discontent,
All things I hoped, [and] all believed.

And will that hope, that faith intense,
Revisit my poor heart no more?
Oh yes! fair nature's influence
Can that unearthly state restore.

II.

"Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming form."—*Shakspeare.*

A heart is mine all things intending,—
All beginning, nothing ending,—
Skilled to please, yet still offending,—
Wretched, yet exceeding bless'd,—
Wanting all, of all possess'd,—
Confident, yet still despairing,—
Fearful, and yet all too daring,—
Still its own poor self belying,
Its dearest hope and faith denying,—
Happiest when it is weeping,—
Still awake, yet always sleeping,—
In love still changing, never dying,
Still for what earth holds not sighing.

The following exercise was written in the first year of his residence at Oxford:—

THE HORSES OF LYSIPPUS.

For ever blest be that victorious hour
That yon fair wanderers freed from tyrant's power!
Once more untrammell'd their proud crests they rear,
In simple majesty and grace austere,
As in old time their god-like part they bore
On Adriatic or Byzantine shore;
Or, as in nobler age and brighter clime,
Beneath Lysippus' hand they rose sublime,
While with auspicious beam Apollo shone,
Smiled on the steeds, and claim'd them for his own.
Like four fair brethren, stately side by side,
They move with solemn manes and lordly pride;
Composed their gait, yet with immense disdain,
Heave their broad chests, and hard their nostrils strain.
Black lour their brows, and fiercely gleam their eyes,
As lightnings glisten from o'erclouded skies;

Superb their course from heaven's meridian height
To view the world beneath, through them made light,
To dive at eve below the purpled waves,
And hide themselves in occidental caves;
There sink to slumbers sweet on weedy beds,
Lull'd by the ocean rolling o'er their heads.
The attendant Seasons, with successive care,
Trim their loose manes, and comb their golden hair;
The laughing Hours with rosy fingers deck
Each forehead stern and proudly arching neck.
Great is the radiant monarch of the day,
Whose curbing arm those giant limbs obey,
Whose strength divine, and never-erring skill,
Can turn and wind those stubborn necks at will.
Thus hymning, Græcia's white-robed bands drew nigh,
And warriors hail'd the strangers from the sky.
Some loud adored, some speechless stood aghast,
As if they heard the fiery nostrils' blast,
And measured thunder of those high-raised hoofs,
That erewhile echo'd round the Olympian roofs.
E'en Ammon's offspring own'd their beauty rare,
And held his own Bucephalus less fair.—
Such honours waited on their youthful days,
The votary's worship and the monarch's praise;
And still, though rooted from fair Græcia's soil,
The conqueror's guerdon and the plunderer's spoil,
Forced, like their lord, the glory-crowned sun,
From east to west an arduous race to run;
Twice to [endure] a tyrant's yoke their doom,
Late in proud France, and erst in lordly Rome;
Yet shall they, freed from thraldom and disgrace,
Find out at last a peaceful resting-place.
Triumphant songs shall shake Mark's hollow pile,
And faded Venice lift her head and smile.

POEMS.

1833.

I write, endite, I point, I raze, I quote,
I interline, I blot, correct, I note,
I make, allege, I imitate, I feign.

DRAYTON.

For I, that God of Lov'is Servantes serve,
Ne dare to love, for mine unlikelinesse,
Prayin for spede, al should I therefore sterve,
So ferre am I fro his help in darknesse;
But nathelesse, if this may doe gladnesse
To any lovir, and his cause aveile,
Have he the thanke, and mine be the traveile.

CHAUCER: *Troilus and Creseide.*

DEDICATORY SONNET,

TO S. T. COLERIDGE.

Father, and Bard revered! to whom I owe,
Whate'er it be, my little art of numbers,
Thou, in thy night-watch o'er my cradled slumbers,
Didst meditate the verse that lives to shew,
(And long shall live, when we alike are low)
Thy prayer how ardent, and thy hope how strong,
That I should learn of Nature's self the song,
The lore which none but Nature's pupils know.

The prayer was heard: I "wander'd like a breeze,"
By mountain brooks and solitary meres,
And gather'd there the shapes and phantasies
Which, mixt with passions of my sadder years,
Compose this book. If good therein there be,
That good, my sire, I dedicate to thee.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

PREFACE.

Of the verses contained in this volume, a considerable number have already appeared in various periodicals. The rest are productions, for the most part, of a later time—it may be, of less leisure. None of them, with a single exception, can claim the privilege of juvenile poems. I neither deprecate nor defy the censure of the critics. No man can know, of himself, whether he is, or is not, a poet. The thoughts, the feelings, the images, which are the material of poetry, are accessible to all who seek for them; but the power to express, combine, and modify—to make a truth of thought, to earn a sympathy for feeling, to convey an image to the inward eye, with all its influences and associations, can only approve itself by experiment—and the result of the experiment may not be known for years. Such an experiment I have ventured to try,

and I wait the result with patience. Should it be favourable, the present volume will shortly be followed by another, in which, if no more be accomplished, a higher strain is certainly attempted.

As there is nothing peculiar either in the principles upon which these poems are written, or the circumstances under which they were produced, further preface would be superfluous. Wherever I have been conscious of adopting the thoughts or words of former, especially of living writers, I have scrupulously acknowledged the obligation: but I am well aware that there may be several instances of such adoption which have escaped my observation. It is not always easy to distinguish between recollection and invention. At the same time, be it remembered, that close resemblance of phrase or illustration, or even verbal identity, may arise from casual coincidence, in compositions that owe nothing to each other.

LEEDS, *January*, 1833.

SONNETS.

I.

TO A FRIEND.

When we were idlers with the loitering rills,
The need of human love we little noted:
Our love was nature; and the peace that floated
On the white mist, and dwelt upon the hills,
To sweet accord subdued our wayward wills:
One soul was ours, one mind, one heart devoted,
That, wisely doating, ask'd not why it doated,
And ours the unknown joy, which knowing kills.
But now I find, how dear thou wert to me;
That man is more than half of nature's treasure,
Of that fair Beauty which no eye can see,
Of that sweet music which no ear can measure;
And now the streams may sing for others' pleasure,
The hills sleep on in their eternity.

II.

TO THE SAME.

In the great city we are met again,
Where many souls there are, that breathe and die,
Scarce knowing more of nature's potency,
Than what they learn from heat, or cold, or rain,
The sad vicissitude of weary pain:—
For busy man is lord of ear and eye,
And what hath nature, but the vast, void sky,
And the throng'd river toiling to the main?
Oh! say not so, for she shall have her part
In every smile, in every tear that falls;
And she shall hide her in the secret heart,
Where love persuades, and sterner duty calls:
But worse it were than death, or sorrow's smart,
To live without a friend within these walls.

III.

TO THE SAME.

We parted on the mountains, as two streams
From one clear spring pursue their several ways;
And thy fleet course hath been through many a maze
In foreign lands, where silvery Padus gleams
To that delicious sky, whose glowing beams
Brighten'd the tresses that old Poets praise;
Where Petrarch's patient love, and artful lays,
And Ariosto's song of many themes,
Moved the soft air. But I, a lazy brook,
As close pent up within my native dell,
Have crept along from nook to shady nook,
Where flow'rets blow, and whispering Naiads dwell.
Yet now we meet, that parted were so wide,
O'er rough and smooth to travel side by side.

IV.

THE Man, whose lady-love is virgin Truth,
Must woo a lady that is hard to win:
She smiles not on the wild and wordy din
Of all-confiding, all-protesting Youth;
The Sceptic's apathy, the garb uncouth,
And Cynic sneer of o'er-experienced Sin,
The Serpent, writhing in its worn-out skin,
Craving again to flesh its sated tooth,
She quite abhors. She is not fond, nor coy—
Self-seeking love, and self-appraising scorn,
She knows not. She hath utterly forsworn
Her worldly dower of wealth, and pride, and joy—
Her very beauty none but they discover,
Who for herself, not for her beauty, love her.

V.

WHAT was 't awaken'd first the untried ear
Of that sole man who was all human kind?
Was it the gladsome welcome of the wind,
Stirring the leaves that never yet were sere?
The four mellifluous streams which flow'd so near,
Their lulling murmurs all in one combined?
The note of bird unnamed? The startled hind
Bursting the brake—in wonder, not in fear,
Of her new lord? Or did the holy ground
Send forth mysterious melody to greet
The gracious pressure of immaculate feet?
Did viewless seraphs rustle all around,
Making sweet music out of air as sweet?
Or his own voice awake him with its sound?

VI.

I LOVED thee once, when every thought of mine
Was hope and joy,—and now I love thee still,
In sorrow and despair:—a hopeless will
From its lone purpose never can decline.
I did not choose thee for my Valentine
By the blind omen of a merry season,—
'Twas not thy smile that brib'd my partial reason,
Tho' never maiden's smile was good as thine:—
Nor did I to thy goodness wed my heart,
Dreaming of soft delights and honied kisses,
Although thou wert complete in every part,
A stainless paradise of holy blisses:
I loved thee for the lovely soul thou art,—
Thou canst not change so true a love as this is.

VII.

Is love a fancy, or a feeling? No,
It is immortal as immaculate Truth.
'Tis not a blossom, shed as soon as youth
Drops from the stem of life—for it will grow
In barren regions, where no waters flow,
Nor ray of promise cheats the pensive gloom.
A darkling fire, faint hovering o'er a tomb,
That but itself and darkness nought doth shew,
Is my love's being,—yet it cannot die,
Nor will it change, though all be changed beside;
Tho' fairest beauty be no longer fair,
Tho' vows be false, and faith itself deny,
Tho' sharp enjoyment be a suicide,
And hope a spectre in a ruin bare.

VIII.

WHITHER is gone the wisdom and the power
That ancient sages scatter'd with the notes
Of thought-suggesting lyres? The music floats
In the void air; e'en at this breathing hour,
In every cell and every blooming bower
The sweetness of old lays is hovering still:
But the strong soul, the self-constraining will,
The rugged root that bare the winsome flower
Is weak and wither'd. Were we like the Fays
That sweetly nestle in the fox-glove bells,
Or lurk and murmur in the rose-lipp'd shells
Which Neptune to the earth for quit-rent pays,
Then might our pretty modern Philomels
Sustain our spirits with their roundelays.

IX.

Long time a child, and still a child, when years
Had painted manhood on my cheek, was I,—
For yet I lived like one not born to die;
A thriftless prodigal of smiles and tears,
No hope I needed, and I knew no fears.
But sleep, though sweet, is only sleep, and waking,
I waked to sleep no more, at once o'ertaking
The vanguard of my age, with all arrears
Of duty on my back. Nor child, nor man,
Nor youth, nor sage, I find my head is grey,
For I have lost the race I never ran:
A rathe December blights my lagging May;
And still I am a child, tho' I be old,
Time is my debtor for my years untold.

X.

YOUTH, love, and mirth, what are they but the portion,
Wherewith the Prodigal left his Father's home,
Through foreign lands in search of bliss to roam,
And find each seeming joy a mere abortion,
And every smile, an agonised distortion
Of pale Repentance' face, and barren womb?
Youth, love, and mirth! too quickly they consume
Their passive substance, and their small proportion
Of fleeting life, in memory's backward view,
Still dwindles to a point, a twinkling star,
Long gleaming o'er the onward course of Being,
That tells us whence we came, and where we are,
And tells us too, how swiftly we are fleeing
From all we were and loved, when life was new.

XI.

How long I sail'd, and never took a thought
To what port I was bound! Secure as sleep,
I dwelt upon the bosom of the deep
And perilous sea. And though my ship was fraught
With rare and precious fancies, jewels brought
From fairy-land, no course I cared to keep,
Nor changeful wind nor tide I heeded ought,
But joy'd to feel the merry billows leap,
And watch the sun-beams dallying with the waves;
Or haply dream what realms beneath may lie
Where the clear ocean is an emerald sky,
And mermaids warble in their coral caves,
Yet vainly woo me to their secret home;—
And sweet it were for ever so to roam.

XII.

ONCE I was young, and fancy was my all,
My love, my joy, my grief, my hope, my fear,
And ever ready as an infant's tear,
Whate'er in Fancy's kingdom might befal,
Some quaint device had Fancy still at call,
With seemly verse to greet the coming cheer.
Such grief to soothe, such airy hope to rear,
To sing the birth-song, or the funeral
Of such light love, it was a pleasant task;
But ill accord the quirks of wayward glee,
That wears affliction for a wanton mask,
With woes that bear not Fancy's livery;
With Hope that scorns of Fate its fate to ask,
But is itself its own sure destiny.

XIII.

Too true it is, my time of power was spent
In idly watering weeds of casual growth,
That wasted energy to desperate sloth
Declined, and fond self-seeking discontent;
That the huge debt for all that nature lent
I sought to cancel, and was nothing loth
To deem myself an outlaw, sever'd both
From duty and from hope,—yea, blindly sent
Without an errand, where I would to stray:—
Too true it is, that, knowing now my state,
I weakly mourn the sin I ought to hate,
Nor love the law I yet would fain obey:
But true it is, above all law and fate
Is Faith, abiding the appointed day.

XIV.

On a Picture of the Corpse of Napoleon lying in State.

Lo! there he lies. Is Death no more than this?
Is this the worst that mighty mortal can
Inflict upon his fellow? Could the man—
The strongest arm of angry Nemesis,—
The rod that routed hosts were fain to kiss,
Whom failing Faith afar with terror eyed,
And Atheism madly deified—
Could he with all his wars and policies
Effect but this? To antedate a year
That cold unfeeling calm, that even now
Blanks the dark meaning of that deep-lined brow,
And from the loose lip half uncurls the sneer?
If such be Death, O man, then what art thou,
That for the fear of Death would'st live in fear?

XV.

TO WORDSWORTH.

THERE have been poets that in verse display
The elemental forms of human passions:
Poets have been, to whom the fickle fashions
And all the wilful humours of the day
Have furnish'd matter for a polish'd lay:
And many are the smooth elaborate tribe
Who, emulous of thee, the shape describe,
And fain would every shifting hue pourtray
Of restless Nature. But, thou mighty Seer!
'Tis thine to celebrate the thoughts that make
The life of souls, the truths for whose sweet sake
We to ourselves and to our God are dear.
Of Nature's inner shrine thou art the priest,
Where most she works when we perceive her least.

XVI.

NOVEMBER.

THE mellow year is hasting to its close;
The little birds have almost sung their last,
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast—
That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows;
The patient beauty of the scentless rose,
Oft with the Morn's hoar crystal quaintly glass'd,
Hangs, a pale mourner for the summer past,
And makes a little summer where it grows:
In the chill sunbeam of the faint brief day
The dusky waters shudder as they shine,
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way
Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks define,
And the gaunt woods, in ragged, scant array,
Wrap their old limbs with sombre ivy twine.

XVII.

On parting with a very pretty, but very little Lady.

'Tis ever thus. We only meet on earth
That we may know how sad it is to part:
And sad indeed it were, if, in the heart,
There were no store reserved against a dearth,
No calm Elysium for departed Mirth,
Haunted by gentle shadows of past Pleasure;
Where the sweet folly, the light-footed measure,
And graver trifles of the shining hearth
Live in their own dear image. Lady fair,
Thy presence in our little vale has been
A visitation of the Fairy Queen,
Who for brief space reveals her beauty rare,
And shews her tricksy feats to mortal eyes,
Then fades into her viewless Paradise.

XVIII.

NIGHT.

THE crackling embers on the hearth are dead;
The indoor note of industry is still;
The latch is fast; upon the window sill
The small birds wait not for their daily bread;
The voiceless flowers—how quietly they shed
Their nightly odours;—and the household rill
Murmurs continuous dulcet sounds that fill
The vacant expectation, and the dread
Of listening night. And haply now she sleeps;
For all the garrulous noises of the air
Are hush'd in peace; the soft dew silent weeps,
Like hopeless lovers for a maid so fair:—
Oh! that I were the happy dream that creeps
To her soft heart, to find my image there.

XIX.

THE FIRST BIRTH DAY.

THE Sun, sweet girl, hath run his year-long race
Through the vast nothing of the eternal sky—
Since the glad hearing of the first faint cry
Announced a stranger from the unknown place
Of unborn souls. How blank was then the face,
How uninform'd the weak light-shunning eye,
That wept and saw not. Poor mortality
Begins to mourn before it knows its case,
Prophetic in its ignorance. But soon
The hospitalities of earth engage
The banish'd spirit in its new exile;—
Pass some few changes of the fickle Moon,
The merry babe has learn'd its Mother's smile,
Its Father's frown, its Nurse's mimic rage.

XX.

WHITHER—Oh—whither, in the wandering air,
Fly the sweet notes that 'twixt the soul and sense
Make blest communion? When and where commence
The self-unfolding sounds, that every where
Expand through silence? seems that never were
A point and instant of that sound's beginning,
A time when it was not as sweet and winning,
As now it melts amid the soft and rare
And love-sick ether? Gone it is—that tone
Hath pass'd for ever from the middle earth;
Yet not to perish is the music flown—
Ah no—it hastens to a better birth!
Then joy be with it;—wheresoe'er it be,
To us it leaves a pleasant memory.

XXI.

Love is but folly,—since the wisest love,
Itself disclaiming, would invent a use
For its free motion.—Penitents recluse,
That scarce allow the natural heart to move,
With amorous ditties woo the mystic dove,
Or fondly bid their heavenly Spouse unloose
Their sacred zones.—The politic excuse
Of worldlings would to worldly ends improve
The gentle madness.—Courtiers glibly preach
How Love and Woman best rehearse the play
That statesmen act.—The grave fine-spoken leech
Counts how the beatings of the pulse betray
The sweet disease.—And all the poets teach
That love alone can build the lofty lay.

XXII.

YOUTH, thou art fled,—but where are all the charms
Which, tho' with thee they came, and pass'd with thee,
Should leave a perfume and sweet memory
Of what they have been?—All thy boons and harms
Have perish'd quite.—Thy oft renew'd alarms
Forsake the fluttering echo.—Smiles and tears
Die on my cheek, or, petrified with years,
Shew the dull woe which no compassion warms,
The mirth none shares. Yet could a wish, a thought,
Unravel all the complex web of age,—
Could all the characters that Time hath wrought
Be clean effaced from my memorial page
By one short word, the word I would not say:—
I thank my God, because my hairs are grey.

XXIII.

I thank my God because my hairs are grey!
But have grey hairs brought wisdom? Doth the
flight
Of summer birds, departed while the light
Of life is lingering on the middle way,
Predict the harvest nearer by a day?
Will the rank weeds of hopeless appetite
Droop at the glance and venom of the blight
That made the vermeil bloom, the flush so gay,
Dim and unlovely as a dead worm's shroud?
Or is my heart, that, wanting hope, has lost
The strength and rudder of resolve, at peace?
Is it no longer wrathful, vain, and proud?
Is it a Sabbath, or untimely frost,
That makes the labour of the soul to cease?

XXIV.

It must be so,—my infant love must find
In my own breast a cradle and a grave;
Like a rich jewel hid beneath the wave,
Or rebel spirit bound within the rind
Of some old wreathed oak, or fast enshrined
In the cold durance of an echoing cave:—
Yea, better thus than cold disdain to brave;—
Or worse,—to taint the quiet of that mind,
That decks its temple with unearthly grace.
Together must we dwell, my dream and I,—
Unknown must live, and unlamented die,
Rather than soil the lustre of that face,
Or drive that laughing dimple from its place,
Or heave that white breast with a painful sigh.

XXV.

FROM COUNTRY TO TOWN. Written in Leeds, July, 1832.

I LEFT the land where men with Nature dwelling,
Know not how much they love her lovely forms,—
Nor heed the history of forgotten storms,
On the blank folds inscribed of drear Helvellyn;
I sought the town, where toiling, buying, selling—
Getting and spending, poising hope and fear,
Make but one season of the live-long year.
Now for the brook from moss-girt fountain welling,
I see the foul stream hot with sleepless trade;
For the slow creeping vapours of the morn,
Black hurrying smoke, in opake mass up-borne,
O'er dinning engines hangs, a stifling shade:—
Yet Nature lives e'en here, and will not part
From her best home, the lowly-loving heart.

XXVI.

CONTINUED.

'Tis strange to me, who long have seen no face,
That was not like a book, whose every page
I knew by heart, a kindly common-place,
And faithful record of progressive age,—
To wander forth, and view an unknown race;
Of all that I have been, to find no trace,
No footstep of my by-gone pilgrimage.
Thousands I pass, and no one stays his pace
To tell me that the day is fair, or rainy;
Each one his object seeks with anxious chase,
And I have not a common hope with any:
Thus like one drop of oil upon a flood,
In uncommunicating solitude,
Single am I amid the countless many.

XXVII.

If I have sinn'd in act, I may repent;
If I have err'd in thought, I may disclaim
My silent error, and yet feel no shame:
But if my soul, big with an ill intent,
Guilty in will, by fate be innocent,
Or being bad, yet murmurs at the curse
And incapacity of being worse,
That makes my hungry passion still keep Lent
In keen expectance of a Carnival;
Where, in all worlds, that round the sun revolve
And shed their influence on this passive ball,
Abides a power that can my soul absolve?
Could any sin survive, and be forgiven,
One sinful wish would make a hell of heaven.

XXVIII.

TO SHAKSPEARE.

THE soul of man is larger than the sky,
Deeper than ocean, or the abysmal dark
Of the unfathom'd centre. Like that Ark,
Which in its sacred hold uplifted high,
O'er the drown'd hills, the human family,
And stock reserved of every living kind,
So, in the compass of the single mind,
The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie,
That make all worlds. Great Poet, 'twas thy art
To know thyself, and in thyself to be
Whate'er love, hate, ambition, destiny,
Or the firm, fatal purpose of the heart,
Can make of Man. Yet thou wert still the same,
Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own flame.

XXIX.

Why should I murmur at my lot forlorn?
The self-same Fate that doom'd me to be poor
Endues me with a spirit to endure
All, and much more, than is or has been borne
By better men, of want, or worldly scorn.
My soul has faith, my body has the nerve
To brave the penance that my sins deserve.
And yet my helpless state I deeply mourn:
Well could I bear to be deserted quite,—
Less should I blame my fortune were it worse;—
But taking all, it yet hath left me friends,
For whom I needs must mourn the wayward spite
That hides my purpose in an empty purse,
Since what I grateful wish, in wishing ends.

XXX.

WHAT can a poor man do but love and pray?
But if his love be selfish, then his prayer,
Like noisome vapour, melts in vacant air.
I am a debtor, and I cannot pay.
The alms which drop upon the public way,—
The casual tribute of the good and fair,
With the keen, thriftless avarice of despair
I seize, and live thereon from day to day,
Ingrate and purposeless.—And yet not so:
The mere mendicity of self-contempt
Has not so far debased me, but I know
The faith, the hope, the piety, exempt
From worldly doubt, to which my all I owe.
Since I have nothing, yet I bless the thought;—
Best are they paid whose earthly wage is nought.

XXXI.

WHAT is young Passion but a gusty breeze
Ruffling the surface of a shallow flood?
A vernal motion of the vital blood,
That sweetly gushes from a heart at ease,
As sugar'd sap in spicy-budding trees?
And tho' a wish be born with every morrow,
And fondest dreams full oft are types of sorrow,
Eyes that can smile may weep just when they please.
But adult Passion, centred far within,
Hid from the moment's venom and its balm,
Works with the fell inherency of sin,
Nor feels the joy of morn, nor evening calm:
For morn nor eve can change that fiery gloom
That glares within the spirit's living tomb.

XXXII.

FROM PETRARCA.

"Solo e pensoso i piu deserti campi."

LONELY and pensive o'er the lonely strand,
" With wandering steps and slow," I loiter on,
My eyes at watch, to warn me to be gone
If mark of human foot impress the sand;
Else would my piteous plight be rudely scann'd,
And curious folk would stare to see the wan
And deathlike images of joy foregone,
And how I inly waste like smouldering brand.
Or I would fain believe the tangled wood
Which girds the small field on the mountain side
The one sole witness to my crazy mood;
But ah! what sandy waste, or forest dim,
My haunt obscure from Love can ever hide?
Where'er I *think*, I converse hold with *him*.

XXXIII.

THE vale of Tempe had in vain been fair,
Green Ida never deem'd the nurse of Jove;
Each fabled stream, beneath its covert grove,
Had idly murmur'd to the idle air;
The shaggy wolf had kept his horrid lair
In Delphi's cell, and old Trophonius' cave,
And the wild wailing of the Ionian wave
Had never blended with the sweet despair
Of Sappho's death-song, if the sight inspired
Saw only what the visual organs shew,
If heaven-born phantasy no more required,
Than what within the sphere of sense may grow:
The beauty to perceive of earthly things,
The mounting soul must heavenward prune her wings.

XXXIV.

TO A LOFTY BEAUTY, FROM HER POOR KINSMAN.

FAIR maid, had I not heard thy baby cries,
Nor seen thy girlish, sweet vicissitude,
Thy mazy motions, striving to elude,
Yet wooing still a parent's watchful eyes,
Thy humours, many as the opal's dyes,
And lovely all;—methinks thy scornful mood,
And bearing high of stately womanhood,—
Thy brow, where Beauty sits to tyrannize
O'er humble love, had made me sadly fear thee;
For never sure was seen a royal bride,
Whose gentleness gave grace to so much pride—
My very thoughts would tremble to be near thee:
But when I see thee at thy father's side,
Old times unqueen thee, and old loves endear thee.

THOUGHTS AND FANCIES.

A TASK AD LIBITUM.

TO A LADY.

You bid me write, and yet propose no theme.
Must I then shoot my shafts of poesy
At the vast, void, invulnerable air?
Or lead my Pegasus a steeple-hunting?
Or issue forth with chiming hue and cry,
With trampling feet of thorough-paced blank verse
And winding horn of long-drawn melody
In chase of butterflies? Or shall I rather,
In gentler figure, *make believe* to hang
My careless harp upon a willow tree,
That every gale may prattle with its strings?
'Tis strange that any bard should lack a theme
In such a world of wonders. Look abroad,
Around you, and above you, and within you:
The stars of heaven (as elder sages told)
Roll on from age to age their lonely way
To their own music. So the humbler spirit
Hears in the daily round of household things
A low sweet melody, inaudible

To the gross sense of worldlings.—Aye, I grant
That earth and sky are cunning instruments;
But who may rouse their sleeping harmony,
And not torment the strings to grinding discord,
Or vex the hearers with the weary drone
Of half-forgotten lays, like buzzing night-flies,
Thwarting the drowsiness themselves produce?
All, all is stale: the busy ways of men,
The gorgeous terrors of the steel-clad warrior,
The lover's sighs, the fair one's cruelty,
Or that worst state, when love, a rayless fire,
Is sever'd quite from hope and tenderness,
Or dogg'd by base suspicion, hurries onward,
Scared by its own black shadow.—These are themes
Unmeet for thee, or old, or harsh and strange.
The gentler joys, the calm sequester'd hours
Of wedded life, the babble sweet of babes,
That unknown tongue, which mothers best expound,
Which works such witchery on a parent's heart,
Turning grave manhood into childishness,
Till stoic eyes with foolish rheum o'erflow,
And fluent statesmen lisp again,—for love
Will catch the likeness of the thing beloved,—
These have been sung a thousand times before;
And should I sing of thee and thy soft brilliance,
Thy tender thoughts, in reckless laughter melting,
Thy beautiful soul, that shapes thine outward form

To its own image,—thy essential goodness,
Not thine, but thee,—thy very being's being,
Thy liquid movements, measured by the notes
Of thy sweet spirit's music,—the unearthly sound
Of that beloved voice, less heard than felt,
That wins the wayward heart to peace, and lulls
The inmost nature to that blissful sleep
Which is awake to heaven, and brings no dream,
But foretaste of the best reality :—
Then must I modulate empyreal ether
To strains more sweet than mortal sense could bear.

SONG.

THE earliest wish I ever knew
Was woman's kind regard to win ;
I felt it long ere passion grew,
Ere such a wish could be a sin.

And still it lasts ;—the yearning ache
No cure has found, no comfort known :
If she did love, 'twas for my sake,
She could not love me for her own.

STANZAS.

SHE was a queen of noble Nature's crowning,
A smile of her's was like an act of grace;
She had no winsome looks, no pretty frowning,
Like daily beauties of the vulgar race:
But if she smiled, a light was on her face,
A clear, cool kindliness, a lunar beam
Of peaceful radiance, silvering o'er the stream
Of human thought with unabiding glory;
Not quite a waking truth, not quite a dream,
A visitation, bright and transitory.

But she is changed,—hath felt the touch of sorrow,
No love hath she, no understanding friend;
Oh grief! when heaven is forced of earth to borrow
What the poor niggard earth has not to lend;
But when the stalk is snapt, the rose must bend.
The tallest flower that skyward rears its head,
Grows from the common ground, and there must shed
Its delicate petals. Cruel fate, too surely,

That they should find so base a bridal bed,
Who lived in virgin pride, so sweet and purely.

She had a brother, and a tender father,
And she was loved, but not as others are
From whom we ask return of love,—but rather
As one might love a dream ; a phantom-fair
Of something exquisitely strange and rare,
Which all were glad to look on, men and maids,
Yet no one claim'd—as oft, in dewy glades
The peering primrose, like a sudden gladness,
Gleams on the soul, yet unregarded fades ;—*
The joy is ours, but all its own the sadness.

'Tis vain to say—her worst of grief is only
The common lot, which all the world have known ;
To her 'tis more, because her heart is lonely,
And yet she hath no strength to stand alone,—
Once she had playmates, fancies of her own,
And she did love them. They are past away
As Fairies vanish at the break of day ;
And like a spectre of an age departed,
Or unsphered Angel woefully astray,
She glides along—the solitary hearted.

* " And the rathe primrose that forsaken dies."—LYCIDAS.

A BROTHER'S LOVE TO HIS SISTER.

FULL ill, I ween, can measured speech reveal,
Or thought embody, what true bosoms feel ;
For hollow falsehood long has set her sign
On each soft phrase that speaks a love like mine :
The choicest terms are now enfeoff'd to folly,
To vain delight, or wilful melancholy.

Oh ! for a virgin speech, a strain untainted
By worldly use, with holy meaning sainted,
Thoughts to conceive, and words devote to tell
The strength divine of love, its secret spell,
Of brother's love, that is within the heart
A spiritual essence, and exists apart
From passion, vain opinion, hopes and fears,
And every pregnant cause of smiles and tears.
A life that owes no fealty to the will,
Nor takes infection of connatural ill ;
That feels no hunger and admits no doubt,
Nor asks for succour of the world without,

But is, itself, its own perfected end,
The one sole point to which its workings tend.

A love like this so pure of earthly leaven,
That hath no likeness in the earth or heaven,
No correspondent in the world of sight,
No symbol in the total Infinite,
Was ne'er engender'd in the soul or eye
From aught conceived of form or quality,
He loves not right that asks, or answers why.
It is not born of weakness, common needs,
Or gainful traffic in convenient deeds :
The joy, the good, that name and being owe
To sin and pain, it can and will forego ;
For moral good is but the thrall of time,
That marks the bourne of virtue, and of crime.
A joy it hath that, underived of pain,
Its proper nature shall for aye retain :
A good it is that cannot cease or change
With man's desire, or wild opinion's range :
A law it is, above all human state,
A perfect freedom, and an absolute fate.

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF GOD."

In stature perfect and with every gift
Which God would on his favourite work bestow,
Did our great Parent his pure form uplift,
And sprang from earth, the Lord of all below.

But Adam fell before a child was born,
And want and weakness with his fall began;
So his first offspring was a thing forlorn,
In human shape, without the strength of man:

So, Heaven has doom'd that all of Adam's race,
Naked and helpless, shall their course begin,
E'en at their birth confess their need of grace,
And weeping, wail the penalty of sin.

Yet sure the babe is in the cradle blest,
Since God himself a baby deign'd to be,
And slept upon a mortal mother's breast,
And steep'd in baby tears—his Deity.

O sleep, sweet infant, for we all must sleep,
And wake like babes, that we may wake with Him,
Who watches still his own from harm to keep,
And o'er them spreads the wings of cherubim.

WRITTEN ON THE FIRST OF NOVEMBER, 1820.

HAIL, dark November! spurious progeny
Of Phœbus and old Night,—thou sable mourner,
That lead'st the funeral pageant of the year,—
Thou Winter's herald, sent before thy lord
To bid the earth prepare for his dread presence,—
I gladly wish thee welcome, for thou wear'st
No flaunting smile to mock pale Melancholy,
Which ever loves its likeness, and derives
From most discomfort, truest consolation.

The world is heartsick, and o'erwearied Nature
Bears, in her lost abandonment, the mark
Of ills expected, and of pleasures past,
And, like a late-repenting prodigal,
Deals out with thrift enforc'd the scant remains
Of lavish'd wealth, sighing to think upon
The riotous days, that left no joy unrifled,
No store reserv'd, to comfort poor old age:
The tip-toe levity of Spring, flower-deck'd,

And Summer's pride, and Autumn's hospitality
Have eat up all.
And now her festal robes
Are worn to rags,—poor rents of tatter'd state,
Telling a tale of mad, luxurious waste,
Yet not enough to cover nakedness,—
A garb of many hues, and wretched all.
There is a desperate patience in her look,
And straggling smiles, or rather ghosts of smiles,
Display the sadness of her wrinkled visage.
Anon, with gusty rage, she casts away
Her motley weeds, and tears her thin grey locks,
And treads her squalid splendour in the mire;
Then weeps amain to think what she has done,
Doom'd to cold penance in a sheet of snow.

EPIGRAM.

They say Despair has power to kill
With her bleak frown; but I say No:
If life did hang upon her will,
Then Hope had perish'd long ago:
Yet still the twain keep up their "barful strife,"
For Hope Love's leman is, Despair his wife.

IN THE MANNER OF A CHILD OF SEVEN YEARS OLD.

'Tis silly, sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love
Like the old age.—

Ah! woe betide my bonny bride,
For war is in the land,
And far and wide the foemen ride
With ruthless bloody brand.

Still as a dream the purple beam
Of eve is on the river,
But ghastly bright, at the dead of night,
A blood-red flame will quiver.

Fair in the skies the sun will rise,
As ever sun was seen,
But never again our window pane
Shall back reflect his sheen:

For the warrior stern our cot will burn,
And trample on the bower;
It grew for years of smiles and tears,
'Twill perish in an hour.

Those firs were old, our grandsires told,
In their good fathers' days;
And my soul it grieves that their needle leaves
Must crackle in the blaze.

Beneath their shade how oft we play'd!
There was our place of wooing:—
But now we 're wed, and peace is fled,
And we shall see their ruin.

In battle plain shall I be slain,
And never would I shrink;
Oh! were that all, what may befall
To thee, I dare not think.

And our sweet boy, our baby joy,
He 'll for his mother cry,
Till the hot smoke his voice shall choke,
And then my bird will die.

Green are the graves, and thick as waves,
Within our holy ground;
And here and there, an hillock fair,
An infant's grave is found.

Our fathers died, their whole fireside
Is laid in peace together,
But, vile as stones, our bleaching bones
Must brave the wind and weather.

Nay, love, let 's fly, to the hill so high,
Where eagles build their nest;
Among the heather we 'll couch together,
As blithely as the best.

We 'll leave the bower and tender flower
That we have nursed with care;
But the wild blue bell shall bloom as well
Beside our craggy lair.

We shall not die, for all birds that fly
Shall thither bring us food,
And come the worst, we 'll be help'd the first,
Before the eagle's brood.

The mist beneath, that curls its wreath
Around the hill-top hoar,
There will we hide, my bonny bride,
And ne'er be heard of more.

SENSE, IF YOU CAN FIND IT.

LIKE one pale, flitting, lonely gleam
Of sunshine on a winter's day,
There came a thought upon my dream,
I know not whence, but fondly deem
It came from far away.

Those sweet, sweet snatches of delight
That visit our bedarken'd clay,
Like passage birds, with hasty flight,
It cannot be they perish quite,
Although they pass away.

They come and go, and come again;
They 're ours, whatever time they stay:
Think not, my heart, they come in vain,
If one brief while they soothe thy pain
Before they pass away.

But whither go they? No one knows
Their home,—but yet they seem to say,
That far beyond this gulf of woes,
There is a region of repose
For them that pass away.

TO SOMEBODY.

And the imperial votaress passed on
In maiden meditation fancy free.—SHAKSPEARE.

I BLAME not her, because my soul
Is not like her's,—a treasure
Of self-sufficing good,—a whole
Complete in every measure.

I charge her not with cruel pride,
With self-admired disdain;
Too happy she, or to deride,
Or to perceive my pain.

I blame her not—she cannot know
What she did never prove:
Her streams of sweetness purely flow
Unblended yet with love.

No fault hath she, that I desire
What she cannot conceive;
For she is made of bliss entire,
And I was born to grieve.

And though she hath a thousand wiles,
And, in a moment's space,
As fast as light, a thousand smiles
Come showering from her face,—

Those winsome smiles, those sunny looks,
Her heart securely deems,
Cold as the flashing of the brooks
In the cold moonlight beams.

Her sweet affections, free as wind,
Nor fear, nor craving feel;
No secret hollow hath her mind
For passion to reveal.

Her being's law is gentle bliss,
Her purpose, and her duty;
And quiet joy her loveliness,
And gay delight her beauty.

Then let her walk in mirthful pride,
Dispensing joy and sadness,
By her light spirit fortified
In panoply of gladness.

The joy she gives shall still be her's,
The sorrow shall be mine;
Such debt the earthly heart incurs
That pants for the divine.

But better 'tis to love, I ween,
And die of slow despair,
Than die, and never to have seen
A maid so lovely fair.

SONG.

'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark,
That bids a blithe good-morrow;
But sweeter to hark, in the twinkling dark,
To the soothing song of sorrow.
Oh nightingale! What doth she ail?
And is she sad or jolly?
For ne'er on earth was sound of mirth
So like to melancholy.

The merry lark, he soars on high,
No worldly thought o'ertakes him;
He sings aloud to the clear blue sky,
And the daylight that awakes him.
As sweet a lay, as loud, as gay,
The nightingale is trilling;
With feeling bliss, no less than his,
Her little heart is thrilling.

Yet ever and anon, a sigh,
Peers through her lavish mirth;
For the lark's bold song is of the sky,
And her's is of the earth.

By night and day, she tunes her lay,
To drive away all sorrow;
For bliss, alas! to-night must pass,
And woe may come to-morrow.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

WHILE the bald trees stretch forth their long, lank arms,
And starving birds peck nigh the reeky farms:
While houseless cattle paw the yellow field,
Or coughing shiver in the pervious bield,
And nought more gladsome in the hedge is seen,
Than the dark holly's grimly glistening green—
At such a time, the ancient year goes by
To join its parents in eternity—
At such a time the merry year is born,
Like the bright berry from the naked thorn.

The bells ring out; the hoary steeple rocks—
Hark! the long story of a score of clocks;
For, once a year, the village clocks agree,
E'en clocks unite to sound the hour of glee—
And every cottage has a light awake:
Unusual stars long flicker o'er the lake;

The moon on high, if any moon be there,
May peep, or wink—no mortal now will care—
For 'tis the season, when the nights are long;
There 's time, ere morn, for each to sing his song.

The year departs, a blessing on its head,
We mourn not for it, for it is not dead:
Dead? What is that? A word to joy unknown,
Which love abhors, and faith will never own.
A word, whose meaning sense could never find,
That has no truth in matter, nor in mind.
The passing breezes gone as soon as felt,
The flakes of snow that in the soft air melt,
The wave that whitening curls its frothy crest,
And falls to sleep upon its mother's breast,
The smile that sinks into a maiden's eye,
They come, they go, they change, they do not die.
So the Old Year—that fond and formal name,
Is with us yet, another and the same.

And are the thoughts, that evermore are fleeing,
The moments that make up our being's being,
The silent workings of unconscious love,
Or the dull hate which clings, and will not move,
In the dark caverns of the gloomy heart,
The fancies wild and horrible, which start
Like loathsome reptiles from their crankling holes,

From foul, neglected corners of our souls,
Are these less vital than the wave or wind,
Or snow that melts and leaves no trace behind?
Oh! let them perish all, or pass away,
And let our spirits feel a New-Year's day.

A New-Year's day—'tis but a term of art,
An arbitrary line upon the chart
Of Time's unbounded sea—fond fancy's creature,
To reason alien, and unknown to nature.
Nay—'tis a joyful day, a day of hope!
Bound, merry dancer, like an Antelope;
And as that lovely creature, far from man,
Gleams through the spicy groves of Hindostan,
Flash through the labyrinth of the mazy dance,
With foot as nimble, and as keen a glance.

And we, whom many New-Year's days have told
The sober truth, that we are growing old,—
For this one night—aye—and for many more,
Will be as jocund as we were of yore:
Kind hearts can make December blithe as May,
And in each morrow find a New-Year's day.

ON A YOUNG MAN DYING ON THE EVE. OF MARRIAGE.

With contrite tears, and agony of prayer,
God we besought, thy virtuous youth to spare,
And thought, oh! be the human thought forgiven,
Thou wert too good to die, too young for heaven;—
Yet sure the prayers of love had not been vain,
If death to thee were not exceeding gain.

Tho' for ourselves, and not for thee we mourn,
The weakness of our hearts thou wilt not scorn;
And if thy Saviour's, and thy Father's will,
Such angel love permit, wilt love us still,
For Death, which every tie of earth unbinds,
Can ne'er dissolve the "marriage of pure minds."

TO THE NAUTILUS.

Where Ausonian summers glowing
Warm the deep to life and joyance,
And gentle zephyrs, nimbly blowing,
Wanton with the waves that flowing

By many a land of ancient glory,
And many an isle renown'd in story,
Leap along with gladsome buoyance,
There, Marinere,
Dost thou appear,
In faery pinnace gaily flashing,
Through the white foam proudly dashing,
The joyous playmate of the buxom breeze,
The fearless fondling of the mighty seas.

Thou the light sail boldly spreadest,
O'er the furrow'd waters gliding,
Thou nor wreck nor foeman dreadest,
Thou nor helm nor compass needest,
While the sun is bright above thee,
While the bounding surges love thee,
In their deepening bosoms hiding,
Thou canst not fear,
Small Marinere,
For though the tides, with restless motion,
Bear thee to the desert ocean,
Far as the ocean stretches to the sky,
'Tis all thy own, 'tis all thy empery.

Lame is art, and her endeavour
Follows nature's course but slowly,
Guessing, toiling, seeking ever,

Still improving, perfect never;
Little Nautilus, thou shewest
Deeper wisdom than thou knowest,
Lore, which man should study lowly:
Bold faith and cheer,
Small Marinere,
Are thine within thy pearly dwelling,—
Thine, a law of life compelling
Obedience, perfect, simple, glad and free,
To the great will that animates the sea.

SWEET Love, the shadow of thy parting wings
Hangs on my soul, like the soft shade of even,
Farewell to thee, for thou art going to Heaven,
And I must stay behind, with all the things
Which thou, and thy benign administerings
Once made most sweet, of sweetness now bereaven;
Whose memory, as a sour fermenting leaven,
Perverts all nature with an ill that springs
From good corrupted. Oh! for mercy, Love,
Stay with me yet, altho' thy comrade fair,
The smiler Hope, be gone to realms above,
Stay with thy younger sister, meek Despair;—
For meek she is in truth, as brooding dove,
If thou with her the lowly bosom share.

SONG.

—✦—

Say—what is worse than blank despair;
'Tis that sick hope too weak for flying,
That plays at fast and loose with care,
And wastes a weary life in dying.

Though promise be a welcome guest,
Yet may it be too late a comer,
'Tis but a cuckoo voice at best,
The joy of spring, scarce heard in summer.

Then now consent, this very hour,
Let the kind word of peace be spoken:
Like dew upon a wither'd flower,
Is comfort to the heart that 's broken.

The heart, whose will is from above,
Shall yet its mortal taint discover,
For Time, that cannot alter love,
Has power to slay the wretched lover.

SONG.

—♦—

She is not fair to outward view
  As many maidens be,
Her loveliness I never knew
  Until she smil'd on me;
Oh! then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,
  To mine they ne'er reply,
And yet I cease not to behold
  The love-light in her eye:
Her very frowns are fairer far,
Than smiles of other maidens are.

EPITAPH.

ON A MOTHER AND THREE INFANTS.

—♦—

From God they came, to God they went again;
No sin they knew, and knew but little pain:
And here they lie, by their fond mother's side,
Who lived to love and lose them, then she died.

LEONARD AND SUSAN.

* * * * * *

They were a gentle pair, whose love began
They knew not when—they knew not of a time
When they loved not. In the mere sentient life
Of unremember'd infancy, whose speech,
Like secret love's, is only smiles and tears,
The baby Leonard clapp'd his little hands,
Leapt in his nurse's arms, and crow'd aloud
When Susan was in sight, and utter'd sounds
Most strange and strangely sweet, that nothing meant
But merely joy, as in the green-wood tree
The merry merle awakes his thrilling song,
Soon as the cool breath of the vernal dawn
Stirs the light leaflets on the motionless boughs.
Mute as the shadow of a passing bird
On glassy lake, the gentle Susan lay,
Hush'd in her meek delight. A dimpled smile
Curl'd round her tiny, rosy mouth, and seem'd
To sink, as light, into her soft full eyes,—
A quiet smile, that told of happiness

Her infant soul investing, as the bud
Infolds the petals of the nascent rose.

Born in one week, and in one font baptized
On the same festal day—they grew together,
And their first tottering steps were hand in hand,
While the two fathers, in half-earnest sport,
Betroth'd them to each other. Then 'twas sweet
For mother's ears, to hear them lisp and try
At the same words, each imitating each;
But Leonard was the babe of nimbler tongue,
And 'Sister Susan' was the first plain phrase
His utterance master'd—by that dear kind name
He call'd the maid, supplying so a place
Which Nature had left void. An only child
Of a proud mother and a high-born sire,
Full soon he learn'd to mount a palfrey small,
Of that dwarf race that prance unclaim'd and free
O'er the bleak pastures of the Shetland Isles.
And who may tell his glory or his pride
When Susan, by her mother's arms upheld,
Sat, glad though fearful, on the courser's rear,
While he, exulting in his dauntless skill,
Rein'd its short testy neck, and froward mouth,
Taming its wilful movement to the pace
That palfrey suits of wandering lady fair?
Bold were his looks, his speech was bold and shrill,

His smooth round cheeks glow'd with a ruddy brown,
And dark the curls that cluster'd o'er his head,
Knotty and close. In every pliant limb
A noble boy's ambitious manliness
Elastic sprung. Yet child more loving, fond,
Ne'er sought the refuge of a parent's side.
But Susan was not one of many words,
Nor loud of laughter; and she moved as soft
As modest Nymphs, in work of artist rare,
Seem moving ever. In her delicate eye
And damask cheek there dwelt a grace retired,
A prophecy of pensive womanhood.
And yet, in sooth, she was a happy child;
And, though the single treasure of her house,
She neither miss'd a brother's love, nor lack'd
The blest emotions of a sister's soul.
She thought no sister loved a brother more
Than she her brother Leonard—him who show'd
The strawberry lurking in the mossy shade,
The nest in leafy thicket dark embower'd,
The squirrel's airy bound. No bliss he knew,
No toy had he—no pretty property—
No dog—no bird—no fit of childish wrath,
That was not hers. The wild and terrible tales
His garrulous old nurse o'ernight had told,
He duly in the morning told to her,
With comments manifold; and when seven years

Made him a student of learn'd Lilly's page,
With simple, earnest, kindly vanity,
He fill'd her wondering ear with all his lore
Of tense, and conjugation, noun, and verb;
Searching the word-book for all pretty names,
All dainty, doating, dear diminutives
Which the old Romans used to woo withal.

So pass'd those happy seasons, when no law
Of jealous custom, no suspected harm
Bids fresh virginity beware of man;
And, like two sexless bees, from flower to flower,
They wander'd unreproved. But soon an age
Of fearful wishes found the spotless pair,
And Susan felt, unprompted, that the name
Of sister was not hers by right of kind.
Reserv'd she grew, and though she thought no ill,
She sigh'd in fear, and strove to frame her speech
To formal phrase of maiden courtesy.
Sore wonder'd Leonard at her mien constrain'd,
Her flitting blush, her intermitted words,
That seem'd unwelcome strangers to her lips,
And to her thought unknown. Why thus withdrawn
Her trembling hand, that wont in his to lie,
Still as the brooding warbler in her nest,
Close as the soft leaves of the rose unblown?—
Why shrinks she from his kiss, his watchful gaze,

With such a faint and half-reproachful smile,—
Nor longer may permit her flowing hair
To seek the pillow of his breast? Ah! why
Is he no more her brother? But, ere long,
New passion budding in his vernal soul,
Fill'd him with joy to think no kindred tie,
No common blood forbade the current free
Of his warm wistful sighs.
The tale is old
Of "passionate first love" with all its dreams
Sleeping and waking—all its cherish'd pains,
Uneasy raptures, quarrels, fantasies,
Quaint wiles, and riddles read by lovers' eyes,
And bland deceptions meant not to deceive.
Though wooing well might seem a useless toil,
When Love, a goodly plant, in cradle sown,
Shot forth its leaves spontaneous to the warmth
Of genial youth, yet Leonard duly paid
The appointed duty of an amorous swain,
"With adorations and with fertile tears,"
And "loyal cantos of contemned love,"
As if in truth his Susan were a dame
Haughty and fierce, as Lady of Romance,
That must be woo'd with blows, and won with scars
And homicide. Sometimes a shepherd he,
And soft and silly as his fancied flock:
Anon an arm'd and errant Paladin,

He talk'd of forests dark, and deserts drear,
And foes defied, and giants huge o'erthrown,—
And all for Susan's sake. Young love is still,
Like Eastern sages, parabolical;
And bliss, unearn'd, scarce knows itself to be,
But by the contrast of imagined woe.
What more of patient suit and coy delay,
Or passion paid, or maiden pride required,
I pause not to relate; nor how, at last,
The seemly ceremonial courtship done,
With interchange of braided locks and rings,
And holy kiss, they seal'd their plighted troth,
In their glad parents' sight. Unskill'd am I
Such scenes to paint—to me, alas! unknown.
Unmeet historian of a golden time,
I cannot give the charm of life renew'd
To pleasures long forgot; for happy days,
Unvaried save by sun, or sunny shower,
Are bare of incident as dreamless sleep,
Or sweet existence of a flower unseen.
Suffice to say, that Leonard and his maid
Grew up to man's estate and womanhood.
Their pure affection, ripening with their years,
Like a bright angel's broad o'ershadowing wings,
Guarded their spirits, kept their inmost thoughts
All lovely, pure, and beautiful. Secure
In the assurance of an authorized pledge,

They, unrepining, brook'd their bliss deferr'd
By charge parental, till maturer years
Should fit them for the cares of wedded life.

Alas! too wisely spake the poet wise—
"The course of true love never did run smooth,"
How clear soe'er the stream. Though like estate,
Congenial birth, affection tried and true,
Taste, tempers, studies, finely harmonized
By sympathy in dissimilitude—
Divided excellence, that sought and found
Its full perfection in the bond of love,
Decreed the union of the happy pair,
Whose mutual passion was obedience
To those beloved parents, who had wish'd
Their offspring blended in a common stock
Ere either babe was born; yet eyeless Fate
And human baseness wrought the righteous will
Of fate-controlling Heaven. The lovely maid
Was doom'd on earth to droop, a virgin flower,
Unsoil'd of earth, to bloom in Paradise.

Accursed faction poisons e'en the fount
Of household amity. A man there came
Of dubious honour, and of race unknown,
Deep laden with the plunder'd wealth of Ind;
And he, forsooth, must shine a rising star

In Britain's senate, make and unmake laws
He learn'd but late to keep; beat down prerogative,
" And make bold power look pale "—a patriot he,
Profound economist, the people's friend,
And champion of reform. Now Leonard's sire
Was one of ancient lineage, and estate
For many generations handed down,
Without an acre added or impair'd—
He counted a long line of senators
Among his ancestry, and ill could brook
The lineal honours of his house usurp'd
By the ill-gotten purse of yesterday.
And now the day of license was at hand,
Britain's septennial Saturnalia,
When the soft palm of nice nobility,
Ungloved, solicits the Herculean gripe
Of hands with bestial slaughter newly stain'd;
When ladies stoop their coroneted brows,
And patriotic kisses deal to churls
A gipsy would refuse; and, reeling ripe,
Big Independence, reeking as he goes
Through the rank poll-booth, works his burly way
To hiccup perjury.—O Mountain Nymph!
—O Virgin Liberty! behold thy shrine,
And send a snow-blast from thy native hills,
Or thy fat offerings will all dissolve
And choke the world with incense.—Plutus now,

And roaring Bacchus, are thy ministers,
While swoln Corruption, like a toad, half-hid
Beneath the purple trappings of the throne,
Distends her bloated features with a laugh,
To hear the many take thy name in vain.

Unequal strife had Leonard's sire to wage—
Too proud to flatter, and too proud to yield
The palm to flatterers, he fondly deem'd
Hereditary gratitude—the name
Of his time-honour'd house—and all the links
That bind the present to the past, and make
Each moment sponsor for eternity,
Were barriers potent to resist the flood
Of pauper treason, back'd with traitorous gold.
Hark!—the loud war proclaim'd by drum and fife,
And labell'd banners, that affront the sky
With gaudy blazonry of factious hate,
Turning the innocent hues of flower and field
To party shibboleths. The clear blue sky
Frown'd on the crimson of the regal rose—
Nor spared the maiden blush. Fierce riot rung
In homely mansions, long devote to peace,
And mild, benignant mirth. From vale to vale
The uproar echoed through the spacious shire,
The clang o'erpowering of the madding wheels
That glow'd incessant in the whirling fog

Of sleepy dust that courts the ground in vain.
The Sabbath bells alarm the slumbering dead
With irreligious peals; old Silence flies
From all her hallow'd haunts, and hides her head
In the brute dumbness of o'ergorged excess:—
Talk not of Hecatombs, imperial feasts,
Or antique feats of Roman gluttony;
For every alehouse is a temple now,
And flocks and herds but half suffice to stay
The popular maw.—Not sapient Egypt's god,
The lowing Apis, had escaped the knife,
Had slavish Egypt ever claim'd the right
Of unbought suffrage and election free.
Who dare deny—that beast, and fish, and fowl
Were made for man? Calves, sheep, and oxen, slain
In freedom's cause, by freemen are devour'd—
A feller fate attends the generous steed—
Outworn with toil, he gluts a freeman's cur.

But Leonard—and the gentle Susan? Where
Walk they the while? Oft, when the rafter'd hall
Shook with the jovial laugh of loyalty,
Till each grim ancestor and grandam fair,
That on the smoky canvas smiled for aye,
In multiplied confusion roll'd around,
Would Leonard steal into the quiet air
Of pensive Night, Love's trusty confidante,

To meet his Susan on the silent hill,
And silent sit beneath the silent moon;
His hand laid lightly on his Susan's palm,
While thousand, thousand voices, heard afar,
Were soft as murmurs of the distant ocean—
Solemn and soft—and yet a weary sound
To her, who knew her parent's heart estranged
From him she long'd to call her second sire;
For Susan's father, reckless of her tears,
Of ancient neighbourhood, and deeds of love
Too natural to call for gratitude—
Blind to the pleadings of the meek, sad eyes
Of his child's mother, and his only child—
Had pledged his voice, and purse, and utmost power
To his friend's rival—whether borne away
By the loud torrent of the popular cry,
That universal voucher, for whose truth
No man can vouch,—or vex'd by wounded pride
For prudent counsel by his friend refused,—
Or by congenial baseness, and the bent
And instinct of an earthy, purblind spirit
That hated honour, as a darkling fiend
Detests the sun, to kindred baseness drawn—
My Muse, unversed in vileness, not reveals.

Fearful the perils that beset our youth,
But are there none that lie in wait for age?

Is not the sight, whose erring faith mistakes
An exhalation for a guiding star,
Better than total blindness? Good it were
To be a Persian, and adore the sun
At morn and eve—or deem the changeful moon
Imperial arbitress of fickle fate,
To hail the day-dawn as a visible God,
Or, trembling, think the terrible vast sea
A living Godhead in a wrathful mood,
Rather than dwell within the gaol of sense,
To see no God in all the beauteous world—
To feel no God in man.——
'Twas sad to mark
The passive Susan pace the public way;
Her meek, obedient head with weight oppress'd
Of gaudy colours, that but ill became
Her pale fair cheek—to hear her soft low voice
Reluctant task'd to warble scurril rhymes,
Set by some ale-bench Pindar to such tunes
As carmen whistle. Worse it was to find
The Nabob and his train of Bacchanals
Establish'd in her home; but worst to see
Her Leonard welcomed with such courtesy
As courtiers use to men they hate and fear.

In vain the eulogists of good old times
Upheld the good old cause. New wealth prevail'd,

And Leonard's sire, the lavish contest past,
Found he had fell'd his ancient oaks in vain,
In vain had pawn'd his green, ancestral fields,
Bereft his son of just and lineal hopes,
Quench'd the grey vigour of his kindly age
With loyal draughts and joyless nights of noise,
In vain. Indignant he is doom'd to hear
The upstart's triumph clamouring at his doors—
And finds—the sole reward of thousands spent
For Church and King—the prudent world's contempt,
Unspotted honour, and a shatter'd frame,
A broken fortune, and a broken heart.

Sad change for Leonard—to no gainful art
Or science bred, untaught to bow his way
Through servile crowds, to fix the flitting eye
Of selfish patronage, or cling secure
To the huge timbers of the rotting state
A battening barnacle, by sloth retain'd,
And nourish'd by decay. His wants, though few,
Were yet refined, and he had known the bliss
Of leisure, which is truest liberty.
And, cruel fate!—the time is now fulfill'd,
The year, the month, the long expected day
Of expectation, which had look'd so fair
In the dim brightness of futurity—
The very day prefix'd to shake the tower

Of the old ivied church with wedding peals,
When Susan should have trod the church-way path
A blushing bride. The weary week past o'er,
And Leonard, in the melancholy hall,
Sat listless, gazing on the naked walls,
And bare, cold floors—for greedy law had stripp'd
The antique mansion of its tapestry,
And Vandal officers had laid their hands
On musty relics of the olden time,
On smoky pedigrees, and antlers vast
Of stags, that fell ere the great Baron fought
At Agincourt; brown bills in rusty ranks,
Primeval guns, of formidable length,
With stubborn matchlocks—all immovable;
Fragments of centuries past, not worth a doit—
But precious ever, and twice precious now,
When all the glory, bounty, wealth, and power
Derived from dark imaginative days,
Was clean departed from the honour'd line—
Say rather, vanish'd from the realm of chance,
To be for aye a thought, a deathless truth,
A thing of monumental memory.

"'Tis a fair show; a goodly bridal-bower;
Yon grim officials too! attendance meet
To grace a marriage feast." Thus Leonard spake,
And could have laugh'd in downright agony;

But check'd his soul, and almost thought he bore
His grief most patiently; for sorrow seem'd
Reproachful to his father. Mute he sat,
Culling old saws and comfortable texts,
To cheer the old man's desolate heart, and still
Rejecting all; when lo! a message came,
An instant summons from his Susan's sire.
Like one lone wandering on a perilous moor,
That hears a voice in darkness, and proceeds,
In desperate haste, to meet or friend or foe,
Regardless whether—Leonard hurried forth
To meet his doom. A little gloomy hope,
Much like despair, was kindled in his eye,
And made his heart beat audible and hard.
The faint alarm had caught his father's view,
As silently he clasp'd his palsied hand;
The old man shook his head with such a smile
As had no comfort in 't.
With louring looks,
And a proud menial's scanted courtesy,
Was Leonard usher'd to the well-known room
Vocal so oft with Susan's melody,
And gladden'd with her smile. 'Tis double woe,
The woe that comes where joy was sweetest found.
There sat the parents of his wife betroth'd,
Dear as his own, in happier days, and call'd
By the same filial names. The mother meek,

With sad o'ercharged eyes that dare not weep,
Obey'd the mandate of her husband's hand,
And hastily, without a word, withdrew,
Casting on Leonard one mute pleading glance,
That said—'Remember, he is Susan's father—
Though yours he will not be.'—Long pause ensued—
At length the stern man spake: "Young Sir," said he,
"I have an irksome duty to perform,
But 'tis a duty that I owe my child.
Few words are best—my daughter is not for you—
My reasons need no tongue to plead for them—
Urge not my promise—you are not the youth
To whom my word was given—I pledged the girl
To the inheritor of my friend's estate,
Not to the heir of my foe's beggary."
Big-hearted Leonard neither dropt a tear,
Nor spake reproachful word; more grieved to find
A soul so base in form so long revered,
Than for the signet set to his despair—
The coward murder of his dying hope,
And the sweet records of young innocent years
Transform'd to shame-envenom'd agony.
Yet long he linger'd at the gate, and raised
To Susan's chamber window a long look
Of resignation deep—a long farewell;
But she was nowhere to be seen; and yet,
He fondly dream'd—what will not lovers dream?—

He heard her sigh, and leant a listening ear
To hear her sigh once more.—Full well he knew,
Though nought distrusting Susan's simple faith,
His claim annull'd—his suit by her forbidden.
Not all the sophistry of love, though urged
With eloquence divine, and looks of warmth
To thaw the "chaste and consecrated snow"
On Dian's bosom, could induce the maid
To waive obedience, or make head against
The strong religion of her filial fear.
So, hopeless, purposeless, he loiter'd home,
If home it could be call'd—begarrison'd
With portly bailiffs, and by duns besieged;
Keen-eyed solicitors, and purple hosts,
And sallow usurers—miscreants, that grow fat
On general ruin—bills mis-spelt, as long
As his old father's boasted pedigree.
Proud Leonard felt it shame, a burning shame,
To waste a sigh upon his personal grief
Amid the helpless downfall. Nought he told,
His father nought inquired, for all was known
Without the painful index of sad speech.
They talk'd of things long past—of better times,
And seem'd as they were merry. 'Twas the last,
The saddest night beneath the ancient roof.
The next beheld them inmates of a gaol—
And gaol-bird was the word that Susan heard,

Whenever Leonard or his sire was named.

There is no man can love as woman loves,
With such a holy, pure, and patient fire,
Or Susan had gone mad.—She pray'd, and wept,
And wept, and pray'd—but never look'd reproach
To him, for whose degenerate soul she pray'd—
And pray'd she might not scorn him, might not hate
The author of her being. Though no word—
No brief adieu had closed the failing eyes
Of her departing hope—for every port
And inlet to her home was closed, and none
Dared name her lover; yet firm faith survived,
The strong assurance of a vow enroll'd
In heaven, and her own wise innocence
Forbade suspicion of her Leonard's truth,
And bade her live, though sure a blessed thing
For her it were to die. What life was hers!
Hard-eyed rebuke, and wrath and ribald scorn,
Solicitation of a mother's tears,
And the perpetual siege of fancies fair
Reflected from old days of happiness,
With Babel dissonance her heart assailing,
Made misery many-faced—a hideous dream—
A monster multiform—a dizzy round
Of aye-revolving aspects—woeful all.
Sweet Susan ever was a lowly maid,

Unpractised in the arts of maiden scorn ;
Yet she could teach "her sorrow to be proud,"
And walk the earth in virgin majesty,
As one who owed no homage to its rules,
No tribute to its faithless flattery.
She loved her silent, solitary woe,
And thought, poor soul! all nature sympathised
With her lone sorrow. Every playful breeze
That dallied with the moonlight on the leaves,
Sung mournful solace to her wounded spirit,
As if it were indeed a mournful sound,
Mournfully kind. The gladsome nightingale,
That finds the day too short for half her bliss,
And warbles on, when all the tuneful grove
Is silent as the music of the spheres,
Sounded to her like wakeful melancholy
Dwelling on themes of old departed joy.
The nightingale grew dumb—the cuckoo fled—
And broad-eyed Summer glared on hill and plain—
And still no word. Was Leonard dead, or flown
Before the swallow? Doth he dwell forlorn
As the last primrose in the shadowy glade,
That bloom'd too late, and must too soon decline?
The birds are silent, and the shallow brook
Is hardly heard beneath the dark, dark weight
Of over-roofing boughs! And is he gone—
Gone like the riotous waters of the rill,

That smoking, gleaming, whitening on their way,
Display'd an earth-born Iris to the sun,
And in their beauty and their pride exhaled?
Ah no! He lives, in sunless prison pent,
Watching the death-bed of his prison'd sire;
Who, on low pallet stretch'd, in noisome den,
Scarce wider than a captive lion's cage,
Breathes the mephitic and incarcerate fog
That morn not freshens nor still even cools:
His dosing slumbers broke with clank of chains,
And felons' curses, and the horrid mirth
Of reckless misery. Beside him sat
His once gay consort, squalid now, and lost
To self-respect, with grey dishevell'd locks,
All loosely wrapt in rags of silk array.
Her aspect, channell'd with impatient tears;
Now sullen mute, now loud in wordy woe,
Chiding the murmurs of her gasping spouse,
And the meek patience of her boy. 'Twas well
The poor old man heard little, nothing mark'd,
For drowsy death lay heavy at the gates
Of outward sense, and the beleaguer'd brain
Refused its office. Long he lay, and seem'd
A moving, panting corse, without a mind,
By some foul necromancer's horrid charm
In life detain'd. No word to living soul
He spake, and though he sometimes mutter'd prayers,

His understanding pray'd not. Leonard pray'd—
But silent as the voiceless intercourse
Of spirits bodiless—whose every thought
Is adoration. Not in Heaven unmark'd
The mute petition. Sudden as the gleam
Of heavenly visitation, a new light,
A glory settled on the pallid face
Of Leonard's sire. The dull unmeaning eye
Of dotage and disease, in rapture fixt,
Glow'd with a saintly fire. The imprison'd soul,
As rushing gladly to its dungeon doors,
Peer'd out, and look'd abroad—one moment—then
Ecstatic flew. "I am going to leave thee, boy—
I thought to leave thee in far other plight—
But that which is, must be. Unseemly 'twere
To see a dying father claim his son's
Forgiveness—else might I implore of thee
To spare thy foolish father's memory.
The world will deal ungently with my name,
But, Leonard, never let thy heart consent
To the blind, coward, malice of the crowd!
And if the prayer of thy father's spirit
Be heard in Paradise, my soul shall pray,
Even at the foot of the Almighty's throne,
For thy best welfare. Good it is that thou
Hast been afflicted in thy lusty youth,
So happier days shall close thine honour'd age—

And, dear my child, I am in haste to Heaven;
My sin is pardon'd, and a mystic robe
Of woof celestial decks my better part.
But my poor limbs—far from the reverend dust
Of my dead ancestry—without a chaunt,
Hatchment, or hearse, or green memorial sprigs
Of shiver'd box-wood, and sweet rosemary,
Must soon be earth'd up in a vulgar grave.
The hireling shepherd of this wretched fold
Will hurry o'er his ill-paid task of prayer—
And I shall be forgot. But when the smile
Of Fortune shall repay thy honest toil,
Restore thy father's relics to the home
Of thy forefathers' bones. Thy mother—know
She is thy mother, and thy father's wife.
O God, receive my spirit!" Thus he spake—
Clasp'd his son's hand—and died without a groan.
Did Leonard weep? Oh, no; he knew too well
The selfish baseness of a private woe—
He shed no tear upon the barren grave,
But cast a long, sad, yearning look to Heaven,
And thought of Susan and his sainted sire.
There is a spell in patient filial love,
Can charm the deafest and the hardest heart,
And e'en relax the gripe of hungry law.
So the bleak mercy of a liberal age
Dismiss'd poor Leonard, and his mother, mark'd

With branded and convicted poverty,
From the ungenial refuge of a gaol
Into the general air.
'Tis sweet to see
The day-dawn creeping gradual o'er the sky:
The silent sun at noon is bright and fair,
And the calm eve is lovely; but 'tis sad
To sink at eve on the dark dewy turf,
And feel that none in all the countless host
Of glimmering stars beholds one little spot,
One humble home of thine. The vast void sky,
In all its trackless leagues of azure light,
Has not one breath of comfort for the wretch
Whom houseless penury enfranchises,
A brother freeman of the midnight owl,
A sworn acquaintance of the howling winds
And flaggy-pinion'd rain. Now Leonard leaves
The prison gates;—but whither will he go?
Must he, the high-born, high-soul'd youth, implore
The stinted kindness of offended kin—
Crave pardon for the deadly sin of need;
And wrench from shame, not love, a pittance less
Than goes to feed the hounds? This he must do,
Or eat the bread of loathsome beggary;
For though he did not scorn the honest plough,
He knew not how to guide it. Rustic churls
Bemock'd his threadbare, pale gentility,

And would not grant him leave to toil for hire.
Oh, cruel fate!—his spirit stoop'd to beg
A shelter for his mother—'Twas refused.
No matter—There was kindness in the clouds,
And son and mother lay secure, beneath
The sylvan roof of charitable boughs.
The Lady, proudest of the proud, forgot
Her in-bred pride, and wept consoling tears,
And praying—pour'd a blessing on her child.

There is more mercy in the merciful God
Than e'er inhabited the pregnant eyes
Of men, who waste unprofitable tears
For all imaginable woes, and leave
The poor uncomforted, to wail their own.
There came a kinsman from a foreign land,
O'erfraught with wealth,—whose British heart, unspoil'd,
Had stood the siege of Oriental suns,
And the dire sap of all-transmuting gold—
A rich good man.—He blamed the tardy winds
Which would not let him free his old kind coz
From durance vile of helpless poverty;
But still the son survived—the widow'd wife
Still drew her woeful breath—and he had power
To call the orphan to a friendly home—
To bid the widow wear her comely weeds

Beside a plenteous and a smiling board.
Few days transpired, and Leonard was again
The heir of thousands—the undoubted lord
Of his paternal acres, all redeem'd.
The ancient pictures re-assumed their place
In the old smoky hall—the antique arms
In dusty state resumed their dusk repose.
The branching trophies, and the furry spoils
Of many an oft-related, endless chase,
Found their due station; while the worn-out steeds,
Repurchased, roam'd the venerable park,
From vilest drudgery freed. The hallow'd bones
Of the late lord, unearth'd, were laid in state
With old, ancestral, lordly rottenness;
And if the pride of earth be known in Heaven,
Earth's noblest pride—then Leonard's Angel sire
Look'd down exultant on his marble tomb,
And blest his only child.
And shall no drop
Of all this blessing comfort Susan's soul?
Right sorry now, I ween, her sordid sire
For his o'er-prudent haste, and breach of faith:—
He saw his daughter's beauty marr'd with tears;
Her soul benumb'd with dull continuous woe,
And a strange wildness in her sad, soft eye,
That rather told of visionary gleams,
And silent commerce with the viewless world,

Than aught which man may love. If e'er she spake,
Her voice was hollow as the moaning wind,
An echo of despair. Yet she would sing
Throughout the long hours of the frosty night:
It would have wrung your very heart to hear her—
She sang so like a ghost. "Will the proud youth,"
Thus, measuring other natures by his own,
Her father thought—"Will Leonard love her still?
Will the large-acred heir, whom late I spurn'd,
Accept my child—when all her bloom is fled—
Her eye no longer bright—and her sweet wits
By sorrow crazed? I did him grievous wrong—
And will he sue me for my wither'd rose,
And give the glory of his ancient name—
The lusty verdure of his years, and all
His hopes on earth, to a poor moonstruck maid,
The daughter of his father's enemy?"
Base, slanderous fears! For Leonard's love was strong
Beyond the might of mutability.
No rash impatience of the youthful blood,
No sudden liking of enamour'd sense,
His vow had prompted—and no change of hue,
Nor loss of lively cheer, the work of woe,
Could shake his truth. I need not say—how soon
His suit renew'd, nor with what faint excuse
By Susan's sire admitted.—Oh, blind haste!
Of unadvised bliss, that came so late,

And wrought its tyrannous effect so soon.
For sorrow had become the element,
The pulse, the sustenance of Susan's soul,
And sudden joy smote like the fire of Heaven,
That, while it brightens, slays. A hectic flush,
Death's crimson banner, cross'd her marble cheek—
And it was pale again.—The strife was past—
She lies, a virgin corse, in Leonard's arms.—

He saw her shrouded relics laid to rest
In his ancestral sepulchre. That done,
He was a wanderer long in foreign lands:
But when the greenness of his agony
Was sere with age, the hoary man return'd;
And after some few years in virtue spent,
He died.—His bones repose in Susan's grave;
And he is with her, in the land where love,
Immortal and unstain'd, is all in all.

ALBUM VERSES.

As dark hair straggling o'er a snow-white breast,
Or the light tracks by fairy feet imprest,
Or those which tremulous music would indite
In the pure ether of a summer's night,
If music's course were palpable to sight,—
So fine, in sable tinct and sinuous grace,
The meaning lines which female fingers trace.

Well then may I, whose characters are quaint
As antique legend of a monkish saint,
As hieroglyphic of the wise Egyptian,
Or prentice-posing doctor's learn'd prescription ;
As Runic, Coptic, Chaldee, Erse, or Ogham,
Or schoolboy's tasks, for which their masters flog 'em ;
As hand of cooks, by love impell'd to scrawl,
Or hand of Bishops, which is worst of all ;—
Well may I view the argent field with fear,
And all the soft memorials treasured here,
When ask'd by one to whom I can't say nay,
My poor poetic mite of verse to pay ;
When bid the melody of song to garble,

Mix hemp with finest flax, and brick with marble.
I own I like to see my works in print;
The page looks knowing, though there 's nothing in't;
But still a thought shows neatest, to my mind,
In well-bound Album penn'd by maiden kind.
So smooth each well-turn'd distich seems to flow,
So bright appears each ardent thought to glow,
So close the epithets in front adhere
To their o'ertopping subjects in the rear,
While, like tall Captains, leading each his column,
As Ensigns spruce, and like Drum-Majors solemn,
In single file the capitals aspire,
Proud of their comely shape and trim attire:
We think our thoughts so very fine are grown,
We scarce can think they ever were our own.
But how can partial judgment e'er be bribed
By halting rhymes in uncouth text inscribed?
Or who 'll admire me when, poor barren elf,
I scarce, with all my pains, admire myself?

In eastern tales we read, how, in one night,
A gorgeous palace grew by magic might,
A solid pile of Iris-tinted light.
Whate'er of beautiful or strange, the deep,
Unmoved by winds, and hush'd in endless sleep,
In its abysmal waters held in fee,
Or the dark earth's infernal treasury

Withheld from mortal touch, and mortal view,
Spontaneous in that wondrous fabric grew.
As soft and silent as the falling dew,
It came by strong behest of wizard power,
Nor broke the stillness of the darksome hour.
At once mature its radiant domes it rears
'Mid groves of spice and incense, odorous tears
Dropping from hoary trunks, that tell of distant years,
As if a weary age had pass'd away
In time-forgetting sleep since yesterday.
There the dark cypress waved its lofty spire
By walls of ice, and battlements of fire,
And where the mighty banian's " echoing shade "
Spreads far and wide its verdurous colonnade,
The silver portals sent their lucid streams
Adown the umbrageous aisles in lengthen'd beams:
The fading hues, so fair, so fleet, alas!
That o'er the cheek of eve like blushes pass
In unabating beauty, here were blended,
Unchanged to last till earth itself were ended.
Now, strange to say, this work of mystic art,
The old world's wonder, stored in every part
With every idol of a wanton heart,—
From artist's negligence, or art's defect,
Or some close purpose of the architect,
One window had, unfinish'd, unadorn'd,
An uncouth gap, forgot, or shunn'd, or scorn'd;

A yawning void deform'd the gayest bower
That e'er received a royal paramour;
And stranger still, not all the flowery groves
That waved around, nor all the fair alcoves,
Elaborate pride of oriental loves,
Nor radiant splendours that outshone the skies,
From that unsightly blank could screen the critic eyes:
It grew the talk of all who loved to wonder,
It help'd the crowd to stare, the wise to blunder,—
The magic beauties ne'er perplex'd their soul,
But all were gravell'd with that frightful hole.
Wild is the tale, but such in fact we find
The course and current of the general mind.
So fairest things, unnumber'd and unnoted,
Pass with the hour while rare defects are quoted:—
The timeless frost that in their cradle nips
The babes of April, or one short eclipse,
One blighting meteor's momentary blaze,
Outlast in fame an age of sunny days.

So, gentle lady—may I freely call thee
My gentle friend?—it haply may befal thee.
When this fair volume, like an honour'd fane,
Or holy tomb of Saint, or Martyr slain
In Truth's defence, or virgin void of stain,
With gems of verse from many a region brought,
Shall gleam effulgent with untainted thought,

And each soft hand that loves to rest in thine,
With dear memorial decks the beauteous shrine,
Then the wild words, that like bewilder'd chimes
Limp into tune, and stumble upon rhymes,
And these rude characters, the meet apparel
Of the strange fancies of my old-world carol,
Shall oft detain the eye that heedless strays
O'er the smooth page, which calls for nought but praise.
Where all's so good, the critic senses starve all,
But lines like mine will suit them to a marvel.
Nay sometimes many a softer gaze beguile,
And change a winning to a wondering smile;
May light the orbs of darkly-rolling eyes,
With the wide brilliance of a gay surprise;
May prompt some voice in tones acute to ask,
To whom was given, or who usurp'd the task,
To set, 'mid famous Bards' melodious strains,
The product of his own fantastic brains?
What strange acquaintance of a maiden fair
Could plant a thistle in her prim parterre?
Then may'st thou say—but say whate'er you choose,
Or if you will, confess yourself my muse.

AN OLD MAN'S WISH.

I HAVE lived, and I have loved,
Have lived and loved in vain;
Some joys, and many woes have proved,
That may not be again;
My heart is cold, my eye is sere,
Joy wins no smile, and grief no tear.

Fain would I hope, if hope I could,
If sure to be deceived,
There 's comfort in a thought of good,
Tho' 'tis not quite believed;
For sweet is hope's wild warbled air,
But, oh! its echo is despair.

THE SABBATH-DAY'S CHILD.

TO ELIZABETH,

INFANT DAUGHTER OF THE REV. SIR RICHARD FLEMING, BART.

PURE, precious drop of dear mortality,
Untainted fount of life's meandering stream,
Whose innocence is like the dewy beam
Of morn, a visible reality,

Holy and quiet as a hermit's dream ;—
Unconscious witness to the promised birth
Of perfect good, that may not grow on earth,
Nor be computed by the worldly worth
And stated limits of morality;
Fair type and pledge of full redemption given,
Through Him that saith " Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."—

Sweet infant, whom thy brooding parents love
For what thou art, and what they hope to see thee,
Unhallow'd sprites and earth-born phantoms flee thee!
Thy soft simplicity, a hovering dove,
That still keeps watch, from blight and bane to free thee,
With its weak wings, in peaceful care outspread,
Fanning invisibly thy pillow'd head,
Strikes evil powers with reverential dread,
Beyond the sulphurous bolts of fabled Jove,
Or whatsoe'er of Amulet or charm
Fond Ignorance devised to save poor souls from harm.

To see thee sleeping on thy mother's breast,
It were indeed a lovely sight to see ;—
Who would believe that restless sin can be
In the same world that holds such sinless rest?
Happy art thou, sweet babe, and happy she

Whose voice alone can still thy baby cries,
Now still itself; yet pensive smiles, and sighs,
And the mute meanings of a mother's eyes
Declare her thinking, deep felicity:
A bliss, my babe, how much unlike to thine,
Mingled with earthly fears, yet cheer'd with hope divine

Thou breathing image of the life of Nature!
Say rather image of a happy death—
For the vicissitudes of vital breath,
Of all infirmity the slave and creature,
That by the act of being perisheth,
Are far unlike that slumber's perfect peace
Which seems too absolute and pure to cease,
Or suffer diminution, or increase,
Or change of hue, proportion, shape, or feature;
A calm, it seems, that is not, shall not be,
Save in the silent depths of calm eternity.

A star reflected in a dimpling rill
That moves so slow it hardly moves at all;
The shadow of a white-robed waterfall,
Seen in the lake beneath when all is still;
A wandering cloud, that with its fleecy pall
Whitens the lustre of an autumn moon;
A sudden breeze that cools the cheek of noon,
Not mark'd till miss'd—so soft it fades, and soon;—

Whatever else the fond inventive skill
Of Fancy may suggest cannot supply
Fit semblance of the sleeping life of infancy.

Calm art thou as the blessed Sabbath eve,
The blessed Sabbath eve when thou wast born;
Yet sprightly as a summer Sabbath morn,
When surely 'twere a thing unmeet to grieve;
When ribbons gay the village maids adorn,
And Sabbath music, on the swelling gales,
Floats to the farthest nooks of winding vales,
And summons all the beauty of the dales.
Fit music this a stranger to receive;
And, lovely child, it rung to welcome thee,
Announcing thy approach with gladsome minstrelsy.

So be thy life—a gentle Sabbath, pure
From worthless strivings of the work-day earth:
May time make good the omen of thy birth,
Nor worldly care thy growing thoughts immure,
Nor hard-eyed thrift usurp the throne of mirth
On thy smooth brow. And though fast-coming years
Must bring their fated dower of maiden fears,
Of timid blushes, sighs, and fertile tears,
Soft sorrow's sweetest offspring, and her cure;
May every day of thine be good and holy,
And thy worst woe a pensive Sabbath melancholy.

MAY, 1832.

Is this the merry May of tale and song?
Chill breathes the North—the sky looks chilly blue,
The waters wear a cold and iron hue,
Or wrinkle as the crisp wave creeps along,
Much like an ague fit. The starry throng
Of flow'rets droop o'erdone with drenching dew,
Or close their leaves at noon, as if they knew,
And felt, in helpless wrath, the season's wrong.
Yet in the half-clad woods the busy birds
Chirping with all their might to keep them warm;
The young hare flitting from her ferny form;
The vernal lowing of the amorous herds;
And swelling buds impatient of delay,
Declare it should be, tho' it is not, May.

ISABEL.

WHERE dwells she now? That life of joy
That seem'd as Time could ne'er destroy,
Nor frail infectious sense alloy,
Its self-derived and self-sufficing gladness?
Abides she in the bounds of space,
Or like a thought, a moment's grace,
Is she escaped from time and place,
The dull arithmetic of prison'd sadness?

May she behold this spot of earth,
This human home, that saw her birth,
Her baby tears, her infant mirth,
The first quick stirrings of her human mind?
May she return to watch the flowers
She planted last in fairy bowers?—
They freshen yet with summer showers,
And gambol with the frolic summer wind.

That lovely form, that face so bright,
That changeful image of delight,
May it no more to waking sight,
Or spiritual ken, in very truth appear?

That visible shape, that kind warm glow—
That all that Heaven vouchsafed to shew—
'Tis gone. 'Twas all our sense could know,
Of her we loved, whom yet we hold so dear.

The world hath lost the antique faith
In shade and spectre—warning wraith,
That wander'd forth to blast, and scathe
Poor earth-clogg'd, dark humanity.
No more the mystic craft of hell,
In cavern mirk, with impious spell,
Evokes the naked souls that dwell
In uncreated night's inanity.

'Tis well that creed is out of date,
And men have found, at last, though late,
That loathing fear, and fearful hate,
And rankling vengeance, all are cruel liars;
And all the doctrine that they teach
Of ghosts that roam when owlets screech,
Is but the false and fatal speech
Of guilty terrors, or of worse desires.

But is there not a charm in love,
To call thy spirit from above?
Oh! had I pinions like a dove,
Were I like thee, a pure enfranchised soul,

Then might I see thee as thou art,
Receive thee in my inmost heart;
But can it be? She has no part
In all she loved beneath the steadfast pole.

REPLY.

Ah! well it is, since she is gone,
She can return no more,
To see the face so dim and wan,
That was so warm before.

Familiar things would all seem strange,
And pleasure past be woe;
A record sad of ceaseless change,
Is all the world below.

The very hills, they are not now
The hills which once they were;
They change as we are changed, or how
Could we the burden bear?

Ye deem the dead are ashy pale,
Cold denizens of gloom—
But what are ye, who live to wail,
And weep upon their tomb?

She pass'd away, like morning dew,
Before the sun was high;
So brief her time, she scarcely knew
The meaning of a sigh.

As round the rose its soft perfume,
Sweet love around her floated;
Admired she grew—while mortal doom
Crept on, unfear'd, unnoted.

Love was her guardian Angel here,
But love to death resign'd her;
Tho' love was kind, why should we fear,
But holy death is kinder?

FRAGMENT.

—✦—

What is the life of man? From first to last,
Its only substance, the unbeing past!
The infant smiling in its sleep must dream
Of something past, before the vexing beam
Of daylight smote the unaccustom'd eye,
Ere the faint mother heard its first faint cry;
Lull'd in its rocking nest, it seeks in vain
For what has been, and ne'er can be again.

The child, through every maze of wakening lore,
Hunts the huge shadow of what was before,
Sees his old toys in misty phantoms glide,
'Twixt hope and dim oblivion magnified;
As oft on misty hills huge spectres run,
And stalk gigantic from the setting sun—
Still urging onward to the world unseen,
Yet wishing, hoping nought, but what has been.
But what *has* been? But *how*, and *when*, and *where?*
Was there a time, when, wandering in the air,
The living spark existed, yet unnamed,
Unfixt, unqualitied, unlaw'd, unclaim'd,
A drop of being, in the infinite sea,
Whose only duty, essence, was to be?
Or must we seek it, where all things we find,
In the sole purpose of creative mind?
Or did it serve, in form of stone or plant,
Or weaving worm, or the wise politic ant,
Its weary bondage—ere the moment came,
When the weak spark should mount into a flame?

TO ——.

I LOVE thee—none may know how well,
And yet—I would not have thee love me;
To thy good heart 'twere very hell,
Dearly to love, and not approve me.

Whate'er thou lov'st it is not *thine*,
But 'tis *thyself*—then sad it were, love,
If thou, for every sin of mine,
Should weep, repent,—mayhap, despair—love.

Then love me not—thou canst not scorn;
And mind—I do not bid thee hate me;
And if I die, oh, do not mourn,
But if I live, *do* new *create* me.

EXPERTUS LOQUITUR.

"'TIS SAD EXPERIENCE SPEAKS."

THERE never was a blessing, or a curse,
So sweet, so cruel, as a knack of verse.
When the smug stripling finds the way to rhyme,
Glad as the wild bee 'mid a bed of thyme;

With dulcet murmuring, all a summer's day,
With many a scrap of many a purposed lay—
Fitful, yet gentle, as a summer wind,
Pleased with himself, and pleased with all mankind,
Sure of the praise which partial friends bestow,
He breathes in bliss, if bliss may be below.

Pass some few years—and see where all will end.
The hireling scribe, estranged from every friend,
Or if one friend remain, 'tis one so brave,
He will not quit the wreck he cannot save;
The good man's pity, and the proud man's scorn,
The Muse's vagabond, he roams forlorn.
Thought, wit, invention, tenderness have left him,
All wealth of mind, save empty rhyme, bereft him,
Yet write he must, for still he needs must eat—
Retail fantastic sorrow by the sheet;—
Sing in his garret of the flowery grove,
And pinch'd with hunger, wail the woes of love.
Oh may all Christian souls, while yet 'tis time,
Renounce the World, the Flesh, the Devil, and Rhyme.

A FAREWELL.

NOT ORIGINALLY WRITTEN IN THE AUTHOR'S OWN NAME.

SWEET vale, tho' I must leave
  Thy green hills and thy waters,
Nor sing again at eve,
  To charm thy winsome daughters,
Yet I shall fondly think of thee,
And thy fair maids will think of me,
  When I am far away.

I 'll think of thee, but not as men,
  Who vex their souls with thinking,
With feverish thirst, the reeky fen
  Of sluggard memory drinking;
Nor shall thy maidens fair and free
With aught of sadness think of me,
  When I am far away.

The fairy lake, tho' still it seems,
  Is evermore a-flowing;
A moment ends the silvery gleams
  That flash as we are rowing.
Yet that smooth lake as smooth shall flow,
And light oars flash, when gay youths row,
  When I am far away.

So may the tide of virgin life,
As smooth, as quick, as clear,
If e'er, in momentary strife,
It dimple with a tear,
As soon regain its sweet repose,—
And rest in peace, because it flows,
For ever on its way.

HORACE. Book I., Ode 38.

"Persicos odi, puer, apparatus."

Nay, nay, my boy—'tis not for me,
This studious pomp of eastern luxury:
Give me no various garlands, fine
With linden twine,
Nor seek, where latest lingering blows
The solitary rose.
Earnest I beg—add not, with toilsome pain,
One far-sought blossom to the myrtle plain,
For sure, the fragrant myrtle bough
Looks seemliest on thy brow;
Nor me mis-seems, while, underneath the vine,
Close interweaved, I quaff the rosy wine.

DEATH.

Oh! weep not for the happy dead,
Your tears reproach the Lord;
To him her virgin soul was wed,
And strong in love, to him she fled
From mother's house, and parent's smiling board.

Alas! we cannot choose but weep,
For we are sore bereaven;
And all of her that we can keep
Is but an image on the deep,
The deep calm soul, that shows reflected heaven.

If angel spirits aught may know
Of hearts they left behind,
If e'er they cast a look below,
The sacrifice of pious woe
May yield a tender joy, even to the angel kind.

INANIA MUNERA.

—♦—

Ah! why should pity wet my bier,
And give my corse her tardy tear,
And the same eye that coldly slew me,
With tears untimely warm bedew me?
Alas! for harm is fleet as wind,
And healing ever lags behind.

Perhaps, when life well nigh is spent,
She 'll faintly smile a sad consent,—
And, just before she sees me die,
Will heave a kind repentant sigh:
For sigh of ruth—Oh, wayward fate!—
Will ever come—and come too late.

She cannot undo what is done;
For, if a smile were like the sun,
And sighs more sweet than gales that creep
O'er rosy beds where fairies sleep,
And every tear like summer rain
To thirsty fields—'twere all in vain.

For never sun so bright was seen
Could make a leaf that 's sere be green;
Nor spicy gale, nor April shower,
Restore to bloom a faded flower:
Thus sun, and wind, and balmy rain,
And smiles, and sighs, and tears, are vain.

TO MY UNKNOWN SISTER-IN-LAW.

MARY, our eyes are strangers, but our hearts
Are knit in active sympathy of love
For one, whom love of thee hath sanctified.
The lawless wanderings of his youthful thought
For thee he curbed; for thee assumed the yoke
Of humble duty—bade the world farewell,
With all its vanities of prose and rhyme,
The secular pride of startling eloquence,
The victory of wordy warfare—all
That charm'd his soul in academic bowers.

Not small the struggle and the sacrifice,
When men of many fancies, daring minds,
That for the substance and the form of truth
Delight to fathom their own bottomless deeps,
Submit to authorised creeds and positive laws,
Appointed rites and ceremonial duty.

And he, the pastor of a christian flock,
That is no hireling drudging at a task
Ungenial, nor intruder, bold and proud,
Unhallow'd, unanointed, self-inspired,
Of all men hath the greatest need of love,
To keep his thoughts, his hopes, his heart at home.—
If human speech have aught of holiness,
'Tis all comprised in three thrice-holy names
Of Father, Husband, Minister of Christ:—
Or if a holier title yet there be,
That name is Mother.

Dearest sister, I
Am one of whom thou doubtless hast heard much—
Not always well.—My name too oft pronounced
With sighs, despondent sorrow, and reproach,
By lips that fain would praise, and ever bless me.
Yet deem not hardly of me: who best know
Most gently censure me; and who believes
The dark inherent mystery of sin
Doubts not the will and potency of God
To change, invigorate, and purify
The self-condemning heart.

Good night:—e'en now
Perhaps thou art sleeping by my brother's side,
Or listening gladly to the soft, sweet breath
Of thy dear babe—while I must seek a couch
Lonely, and haunted much by visions strange,

And sore perplexity of roving dreams,
The spectres manifold of murdered hours:—
But yet, good night—good be the night to thee,
And bright the morrow:—Once again, good night.

A MEDLEY.

SHALL I sing of little rills,
That trickle down the yellow hills,
To drive the Fairies' water-mills?—
Rills, upon whose pebbly brink,
Mountain birds may hop and drink—
Perching with a neck awry—
Darting upwards to the sky
The artless cunning of their eye;—
Then away, away, away—
Up to the clouds that look so grey—
Away, away, in the clear blue heaven,
Far o'er the thin mist that beneath is driven:—
Now they sink, and now they soar,
Now poised upon the plumy oar,
Do they seek—at brightest noon,
For the light-inveiled moon?
Climbing upwards would they know
Where the stars at morning go?

If I err not—no—no—no—
Soar they high, or skim they low,
Every little bird has still
His heart beside the mountain rill.

What if we have lost the creed,
Which thought the brook a God indeed?
Or a flood of passionate tears,
Inexhaustible by years?
Or imagined, in the lymph,
The semblance of a virgin nymph,
With panting terror, flying ever,
From hairy Satyrs' foul endeavour?
Hence! phantoms of a blinded age,
That dream'd of nought but lust and rage,
The echo of a Sabbath bell
Is sweeter in the lonely dell,
Than the quaint fable of the wood-god's lay,
That only warbled to betray.

Ah! never, never may the thought be mine,
Though sung by poets old in song divine,
Which deem'd the pure, and undisturbed sky,
The palace of a tyrant deity;—
Which in the thunder, heard a voice of anger,
And ruthless vengeance in the storm's loud clangour,
Which found in every whisper of the woods,

In every moaning of the voiceful floods,
A long record of perishable languish,
Immortal echo of a mortal anguish.
Nay—mine be still,
The happy, happy faith,
That in deep silence hymning saith—
That every little rill,
And every small bird, trilling joyfully,
Tells a sweet tale of hope, and love, and peace,
Bidding to cease
The heart's sharp pangs, aye throbbing woefully.

Or shall I sing of happy hours,
Number'd by opening and by closing flowers?
Of smiles, and sighs that give no pain,
And seem as they were heaved in vain—
Softly heard in leafy bowers,
Blent with the whisper of the vine,
The half-blush of the eglantine,
And the pure sweetness of the jessamine:
What is it those sighs confess?
Idle are they, as I guess,
And yet they tell, all is not well:—
There is a secret, dim, demurring,
There is a restless spirit stirring;—
Joy itself, the heart o'erloading,
Hath a sense of sad foreboding.

Then away to the meadows, where April's swift shadows
Glide soft o'er the vernal bright patches of green,
Like waves on the ocean, the wheat blades in motion,
Look blither, and brighter, where sunbeams have been;

So little, little joys on earth,
Passing gleams of restless mirth—
Momentary fits of laughter
Still bequeath a blessing after—
Flitting by on angel wing,
And like voices perishing
At the instant of their birth:
Never, never, count their worth,
By the time of their enduring;
They are garners in a dearth,
Pleasant thoughts for age securing—
Rich deposits, firm ensuring,
Bliss, if bliss below may be,
And a joy for memory.

Such themes I sang—and such I fain would sing,
Oft as the green buds show the summer near;—
But what availeth me to welcome spring,
When one dull winter is my total year.

When the pure snow-drops couch beneath the snow,
And storms long tarrying, come too soon at last,

I see the semblance of my private woe,
And tell it to the dilatory blast.

Yet will I hail the sunbeam as it flies,
And bid the universal world be glad;
With my brief joy all souls shall sympathise—
And only I, will all alone be sad.

THOUGHTS.

Oh, sacred Freedom! thou that art so fair,
That all, who once have seen thee, love thee ever,—
Thou apparition, that hast been so rare
That wise men say thou wert embodied never,
And learned sages, doating on their lore,
Say thou hast been, and never shalt be more.

When Reason—that whate'er it is, must be—
Was tangled in the complex web of life,
And Sin, the fruit of that forbidden tree,
Made human choice an everlasting strife;
Then every Passion, native to the hour,
Claim'd Reason's privilege and Reason's power.

Yet some there are, and some that still have been,
  Who feel, and hate, yet cannot cease to feel
The conscious issue of the cause unseen,
  The fate that whirls around the restless wheel:
Some to the stars ascribe the inborn evil,
Some to the Gods, and others to the devil,

To live without a living soul,
  To feel the spirit daily pining,
Sinking beneath the base control
  Of mindless chance, itself consigning
To the dull impulse of oppressive time,
To find the guilt without the power of crime.—

Such is the penance, and the meed
  Of thoughts that, boasting to be free,
Spurning the dictates of a practic creed,
  Are tangled with excess of liberty,
Making themselves sole arbiters of right,
Trampling on hallow'd use with proud delight.

Perchance they roam in Duty's sacred name,
  Commission'd to erect the world anew;—
All worldly ties, all interests they disclaim,
  Sworn votaries of the beautiful and true;
But vainly deem their own device, in sooth,
The very substance of eternal truth.

Their duty still is Duty to deny,
To burst her bonds and cast her cords away;
As some turn rebels for pure loyalty,
And some, to save the soul, the body slay:
If any law they own, that law decrees,
That sovereign right is born of each man's phantasies.

'Twere woe to tell what lamentable wreck
Such dreams may bring upon the public weal,
If once restraint be broken from the neck
Of such as grossly think, and fiercely feel,
In whom the noble parts by Nature lent,
Are sway'd and biass'd from their kindly bent.

Thralls of the world, to whom the world affords
No hope but only this,—to toil for food,
And eat that they may toil—vassals of lords
With slavish minds and tyrant wills endued,
Whose only charity is selfish waste,
Whose brightest honour 'tis, to sin with taste.

The master of a slave is never free,
But still himself the slave of sensual fear:—
Woe to mankind,—for ever doom'd to be
The slaves of slaves. The only freedom here
Lives in the spirit that disowns the bands,
And dares refuse imperious Fate's commands.

From age to age, beneath the base control
Of servile time, we drudge in sloth or toil;
If hope of freedom fire the indignant soul,
Then follows terror wild, and bloody spoil—
Mad Revolution, like a headlong flood,
O'erwhelms alike the evil and the good.

* * * *

ADDRESS

TO CERTAIN GOLD FISHES.

RESTLESS forms of living light
Quivering on your lucid wings,
Cheating still the curious sight
With a thousand shadowings;—
Various as the tints of even,
Gorgeous as the hues of heaven,
Reflected on your native streams
In flitting, flashing, billowy gleams!

Harmless warriors, clad in mail
Of silver breastplate, golden scale;—
Mail of Nature's own bestowing,
With peaceful radiance mildly glowing,—

Fleet are ye, as fleetest galley
Or pirate rover sent from Sallee ;
Keener than the Tartar's arrow,
Sport ye in your sea so narrow.

Was the sun himself your sire?
Were ye born of vital fire?
Or of the shade of golden flowers,
Such as we fetch from eastern bowers,
To mock this murky clime of ours?
Upwards, downwards, now ye glance,
Weaving many a mazy dance;
Seeming still to grow in size
When ye would elude our eyes.
Pretty creatures! we might deem
Ye were happy as ye seem,—
As gay, as gamesome, and as blithe,
As light, as loving, and as lithe,
As gladly earnest in your play,
As when ye gleam'd in far Cathay ;

And yet, since on this hapless earth
There 's small sincerity in mirth,
And laughter oft is but an art
To drown the outcry of the heart;
It may be, that your ceaseless gambols,
Your wheelings, dartings, divings, rambles,

Your restless roving round and round
The circuit of your crystal bound,—
Is but the task of weary pain,
An endless labour, dull and vain;
And while your forms are gaily shining,
Your little lives are inly pining!
Nay! but still I fain would dream
That ye are happy as ye seem,
Deck'd in Oriental pride,
By homely British fire-side.

WHAT I HAVE HEARD.

I 'VE heard of god Apollo's lyre,
I 've heard of music in the spheres,
Which all men hear of, all admire,
But not a human mortal hears.
I 've heard the merry voice of Spring,
When thousand birds their wild notes fling,
Here and there, and every where,
Stirring the young and lightsome air;—
I 've heard the many-sounding seas,
And all their various harmonies:—
The tumbling tempest's dismal roar,
On the waste and wreck-strew'd shore—

The howl and the wail of the prison'd waves,
Clamouring in the ancient caves,
Like a stifled pain that asks for pity :—
And I have heard the sea at peace,
When all its fearful noises cease,
Lost in one soft and multitudinous ditty,
Most like the murmur of a far off city :—
Nor less the blither notes I know,
To which the inland waters flow,—
The rush of rocky-bedded rivers,
That madly dash themselves to shivers ;
But anon, more prudent growing,
O'er countless pebbles smoothly flowing,
With a dull continuous roar,
Hie they onward, evermore :
To their everlasting tune,
When the sun is high at noon,
The little billows, quick and quicker,
Weave their mazes, thick and thicker,
And beneath in dazzling glances,
Labyrinthine lightning dances,
Snaky network intertwining,
With thousand molten colours shining :
Mosaic rich with living light,
With rainbow jewels gaily dight—
Such pavement never, well I ween,
Was made, by monarch or magician,

For Arab, or Egyptian queen;
'Tis gorgeous as a prophet's vision.
And I ken the brook, how sweet it tinkles,
As cross the moon-light green it twinkles,
Or heard, not seen, 'mid tangled wood,
Where the soft stock-dove lulls her brood,
With her one note of all most dear—
More soothing to the heart than ear.
And well I know the smother'd moan
Of that low breeze, so small and brief,
It seems a very sigh, whose tone
Has much of love, but more of grief.
I know the sound of distant bells,
Their dying falls and lusty swells;
That music which the wild gale seizes,
And fashions howsoe'er it pleases.
And I love the shrill November blast,
That through the brown wood hurries fast,
And strips its old limbs bare at last;
Then whirls the leaves in circling error,
As if instinct with life and terror,—
Now bursting out enough to deafen
The very thunder in the heaven;
Now sinking dolefully and dreary,
Weak as a child with sport a-weary.
And after a long night of rain,
When the warm sun comes out again,

I 've heard the myriad-voiced rills,
The many tongues, of many hills—
All gushing forth in new-born glory,
Striving each to tell its story;—
Yet every little brook is known,
By a voice that is its own,
Each exulting in the glee,
Of its new prosperity.

SONNET.

All Nature ministers to Hope. The snow
Of sluggard Winter, bedded on the hill,
And the small tinkle of the frozen rill,
The swoln flood's sullen roar, the storms that go
With crash, and howl, and horrid voice of woe,
Making swift passage for their lawless will—
All prophesy of good. The hungry trill
Of the lone birdie, cowering close below
The dripping eaves—it hath a kindly feeling,
And cheers the life that lives for milder hours.
Why, then, since Nature still is busy healing,
And Time, the waster, his own work concealing,
Decks every grave with verdure and with flowers,—
Why should Despair oppress immortal powers?

BY A FRIEND.

I HAVE heard thy sweet voice in the song,
And listen'd with delight;
I 've seen thee in the glittering throng,
The fairest 'midst the bright:
I 've mark'd thee smile on gallants gay,
And envied them the lot,
While from the crowd I turn'd away,
Alone regarded not.

Oh, Lady! it were vain, I own,
To hope for charms like thine!
The brow that would beseem a crown
Will frown on love like mine:
That form of light—that heavenly face,
Those eyes of sweetest hue,
Were form'd some kingly throne to grace,
And not for me to sue.

Yet, though forbidden by despair
The dream of happier hours—
As once I wreath'd thy sunny hair
With Summer's brightest flowers—

I 'll follow still, with love unseen,
Thy smile, thy voice's tone;
My heart shall own no other queen,
But worship thee alone.

POIETES APOIETES.

—♦—

No hope have I to live a deathless name,
A power immortal in the world of mind,
A sun to light with intellectual flame
The universal soul of human kind.

Not mine the skill in memorable phrase,
The hidden truths of passion to reveal,
To bring to light the intermingling ways,
By which unconscious motives darkling steal;

To show how forms the sentient heart affect,
How thoughts and feelings mutually combine,
How oft the pure, impassive intellect
Shares the mischances of his mortal shrine.

Nor can I summon from the dark abyss
Of time, the spirit of forgotten things,
Bestow unfading life on transient bliss,
Bid memory live with "healing on its wings,"—

Or give a substance to the haunting shades,
Whose visitation shames the vulgar earth,
Before whose light the ray of morning fades,
And hollow yearning chills the soul of mirth.

I have no charm to renovate the youth
Of old authentic dictates of the heart,—
To wash the wrinkles from the face of Truth,
And out of Nature form creative Art.

Divinest Poesy!—'tis thine to make
Age young—youth old—to baffle tyrant Time,
From antique strains the hoary dust to shake,
And with familiar grace to crown new rhyme.

Long have I loved thee—long have loved in vain,
Yet large the debt my spirit owes to thee,
Thou wreath'dst my first hours in a rosy chain,
Rocking the cradle of my infancy.

The lovely images of earth and sky
From thee I learn'd within my soul to treasure;
And the strong magic of thy minstrelsy
Charms the world's tempest to a sweet, sad measure.

Nor Fortune's spite, nor hopes that once have been—
Hopes which no power of Fate can give again,—
Not the sad sentence, that my life must wean
From dear domestic joys,—nor all the train

Of pregnant ills, and penitential harms
That dog the rear of youth unwisely wasted,
Can dim the lustre of thy stainless charms,
Or sour the sweetness that in thee I tasted.

FROM PETRARCH.

Se lamentar augelli, o verdi fronde.

THE birds piped mournfully; the dark green leaves
Moved, sweetly trembling, to the summer breeze,—
And deep and low, the lucid rill, that weaves
Its murmuring mazes in the flowery leas,
Warbled along its old monotonies:—
Such blended sounds my reckless ear received,
And hearing, heard not,—while my spirit grieved,
Loving its grief, and feeding its disease.
A mournful strain I conn'd—when she for whom
I vext my soul, because she was conceal'd,
Shone forth on high, to wondering sense reveal'd:—
"Why ever thus," said she, "thy days consume?
Dying, I live,—and when I closed my eyes
They open'd to the light of Paradise."

REGENERATION.

I NEED a cleansing change within—
My life must once again begin;
New hope I need, and youth renew'd,
And more than human fortitude,—
New faith, new love, and strength to cast
Away the fetters of the past.

Ah! why did fabling Poets tell
That Lethe only flows in Hell?
As if, in truth, there was no river,
Whereby the leper may be clean,
But that which flows, and flows for ever,
And crawls along, unheard, unseen,
Whence brutish spirits, in contagious shoals,
Quaff the dull drench of apathetic souls.

Ah, no! but Lethe flows aloft
With lulling murmur, kind and soft
As voice which sinners send to heaven
When first they feel their sins forgiven;

Its every drop as bright and clear
As if indeed it were a tear,
Shed by the lovely Magdalen
For Him that was despised of men.

It is the only fount of bliss
In all the human wilderness—
It is the true Bethesda—solely
Endued with healing might, and holy:—
Not once a year, but evermore—
Not one, but all men to restore.

O Fons Bandusiæ, splendidior vitro,
Dulci digne mero, non sine floribus,
Cras donaberis hædo.

BANDUSIAN spring, more gaily bright,
In thy never-ceasing birth,
Than gem compact of solar light,
That, fetter'd long in darksome earth,
Leaps forth to greet a kindred ray—
Thou art worth a Poet's lay.

Flowers—them we will not give,—
Thou hast plenty of thy own;

Little lambkins ;—let them live,
  Thou wert loth to hear them moan :
Let them frisk upon thy bourn,
And in thee view the budding horn.

Well I know, an ancient Poet
  Promised thee a kid to-morrow ;
I, a Christian Bard, well know it,—
  If he paid it, 'twas thy sorrow :—
But he never did the thing
Which he was constrain'd to sing.

Poet he, that would have been
  A Christian Poet if he could,—
One that felt far more, I ween,
  Than he ever understood,—
One that only wanted telling
The truth that in his heart was dwelling.

Bandusian fount! I know not thee,
  And learned critics much are troubled,
To find, if yet a stream there be,
  Where, long of yore, thy waters bubbled,
And I could almost wish there were not,
Since all who loved thee dearly are not.

The barren rocks are still the same,—
  The fertile streams are changing ever:
So, lives, in nature's endless fame,
  The Carthaginian's vain endeavour;—
But, Horace, we can only guess
The sweet home of thy happiness.

Yet fare thee well, thou lovely spring,
  And never may thy nymphs desert thee,
For while one Bard on earth may sing,
  Not all the powers of earth can hurt thee:
And tho' no lamb to thee we give,
Blest shalt thou be as long as lambkins live.

WRITTEN IN JANUARY, 1833.

THE old year is gone—so uncivil was I,
That I made not a couplet to bid him good bye,
But now that the new year has fairly come in,
Not to bid him a welcome, were surely a sin;
So welcome I bid him, tho' not to myself,
Yet to all who are wealthy in hope or in pelf,
All hearty good fellows to whom life is dear,
I heartily wish you a happy new year.

To the man, who is fit to be married, a wife,
And a grave unto him that is tired of life ;
To my friends, that they may not have much to forgive,
To my foes, that they just may forget that I live;
To my love—that her charms may to her be a blessing,
Tho' to me I confess, they are rather distressing ;—
For the man of her choice may good fortune await him,
And then—why, I 'll try very hard not to hate him.

THE BIRTH-DAY.

TO JAMES BRANCKER, ESQ.

EVEN as the wise astronomer invents
Zones, colures, cycles, in the trackless sky—
Or as the mariner, whose daring art
Maps out the undistinguishable main
With curious lines, that, to the mind untaught,
Seem all mysterious as a wizard's scheme,
Or the fine traces in a lady's palm,
Interpreted by Egypt's wandering brood,—
So man delights in the wide waste of time,
The tide of moments ebbing as they flow,
To set his land-marks ; and recording names,
Pavilions of the pausing memory,
Historic pillars, quaintly sculptured o'er

With hieroglyphics of the heart.

Not least,
In the memorial list of holy times,
Is that permitted epoch of pure mirth,
A good man's birth-day, when the very poor
Pour forth the savings of the stinted meal
To make one hour rejoice in wealth of joy :—
Then, long of yore, when duty seem'd to frown,
And love parental wore a brow severe,
And children trembled in their father's eyes,
The sternest sires were not afraid to smile,
And doff'd their honest, sage hypocrisy,
Because the birth-day came but once a year.

And those whom fortune, choice, or chance have cast
On the wild billows of the changeful world,
Tho' haply wandering amid Afric sands,
Or wedged in thundering straits of "thick-ribb'd ice,"
Or lost in the dark city's wilderness,
Will find their hearts at home, when annual comes
The merry birth-day,—and recall the hours,
The vernal hours, when life itself was bliss,
And every birth-day a new argument
Of hope and pride.

Alas ! too oft the day
Remains a hollow cenotaph of Hope,
When Hope is dead and gone. The worst—

The worst of hearts, that hath not ceased to feel,
Grows soft and childish, when the number'd hour
Records the moment of a mother's pain—
When the faint mother lifted first her eyes
To Heaven in thankfulness—then cast them down
Upon her babe in love.—Oh, gracious Heaven!
Thy mighty law, in spite of rebel will,
Spite of all theories of doubting man,
Still rules triumphant through the tribes of life,
Confutes the quirks of calculating pride,
And, o'er the feeblest of all feeble things,
Sheds the strong potency of love divine:
For God is stirring in the mother's heart,—
The living God is in her milky breast;
And God's own image, fresh from paradise,
Hallows the helpless form of infancy.

Oh that the God, the same all bounteous Lord
That aids the mother in her agony,
Would save her from the feller pangs, that oft
From love, the sweetest and the holiest love,
Extract all sweetness and all self-esteem,
Making the image of the child beloved
Like a foul phantom, that pollutes the soul,—
A spell, a bondage, a continued fear,
A slow consuming fever of the heart,
In sorrow's gloomy creed, almost a sin.

Fain would the shame-struck parent tear away
The once glad epoch from the calendar,
The birth-day of the graceless prodigal,
Whose name, forbidden, leaves a blank deform'd
In household records, and familiar feasts,
Breeding sharp envy of that parent's lot
Whose tear was dropp'd upon an infant's grave.

Or if the birth-day bring no thought of shame,
It rarely comes without a drop of woe,
That checks the gay laugh with a sudden sigh.
But these are gracious griefs.—For all 'tis good,
Whose taste of goodness is not lost—though sore
May be the thought—to measure back their course
Oft as the birth-day comes.
Wild voyagers,
Launch'd on the perilous sea of human life,
Awhile we paddle by the sunny shores,
The native shores of homely infancy.
Young courage, buoyant on the venturous surge,
Taunting the prescience of maternal fear,
Swims light and joyous with the out-bound tide,
That evermore, at stated hour, comes home,
And brings a freight of crimson shells, and weeds,
That mock the things of earth with semblance quaint,
Imperial cradles of purpureal sheen,
And wreathed trumpets, curiously convolved,

Wherein the ocean's mighty harmonies
Serenely murmur in a humming slumber.

So childhood passes—but the whistling breeze
Of Time calls shrill, and forth the vessel flies:—
The mother, wailing on the wave-kiss'd shore,
Trusts her last counsels to the impatient breeze
That will not hear them—strains her dewy eyes
Till the proud sails diminish to a speck—
That speck to nothing,—questions still the grey
Unfixt horizon, till the setting sun
Sinks sudden in the darkness of the waves;
Then homeward hastening, looks upon the stars,
And knows that *he* beholds them, who no more
Shall look with her upon their household flowers.

Where will he go? To lands of pearl and gold
In search of gain? or to the fields of Fame,
Where the coarse herb, with honourable blood
Manured and water'd—marl'd with bleaching bones—
Flags rank and noisome o'er promiscuous graves?
Will he, with petty traffic, slow and sure,
From point to point, along the low flat coast,
Wakeful and cautious cruise? or launching forth
On the vast main, spread every glittering sail
To catch the winds of chance, and bear away
For frozen continents, or empires dark

With howling woods, or girt with burning sand ?
Or will he loiter by the enchanted isles
Of Love, where oft the languid air becalms
The willing bark? or doth he seek in vain
For that lost land, in elder time submerged
Beneath the Atlantic wave ?
But hold—no more.—
Too long we dally with a quaint conceit,
While the swift birth-day wears to jocund night.

Thrice happy they, who rest, ere day declines,
Beneath the trees they planted in the morn :—
And thou, my friend, whom honourable toil
Hath timely raised to honourable wealth,
And power to diffuse that happiness
Which thou hast earn'd—may'st worthily rejoice,
Oft as thy annual natal feast arrives, to see
Thy sire, and hers, whom love to thee hath join'd
In holy bands, beside thy cheerful board,
Placidly smiling in their calm old age,
And blessing Heaven that they can bless the day
When thou wast born.

TO A POSTHUMOUS INFANT.

CHILD of woman, and of Heaven,
Ere thy birth, of sire bereaven,
Offspring of a widow'd dove,
Of half thy heritage of love
Defeated, ere thy little breath
Was drawn from atmosphere of death—
Smiler, that shalt ne'er beguile
Father's tear with baby smile,
Never laugh on father's knee,
Knows thy father aught of thee?

May the spirit of the Blest
Look upon its earthly nest?
Breathe upon thine infant slumbers
The music of angelic numbers,
Glide into the growing soul,
To form, "to kindle, or controul?"
May the sainted parent bless
His own, the new-born fatherless?

HOMER.

FAR from all measured space, yet clear and plain
As sun at noon, "a mighty orb of song"
Illumes extremest Heaven. Beyond the throng
Of lesser stars, that rise, and wax, and wane,
The transient rulers of the fickle main,
One steadfast light gleams through the dark, and long,
And narrowing aisle of memory. How strong,
How fortified with all the numerous train
Of human truths, Great Poet of thy kind,
Wert thou, whose verse, capacious as the sea,
And various as the voices of the wind,
Swell'd with the gladness of the battle's glee—
And yet could glorify infirmity,
When Priam wept, or shame-struck Helen pined.

VALENTINE.

TO A FAIR ARTISTE.

Written in 1813.

These, if not the first verses that I ever wrote, are the first with which I succeeded in pleasing even myself:—in fact, the first in which I was able to express a preconceived thought in metre. I have selected them from a mass of juvenile, or more properly, puerile *poetry*, not as any better, or much worse, than the rest, but from the pleasant associations connected with them. It will do nobody any harm, and to some may be an agreeable remembrancer of old times. The young lady to whom it was addressed is the eldest daughter of the late William Green, an artist of great merit, who possessed a true sense of the beautiful in nature. The lady is now a wife and mother, and probably regards the pictorial skill of her youth, and the compliments it may have gained her, as things that have been.

O, MISTRESS of that lovely art
Which can to shadows form impart—
Can fix those evanescent tints,
Fainter by far than lovers' hints,
And bring the scenes we love to mind,
When we have left them far behind,—
Thou seest an image in thy glass
Which does e'en Raphael's art surpass,
But which Dan Cupid has been able
To copy in my heart's soft table.
How proud 'twould make a connoisseur
To have so beauteous a picture!

For me, I own, it ill contents me;
To have a copy but torments me,
Unless I might possess, as well,
That copy's fair original.

THE FORSAKEN TO THE FAITHLESS.

I DO not write to bid thee come unto me—
I will not pray thee spare my virgin fame:
Since I am won, 'tis useless now to woo me—
Undone I am, thou canst not more undo me.
Boast thy poor triumph o'er an empty name,
When she that shamed it sleeps in silent death;
For what is reputation but a bubble,
Blown up by Vanity's unthinking breath,—
A thing which few, with all their toil and trouble,
Can carry with them to their home, the grave.
Since men are fire, and we are as the stubble,
Men's faults are wink'd at—ours, alas! seen double.
No pardon of the partial world I crave,
That still is Folly's mouth-piece, Custom's slave.
Not for my name I mourn—but thou hast ta'en
A dearer jewel—even my precious soul.

Nor thou, nor all the world, can give again
What I have thrown away! Tho' Time may roll
His centuries on, when I shall be forgotten,
Thy falsehood mute, and cold thy fickle lust,—
When this polluted body shall be rotten,
And, undistinguish'd, sleep with virgin dust,—
Tho' all may cease, the stars give o'er to shine,
Nor more be witness to that sin of mine,—
Still should I feel my unredeemed loss,
And 'mongst the blessed be a thing unblest;
No power that is can make me what I was—
Oh, might I then not be! Oh, vain request!

TO THE MEMORY OF CANNING.

EARLY, but not untimely, Heaven recall'd
To perfect bliss, thy pure, enlighten'd mind ;
And tho' the new-born freedom of mankind
Is sick of fear to be again enthrall'd,
Since thou art gone ; and this fair island, wall'd
With the impregnable, unmaster'd sea,
Mourns with a widow's grief for loss of thee,—
Should we repine, as if thou wert install'd
In Heaven too soon ? Nay, I will shed no tear.
Thy work is done. It was enough for thee
To own the glorious might of Liberty,
And cast away the bondage and the fear
Of rotten custom ; so the hope, which Fate
Snatch'd from thy life, thy Fame shall consummate.

LIBERTY.

Say, What is Freedom? What the right of souls
Which all who know are bound to keep, or die,
And who knows not, is dead? In vain ye pry
In musty archives, or retentive scrolls,
Charters and statutes, constitutions, rolls,
And remnants of the old world's history:—
These show what has been, not what ought to be,
Or teach at best how wiser Time controuls
Man's futile purposes. As vain the search
Of restless factions, who, in lawless will,
Fix the foundations of a creedless church—
A lawless rule—an anarchy of ill:
But what is Freedom? Rightly understood,
A universal license to be good.

WHO IS THE POET?

WHO is the Poet? Who the man whose lines
Live in the souls of men like household words?
Whose thought, spontaneous as the song of birds,
With eldest truth coeval, still combines
With each day's product, and like morning shines,
Exempt from age? 'Tis he, and only he,
Who knows that Truth is free, and only free;
That Virtue, acting in the strict confines
Of positive law, instructs the infant spirit
In its best strength, and proves its mere demerit
Rooted in earth, yet tending to the sky:
With patient hope surveys the narrow bound,
Culls every flower that loves the lowly ground,
And fraught with sweetness, wings her way on high.

THE USE OF A POET.

A THOUSAND thoughts were stirring in my mind,
That strove in vain to fashion utterance meet,
And each the other cross'd—swift as a fleet
Of April clouds, perplex'd by gusts of wind,
That veer, and veer, around, before, behind.
Now History pointed to the custom'd beat,
Now Fancy's clue unravelling, led their feet
Through mazes manifold, and quaintly twined.
So were they straying—so had ever stray'd;
Had not the wiser poets of the past
The vivid chart of human life display'd,
And taught the laws that regulate the blast,
Wedding wild impulse to calm forms of beauty,
And making peace 'twixt liberty and duty.

YOUNG LOVE.

THE nimble fancy of all-beauteous Greece,
Fabled young Love an everlasting boy,
That held of nature an eternal lease,
Of childhood, beauty, innocence, and joy;
A bow he had, a pretty childish toy,
That would not terrify his mother's sparrows,
And 'twas his favourite play to sport his arrows,
Light as the glances of a wood-nymph coy.
O happy error! Musical conceit,
Of old idolatry, and youthful time!
Fit emanation of a happy clime,
Where but to live, to breathe, to be, was sweet,
And Love, tho' even then a little cheat,
Dream'd not his craft would e'er be call'd a crime.

DEATH-BED REFLECTIONS OF MICHELANGELO.

Not that my hand could make of stubborn stone
Whate'er of Gods the shaping thought conceives;
Not that my skill by pictured lines hath shown
All terrors that the guilty soul believes;
Not that my art, by blended light and shade,
Express'd the world as it was newly made;
Not that my verse profoundest truth could teach,
In the soft accents of the lover's speech;
Not that I rear'd a temple for mankind,
To meet and pray in, borne by every wind—
Affords me peace:—I count my gain but loss,
For that vast love, that hangs upon the Cross.

NOTES.

DEDICATORY SONNET, line 3.

Thou, in thy night-watch o'er my cradled slumbers,

Alluding to the poem called "Frost at Midnight," by S. T. Coleridge. The reference is especially to the following lines:

> But thou, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze,
> By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
> Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds
> Which image in their bulk both lakes, and shores,
> And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
> The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
> Of that eternal language, which thy God
> Utters, who from eternity doth teach
> Himself in all, and all things in himself.

As far as regards the *habitats* of my childhood, these lines, written at Nether Stowey, were almost prophetic. But poets are *not* prophets.

SONNET I.

To a Friend.

This sonnet, and the two following, my earliest attempts at that form of versification, were addressed to R. S. Jameson, Esq., on occasion of meeting him in London after a separation of some years. He was the favourite companion of my boyhood, the active friend

and sincere counsellor of my youth. "Though seas between us broad ha' roll'd" since we "travell'd side by side" last, I trust the sight of this little volume will give rise to recollections that will make him ten years younger. He is now Judge Advocate at Dominica, and husband of Mrs. Jameson, authoress of the "Diary of an Ennuyée," "Loves of the Poets," and other agreeable productions.

SONNET I, line 3.

The peace that floated
On the white mist, and dwelt upon the hills.

Love had he found in huts, where poor men lie,
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The peace that sleeps upon the dewy hills.

Wordsworth's Song at the feast of Brougham Castle.

SONNET VIII, line 9.

The Fays,
That sweetly nestle in the fox-glove bells.

Popular fancy has generally conceived a connection between the Fox-glove and the *good people*. In Ireland, where it is called Lusmore (the great herb) and also Fairy-cap, the bending of its tall stalks is believed to denote the unseen presence of supernatural beings. The *Shefro*, or gregarious Fairy, is represented as wearing the corolla of the Fox-glove on his head, and no unbecoming head-dress either. See Crofton Croker's "*Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland*," a book to the author of which, unknown as he is to me, I gladly seize this opportunity of returning thanks for huge delight and considerable accession of fairy lore. Crofton Croker is evidently a man of genius and poetical feeling. Is it not to be wished that he had given more free way to the poetry of his nature? He seems almost afraid lest some one should suspect him of fearing and believing in the good people himself, and consequently *tells* his stories as if he did not believe them, which makes them appear

more like great big Irish lies than the genuine educts of superstition. Now this may be proper enough in such tales as Daniel O'Rourke's Voyage to the Moon, Ned Sheehy's Excuse and some others; but still superstition is one thing, and lying another, and though the superstitious are often mendacious, or rather destitute of any standard of truth within their minds, and when hard pushed will consciously and conscientiously forge to keep up the credit of their creed, (countless are the falsehoods that have been told as well as believed, for conscience sake,) yet really superstitious persons do not, Falstaff-like, set about of malice prepense to raise a laugh by the enormity of their inventions. Many thanks to Crofton for his three delectable little volumes; but I do suspect, that from injudicious emulation of Tam-o-Shanter, he sometimes "mars a curious tale in telling it." It is his manifest endeavour to be as Irish as possible, but are his Irishmen always genuine Milesians? Are they not too much like the Kilmallocks, and Mactwolters, and Brulgrudderies? all excellent fellows in their way, but not fit company for Fairies. A certain dash of the ludicrous is not amiss in a terrible story, because fear is a ridiculous passion, whether its object be man or goblin; but it should be *naïveté*, or unconscious humour, not irony or sarcasm, far less the slang knowingness of a hoaxer.

Of all the imaginations of Erin, the Banshee is the most affecting, and the best authenticated. There are some narratives of this apparition attested by startling evidence. But perhaps the most beautiful fancy is the Thierna-na-Oge, or land of youth, a region of perpetual spring beneath the waters, where there is no decay, no change, no time, but all remains as at the moment of submersion. To this Moore alludes in those lines:—

> On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays,
> When the clear, cold eve 's declining,
> He sees the round towers of other days,
> In the wave beneath him shining.

To return to the Fox-glove. Query. Is not the proper etymology *Folks'*, i. e. Fairie's glove? Surely Renard does not wear gloves in popular tradition.

SONNET XV, last lines.

Of Nature's inner shrine thou art the priest,
Where most she works when we perceive her least.

Thou worshippest at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee, when we know it not.

Wordsworth's Sonnets.

SONNET XVI, line 5.

The patient beauty of the scentless rose.

The Chinese, or monthly rose, so frequently seen clustering round the cottage-porch, both in the remotest vales and in the immediate outskirts of busy, smoky towns, is almost destitute of scent. The manner in which this cheerful foreigner perseveres in the habits of a warmer climate, through all vicissitudes of ours, is a remarkable instance of vegetable nationality.

SONNET XVIII, line 5.

The voiceless flowers————

In the "Bride's Tragedy," by Thomas Beddoes, of Pembroke College, Oxon, occurs a hypothetical simile which some prosewitted dunce of a reviewer thought proper to assail with great animosity. Something, I forget what, is

Like flowers' voices—*if they could but speak.*

Whoever feels the beauty of that line, has a soul for poetry.

SONNET XIX, line 7.

Poor mortality
Begins to mourn before it knows its case,
Prophetic in its ignorance.

Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air
We waule and cry.

When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools.

Shakspeare: King Lear, Act 4.

The thought, which is obvious enough indeed, occurs in an older writer than Shakspeare, and might probably be traced to some of the fathers, or to Seneca. Robert Greene reproaches Shakspeare with reading Seneca *done* into English.

Sonnet XIX, line 10.

The hospitalities of earth.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own.
Yearning she hath in her own natural kind,
And even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.— *Wordsworth.*

Sonnet XX, line 9.

Love-sick ether.

Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them.

Shakspeare: Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2.

Imitators and alterers do not often improve upon Shakspeare, but when they do, it is but fair to give them credit for it. Dryden, in his "All for Love," has omitted all the philosophy, and two thirds of the poetry of Shakspeare's play, but he has certainly made a much more compact and consecutive drama; and by putting the description of Cleopatra's "grand aquatic procession" into the mouth of Antony himself, has made it a natural and dramatic portion of the play; whereas, in Shakspeare, it has too much the air of a quotation from an epic or descriptive poem. Neither

Shakspeare nor Dryden have done *much* more than versify Plutarch's, or rather Sir Roger North's prose, and they were wise in not hunting after useless originality: but Shakspeare has added some exquisitely poetical touches.

> At the helm
> A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackles
> Swell with the touches of those *flower soft hands,*
> That yarely frame their office. From the barge
> *A strange invisible perfume* hits the sense
> Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
> Her people out upon her; and Antony,
> Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone,
> Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
> *Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,*
> And left a gap in nature.

If Antony owed to the Egyptian Queen the loss of his empire and life, he is indebted to her for a less hateful renown than would have clung to his name had she never "pursed up his heart on the river of Cydnus." The murderer of Cicero is merged in the lover of Cleopatra.

Sonnet XX, line 10.

Middle earth.

The phrase occurs in a hymn of the Saxon poet Cædmon, and seems to imply, not the supposed centrality of the earth in the firmament, but the intermediate condition between the poles of good and evil. I have here adapted it to signify, that on earth we only contemplate objects *in transitu*, being unable to trace any process to its origin or its termination.

Sonnet XXXI, line 11.

The fell inherency of sin.

This ineradicable taint of sin.

Childe Harold: Canto IV., 126.

Sonnet XXXII.

In this and other translations from the Italian, I have not succeeded in preserving the simple purity of the original diction so completely as I could have wished. Italian words are so beautiful, that they are when "unadorned, adorned the most." English, with all its excellences, is so deficient in euphony, and so large a part of its vocabulary is debased by association, that it always requires strong or deep pathos, beautiful images, profound thought, rapid and striking interest, or much artifice in composition; something, in short, to withdraw the attention from the coarseness of the vehicle. We cannot emulate the simplicity of the Greeks or the Italians. The poet, indeed, who can and dare, may be austere; but austerity and simplicity are different things. Simplicity is never, austerity is always, conscious of itself. The Sunday habit of a modest country girl is simple—the regulation dress of a nunnery is meant to be austere. Simplicity does not seek what it feels no need of—Austerity rejects what it judges unfit.

But neither simplicity nor austerity are necessarily poetical. The simple must be beautiful, the austere must be great, or they have no place in genuine poetry. A daisy is simple, a turnip still simpler, yet the former belongs to the poetry of Nature, the latter to her most utilitarian prose.

Page 41, line 17.

The humbler spirit
Hears in the daily round of household things
A low sweet melody, inaudible
To the gross sense of worldlings.

The still, sad music of humanity.

Wordsworth's Tintern Abbey.

Page 46, line 5.

The choicest terms are now enfeoff'd to folly.

Enfeoff'd himself to popularity.

Shakspeare: Henry IV., Part I.

Page 57.

Song. "*'Tis sweet,*" *&c.*

Among the controversies of the day, not the least important is that respecting the song of the Nightingale. It is debated whether the notes of this bird are of a joyous or a melancholy expression. He who has spoken so decisively of "the merry Nightingale," must forgive my somewhat unfilial inclination toward the elder and more common opinion. No doubt the sensations of the bird while singing are pleasurable, but the question is, What is the feeling which its song, considered as a succession of sounds produced by an instrument, is calculated to carry to a human listener. When we speak of a pathetic strain of music, we do not mean that either the fiddler or his fiddle are unhappy, but that the tones or intervals of the air are such as the mind associates with tearful sympathies. At the same time, I utterly deny that the voice of philomel expresses present pain. I could never have imagined that the pretty creature "sets her breast against a thorn," and could not have perpetrated the diabolical story of Tereus. In fact, nature is very little obliged to the heathen mythology. The constant *anthropomorphism* of the Greek religion sorely perplexed the ancient conceptions of natural beauty. A river is turned into a god, who is still too much of a river to be quite a god. It is a statue of ice in a continual state of liquefaction.

Page 61, line 1.

Agony of prayer.

I know not who first used this expression, nor at what time it entered into my mind. It occurs where one should hardly expect to find it—in Darwin's Botanic Garden; but I had never read the "Botanic Garden" at the time that I wrote this epitaph. Doubtless I have read the phrase elsewhere. It could not be of Darwin's invention.

Page 61, line 12.

The "marriage of pure minds."

Let me not to the marriage of pure minds
Admit impediments.

Shakspeare's Sonnets.

Page 61.

To the Nautilus.

The skilful observations of a lady, Madame Power, have lately made known to us several particulars of the nature and habits of the Argonauta or Paper Nautilus, and have confirmed much of what was related by Aristotle and Pliny, which modern naturalists had doubted. It now appears certain that the fish (a species of the sepia or cuttle fish) is the natural occupant, and not, like the parasite crabs, the usurper of the shell which it inhabits. It is furnished with eight arms, between one pair of which there is a thin membrane that is generally stretched over the shell and nearly envelopes it. But in fine still weather, when the animal rises to the surface of the water, and is not conscious of being observed, it erects the two arms with the membrane which then takes the place of a sail, and appears of a silvery hue, with dark spots. The six other arms are at the same time turned down over the edge of the shell, and used as three pairs of oars to steer and balance the creature. If it catches sight of an intrusive observer, the Argonauta turns its sail over the shell, folds in its oar arms, and sinks to the bottom. If pursued, it emits ink, like the other sepias, and thus escapes from its enemy in a cloud of darkness.

I recollect to have seen, in manuscript, a most beautiful copy of verses, founded on this habit of the Nautilus. Had they been in print, mine should never have appeared. The same may be said of the lines "to certain gold fishes." A *real* poet, among many strains of "higher mood," of which he deems the world unworthy, has an exquisite little piece on those beautiful creatures, in which he has exhibited a more than pictorial power of language. It is saying far too little to say, that he makes you *see* the gold fish—

that they flash, in all their effulgence of hue, and complicity of motion, "on that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude"—he makes you feel as if you were a gold fish yourself.

It is said, that the gold fish (Cyprinus Auratus of Linnæus) was originally confined to a little lake of China.

Page 66.

Leonard and Susan.

This tale, which was first published in Blackwood's Magazine, was intended to form part of a series of narrative and reflective pieces, which should have been entitled "Lucubrations of an Old Bachelor." Leonard was to have been an old man in my, *i.e.* the Old Bachelor's childhood. This, of course, throws the supposed date of the incidents at least a century back, and may obviate the charge of exaggeration which has been alleged against my description of prison sufferings. A debtor's gaol, however, is still, I suspect, pretty much what it always has been—a place of low dissipation or unprincipled luxury, for the dishonest; of ruin, and misery, and debasement to the unfortunate.

Blessed be the memory of that benevolent jurist who struggled so manfully against the barbarism of anti-christian ordinances! May the softest air of Paradise calm and heal the frenzy which crossed him in an evil hour; and *if* separated spirits have any perception of what passes in the world they have left, may *his spirit* be comforted in seeing the good work which he well begun, perfected to a good end. Our Judges are very fond of asserting that "Christianity is parcel of the law:" it will be more to the purpose when we can truly say that the law is parcel of Christianity.

I wish that future ages—on the very improbable supposition that this trifle should exist in a future age—may think the representation of an election a caricature.

No reflection is meant upon Nabobs in general. "Wherever the carcase is, there will the *vultures* be gathered together." Wherever there is a new way opened to riches, there will be a concourse of those who own no God but Mammon; a Fiend compared to whom Juggernaut is merciful, and Cotytto is pure. But

there will also be many who seek wealth as the means of doing good, and many such have returned from the shores of Hindostan. Such characters as my Nabob were probably more common when the East first became the scene of British enterprise than at present. India is now visited by men of better education, more refined habits, more philosophic minds ; and moreover, the press—Heaven's blessing upon it!—forbids any man to be *very* overtly wicked in any quarter of the globe, who wishes to come back and enjoy his gettings in England.

It is hardly worth while to mention that most of the lugubrious love ditties in this volume were conceived in the character of the love-lorn "*old bachelor.*" For what many will deem their silly "mock-platonism," and "querulous egotism," I am only *dramatically* answerable. *I*, does not always mean myself.

Page 82, line 7.

The "chaste and consecrated snow"
On Dian's bosom.

Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap.

Shakspeare's Timon of Athens.

Page 95, line 13.

And where the mighty banian's "echoing shade."

The fig tree, not that kind for fruit renown'd,
But such as at this time to Indians known,
In Malabar or Deccan spreads her arms,
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade
High overarch'd, with *echoing walks between.*

Paradise Lost, b. 9.

The palace is Aladdin's. It is needless to mention how much my description is indebted to Thalaba. The imagination of Southey

is as thoroughly Arabesque as that of Moore's is Persian. Thalaba, Kehama, and Lalla Rookh, have completely orientalised our imaginations.

I love Albums. They sometimes procure a sunny look, or a kind word, for some hard-favoured son of the muse, that else might wither in the "shade of cold neglect." Surely there is a moral value in whatever enables a poor man to confer a kindness.

Page 110.

A Farewell.

In these "piping times of peace," undergraduates take the place of Ensigns, and the close of the long vacation is attended with the same gales of sighs, and showers of tears, as heretofore the sailing of a regiment for actual service. Examinations are as terrible to the fair as battles, and the future first-class man, or wrangler, is as interesting as the possible hero.

There is something very fascinating about an Undergraduate; he is a rose unblown, and wears "the beauty of promise;" he is a member of an ancient establishment, therefore his youth and freshness are at once contrasted and sanctified by beautiful antiquity; he is a spring flower growing on the steeple of a gothic cathedral. He is enough a man to make his notice worth having by a young lady, and yet so much a boy, that ladies *of a certain age* can make a pet of him. He has the reputation of learning without the odium of displaying it; above all he has a certificate of gentility, which, let his real rank and fortune be what it will, passes unchallenged everywhere but in his own University. There, indeed, he is under the necessity of proving and maintaining his caste, and the stain of a mercantile or agricultural connection can only be washed out with claret. Everywhere else the "COLLEGIAN" is *absolute sumptus*, a gentleman. But this enviable distinction belongs to Oxford and Cambridge alone. Edinburgh or Glasgow are no recommendation except to phrenological females, and Trinity College, Dublin, is as alien to English associations as Salamanca or Benares. The London University may have its day, but its day

is not yet come. At present it is looked upon as coldly by the *petticoat* as by the *gown*. Should a youth be introduced to a fair partner at a country ball as a collegian, and prove, after all, to be only a member of *Stincomalee*, the lady's delicacy would be as much shocked as if she were to find that the very delightful naval officer with whom she had been dancing under the ambiguous title Captain, was the skipper of a small vessel engaged in the Irish butter trade. It is well: the members of the liberal establishment must *be* gentlemen, if they desire to be accepted as such.

Learning, of itself, confers no rank in England. It does not even give the éclat of a fashionable lion. But, as the passport to learned professions, it enables a man, with good conduct, to overcome any disadvantage of birth, and to achieve a place in the *best* circles of society. Perhaps this is as it should be.

The peculiar advantage of being an Oxonian or a Cantab is specially felt in the vacation, and in the country. In London they form a pleasant variety indeed, but excite no commotion. They are but as a drop of wine in the ocean. In Liverpool, or Manchester, they are out of place. The academical aristocracy is too strong a discord in the commercial concert. In Bath or Cheltenham they degenerate into mere gentlemen loungers; they partake, but they do not create or authorise, the general dissipation. But in small villages, with a *good neighbourhood* and romantic scenery, they are just what they should be. The custom of reading parties is one of the favourable signs of the times. They read very little: if men want to read, let them take a back-room in Cheapside, or the county gaol. At Ambleside, in Wales, in the Isle of Wight, or the Highlands, what have Euclid or Aristotle to do? But they gladden the waters with their music, and the fair with their gallantry; and what is better still, fill their imagination with beautiful images, and their hearts with kind feelings.

It was on a rusticating (not a rusticated) Cantab that these lines were composed. He was a poet in thought, but either "wanted the accomplishment of verse," or which is more probable, concealed his possession of it. Long will his amiable manners and green-ribboned guitar, be remembered in Grasmere.

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By a Friend.

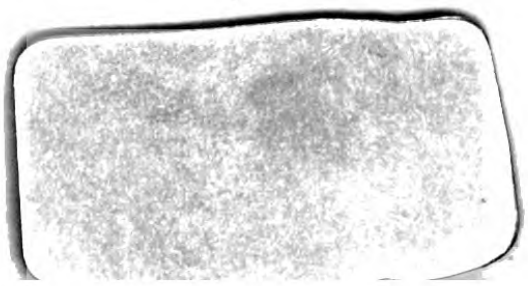
I know not whether I am not taking an unwarrantable liberty in giving publicity to these stanzas; but their appearance in my volume is a pleasant record of a valuable friendship, and I trust my friend will not be displeased to see his pretty and tender effusion along with his old acquaintances of mine, some of which owe their preservation to his kind opinion of their merits.

Concluding Note by the Editor.

An early and critical admirer of these poems remarks that the eighth line of the second Sonnet, as originally published in the "London Magazine," ran thus:—

"And the thronged river *sweeping* to the sea,"

where we now read "*toiling*." He deems that an injustice is done by this alteration to the river Thames; and observes, most truly, that such after-thoughts are rarely introduced into a poem without some injury to truth of feeling, or accuracy of description. There are times however when the river, above the bridge, seems as if it had enough to do.

END OF VOL. I.

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