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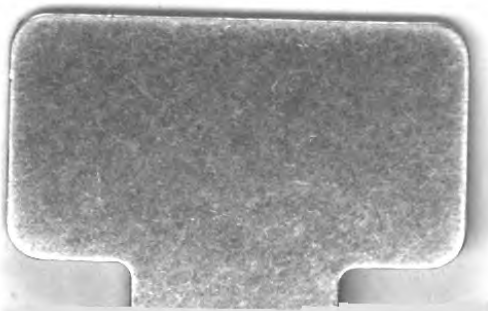
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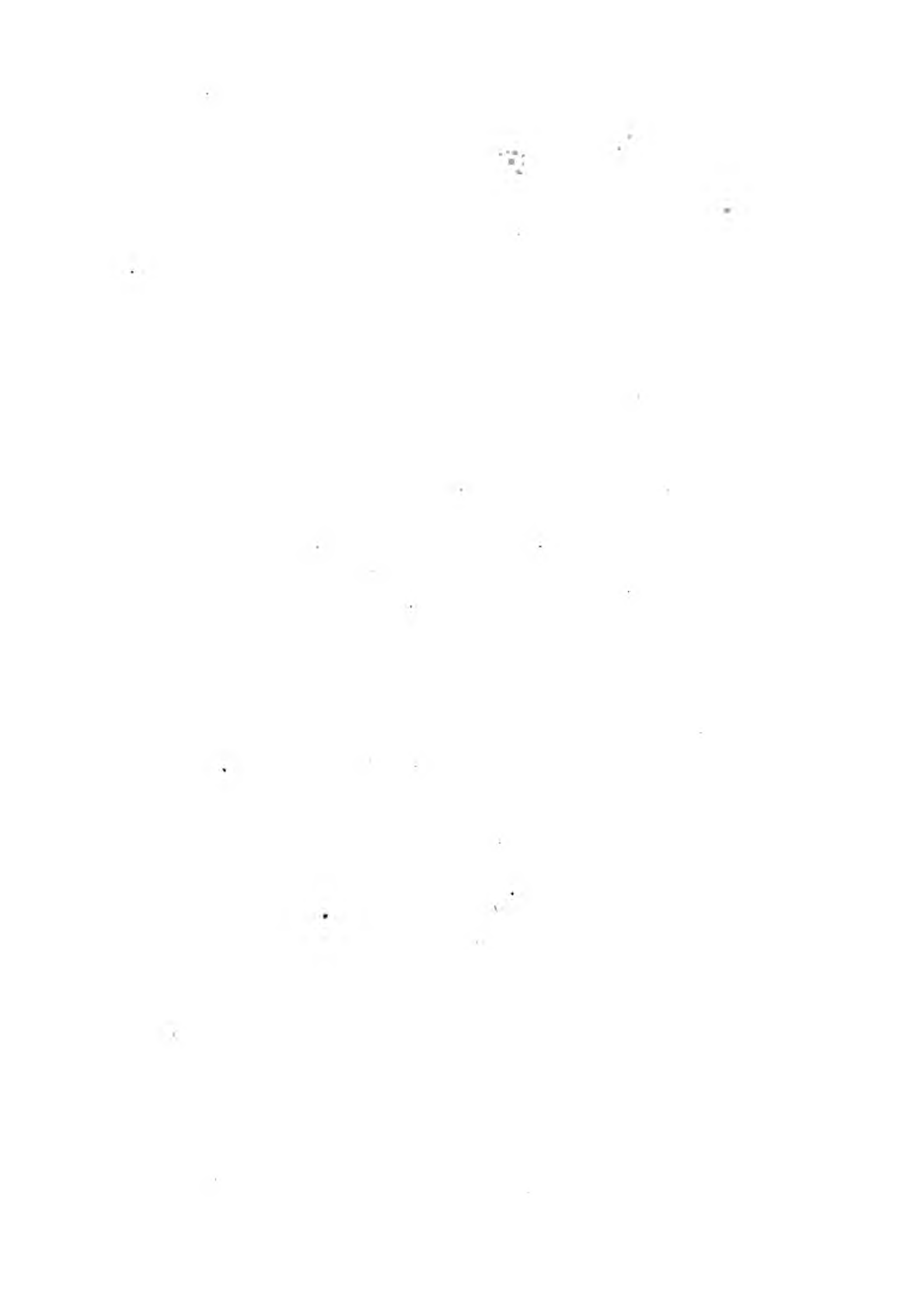


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*Am. Rose*

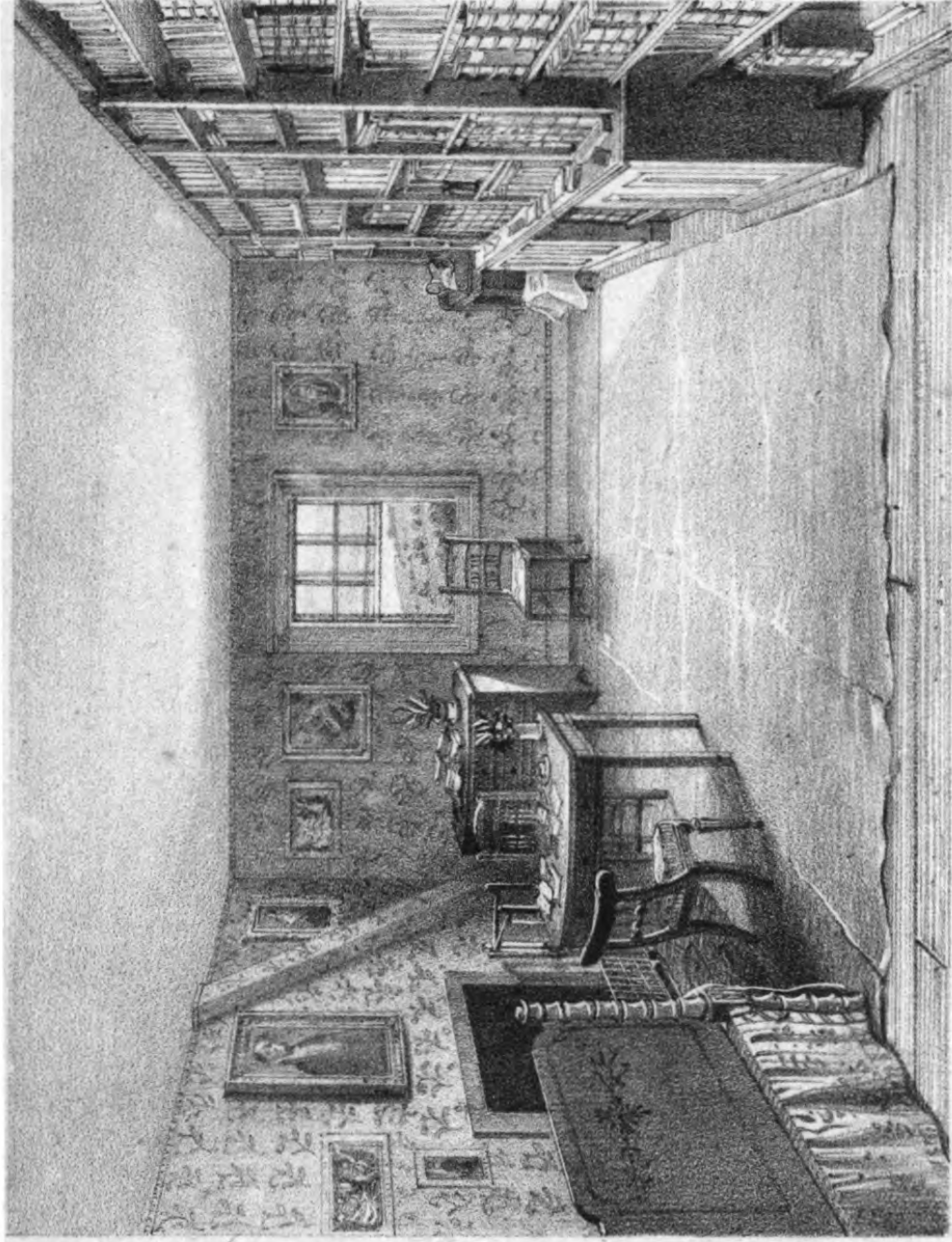
**COLERIDGE'S  
TABLE TALK.**

**VOL. II.**



**LONDON :**  
**Printed by A. SPOTTISWOODE,**  
**New-Street-Square.**





THE STUDY OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, AND THE ROOM IN WHICH HE DIED.  
Grove, Highgate

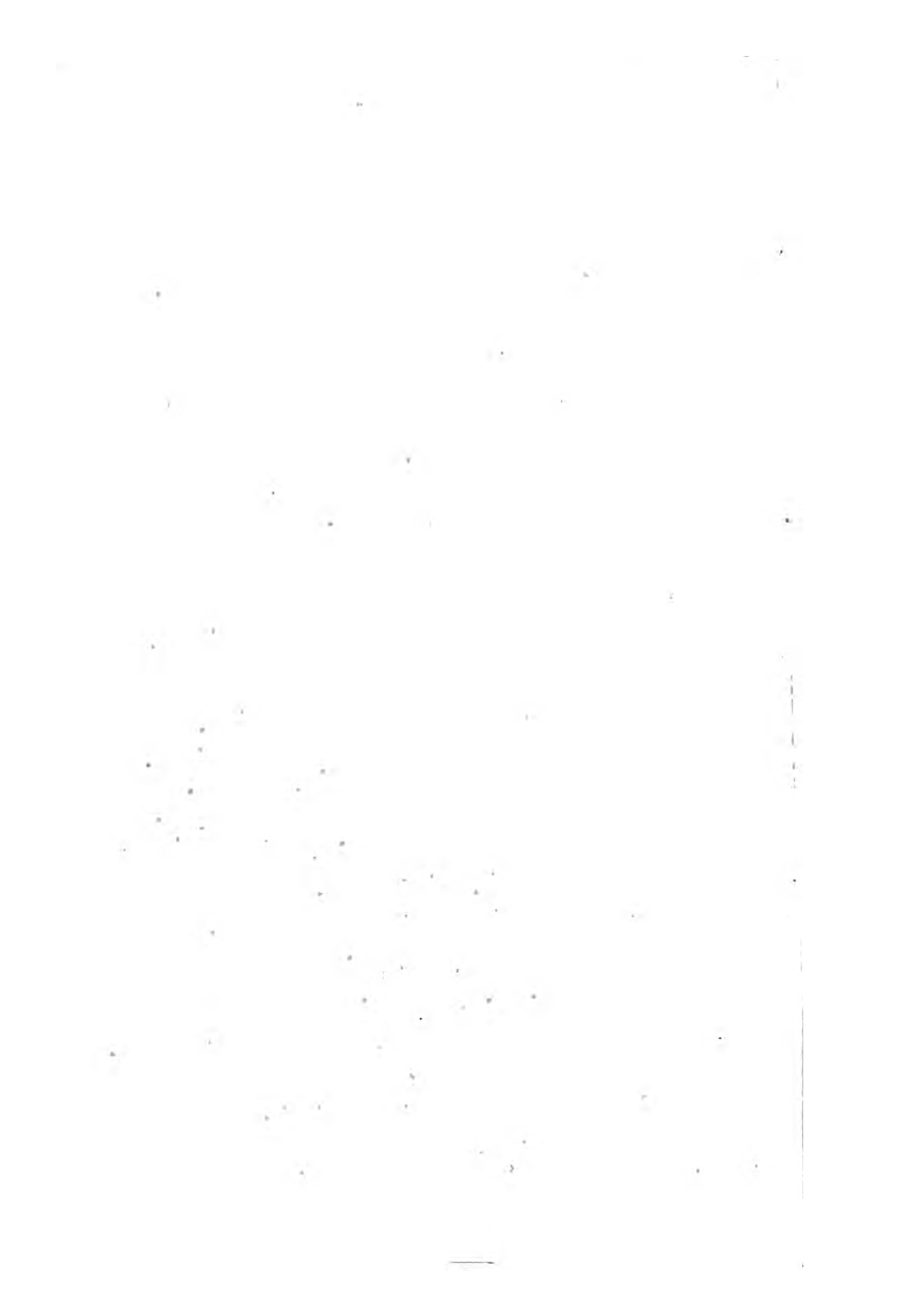
**SPECIMENS**  
**OF THE**  
**TABLE TALK**  
**OF THE LATE**  
**SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.**

---

**IN TWO VOLUMES.**

**VOL. II.**

**LONDON:**  
**JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.**  
**MDCCCXXXV.**



# CONTENTS

## OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

	Page		Page
Mr. Coleridge's System of Philosophy -	1	Ministers and the Reform Bill -	23
Keeness and Subtlety -	3	Disfranchisement -	25
Duties and Needs of an Advocate - -	4	Genius feminine -	26
Abolition of the French Hereditary Peerage -	7	Pirates -	ib.
Conduct of Ministers on the Reform Bill -	9	Astrology -	27
Religion - - -	13	Alchemy -	28
Union with Ireland -	ib.	Reform Bill -	ib.
Irish Church - -	14	Crisis -	29
A State - - -	15	John, Chap. III. Ver. 4.	ib.
Persons and Things -	16	Dictation and Inspiration - - -	30
History - - -	17	Gnosis -	33
Beauty - - -	18	New Testament Canon	ib.
Genius - - -	ib.	Unitarianism - -	34
Church - - -	19	Moral Law of Polarity -	36
State - - -	ib.	Epidemic Disease -	38
Dissenters - - -	20	Quarantine -	40
Gracefulness of Children	ib.	Harmony - - -	41
Dogs - - -	21	Intellectual Revolutions	42
Ideal Tory and Whig -	ib.	Modern Style -	ib.
The Church - - -	23	Genius of the Spanish and Italians -	43
		Vico - - -	ib.

	Page		Page
Spinoza - - -	44	Schmidt - - -	67
Colours - - -	ib.	Puritans and Jacobins -	68
Destruction of Jerusa- lem - - -	46	Wordsworth - - -	69
Epic Poem - - -	ib.	French Revolution - -	72
Vox Populi, vox Dei	47	Infant Schools - - -	74
Black - - -	48	Mr. Coleridge's Philoso- phy - - -	76
Asgill and Defoe - -	48	Sublimity - - -	ib.
Horne Tooke - - -	49	Solomon - - -	77
Fox and Pitt - - -	ib.	Madness - - -	ib.
Horner - - -	50	C. Lamb - - -	ib.
Adiaphori - - -	51	Faith and Belief - -	ib.
Citizens and Christians	ib.	Dobrizhoffer - - -	79
Professor Park - - -	52	Scotch and English - -	81
English Constitution -	ib.	Criterion of Genius - -	82
Democracy - - -	53	Dryden and Pope - -	ib.
Milton and Sidney - -	54	Milton's disregard of Painting - - -	83
De vi Minimorum - -	ib.	Baptismal Service - -	85
Hahnemann - - -	ib.	Jews' Division of the Scripture - - -	ib.
Luther - - -	55	Sanskrit - - -	86
Sympathy of Old Greek and Latin with En- glish - - -	56	Hesiod - - -	ib.
Roman Mind - - -	57	Virgil - - -	ib.
War - - -	58	Genius Metaphysical -	87
Charm for Cramp - - -	59	Don Quixote - - -	ib.
Greek - - -	60	Malthusianism - - -	88
Dual, neuter plural, and verb singular - - -	61	Steinmetz - - -	89
Theta - - -	62	Keats - - -	ib.
Talented - - -	63	Christ's Hospital - -	90
Homer - - -	64	Bowyer - - -	ib.
Valcknaer - - -	65	St. Paul's Melita - -	91
Principles and Facts -	ib.	English and German - -	94
		Best State of Society -	95

CONTENTS.

vii

	Page		Page
Great Minds Androgynous - - -	96	Divinity -	128
Philosopher's Ordinary Language - - -	ib.	Professions and Trades -	ib.
Juries - - -	97	Modern Political Economy -	129
Barristers' and Physicians' Fees - - -	ib.	National Debt - - -	131
Quacks - - -	98	Property Tax - - -	132
Cæsarean operation -	ib.	Duty of Landholders -	133
Inherited Disease -	ib.	Massinger - - -	135
Mason's Poetry -	99	Shakspeare - - -	139
Northern and Southern States of the American Union - - -	ib.	Hieronimo - - -	ib.
All and the Whole -	100	Love's Labour Lost -	141
Ninth Article - - -	101	Gifford's Massinger -	144
Sin and Sins - - -	ib.	Shakspeare - - -	145
Old Divines - - -	102	The Old Dramatists -	ib.
Preaching extempore -	103	Statesmen - - -	146
Church of England -	104	Burke - - -	147
Union with Ireland -	ib.	Prospect of Monarchy or Democracy - - -	148
Faust - - -	108	The Reformed House of Commons - - -	149
Michael Scott, Goethe, Schiller, and Wordsworth - - -	110	United States of America -	150
Beaumont and Fletcher -	118	Captain B. Hall -	151
Ben Jonson - - -	120	Northern and Southern States - - -	ib.
Massinger - - -	121	Democracy with Slavery -	153
House of Commons appointing the Officers of the Army and Navy -	122	Quakers - - -	154
Penal Code in Ireland -	124	Land and Money -	ib.
Churchmen - - -	ib.	Methods of Investigation -	155
Coronation Oaths -	127	Church of Rome -	161
		Celibacy of the Clergy -	162
		Roman Conquest of Italy -	163
		Wedded Love in Shakspeare and his Contemporary Dramatists -	ib.



	Page		Page
Tennyson's Poems	- 164	Dom Miguel and Dóm	
Colonisation -	- 166	Pedro -	- 188
Machinery -	- 167	Working to better one's	
Capital - -	- 168	condition -	- 189
Roman Conquest	- ib.	Negro Emancipation	- 190
Constantine -	- 169	Fox and Pitt -	191
Papacy and the School-		Revolution -	- 192
men -	- ib.	Virtue and Liberty	- 193
Civil War of the Seven-		Epistle to the Romans	ib.
teenth Century	- 171	Erasmus -	- 194
Hampden's Speech	- 172	Luther - -	- ib.
Reformed House of		Negro Emancipation	- 195
Commons -	- 173	Hacket's Life of Arch-	
Food - -	- 175	bishop Williams -	196
Medicine - -	- ib.	Charles I. -	- ib.
Poison -	- ib.	Manners under Edward	
Obstruction -	- ib.	III., Richard II., and	
Wilson -	- 176	Henry VIII. -	ib.
Shakspeare's Sonnets	- 178	Hypothesis -	- 197
Love - -	- 181	Suffiction -	- ib.
Wicliffe -	- 182	Theory - -	- 198
Luther - -	- ib.	Lyell's Geology	- 199
Reverence for Ideal		Gothic Architecture	- ib.
Truths -	- 183	Gerard Douw's "School-	
Johnson the Whig	- 184	master" and Titian's	
Asgill -	- ib.	"Venus" -	- 201
James I. - -	- 186	Sir J. Scarlett	- 202
Sir P. Sidney	- ib.	Mandeville's Fable of the	
Things are finding their		Bees -	- 203
level - -	- 187	Bestial Theory	- 204
German -	- 187	Character of Bertram	205
Goethe - -	- ib.	Beaumont and Fletcher's	
God's Providence	- 188	Dramas -	- 206
Man's Freedom	- ib.		

CONTENTS.

ix

	Page		Page
Æschylus, Sophocles,		Universal Suffrage	- 235
Euripides - - -	207	Right of Women to Vote	ib.
Milton - - -	209	Horne Tooke - - -	236
Style - - -	211	Etymology of the final	
Cavalier Slang	213	<i>Ive</i> - - -	ib.
Junius - - -	ib.	“The Lord” in the En-	
Prose and Verse	214	glish Version of the	
Imitation and Copy	215	Psalms, etc. - - -	237
Dr. Johnson - - -	216	Scotch Kirk and Irving	239
Boswell - - -	ib.	Milton's Egotism - - -	240
Burke - - -	ib.	Claudian - - -	241
Newton - - -	218	Sterne - - -	242
Milton - - -	ib.	Humour and Genius - - -	244
Painting - - -	ib.	Great Poets good Men	245
Music - - -	220	Diction of the Old and	
Poetry - - -	ib.	New Testament Ver-	
Public Schools	222	sion - - -	ib.
Scott and Coleridge	225	Hebrew - - -	246
Nervous Weakness	226	Vowels and Consonants	247
Hooker and Bull	ib.	Greek Accent and Quan-	
Faith - - -	ib.	tity - - -	ib.
Quakers - - -	227	Consolation in Distress	252
Philanthropists	ib.	Mock Evangelicals - - -	ib.
Jews - - -	228	Autumn Day - - -	ib.
Sallust - - -	229	Rosetti on Dante - - -	253
Thucydides - - -	ib.	Laughter : Farce and	
Herodotus - - -	230	Tragedy - - -	ib.
Gibbon - - -	ib.	Baron Von Humboldt	254
Key to the Decline of the		Modern Diplomats	255
Roman Empire - - -	232	Man cannot be stationary	258
Dr. Johnson's Political		Fatalism and Providence	259
Pamphlets - - -	233	Characteristic Tempera-	
Taxation - - -	234	ment of Nations - - -	259
Direct Representation	ib.	Greek Particles - - -	260

	Page		Page
Latin Compounds	- 260	Messenger of the Cove-	
Propertius -	- 261	nant -	- 277
Tibullus - -	- ib.	Prophecy - -	- ib.
Lucan -	- ib.	Logic of Ideas and of	
Stattus - -	- 262	Syllogisms -	- 278
Valerius Flaccus	- ib.	W. S. Landor's Poetry	279
Claudian -	- ib.	Beauty -	- ib.
Persius - -	- ib.	Chronological Arrange-	
Prudentius -	- ib.	ment of Works -	- 280
Hermesianax -	- 263	Toleration -	- 281
Destruction of Jerusa-		Norwegians -	- 285
lem -	- 263	Articles of Faith	- 286
Epic Poem -	- 264	Modern Quakerism	- 287
German and English	- 266	Devotional Spirit	- 288
Modern Travels -	- ib.	Sectarianism -	- 291
Paradise Lost -	- ib.	Origen -	- ib.
The Trinity -	- 267	Some Men like Musical	
Incarnation -	- ib.	Glasses -	- ib.
Redemption -	- ib.	Sublime and Nonsense	- ib.
Education -	- ib.	Atheist - -	- 292
Elegy -	- 268	Proof of Existence of	
Lavacrum Pallados	- 269	God -	- ib.
Greek and Latin Penta-		Kant's attempt	- ib.
meter -	- ib.	Plurality of Worlds	- 293
Milton's Latin Poems	- ib.	A Reasoner -	- 294
Poetical Filter -	270	Shakspeare's Intellectual	
Gray and Cotton	- 271	Action -	- 295
Homeric Heroes in		Reading in Macbeth	- ib.
Shakspeare -	- 272	Crabbe and Southey	- 296
Dryden -	- 274	Peter Simple and Tom	
Dr. Johnson -	- ib.	Cringle's Log -	- 297
Scott's Novels	- 275	Chaucer - -	- ib.
Scope of Christianity	- ib.	Shakspeare -	- 299
Times of Charles I.	- 276	Ben Jonson -	- ib.

CONTENTS.

xi

	Page		Page
Beaumont and Fletcher	299	Modern Political Econo-	
Daniel - - -	300	my - - -	327
Massinger - - -	ib.	Socinianism - - -	328
Lord Byron and H.		Unitarianism - - -	329
Walpole's "Mysteri-		Fancy and Imagination	331
ous Mother" -	302	Mr. Coleridge's System	334
Lewis's Jamaica Journal	304	Biographia Literaria -	335
Sicily - - -	ib.	Dissenters - - -	ib.
Malta - - -	306	Lord Brooke - - -	336
Sir F. Head - - -	ib.	Barrow and Dryden -	337
Sir Alexander Ball -	308	Peter Wilkins and Stoth-	
Cambridge Petition to		ard - - -	ib.
admit Dissenters -	310	Fielding and Richardson	339
Corn Laws - - -	312	Bishop Sandford -	ib.
Christian Sabbath -	313	Roman Catholic Reli-	
High Prizes and Reve-		gion - - -	ib.
nues of the Church -	318	Euthanasia - - -	341
Sir Charles Wetherell's		Darwiniana - - -	358
Speech - - -	320	Psyche - - -	359
National Church -	ib.	Complaint - - -	360
Dissenters - - -	321	Reproof - - -	ib.
Papacy - - -	ib.	Inscription for a Time-	
Universities - - -	322	piece - - -	ib.
Schiller's Versification	323	Israel's Lament on the	
German Blank Verse -	ib.	Death of the Princess	
Roman Catholic Eman-		Charlotte of Wales -	361
cipation - - -	324	Translation of a Passage	
Duke of Wellington -	325	in Ottfried's Metrical	
Coronation Oath -	ib.	Paraphrase of the Gos-	
Corn Laws - - -	326	pels - - -	363



## TABLE TALK.

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*September 12. 1831.*

### MR. COLERIDGE'S SYSTEM OF PHILOSOPHY.

My system, if I may venture to give it so fine a name, is the only attempt I know, ever made, to reduce all knowledges into harmony. It opposes no other system, but shows what was true in each; and how that which was true in the particular, in each of them became error, *because* it was only half the truth. I have endeavoured to unite the insulated fragments of truth, and therewith to frame a perfect mirror. I show to each system that I fully understand and rightfully appreciate what that system means; but then I lift up that system to a higher point of view, from which I enable it to see its former position, where it was,

indeed, but under another light and with different relations ; —so that the fragment of truth is not only acknowledged, but explained. Thus the old astronomers discovered and maintained much that was true ; but, because they were placed on a false ground, and looked from a wrong point of view, they never did, they never could, discover the truth — that is, the whole truth. As soon as they left the earth, their false centre, and took their stand in the sun, immediately they saw the whole system in its true light, and their former station remaining, but remaining as a part of the prospect. I wish in short to connect by a moral *copula* natural history with political history ; or, in other words, to make history scientific, and science historical — to take from history its accidentality, and from science its fatalism.

---

I never from a boy could under any circumstances feel the slightest dread of death as such. In all my illnesses I have ever had the most intense desire to be

released from this life, unchecked by any but one wish, namely, to be able to finish my work on Philosophy. Not that I have any author's vanity on the subject: God knows that I should be absolutely glad, if I could hear that the thing had already been done before me.

---

Illness never in the smallest degree affects my intellectual powers. I can *think* with all my ordinary vigour in the midst of pain; but I am beset with the most wretched and unmanly reluctance and shrinking from action. I could not upon such occasions take the pen in hand to write down my thoughts for all the wide world.

---

*October 26. 1831.*

KEENNESS AND SUBTLETY.

FEW men of genius are keen; but almost every man of genius is subtle. If you ask me the difference between keenness and



subtlety, I answer that it is the difference between a point and an edge. To split a hair is no proof of subtlety; for subtlety acts in distinguishing differences — in showing that two things apparently one are in fact two; whereas, to split a hair is to cause division, and not to ascertain difference.

---

October 27. 1831.

DUTIES AND NEEDS OF AN ADVOCATE.

THERE is undoubtedly a limit to the exertions of an advocate for his client. He has a right, it is his bounden duty, to do every thing which his client might honestly do, and to do it with all the effect which any exercise of skill, talent, or knowledge of his own may be able to produce. But the advocate has no right, nor is it his duty, to do that for his client which his client *in foro conscientiae* has no right to do for him-

self; as, for a gross example, to put in evidence a forged deed or will, knowing it to be so forged. As to mere confounding witnesses by skilful cross-examination, I own I am not disposed to be very strict. The whole thing is perfectly well understood on all hands, and it is little more in general than a sort of cudgel-playing between the counsel and the witness, in which, I speak with submission to you, I think I have seen the witness have the best of it as often as his assailant. It is of the utmost importance in the administration of justice that knowledge and intellectual power should be as far as possible equalized between the crown and the prisoner, or plaintiff and defendant. Hence especially arises the necessity for an order of advocates, — men whose duty it ought to be to know what the law allows and disallows; but whose interests should be wholly indifferent as to the persons or characters of their clients. If a certain latitude in examining witnesses is, as experience seems to have shown, a necessary mean towards the evis-

ceration of the truth of matters of fact, I have no doubt, as a moralist, in saying, that such latitude within the bounds now existing is justifiable. We must be content with a certain quantum in this life, especially in matters of public cognizance; the necessities of society demand it; we must not be righteous overmuch, or wise overmuch; and, as an old father says, in what vein may there not be a plethora, when the Scripture tells us that there may under circumstances be too much of virtue and of wisdom?

Still I think that, upon the whole, the advocate is placed in a position unfavourable to his moral being, and, indeed, to his intellect also, in its higher powers. Therefore I would recommend an advocate to devote a part of his leisure time to some study of the metaphysics of the mind, or metaphysics of theology; something, I mean, which shall call forth all his powers, and centre his wishes in the investigation of truth alone, without reference to a side to be supported. No studies give such a power of distinguish-

ing as metaphysical, and in their natural and unperverted tendency they are ennobling and exalting. Some such studies are wanted to counteract the operation of legal studies and practice, which sharpen, indeed, but, like a grinding-stone, narrow whilst they sharpen.

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*November 19. 1831.*

ABOLITION OF THE FRENCH HEREDITARY PEERAGE.

I CANNOT say what the French peers *will* do; but I can tell you what they *ought* to do. “So far,” they might say, “as our feelings and interests, as individuals, are concerned in this matter — if it really be the prevailing wish of our fellow-countrymen to destroy the hereditary peerage — we shall, without regret, retire into the ranks of private citizens: but we are bound by the provisions of the existing constitution to consider ourselves col-

lectively as essential to the well-being of France: we have been placed here to defend what France, a short time ago at least, thought a vital part of its government; and, if we did not defend it, what answer could we make hereafter to France itself, if she should come to see, what we think to be an error, in the light in which we view it? We should be justly branded as traitors and cowards, who had deserted the post which we were especially appointed to maintain. As a House of Peers, therefore, — as one substantive branch of the legislature, — we can never, in honour or in conscience, consent to a measure of the impolicy and dangerous consequences of which we are convinced.

“ If, therefore, this measure is demanded by the country, let the king and the deputies form themselves into a constituent assembly; and then, assuming to act in the name of the total nation, let them decree the abolition. In that case we yield to a just, perhaps, but revolutionary, act, in which

we do not participate, and against which we are, upon the supposition, quite powerless. If the deputies, however, consider themselves so completely in the character of delegates, as to be at present absolutely pledged to vote without freedom of deliberation, let a concise, but perspicuous, summary of the ablest arguments that can be adduced on either side be drawn up, and printed, and circulated throughout the country, and then, after two months, let the deputies demand fresh instructions upon this point. One thing, as men of honour, we declare beforehand — that, come what will, none of us who are now peers will ever accept a peerage created *de novo* for life.”

---

*November 20. 1831.*

CONDUCT OF MINISTERS ON THE REFORM  
BILL.

THE present ministers have, in my judgment, been guilty of two things, pre-emi-

nently wicked, *sensu politico*, in their conduct upon this Reform Bill. First, they have endeavoured to carry a fundamental change in the material and mode of action of the government of the country by so exciting the passions, and playing upon the necessary ignorance of the numerical majority of the nation, that all freedom and utility of discussion, by competent heads, in the proper place, should be precluded. In doing this they have used, or sanctioned the use of, arguments which may be applied with equal or even greater force to the carrying of any measure whatever, no matter how atrocious in its character or destructive in its consequences. They have appealed directly to the argument of the greater number of voices, no matter whether the utterers were drunk or sober, competent or not competent; and they have done the utmost in their power to rase out the sacred principle in politics of a representation of interests, and to introduce the mad and barbarizing scheme of a delegation of individuals. And they have

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done all this without one word of thankfulness to God for the manifold blessings of which the constitution as settled at the Revolution, imperfect as it may be, has been the source or vehicle or condition to this great nation, — without one honest statement of the manner in which the anomalies in the practice grew up, or any manly declaration of the inevitable necessities of government which those anomalies have met. With no humility, nor fear, nor reverence, like Ham the accursed, they have beckoned, with grinning faces, to a vulgar mob, to come and insult over the nakedness of a parent ; when it had become them, if one spark of filial patriotism had burnt within their breasts, to have marched with silent steps and averted faces to lay their robes upon his destitution !

Secondly — they have made the *king* the prime mover in all this political wickedness: they have made the *king* tell his people that they were deprived of their rights, and, by direct and necessary implication, that



they and their ancestors for a century past had been slaves: they have made the king vilify the memory of his own brother and father. Rights! There are no rights whatever without corresponding duties. Look at the history of the growth of our constitution, and you will see that our ancestors never upon any occasion stated, as a ground for claiming any of their privileges, an abstract right inherent in themselves; you will nowhere in our parliamentary records find the miserable sophism of the Rights of Man. No! they were too wise for that. They took good care to refer their claims to custom and prescription, and boldly — sometimes very impudently — asserted them upon traditional and constitutional grounds. The Bill is bad enough, God knows; but the arguments of its advocates, and the manner of their advocacy, are a thousand times worse than the Bill itself; and you will live to think so.

*December 3. 1831.*

RELIGION.

A RELIGION, that is a true religion, must consist of ideas and facts both; not of ideas alone without facts, for then it would be mere Philosophy; — nor of facts alone without ideas of which those facts are the symbols, or out of which they arise, or upon which they are grounded, for then it would be mere History.

---

*December 17. 1831.*

UNION WITH IRELAND.—IRISH CHURCH.

I AM quite sure that no dangers are to be feared by England from the disannexing and independence of Ireland at all comparable with the evils which have been, and will yet be, caused to England by the Union. We

have never received one particle of advantage from our association with Ireland, whilst we have in many most vital particulars violated the principles of the British constitution solely for the purpose of conciliating the Irish agitators, and of endeavouring — a vain endeavour — to find room for them under the same government. Mr. Pitt has received great credit for effecting the Union; but I believe it will sooner or later be discovered that the manner in which, and the terms upon which, he effected it, made it the most fatal blow that ever was levelled against the peace and prosperity of England. From it came the Catholic Bill. From the Catholic Bill has come this Reform Bill! And what next?

---

The case of the Irish Church is certainly anomalous, and full of practical difficulties. On the one hand, it is the only church which the constitution can admit; on the other, such are the circumstances, it is a church that cannot act as a church towards five-

sixths of the persons nominally and legally within its care.

---

*December* 18. 1831.

A STATE. — PERSONS AND THINGS. —  
HISTORY.

THE difference between an inorganic and an organic body lies in this : — In the first — a sheaf of corn — the whole is nothing more than a collection of the individual parts or phenomena. In the second — a man — the whole is the effect of, or results from, the parts ; it — the whole — is every thing, and the parts are nothing.

A State is an idea intermediate between the two — the whole being a result from, and not a mere total of, the parts, and yet not so merging the constituent parts in the result, but that the individual exists integrally within it. Extremes, especially in politics, meet. In Athens each individual

Athenian was of no value, but taken altogether, as Demus, they were every thing in such a sense that no individual citizen was any thing. In Turkey there is the sign of unity put for unity. The Sultan seems himself the State; but it is an illusion: there is in fact in Turkey no State at all: the whole consists of nothing but a vast collection of neighbourhoods.

---

When the government and the aristocracy of this country had subordinated *persons* to *things*, and treated the one like the other,—the poor, with some reason, and almost in self-defence, learned to set up *rights* above *duties*. The code of a Christian society is, *Debeo, et tu debes*—of Heathens or Barbarians, *Teneo, teneto et tu, si potes*. \*

\* “ And this, again, is evolved out of the yet higher idea of *person* in contradistinction from *thing*, all social law and justice being grounded on the principle, that a person can never, but by his own fault, become a thing, or, without grievous wrong, be treated as such; and the distinction consisting in this, that a thing may be used altogether, and merely as the *means*

If men could learn from history, what lessons it might teach us! But passion and party blind our eyes, and the light which experience gives, is a lantern on the stern, which shines only on the waves behind us!

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to an end; but the person must always be included in the *end*; his interest must always form a part of the object,—a *mean* to which he, by consent, that is, by his own act, makes himself. We plant a tree, and we fell it; we breed the sheep, and we shear, or we kill it,—in both cases wholly as means to *our* ends: for trees and animals are *things*. The woodcutter and the hind are likewise employed as *means*; but on agreement, and that too an agreement of reciprocal advantage, which includes them as well as their employer in the *end*; for they are *persons*. And the government under which the contrary takes place is not worthy to be called a state, if, as in the kingdom of Dahomey, it be unprogressive; or only by anticipation, where, as in Russia, it is in advance to a better and more *man-worthy* order of things.” — *Church and State*, p. 10.

*December 27. 1831.*

BEAUTY. — GENIUS.

THE old definition of beauty in the Roman school of painting was, *il più nell' uno*—multitude in unity; and there is no doubt that such is the principle of beauty. And as one of the most characteristic and infallible criteria of the different ranks of men's intellects, observe the instinctive habit which all superior minds have of endeavouring to bring, and of never resting till they have brought, into unity the scattered facts which occur in conversation, or in the statements of men of business. To attempt to argue any great question upon facts only, is absurd; you cannot state any fact before a mixed audience, which an opponent as clever as yourself cannot with ease twist towards another bearing, or at least meet by a contrary fact, as it is called. I wonder why facts were ever called stubborn things: I am sure they have been found

pliable enough lately in the House of Commons and elsewhere. Facts, you know, are not truths; they are not conclusions; they are not even premisses, but in the nature and parts of premisses. The truth depends on, and is only arrived at, by a legitimate deduction from *all* the facts which are truly material.

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*December 28. 1831.*

CHURCH. — STATE. — DISSENTERS.

EVEN to a church, — the only pure democracy, because in it persons are alone considered, and one person *a priori* is equal to another person, — even to a church, discipline is an essential condition. But a state regards classes, and classes as they represent classified property; and to introduce a system of representation which must inevitably render all discipline impossible, what is it but



madness — the madness of ignorant vanity, and reckless obstinacy?

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I have known, and still know, many dissenters, who profess to have a zeal for Christianity; and I dare say they have. But I have known very few dissenters indeed, whose hatred to the Church of England was not a much more active principle of action with them than their love for Christianity. The Wesleyans, in uncorrupted parts of the country, are nearly the only exceptions. There never was an age since the days of the apostles, in which the catholic spirit of religion was so dead, and put aside for love of sects and parties, as at present.

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*January 1. 1832.*

**GRACEFULNESS OF CHILDREN.— DOGS.**

How inimitably graceful children are in general before they learn to dance !

There seems a sort of sympathy between the more generous dogs and little children. I believe an instance of a little child being attacked by a large dog is very rare indeed.

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*January 28. 1832.*

IDEAL TORY AND WHIG.

THE ideal Tory and the ideal Whig (and some such there have really been), agreed in the necessity and benefit of an exact balance of the three estates: but the Tory was more jealous of the balance being deranged by the people; the Whig, of its being deranged by the Crown. But this was a habit, a jealousy only; they both agreed in the ultimate preservation of the balance; and accordingly they might each, under certain circumstances, without the slightest inconsistency, pass from one side to the other, as the ultimate object required it. This the Tories did at the Revolution, but remained Tories as before.

I have half a mind to write a critical and philosophical essay on Whiggism, from Dryden's Achitophel (Shaftesbury), the first Whig, (for, with Dr. Johnson's leave, the devil is no such cattle) down to —, who, I trust, in God's mercy to the interests of peace, union, and liberty in this nation, will be the last. In it I would take the last years of Queen Anne's reign as the zenith, or palmy state, of Whiggism in its divinest *avatar* of common sense, or of the understanding, vigorously exerted in the right direction on the right and proper objects of the understanding; and would then trace the rise, the occasion, the progress, and the necessary degeneration of the Whig spirit of compromise, even down to the profound ineptitudes of their party in these days. A clever fellow might make something of this hint. How Asgill would have done it!

*February 22. 1832.*

THE CHURCH.

THE church is the last relic of our nationality. Would to God that the bishops and the clergy in general could once fully understand that the Christian church and the national church are as little to be confounded as divided ! I think the fate of the Reform Bill, in itself, of comparatively minor importance ; the fate of the national church occupies my mind with greater intensity.

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*February 24. 1832.*

MINISTERS AND THE REFORM BILL.

I COULD not help smiling, in reading the report of Lord Grey's speech in the House of Lords, the other night, when he asked Lord Wicklow whether he seriously believed that

he, Lord Grey, or any of the ministers, intended to subvert the institutions of the country. Had I been in Lord Wicklow's place, I should have been tempted to answer this question something in the following way:—"Waiving the charge in an offensive sense of personal consciousness against the noble earl, and all but one or two of his colleagues, upon my honour, and in the presence of Almighty God, I answer, Yes! You have destroyed the freedom of parliament; you have done your best to shut the door of the House of Commons to the property, the birth, the rank, the wisdom of the people, and have flung it open to their passions and their follies. You have disfranchised the gentry, and the real patriotism of the nation; you have agitated and exasperated the mob, and thrown the balance of political power into the hands of that class (the shopkeepers) which, in all countries and in all ages, has been, is now, and ever will be, the least patriotic and the least conservative of any. You are now preparing to destroy for ever the

constitutional independence of the House of Lords; you are for ever displacing it from its supremacy as a co-ordinate estate of the realm; and whether you succeed in passing your bill by actually swamping our votes by a batch of new peers, or by frightening a sufficient number of us out of our opinions by the threat of one,—equally you will have superseded the triple assent which the constitution requires to the enactment of a valid law, and have left the king alone with the delegates of the populace!”



*March 3. 1832.*

DISFRANCHISEMENT.

I AM afraid the Conservative party see but one half of the truth. The mere extension of the franchise is not the evil; I should be glad to see it greatly extended;—there is no harm in that *per se*; the mischief is that the franchise is nominally extended, but to such

classes, and in such a manner, that a practical disfranchisement of all above, and a discontenting of all below, a favoured class are the unavoidable results.

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*March 17. 1832.*

GENIUS FEMININE. — PIRATES.

———'s face is almost the only exception I know to the observation, that something feminine—not *effeminate*, mind—is discoverable in the countenances of all men of genius. Look at that face of old Dampier, a rough sailor, but a man of exquisite mind. How soft is the air of his countenance, how delicate the shape of his temples !

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I think it very absurd and misplaced to call Raleigh and Drake, and others of our naval heroes of Elizabeth's age, pirates. No man is a *pirate*, unless his contemporaries agree to call him so. Drake said, —“ The

subjects of the king of Spain have done their best to ruin my country: *ergo*, I will try to ruin the king of Spain's country." Would it not be silly to call the Argonauts pirates in our sense of the word?

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*March 18. 1832.*

ASTROLOGY. — ALCHEMY.

It is curious to mark how instinctively the reason has always pointed out to men the ultimate end of the various sciences, and how immediately afterwards they have set to work, like children, to realize that end by inadequate means. Now they applied to their appetites, now to their passions, now to their fancy, now to the understanding, and lastly, to the intuitive reason again. There is no doubt but that astrology of some sort or other would be the last achievement of astronomy: there must be chemical relations between the planets; the difference of their magnitudes



compared with that of their distances, is not explicable otherwise ; but this, though, as it were, blindly and unconsciously seen, led immediately to fortune-telling and other nonsense. So alchemy is the theoretic end of chemistry : there must be a common law, upon which all can become each and each all ; but then the idea was turned to the coining of gold and silver.

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*March 20. 1832.*

REFORM BILL. — CRISIS.

I HAVE heard but two arguments of any weight adduced in favour of passing this Reform Bill, and they are in substance these : — 1. We will blow your brains out if you don't pass it. 2. We will drag you through a horsepond if you don't pass it ; and there is a good deal of force in both.

Talk to me of your pretended crisis !  
 Stuff ! A vigorous government would in  
 one month change all the data for your  
 reasoning. Would you have me believe that  
 the events of this world are fastened to a  
 revolving cycle with God at one end and the  
 Devil at the other, and that the Devil is now  
 uppermost ! Are you a Christian, and talk  
 about a crisis in that fatalistic sense !

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*March 31. 1832.*

JOHN, CHAP. III. VER. 4. — DICTATION AND  
 INSPIRATION. — GNOSIS. — NEW TESTA-  
 MENT CANON.

I CERTAINLY understand the *τί ἐμοὶ καὶ σο  
 γύναί* ; in the second chapter \* of St. John's  
 Gospel, as having *aliquid increpationis* in it—  
 a mild reproof from Jesus to Mary for interfer-  
 ing in his ministerial acts by requests on her  
 own account. I do not think that *γύναί* was

\* Verse 4.

ever used by child to parent as a common mode of address : between husband and wife it was ; but I cannot think that *μητηρ* and *γυναι* were equivalent terms in the mouth of a son speaking to his mother. No part of the *Christopædia* is found in John or Paul ; and after the baptism there is no recognition of any maternal authority in Mary. See the two passages where she endeavors to get access to him when he is preaching:—“ Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and my mother”\* : and also the recommendation of her to the care of John at the crucifixion.

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There may be dictation without inspiration, and inspiration without dictation ; they have been and continue to be grievously confounded. Balaam and his ass were the passive organs of dictation ; but no one, I suppose, will venture to call either of those worthies inspired. It is my profound conviction that

\* Mark, chap. iii. ver. 35.

St. John and St. Paul were divinely inspired ; but I totally disbelieve the dictation of any one word, sentence, or argument throughout their writings. Observe, there was revelation. All religion is revealed ; — *revealed* religion is, in my judgment, a mere pleonasm. Revelations of facts were undoubtedly made to the prophets ; revelations of doctrines were as undoubtedly made to John and Paul ; — but is it not a mere matter of our very senses that John and Paul each dealt with those revelations, expounded them, insisted on them, just exactly according to his own natural strength of intellect, habit of reasoning, moral, and even physical temperament ? We receive the books ascribed to John and Paul as their books on the judgment of men, for whom no miraculous judgment is pretended, nay, whom, in their admission and rejection of other books, we believe to have erred. Shall we give less credence to John and Paul themselves ? Surely the heart and soul of every Christian give him sufficient assurance that, in all things that concern

him as a *man*, the words that he reads are spirit and truth, and could only proceed from Him who made both heart and soul. — Understand the matter so, and all difficulty vanishes: you read without fear, lest your faith meet with some shock from a passage here and there which you cannot reconcile with immediate dictation, by the Holy Spirit of God, without an absurd violence offered to the text. You read the Bible as the best of all books, but still as a book, and make use of all the means and appliances which learning and skill, under the blessing of God, can afford towards rightly apprehending the general sense of it — not solicitous to find out doctrine in mere epistolary familiarity, or facts in clear *ad hominem et pro tempore* allusions to national traditions.

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Tertullian, I think, says he had seen the autograph copies of some of the apostles' writings. The truth is, the ancient Church was not guided by the mere fact of the genuineness of a writing in pronouncing

it canonical;—its catholicity was the test applied to it. I have not the smallest doubt that the Epistle of Barnabas is genuine; but it is not catholic; it is full of the *γνώσις*, though of the most simple and pleasing sort. I think the same of Hermas. The Church would never admit either into the canon, although the Alexandrians always read the epistle of Barnabas in their churches for three hundred years together. It was upwards of three centuries before the Epistle to the Hebrews was admitted, and this on account of its *γνώσις*; at length, by help of the venerable prefix of St. Paul's name, its admirers, happily for us, succeeded.

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So little did the early bishops and preachers think their Christian faith wrapped up in, and solely to be learned from, the New Testament,—indeed, can it be said that there was any such collection for three hundred years?—that I remember a letter from ——\*

\* I have lost the name which Mr. Coleridge mentioned. — ED.

to a friend of his, a bishop in the East, in which he most evidently speaks of the *Christian* Scriptures as of works of which the bishop knew little or nothing.

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*April 4. 1832.*

UNITARIANISM.

I MAKE the greatest difference between *ans* and *isms*. I should deal insincerely with you, if I said that I thought Unitarianism was Christianity. No; as I believe and have faith in the doctrine, it is not the truth in Jesus Christ; but God forbid that I should doubt that you, and many other Unitarians, as you call yourselves, are, in a practical sense, very good Christians. We do not win Heaven by logic.

By the by, what do you mean by exclusively assuming the title of Unitarians? As if Tri-Unitarians were not necessarily Uni-

tarians, as much (pardon the illustration) as an apple-pie must of course be a pie! The schoolmen would, perhaps, have called you Unicists; but your proper name is Psilanthropists—believers in the mere human nature of Christ.

Upon my word, if I may say so without offence, I really think many forms of Pantheistic Atheism more agreeable to an imaginative mind than Unitarianism as it is professed in terms: in particular, I prefer the Spinosistic scheme infinitely. The early Socinians were, to be sure, most unaccountable logicians; but, when you had swallowed their bad reasoning, you came to a doctrine on which the *heart*, at least, might rest for some support. They adored Jesus Christ. Both Lælius and Faustus Socinus laid down the adorability of Jesus in strong terms. I have nothing, you know, to do with their logic. But Unitarianism is, in effect, the worst of one kind of Atheism, joined to the worst of one kind of Calvinism, like two asses tied tail to tail. It has no covenant with God; and



looks upon prayer as a sort of self-magnetizing — a getting of the body and temper into a certain *status*, desirable *per se*, but having no covenanted reference to the Being to whom the prayer is addressed.

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*April 5. 1832.*

MORAL LAW OF POLARITY.

It is curious to trace the operation of the moral law of polarity in the history of politics, religion, &c. When the maximum of one tendency has been attained, there is no gradual decrease, but a direct transition to its minimum, till the opposite tendency has attained its maximum; and then you see another corresponding revulsion. With the Restoration came in all at once the mechanico-corpuscular philosophy, which, with the increase of manufactures, trade, and arts, made every thing in philosophy, religion, and poetry objective; till, at length, attachment to mere external

worldliness and forms got to its maximum,—when out burst the French revolution; and with it every thing became immediately subjective, without any object at all. The Rights of Man, the Sovereignty of the People, were subject and object both. We are now, I think, on the turning point again. This Reform seems the *ne plus ultra* of that tendency of the public mind which substitutes its own undefined notions or passions for real objects and historical actualities. There is not one of the ministers — except the one or two revolutionists among them — who has ever given us a hint, throughout this long struggle, as to *what* he really does believe will be the product of the bill; what sort of House of Commons it will make for the purpose of governing this empire soberly and safely. No; they have actualized for a moment a wish, a fear, a passion, but not an idea.

*April 7. 1832.*

EPIDEMIC DISEASE. — QUARANTINE.

THERE are two grand divisions under which all contagious diseases may be classed: —  
1. Those which spring from organized living beings, and from the life in them, and which enter, as it were, into the life of those in whom they reproduce themselves — such as small-pox and measles. These become so domesticated with the habit and system, that they are rarely received twice. 2. Those which spring from dead organized, or unorganized matter, and which may be comprehended under the wide term *malaria*.

You may have passed a stagnant pond a hundred times without injury: you happen to pass it again, in low spirits and chilled, precisely at the moment of the explosion of the gas: the malaria strikes on the cutaneous or veno-glandular system, and drives the

blood from the surface; the shivering fit comes on, till the musculo-arterial irritability re-acts, and then the hot fit succeeds; and, unless bark or arsenic — particularly bark, because it is a bitter as well as a tonic — be applied to strengthen the veno-glandular, and to moderate the musculo-arterial, system, a man may have the ague for thirty years together.

But if, instead of being exposed to the solitary malaria of a pond, a man, travelling through the Pontine Marshes, permits his animal energies to flag, and surrenders himself to the drowsiness which generally attacks him, then blast upon blast strikes upon the cutaneous system, and passes through it to the musculo-arterial, and so completely overpowers the latter, that it cannot re-act, and the man dies at once, instead of only catching an ague.

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There are three factors of the operation of an epidemic or atmospheric disease. The

first and principal one is the predisposed state of the body; secondly, the specific *virus* in the atmosphere; and, thirdly, the accidental circumstances of weather, locality, food, occupation, &c. Against the second of these we are powerless: its nature, causes, and sympathies are too subtle for our senses to find data to go upon. Against the first, medicine may act profitably. Against the third, a wise and sagacious medical police ought to be adopted; but, above all, let every man act like a Christian, in all charity, and love, and brotherly kindness, and sincere reliance on God's merciful providence.

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Quarantine cannot keep out an atmospheric disease; but it can, and does always, increase the predisposing causes of its reception.

*April 10. 1832.*

HARMONY.

ALL harmony is founded on a relation to rest — on relative rest. Take a metallic plate, and strew sand on it; sound an harmonic chord over the sand, and the grains will whirl about in circles, and other geometrical figures, all, as it were, depending on some point of sand relatively at rest. Sound a discord, and every grain will whisk about without any order at all, in no figures, and with no points of rest.

The clerisy of a nation, that is, its learned men, whether poets, or philosophers, or scholars, are these points of relative rest. There could be no order, no harmony of the whole, without them.

*April 21. 1832.*

INTELLECTUAL REVOLUTIONS. — MODERN  
STYLE.

THERE have been three silent revolutions in England: — first, when the professions fell off from the church; secondly, when literature fell off from the professions; and, thirdly, when the press fell off from literature.

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Common phrases are, as it were, so stereotyped now by conventional use, that it is really much easier to write on the ordinary politics of the day in the common newspaper style, than it is to make a good pair of shoes. An apprentice has as much to learn now to be a shoemaker as ever he had; but an ignorant coxcomb, with a competent want of honesty, may very effectively wield a pen in a newspaper office, with infinitely less pains and preparation than were necessary formerly.

*April 23. 1832.*

GENIUS OF THE SPANISH AND ITALIANS.  
— VICO. — SPINOSA.

THE genius of the Spanish people is exquisitely subtle, without being at all acute; hence there is so much humour and so little wit in their literature. The genius of the Italians, on the contrary, is acute, profound, and sensual, but not subtle; hence, what they think to be humorous is merely witty.

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To estimate a man like Vico, or any great man who has made discoveries and committed errors, you ought to say to yourself: — “ He did so and so in the year 1690, a Papist, at Naples. Now, what would he not have done if he had lived now, and could have availed himself of all our vast acquisitions in physical science ? ”



After the *Scienza Nuova*, read Spinoza, *De Monarchia ex rationis præscripto*.\* They differed — Vico in thinking that society tended to monarchy; Spinoza in thinking it tended to democracy. Now, Spinoza's ideal democracy was realized by a contemporary — not in a nation, for that is impossible, but in a sect — I mean by George Fox and his Quakers.†

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*April 24. 1832.*

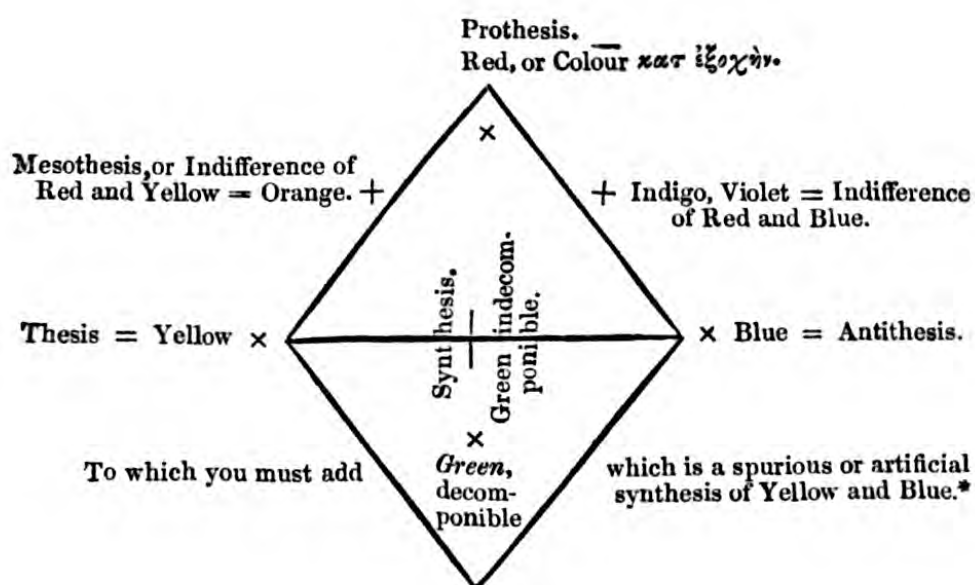
#### COLOURS.

COLOURS may best be expressed by a heptad, the largest possible formula for things finite, as the pentad is the smallest possible form. Indeed, the heptad of things finite is in all cases reducible to the pentad. The adorable tetractys, or tetrad, is the formula of God;

\* *Tractatus Politici*, c. vi.

† Spinoza died in 1677; Fox in 1681. — ED.

which, again, is reducible into, and is, in reality, the same with, the Trinity. Take colours thus : —




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\* I trust this touch of the *polar* logic will not frighten the general reader. The students of Mr. Coleridge's later works are familiar enough with it; and the scheme is as simple as it is beautiful and comprehensive. — ED.

*April 28. 1832.*

DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM. — EPIC  
POEM.

THE destruction of Jerusalem is the only subject now remaining for an epic poem; a subject which, like Milton's Fall of Man, should interest all Christendom, as the Homeric War of Troy interested all Greece. There would be difficulties, as there are in all subjects; and they must be mitigated and thrown into the shade, as Milton has done with the numerous difficulties in the Paradise Lost. But there would be a greater assemblage of grandeur and splendour than can now be found in any other theme. As for the old mythology, *incredulus odi*; and yet there must be a mythology, or a *quasi-mythology*, for an epic poem. Here there would be the completion of the prophecies — the termination of the first revealed national religion

under the violent assault of Paganism, itself the immediate forerunner and condition of the spread of a revealed mundane religion; and then you would have the character of the Roman and the Jew, and the awfulness, the completeness, the justice. I schemed it at twenty-five; but, alas! *venturum expectat*.

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*April 29. 1832.*

VOX POPULI, VOX DEI.—BLACK.

I NEVER said that the *vox populi* was of course the *vox Dei*. It may be; but it may be, and with equal probability, *a priori*, *vox Diaboli*. That the voice of ten millions of men calling for the same thing is a spirit, I believe; but whether that be a spirit of Heaven or Hell, I can only know by trying the thing called for by the prescript of reason and God's will.

Black is the negation of colour in its greatest energy. Without lustre, it indicates or represents vacuity, as, for instance, in the dark mouth of a cavern; add lustre, and it will represent the highest degree of solidity, as in a polished ebony box.

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In finite forms there is no real and absolute identity. God alone is identity. In the former, the prothesis is a bastard prothesis, a quasi identity only.

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*April 30. 1832.*

ASGILL AND DEFOE.

I KNOW no genuine Saxon English superior to Asgill's. I think his and Defoe's irony often finer than Swift's.

*May* 1. 1832.

HORNE TOOKE. — FOX AND PITT.

HORNE TOOKE'S advice to the Friends of the People was profound: — "If you wish to be powerful, pretend to be powerful."

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Fox and Pitt constantly played into each other's hands. Mr. Stewart, of the Courier, a very knowing person, soon found out the gross lies and impostures of that club as to its numbers, and told Fox so. Yet, instead of disclaiming them and exposing the pretence, as he ought to have done, Fox absolutely exaggerated their numbers and sinister intentions; and Pitt, who also knew the lie, took him at his word, and argued against him triumphantly on his own premisses.

Fox's Gallicism, too, was a treasury of weapons to Pitt. He could never conceive

the French right without making the English wrong. Ah! I remember —

— it vex'd my soul to see  
So grand a cause, so proud a realm  
With Goose and Goody at the helm;  
Who long ago had fall'n asunder  
But for their rivals' baser blunder,  
The coward whine and Frenchified  
Slaver and slang of the other side!

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*May 2. 1832.*

HORNER.

I CANNOT say that I thought Mr. Horner a man of genius. He seemed to me to be one of those men who have not very extended minds, but who know what they know very well—shallow streams, and clear because they are shallow. There was great goodness about him.

*May 3. 1832.*

ADIAPHORI. — CITIZENS AND CHRISTIANS.

— is one of those men who go far to shake my faith in a future state of existence; I mean, on account of the difficulty of knowing where to place him. I could not bear to roast him; he is not so bad as all that comes to: but then, on the other hand, to have to sit down with such a fellow in the very lowest pot-house of heaven, is utterly inconsistent with the belief of that place being a place of happiness for me.

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In two points of view I reverence man; first, as a citizen, a part of, or in order to, a nation; and, secondly, as a Christian. If men are neither the one nor the other, but a mere aggregation of individual bipeds, who acknowledge no national unity, nor believe



with me in Christ, I have no more personal sympathy with them than with the dust beneath my feet.

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*May 21. 1832.*

PROFESSOR PARK. — ENGLISH CONSTITUTION. — DEMOCRACY. — MILTON AND SIDNEY.

PROFESSOR PARK talks \* about its being very *doubtful* whether the constitution described by Blackstone ever in fact existed. In the same

\* In his "Dogmas of the Constitution, four Lectures on the Theory and Practice of the Constitution, delivered at the King's College, London," 1832. Lecture I. There was a stiffness, and an occasional uncouthness in Professor Park's style; but his two works, the one just mentioned, and his "Contre-Projet to the Humphreysian Code," are full of original views and vigorous reasonings. To those who wished to see the profession of the law assume a more scientific character than for the most part it has hitherto done in England, the early death of John James Park was a very great loss. — ED.

manner, I suppose, it is doubtful whether the moon is made of green cheese, or whether the souls of Welchmen do, in point of fact, go to heaven on the backs of mites. Blackstone's was the age of shallow law. Monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, as *such*, exclude each the other: but if the elements are to interpenetrate, how absurd to call a lump of sugar, hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon! nay, to take three lumps, and call the first, hydrogen; the second, oxygen; and the third, carbon! Don't you see that each is in all, and all in each?

The democracy of England, before the Reform Bill, was, where it ought to be, in the corporations, the vestries, the joint-stock companies, &c. The power, in a democracy, is in focal points, without a centre; and, in proportion as such democratical power is strong, the strength of the central government ought to be intense — otherwise the nation will fall to pieces.

We have just now incalculably increased the democratical action of the people, and, at

the same time, weakened the executive power of the government.

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It was the error of Milton, Sidney, and others of that age, to think it possible to construct a purely aristocratical government, defecated of all passion, and ignorance, and sordid motive. The truth is, such a government would be weak from its utter want of sympathy with the people to be governed by it.

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*May 25. 1832.*

DE VI MINIMORUM. — HAHNEMANN. —  
LUTHER.

MERCURY strongly illustrates the theory *de vi minimorum*. Divide five grains into fifty doses, and they may poison you irretrievably. I don't believe in all that Hahnemann says; but he is a fine fellow, and, like most

Germans, is not altogether wrong, and like them also, is never altogether right.

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Six volumes of translated selections from Luther's works, two being from his Letters, would be a delightful work. The translator should be a man deeply imbued with his Bible, with the English writers from Henry the Seventh to Edward the Sixth, the Scotch Divines of the 16th century, and with the old racy German. \*

Hugo de Saint Victor †, Luther's favourite

\* Mr. Coleridge was fond of pressing this proposed publication: — "I can scarcely conceive," he says in the *Friend*, "a more delightful volume than might be made from Luther's letters, especially those that were written from the Warteburg, if they were translated in the simple, sinewy, idiomatic, *hearty* mother tongue of the original. A difficult task I admit, and scarcely possible for any man, however great his talents in other respects, whose favourite reading has not lain among the English writers from Edward the Sixth to Charles the First." Vol. i. p. 235. n. — ED.

† This celebrated man was a Fleming, and a member of the Augustinian society of St. Victor. He died at

divine, was a wonderful man, who, in the 12th century, the jubilant age of papal dominion, nursed the lamp of Platonic mysticism in the spirit of the most refined Christianity.

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*June 9. 1832.*

SYMPATHY OF OLD GREEK AND LATIN  
WITH ENGLISH.—ROMAN MIND.—WAR.

IF you take Sophocles, Catullus, Lucretius, the better parts of Cicero, and so on, you may, with just two or three exceptions arising out of the different idioms as to cases, translate page after page into good mother English, word by word, without altering the order; but you cannot do so with Virgil

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Paris in 1142, aged forty-four. His age considered, it is sufficient praise for him that Protestants and Romanists both claim him for their own on the subject of transubstantiation.—ED.

or Tibullus: if you attempt it, you will make nonsense.

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There is a remarkable power of the picturesque in the fragments we have of Ennius, Actius, and other very old Roman writers. This vivid manner was lost in the Augustan age.

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Much as the Romans owed to Greece in the beginning, whilst their mind was, as it were, tuning itself to an after-effort of its own music, it suffered more in proportion by the influence of Greek literature subsequently, when it was already mature and ought to have worked for itself. It then became a superfetation upon, and not an ingredient in, the national character. With the exception of the stern pragmatic historian and the moral satirist, it left nothing original to the Latin Muse.\*

\* Perhaps it left letter-writing also. Even if the Platonic epistles are taken as genuine, which Mr.

A nation, to be great, ought to be compressed in its increment by nations more civilized than itself—as Greece by Persia; and Rome by Etruria, the Italian states, and Carthage. I remember Commodore Decatur saying to me at Malta, that he deplored the occupation of Louisiana by the United States, and wished that province had been possessed by England. He thought that if the United States got hold of Canada by conquest or cession, the last chance of his country becoming a great compact nation would be lost.

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War in republican Rome was the offspring of its intense aristocracy of spirit, and stood to the state in lieu of trade. As long as there was any thing *ab extra* to conquer, the state advanced: when nothing remained but

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Coleridge, to my surprise, was inclined to believe, they can hardly interfere, I think, with the uniqueness of the truly incomparable collections from the correspondence of Cicero and Pliny. — ED.

what was Roman, then, as a matter of course, civil war began.

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*June 10. 1832.*

CHARM FOR CRAMP.

WHEN I was a little boy at the Blue-coat School, there was a charm for one's foot when asleep; and I believe it had been in the school since its foundation, in the time of Edward the Sixth. The march of intellect has probably now exploded it. It ran thus:—

Foot! foot! foot! is fast asleep!  
Thumb! thumb! thumb! in spittle we steep:  
Crosses three we make to ease us,  
Two for the thieves, and one for Christ Jesus!

And the same charm served for a cramp in the leg, with the following substitution:—

The devil is tying a knot in my leg!  
Mark, Luke, and John, unloose it I beg!—  
Crosses three, &c.



And really, upon getting out of bed, where the cramp most frequently occurred, pressing the sole of the foot on the cold floor, and then repeating this charm with the acts configurative thereupon prescribed, I can safely affirm that I do not remember an instance in which the cramp did not go away in a few seconds.

I should not wonder if it were equally good for a stitch in the side ; but I cannot say I ever tried it for *that*.

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*July 7. 1832.*

GREEK. — DUAL, NEUTER PLURAL, AND  
VERB SINGULAR. — THETA.

It is hardly possible to conceive a language more perfect than the Greek. If you compare it with the modern European tongues, in the points of the position and relative bearing of the vowels and consonants on each other, and of the variety of terminations, it is incalculably before all in the former par-

ticulars, and only equalled in the last by German. But it is in variety of termination alone that the German surpasses the other modern languages as to sound; for, as to position, Nature seems to have dropped an acid into the language, when a-forming, which curdled the vowels, and made all the consonants flow together. The Spanish is excellent for variety of termination; the Italian, in this particular, the most deficient. Italian prose is excessively monotonous.

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It is very natural to have a dual, duality being a conception quite distinct from plurality. Most very primitive languages have a dual, as the Greek, Welsh, and the native Chilese, as you will see in the Abbé Raynal.

The neuter plural governing, as they call it, a verb singular is one of the many instances in Greek of the inward and metaphysic grammar resisting successfully the tyranny of formal grammar. In truth, there

may be *Multeity* in things; but there can only be *Plurality* in persons.

Observe also that, in fact, a neuter noun in Greek has no real nominative case, though it has a formal one, that is to say, the same word with the accusative. The reason is — a *thing* has no subjectivity, or nominative case: it exists only as an object in the accusative or oblique case.

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It is extraordinary that the Germans should not have retained or assumed the two beautifully discriminated sounds of the soft and hard theta; as in, *thy thoughts* — *the thin ether that*, &c. How particularly fine the hard theta is in an English termination, as in that grand word — Death — for which the Germans gutturize a sound that puts you in mind of nothing but a loathsome toad.

*July 8. 1832.*

TALENTED.

I REGRET to see that vile and barbarous vocable *talented*, stealing out of the newspapers into the leading reviews and most respectable publications of the day. Why not *shillinged, farthinged, tenpenced, &c.*? The formation of a participle passive from a noun is a licence that nothing but a very peculiar felicity can excuse. If mere convenience is to justify such attempts upon the idiom, you cannot stop till the language becomes, in the proper sense of the word, corrupt. Most of these pieces of slang come from America.\*

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Never take an iambus as a Christian name.  
A trochee, or tribrach, will do very well.

\* They do; and I dare say, since Mr. Washington Irving's "Tour on the Prairies," — the best English, upon the whole, he has yet written, — we shall have "*eventuate*" in next year's Annuals, &c. — ED.

Edith and Rotha \* are my favourite names for women.

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*July 9. 1832.*

HOMER. — VALCKNAER.

I HAVE the firmest conviction that *Homer* is a mere traditional synonyme with, or figure for, the *Iliad*. You cannot conceive for a moment any thing about the poet, as you call him, apart from that poem. Difference in men there was in degree, but not in kind; one man was, perhaps, a better poet than another; but he was a poet upon the same ground and with the same feelings as the rest.

The want of adverbs in the *Iliad* is very characteristic. With more adverbs there

\* Rotha is a beautiful name indeed, and now finding its way southward from the lovely stream from which it was taken. — ED.

would have been some subjectivity, or subjectivity would have made them.

The Greeks were then just on the verge of the bursting forth of individuality.

Valckenaer's treatise on the interpolation of the Classics by the later Jews and early Christians is well worth your perusal as a scholar and critic.\*

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*July* 13. 1832.

PRINCIPLES AND FACTS. — SCHMIDT.

I HAVE read all the famous histories, and, I believe, some history of every country and nation that is, or ever existed; but I never did so for the story itself as a story. The only thing interesting to me was the princi-

\* I confess I do not know which of the numerous works of this splendid scholar Mr. Coleridge meant. There is not, to my recollection, any treatise of Valckenaer's bearing such a title in terms, although there are one or two which might comprehend the subject. I believe to this day many of Valckenaer's compositions remain unpublished. — ED.

ples to be evolved from, and illustrated by, the facts.\* After I had gotten my princi-

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\* “ The true origin of human events is so little susceptible of that kind of evidence which can *compel* our belief; so many are the disturbing forces which, in every cycle or ellipse of changes, modify the motion given by the first projection; and every age has, or imagines it has, its own circumstances, which render past experience no longer applicable to the present case; that there will never be wanting answers, and explanations, and specious flatteries of hope, to persuade and perplex its government, that the history of the past is inapplicable to *their* case. And no wonder, if we read history for the facts, instead of reading it for the sake of the general principles, which are to the facts as the root and sap of a tree to its leaves: and no wonder if history so read should find a dangerous rival in novels; nay, if the latter should be preferred to the former, on the score even of probability. I well remember that, when the examples of former Jacobins, as Julius Cæsar, Cromwell, and the like, were adduced in France and England, at the commencement of the French consulate, it was ridiculed as pedantry and pedants’ ignorance to fear a repetition of usurpation and military despotism at the close of the *enlightened eighteenth century!* Even so, in the very dawn of the late tempestuous day, when the revolutions of Corcyra, the proscriptions of the reformers Marius, Cæsar, &c., and the direful effects of the levelling tenets in the peasants’ war in Germany (differenced from the tenets of the first French constitution only by the mode of

ples, I pretty generally left the facts to take care of themselves. I never could remember any passages in books, or the particulars of events, except in the gross. I can refer to them. To be sure, I must be a different sort of man from Herder, who once was seriously annoyed with himself, because, in recounting the pedigree of some German royal or electoral family, he missed some one of those worthies and could not recall the name.

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Schmidt\* was a Romanist; but I have generally found him candid, as indeed almost

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wording them, the figures of speech being borrowed in the one instance from theology, and in the other from modern metaphysics), were urged on the convention and its vindicators; the magi of the day, the true citizens of the world, the *plusquam perfecti* of patriotism, gave us set proofs that similar results were impossible, and that it was an insult to so philosophical an age, to so enlightened a nation, to dare direct the public eye towards them as to lights of warning." — *Statesman's Manual*, p. 14.

\* Michael Ignatius Schmidt, the author of the *History of the Germans*. He died in the latter end of the last century. — ED.



all the Austrians are. They are what is called *good Catholics*, but, like our Charles the Second, they never let their religious bigotry interfere with their political well-doing. Kaiser is a most pious son of the church, yet he always keeps his papa in good order.

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*July 20. 1832.*

PURITANS AND JACOBINS.

It was God's mercy to our age that our Jacobins were infidels and a scandal to all sober Christians. Had they been like the old Puritans, they would have trodden church and king to the dust — at least for a time.

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For one mercy I owe thanks beyond all utterance, — that with all my gastric and bowel distempers,—my head hath ever been like the head of a mountain in blue air and sunshine.

*July 21. 1832.*

WORDSWORTH.

I HAVE often wished that the first two books of the Excursion had been published separately, under the name of “The Deserted Cottage.” They would have formed, what indeed they are, one of the most beautiful poems in the language.

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Can dialogues in verse be defended? I cannot but think that a great philosophical poet ought always to teach the reader himself as from himself. A poem does not admit argumentation, though it does admit development of thought. In prose there may be a difference; though I must confess that, even in Plato and Cicero, I am always vexed that the authors do not say what they have to say at once in their own persons. The introductions and little urbanities are, to be

sure, very delightful in their way; I would not lose them: but I have no admiration for the practice of ventriloquizing through another man's mouth.

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I cannot help regretting that Wordsworth did not first publish his thirteen books on the growth of an individual mind — superior, as I used to think, upon the whole, to the *Excursion*. You may judge how I felt about them by my own poem upon the occasion.\* Then the plan laid out, and, I believe, partly suggested by me, was, that Wordsworth should assume the station of a man in mental repose, one whose principles were made up, and so prepared to deliver upon authority a system of philosophy. He was

\* *Poetical Works*, vol. i. p. 206. It is not too much to say of this beautiful poem, and yet it is difficult to say more, that it is at once worthy of the poet, his subject, and his object: —

“ An Orphic song indeed,  
A song divine of high and passionate thoughts,  
To their own music chanted.” — ED.

to treat man as man, — a subject of eye, ear, touch, and taste, in contact with external nature, and informing the senses from the mind, and not compounding a mind out of the senses; then he was to describe the pastoral and other states of society, assuming something of the Juvenalian spirit as he approached the high civilization of cities and towns, and opening a melancholy picture of the present state of degeneracy and vice; thence he was to infer and reveal the proof of, and necessity for, the whole state of man and society being subject to, and illustrative of, a redemptive process in operation, showing how this idea reconciled all the anomalies, and promised future glory and restoration. Something of this sort was, I think, agreed on. It is, in substance, what I have been all my life doing in my system of philosophy.

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I think Wordsworth possessed more of the genius of a great philosophic poet than any man I ever knew, or, as I believe, has existed in England since Milton; but it seems

to me that he ought never to have abandoned the contemplative position which is peculiarly — perhaps I might say exclusively — fitted for him. His proper title is *Spectator ab extra*.

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*July 23. 1832.*

FRENCH REVOLUTION.

No man was more enthusiastic than I was for France and the Revolution : it had all my wishes, none of my expectations. Before 1793, I clearly saw and often enough stated in public, the horrid delusion, the vile mockery, of the whole affair.\* When some one said

\* “ Forgive me, Freedom ! O forgive those dreams !  
 I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,  
 From bleak Helvetia’s icy cavern sent —  
 I hear thy groans upon her blood-stain’d streams !  
 Heroes, that for your peaceful country perish’d,  
 And ye that, fleeing, spot your mountain-snows  
 With bleeding wounds ; forgive me, that I cherish’d  
 One thought that ever bless’d your cruel foes !  
 To scatter rage and traitorous guilt,  
 Where Peace her jealous home had built ;

in my brother James's presence\*, that I was a Jacobin, he very well observed, — “ No !

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A patriot race to disinherit  
 Of all that made their stormy wilds so dear ;  
 And with inexpiable spirit  
 To taint the bloodless freedom of the mountaineer —  
 O France, that mockest Heaven, adult'rous, blind,  
 And patriot only in pernicious toils,  
 Are these thy boasts, champion of human-kind ?  
 To mix with kings in the low lust of sway,  
 Yell in the hunt, and share the murderous prey —  
 To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils  
 From freemen torn — to tempt and to betray ? —

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,  
 Slaves by their own compulsion ! In mad game  
 They burst their manacles, and wear the name  
 Of freedom, graven on a heavier chain !  
 O Liberty ! with profitless endeavour  
 Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour ;  
 But thou nor swell'st the victor's train, nor ever  
 Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.

Alike

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\* A soldier of the old cavalier stamp, to whom the King was the symbol of the majesty, as the Church was of the life, of the nation, and who would most assuredly have taken arms for one or the other against all the houses of commons or committees of public safety in the world. — ED.

Samuel is no Jacobin; he is a hot-headed Moravian!" Indeed, I was in the extreme opposite pole.

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*July 24. 1832.*

INFANT SCHOOLS.

I HAVE no faith in act of parliament reform. All the great — the permanently great — things that have been achieved in the world have been so achieved by individuals, working from the instinct of genius or of goodness. The rage now-a-days is all the other way: the individual is supposed capable of nothing; there must be organization,

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Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee,  
 (Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays thee,)  
 Alike from priestcraft's harpy minions,  
 And factious blasphemy's obscener slaves,  
*Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,  
 The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of the  
 waves!"*

France, an Ode. Poetical Works, vol. i. p. 130.—ED.

classification, machinery, &c. as if the capital of national morality could be increased by making a joint stock of it. Hence you see these infant schools so patronized by the bishops and others, who think them a grand invention. Is it found that an infant-school child, who has been bawling all day a column of the multiplication table, or a verse from the Bible, grows up a more dutiful son or daughter to its parents? Are domestic charities on the increase amongst families under this system? In a great town, in our present state of society, perhaps such schools may be a justifiable expedient — a choice of the lesser evil; but as for driving these establishments into the country villages, and breaking up the cottage home education, I think it one of the most miserable mistakes which the well-intentioned people of the day have yet made; and they have made, and are making, a good many, God knows.



*July 25. 1832.*

MR. COLERIDGE'S PHILOSOPHY. — SUB-  
LIMITY. — SOLOMON. — MADNESS. — C.  
LAMB.

THE pith of my system is to make the senses  
out of the mind — not the mind out of the  
senses, as Locke did.

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Could you ever discover any thing sublime,  
in our sense of the term, in the classic Greek  
literature? I never could. Sublimity is He-  
brew by birth.

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I should conjecture that the Proverbs and  
Ecclesiastes were written, or, perhaps, rather  
collected, about the time of Nehemiah. The  
language is Hebrew with Chaldaic endings.  
It is totally unlike the language of Moses on  
the one hand, and of Isaiah on the other.

Solomon introduced the commercial spirit into his kingdom. I cannot think his idolatry could have been much more, in regard to himself, than a state protection or toleration of the foreign worship.

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When a man mistakes his thoughts for persons and things, he is mad. A madman is properly so defined.

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Charles Lamb translated my motto *Sermoni propria* by — *properer for a sermon!*

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*July 28. 1832.*

FAITH AND BELIEF.

THE sublime and abstruse doctrines of Christian belief belong to the church; but the faith of the individual, centred in his heart, is or may be collateral to them.\* Faith

\* Mr. Coleridge used very frequently to insist upon the distinction between belief and faith. He once told me, with very great earnestness, that if he were that

is subjective. I throw myself in adoration before God; acknowledge myself his creature, —simple, weak, lost; and pray for help and pardon through Jesus Christ: but when I rise from my knees, I discuss the doctrine of the Trinity as I would a problem in geometry; in the same temper of mind, I mean, not by the same process of reasoning, of course.

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moment convinced — a conviction, the possibility of which, indeed, he could not realize to himself — that the New Testament was a forgery from beginning to end — wide as the desolation in his moral feelings would be, he should not abate one jot of his faith in God's power and mercy through some manifestation of his being towards man, either in time past or future, or in the hidden depths where time and space are not. This was, I believe, no more than a vivid expression of what he always maintained, that no man had attained to a full faith who did not *recognize* in the Scriptures a correspondency to his own nature, or see that his own powers of reason, will, and understanding were preconfigured to the reception of the Christian doctrines and promises. — ED.

*August 4. 1832.*

DOBRIZHOFFER.\*

I HARDLY know any thing more amusing  
than the honest German Jesuitry of Dobriz-

\* “ He was a man of rarest qualities,  
Who to this barbarous region had confined  
A spirit with the learned and the wise  
Worthy to take its place, and from mankind  
Receive their homage, to the immortal mind  
Paid in its just inheritance of fame.  
But he to humbler thoughts his heart inclined :  
From Gratz amid the Styrian hills he came,  
And Dobrizhoffer was the good man’s honour’d  
name.

“ It was his evil fortune to behold  
The labours of his painful life destroy’d ;  
His flock which he had brought within the fold  
Dispersed ; the work of ages render’d void,  
And all of good that Paraguay enjoy’d  
By blind and suicidal power o’erthrown.  
So he the years of his old age employ’d,  
A faithful chronicler, in handing down  
Names which he loved, and things well worthy to  
be known.

hoffer. His chapter on the dialects is most valuable. He is surprised that there is no form for the infinitive, but that they say,—

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“ And thus when exiled from the dear-loved scene,  
In proud Vienna he beguiled the pain  
Of sad remembrance : and the empress-queen,  
That great Teresa, she did not disdain  
In gracious mood sometimes to entertain  
Discourse with him both pleasurable and sage ;  
And sure a willing ear she well might deign  
To one whose tales may equally engage  
The wondering mind of youth, the thoughtful heart of  
age.

“ But of his native speech, because well-nigh  
Disuse in him forgetfulness had wrought,  
In Latin he composed his history ;  
A garrulous, but a lively tale, and fraught  
With matter of delight and food for thought.  
And if he could in Merlin’s glass have seen  
By whom his tomes to speak our tongue were taught,  
The old man would have felt as pleased, I ween,  
As when he won the ear of that great empress-queen.

“ Little he deem’d, when with his Indian band  
He through the wilds set forth upon his way,  
A poet then unborn, and in a land  
Which had proscribed his order, should one day

I wish, (go, or eat, or drink, &c.) interposing a letter by way of copula, — forgetting his own German and the English, which are, in truth, the same. My dear daughter's translation of this book \* is, in my judgment, unsurpassed for pure mother English by any thing I have read for a long time.

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*August 6. 1832.*

SCOTCH AND ENGLISH. — CRITERION OF  
GENIUS. — DRYDEN AND POPE.

I HAVE generally found a Scotchman with a little literature very disagreeable. He is a

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Take up from thence his moralizing lay,  
And, shape a song that, with no fiction drest,  
Should to his worth its grateful tribute pay,  
And sinking deep in many an English breast,  
Foster that faith divine that keeps the heart at rest."

*Southey's Tale of Paraguay, Canto III. st. 16.*

\* "An Account of the Abipones, an Equestrian People of Paraguay. From the Latin of Martin Dobrizhoffer, eighteen Years a Missionary in that Country."  
— Vol. ii. p. 176.

superficial German or a dull Frenchman. The Scotch will attribute merit to people of any nation rather than the English; the English have a morbid habit of petting and praising foreigners of any sort, to the unjust disparagement of their own worthies.

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You will find this a good gage or criterion of genius,—whether it progresses and evolves, or only spins upon itself. Take Dryden's *Achitophel* and *Zimri*, — Shaftesbury and Buckingham; every line adds to or modifies the character, which is, as it were, a-building up to the very last verse; whereas, in Pope's *Timon*, &c. the first two or three couplets contain all the pith of the character, and the twenty or thirty lines that follow are so much evidence or proof of overt acts of jealousy, or pride, or whatever it may be that is satirized. In like manner compare Charles Lamb's exquisite criticisms on Shakspeare with Hazlitt's round and round imitations of them.

*August 7. 1832.*

MILTON'S DISREGARD OF PAINTING.

IT is very remarkable that in no part of his writings does Milton take any notice of the great painters of Italy, nor, indeed, of painting as an art; whilst every other page breathes his love and taste for music. Yet it is curious that, in one passage in the *Paradise Lost*, Milton has certainly copied the *fresco* of the Creation in the Sistine Chapel at Rome. I mean those lines, —

———“ now half appear'd  
The tawny lion, pawing to get free  
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,  
And rampant shakes his brinded mane;—” &c.\*

an image which the necessities of the painter justified, but which was wholly unworthy, in my judgment, of the enlarged powers of the

\* *Par. Lost*, book vii. ver. 463.



poet. Adam bending over the sleeping Eve, in the *Paradise Lost* \*, and Dalilah approaching Samson, in the *Agonistes* †, are the only two proper pictures I remember in Milton.

\* ——— “ so much the more  
 His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve  
 With tresses discomposed, and glowing cheek,  
 As through unquiet rest : he on his side  
 Leaning, half raised, with looks of cordial love  
 Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
 Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,  
 Shot forth peculiar graces ; then, with voice  
 Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,  
 Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus : Awake,  
 My fairest,” &c.

Book v. ver. 8.

† “ But who is this, what thing of sea or land ?  
 Female of sex it seems,  
 That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,  
 Comes this way sailing  
 Like a stately ship  
 Of Tarsus, bound for the isles  
 Of Javan or Gadire,  
 With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,  
 Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,  
 Courted by all the winds that hold them play.  
 An amber-scent of odorous perfume  
 Her harbinger, a damsel train behind !”

*August 9. 1832.*

BAPTISMAL SERVICE.—JEWS' DIVISION OF  
THE SCRIPTURE. — SANSKRIT.

I THINK the baptismal service almost perfect. What seems erroneous assumption in it to me, is harmless. None of the services of the church affect me so much as this. I never could attend a christening without tears bursting forth at the sight of the helpless innocent in a pious clergyman's arms.

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The Jews recognized three degrees of sanctity in their Scriptures: — first, the writings of Moses, who had the *αὐτοψία*; secondly, the Prophets; and, thirdly, the Good Books. Philo, amusingly enough, places his works somewhere between the second and third degrees.

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The claims of the Sanskrit for priority to the Hebrew as a language are ridiculous.

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*August 11. 1832.*

HESIOD. — VIRGIL. — GENIUS METAPHYSICAL. — DON QUIXOTE.

I LIKE reading Hesiod, meaning the Works and Days. If every verse is not poetry, it is, at least, good sense, which is a great deal to say.

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There is nothing real in the Georgics, except, to be sure, the verse.\* Mere didactics of practice, unless seasoned with the personal interests of the time or author, are inexpressibly dull to me. Such didactic poetry as

\* I used to fancy Mr. Coleridge *paulo iniquior Virgilio*, and told him so: to which he replied, that, like all Eton men, I swore *per Maronem*. This was far enough from being the case; but I acknowledge that Mr. C.'s apparent indifference to the tenderness and dignity of Virgil excited my surprise. — ED.

that of the Works and Days followed naturally upon legislation and the first ordering of municipalities.

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All genius is metaphysical; because the ultimate end of genius is ideal, however it may be actualized by incidental and accidental circumstances.

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Don Quixote is not a man out of his senses, but a man in whom the imagination and the pure reason are so powerful as to make him disregard the evidence of sense when it opposed their conclusions. Sancho is the common sense of the social man-animal, unenlightened and unsanctified by the reason. You see how he reverences his master at the very time he is cheating him.

*August 12. 1832.*

MALTHUSIANISM.

Is it not lamentable — is it not even marvellous — that the monstrous practical sophism of Malthus should now have gotten complete possession of the leading men of the kingdom! Such an essential lie in morals — such a practical lie in fact as it is too! I solemnly declare that I do not believe that all the heresies and sects and factions which the ignorance and the weakness and the wickedness of man have ever given birth to, were altogether so disgraceful to man as a Christian, a philosopher, a statesman, or citizen, as this abominable tenet. It should be exposed by reasoning in the form of ridicule. Asgill or Swift would have done much; but, like the Popish doctrines, it is so vicious a tenet, so flattering to the cruelty, the avarice, and sordid selfishness of most men, that I hardly know what to think of the result.

*August 14. 1832.*

STEINMETZ. — KEATS.

POOR dear Steinmetz is gone, — his state of sure blessedness accelerated; or, it may be, he is buried in Christ, and there in that mysterious depth grows on to the spirit of a just man made perfect! Could I for a moment doubt this, the grass would become black beneath my feet, and this earthly frame a charnel-house. I never knew any man so illustrate the difference between the feminine and the effeminate.

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A loose, slack, not well-dressed youth met Mr. ——— and myself in a lane near Highgate. ——— knew him, and spoke. It was Keats. He was introduced to me, and staid a minute or so. After he had left us a little way, he came back, and said: “Let me carry away the memory, Coleridge, of having

pressed your hand!" — "There is death in that hand," I said to ——, when Keats was gone; yet this was, I believe, before the consumption showed itself distinctly.

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*August 16. 1832.*

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL. — BOWYER.

THE discipline at Christ's Hospital in my time was ultra-Spartan; — all domestic ties were to be put aside. "Boy!" I remember Bowyer saying to me once when I was crying the first day of my return after the holidays, "Boy! the school is your father! Boy! the school is your mother! Boy! the school is your brother! the school is your sister! the school is your first cousin, and your second cousin, and all the rest of your relations! Let's have no more crying!"

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No tongue can express good Mrs. Bowyer. Val. Le Grice and I were once going to be

flogged for some domestic misdeed, and Bowyer was thundering away at us by way of prologue, when Mrs. B. looked in, and said, "Flog them soundly, sir, I beg!" This saved us. Bowyer was so nettled at the interruption that he growled out, "Away, woman! away!" and we were let off.

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*August 18. 1832.*

ST. PAUL'S MELITA.

THE belief that Malta is the island on which St. Paul was wrecked is so rooted in the common Maltese, and is cherished with such a superstitious nationality, that the Government would run the chance of exciting a tumult, if it, or its representatives, unwarily ridiculed it. The supposition itself is quite absurd. Not to argue the matter at length, consider these few conclusive facts:— The narrative speaks of the "barbarous



people," and "barbarians," \* of the island. Now, our Malta was at that time fully peopled and highly civilized, as we may surely infer from Cicero and other writers.†

\* Acts xxviii. 2. and 4.

† Upwards of a century before the reign of Nero, Cicero speaks at considerable length of our Malta in one of the Verrine orations. See Act. ii. lib. iv. c. 46. "Insula est Melita, judices," &c. There was a town, and Verres had established in it a manufactory of the fine cloth or cotton stuffs, the *Melitensis vestis*, for which the island is uniformly celebrated:—

"Fertilis est Melite sterili vicina Cocyræ  
Insula, quam Libyci verberat unda freti."

Ovid. Fast. iii. 567.

And Silius Italicus has —

———"telaque *superba*  
*Lanigera Melite.*"

Punic. xiv. 251.

Yet it may have been cotton after all — the present product of Malta. Cicero describes an *ancient* temple of Juno situated on a promontory near the town, so famous and revered, that, even in the time of Masinissa, at least 150 years B. C., that prince had religiously restored some relics which his admiral had taken from it. The plunder of this very temple is an article of accusation against Verres; and a deputation of Maltese (*legati Melitenses*) came to Rome to establish the charge. These are all the facts, I think, which can

A viper comes out from the sticks upon the fire being lighted: the men are not surprised at the appearance of the snake, but imagine first a murderer, and then a god from the harmless attack. Now in our

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be gathered from Cicero; because I consider his expression of *nudatæ urbes*, in the working up of this article, a piece of rhetoric. Strabo merely marks the position of Melita, and says that the lap-dogs called *κυνίδια Μελιταῖα* were sent from this island, though other writers attribute them to the other Melite in the Adriatic. (lib. vi.) Diodorus, however, a Sicilian himself by birth, gives the following remarkable testimony as to the state of the island in his time, which, it will be remembered, was considerably before the date of St. Paul's shipwreck. "There are three islands to the south of Sicily, each of which has a city or town (*πόλιν*), and harbours fitted for the safe reception of ships. The first of these is Melite, distant about 800 stadia from Syracuse, and possessing several harbours of surpassing excellence. Its inhabitants are rich and luxurious (*τοὺς κατοικοῦντας ταῖς οὐσίαις εὐδαίμονας*). There are artizans of every kind (*παντοδαποὺς ταῖς ἐργασίαις*); the best are those who weave cloth of a singular fineness and softness. The houses are worthy of admiration for their superb adornment with eaves and brilliant whitewashing (*οἰκίας ἀξιολόγους καὶ κατεσκευασμένας φιλοτίμως γείσσοις καὶ κονιάμασι περιττότερον*)." — Lib. v. c. 12. Mela (ii. c. 7.) and Pliny (iii. 14.) simply mark the position.— ED.

Malta there are, I may say, no snakes at all; which, to be sure, the Maltese attribute to St. Paul's having cursed them away. Melita in the Adriatic was a perfectly barbarous island as to its native population, and was, and is now, infested with serpents. Besides, the context shows that the scene is in the Adriatic.

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The Maltese seem to have preserved a fondness and taste for architecture from the time of the knights — naturally enough occasioned by the incomparable materials at hand.\*

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*August 19. 1832.*

ENGLISH AND GERMAN. — BEST STATE OF SOCIETY.

IT may be doubted whether a composite language like the English is not a happier

\* The passage which I have cited from Diodorus shows that the origin was much earlier. — ED.

instrument of expression than a homogeneous one like the German. We possess a wonderful richness and variety of modified meanings in our Saxon and Latin quasi-synonymes, which the Germans have not. For “the pomp and *prodigality* of Heaven,” the Germans must have said “*the spendthriftness.*” \* Shakspeare is particularly happy in his use of the Latin synonymes, and in distinguishing between them and the Saxon.

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That is the most excellent state of society in which the patriotism of the citizen ennobles, but does not merge, the individual energy of the man.

\* Verschwendung, I suppose.—ED.

*September 1. 1832.*

GREAT MINDS ANDROGYNOUS. — PHILOSOPHER'S ORDINARY LANGUAGE.

IN chemistry and nosology, by extending the degree to a certain point, the constituent proportion may be destroyed, and a new kind produced.

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I have known *strong* minds with imposing, undoubting, Cobbett-like manners, but I have never met a *great* mind of this sort. And of the former, they are at least as often wrong as right. The truth is, a great mind must be androgynous. Great minds — Swedenborg's for instance—are never wrong but in consequence of being in the right, but imperfectly.

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A philosopher's ordinary language and admissions, in general conversation or writings *ad populum*, are as his watch com-

pared with his astronomical timepiece. He sets the former by the town-clock, not because he believes it right, but because his neighbours and his cook go by it.

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*January 2. 1833.*

JURIES. — BARRISTERS' AND PHYSICIANS' FEES. — QUACKS. — CÆSAREAN OPERATION. — INHERITED DISEASE.

I CERTAINLY think that juries would be more conscientious, if they were allowed a larger discretion. But, after all, juries cannot be better than the mass out of which they are taken. And if juries are not honest and single-minded, they are the worst, because the least responsible, instruments of judicial or popular tyranny.

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I should be sorry to see the honorary character of the fees of barristers and physicians done away with. Though it seems a shadowy distinction, I believe it to be beneficial in

effect. It contributes to preserve the idea of a profession, of a class which belongs to the public, — in the employment and remuneration of which no law interferes, but the citizen acts as he likes *in foro conscientiae*.

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There undoubtedly ought to be a declaratory act withdrawing expressly from the St. John Longs and other quacks the protection which the law is inclined to throw around the mistakes or miscarriages of the regularly educated practitioner.

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I think there are only two things wanting to justify a surgeon in performing the Cæsarean operation : first, that he should possess infallible knowledge of his art ; and, secondly, that he should be infallibly certain that he is infallible.

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Can any thing be more dreadful than the thought that an innocent child has inherited from you a disease or a weakness, the penalty in yourself of sin or want of caution ?

In the treatment of nervous cases, he is the best physician, who is the most ingenious inspirer of hope.

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*January 3. 1833.*

MASON'S POETRY.

I CANNOT bring myself to think much of Mason's poetry. I may be wrong; but all those passages in the *Caractacus*, which we learn to admire at school, now seem to me one continued *falsetto*.

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*January 4. 1833.*

NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN STATES OF  
THE AMERICAN UNION.—ALL AND THE  
WHOLE.

NATURALLY one would have thought that there would have been greater sympathy between the northern and north-western states of the American Union and England,



than between England and the Southern states. There is ten times as much English blood and spirit in New England as in Virginia, the Carolinas, &c. Nevertheless, such has been the force of the interests of commerce, that now, and for some years past, the people of the North hate England with increasing bitterness, whilst, amongst those of the South, who are Jacobins, the British connection has become popular. Can there ever be any thorough national fusion of the Northern and Southern states? I think not. In fact, the Union will be shaken almost to dislocation whenever a very serious question between the states arises. The American Union has no *centre*, and it is impossible now to make one. The more they extend their borders into the Indians' land, the weaker will the national cohesion be. But I look upon the states as splendid masses to be used, by and by, in the composition of two or three great governments.

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There is a great and important difference, both in politics and metaphysics, between

*all and the whole.* The first can never be ascertained as a standing quantity; the second, if comprehended by insight into its parts, remains for ever known. Mr. Huskisson, I thought, satisfactorily refuted the shipowners; and yet the shipping interest, who must know where the shoe pinches, complain to this day.

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*January 7. 1833.*

NINTH ARTICLE.—SIN AND SINS.—OLD DIVINES.—PREACHING EXTEMPORE.

“VERY far gone,” is *quam longissime* in the Latin of the ninth article,—as far gone as possible, that is, as was possible for *man* to go; as far as was compatible with his having any redeemable qualities left in him. To talk of man’s being *utterly* lost to good, is absurd; for then he would be a devil at once.

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One mistake perpetually made by one of our unhappy parties in religion,—and with a per-

nicious tendency to Antinomianism, — is to confound *sin* with *sins*. To tell a modest girl, the watchful nurse of an aged parent, that she is full of *sins* against God, is monstrous, and as shocking to reason as it is unwarrantable by Scripture. But to tell her that she, and all men and women, are of a sinful nature, and that, without Christ's redeeming love and God's grace, she cannot be emancipated from its dominion, is true and proper.\*

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No article of faith can be truly and duly preached without necessarily and simultaneously infusing a deep sense of the indispensableness of a holy life.

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How pregnant with instruction, and with knowledge of all sorts, are the sermons of our

\* In a marginal scrap Mr. C. wrote: — "What are the essential doctrines of our religion, if not sin and original sin, as the necessitating occasion, and the redemption of sinners by the Incarnate Word as the substance of the Christian dispensation? And can these be intelligently believed without knowledge and steadfast meditation? By the unlearned, they may be worthily received, but not by the unthinking and self-ignorant, Christian." — ED.

old divines ! in this respect, as in so many others, how different from the major part of modern discourses !

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Every attempt, in a sermon, to cause emotion, except as the consequence of an impression made on the reason, or the understanding, or the will, I hold to be fanatical and sectarian.

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No doubt preaching, in the proper sense of the word, is more effective than reading ; and, therefore, I would not prohibit it, but leave a liberty to the clergyman who feels himself able to accomplish it. But, as things now are, I am quite sure I prefer going to church to a pastor who reads his discourse : for I never yet heard more than one preacher without book, who did not forget his argument in three minutes' time ; and fall into vague and unprofitable declamation, and, generally, very coarse declamation too. These preachers never progress ; they eddy round and round. Sterility of mind follows their ministry.

*January 20. 1833.*

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

WHEN the Church at the Reformation ceased to be extra-national, it unhappily became royal instead; its proper bearing is intermediate between the crown and the people, with an inclination to the latter.

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The present prospects of the Church weigh heavily on my soul. Oh! that the words of a statesman-like philosophy could win their way through the ignorant zealotry and sordid vulgarity of the leaders of the day!

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*February 5. 1833.*

UNION WITH IRELAND.

IF any modification of the Union takes place, I trust it will be a total divorce a

*vinculo matrimonii.* I am sure we have lived a cat and dog life of it. Let us have no silly saving of one crown and two legislatures; that would be preserving all the mischiefs without any of the goods, if there are any, of the union.

I am deliberately of opinion, that England, in all its institutions, has received injury from its union with Ireland. My only difficulty is as to the Protestants, to whom we owe protection. But I cannot forget that the Protestants themselves have greatly aided in accelerating the present horrible state of things, by using that as a remedy and a reward which should have been to them an opportunity.\*

\* " Whatever may be thought of the settlement that followed the battle of the Boyne and the extinction of the war in Ireland, yet when this had been made and submitted to, it would have been the far wiser policy, I doubt not, to have provided for the safety of the constitution by improving the quality of the elective franchise, leaving the eligibility open, or like the former, limited only by considerations of property. Still, however, the scheme of exclusion and disqualification had

If the Protestant Church in Ireland is removed, of course the Romish Church must be

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its plausible side. The ink was scarcely dry on the parchment-rolls and proscription-lists of the Popish parliament. The crimes of the man were generalized into attributes of his faith; and the Irish catholics collectively were held accomplices in the perfidy and baseness of the king. Alas! his immediate adherents had afforded too great colour to the charge. The Irish massacre was in the mouth of every Protestant, not as an event to be remembered, but as a thing of recent expectation, fear still blending with the sense of deliverance. At no time, therefore, could the disqualifying system have been enforced with so little reclamation of the conquered party, or with so little outrage on the general feeling of the country. There was no time, when it was so capable of being indirectly useful as a *sedative* in order to the application of the remedies directly indicated, or as a counter-power reducing to inactivity whatever disturbing forces might have interfered with their operation. And had this use been made of these exclusive laws, and had they been enforced as the precursors and negative conditions,—but, above all, as *bonâ fide* accompaniments, of a process of *emancipation*, properly and worthily so named, the code would at this day have been remembered in Ireland only as when, recalling a dangerous fever of our boyhood, we think of the nauseous drugs and drenching-horn, and congratulate ourselves that our doctors now-

established in its place. There can be no resisting it in common reason.

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How miserably imbecile and objectless has the English government of Ireland been for forty years past! Oh! for a great man — but one really great man, — who could feel the weight and the power of a principle, and unflinchingly put it into act! But truly there is no vision in the land, and the people accordingly perisheth. See how triumphant in debate and in action O'Connell is! Why? Because he asserts a broad principle, and acts up to it, rests all his body on it, and has faith in it. Our ministers — true Whigs in that, — have faith in nothing but expedients *de die in diem*. Indeed, what principles of government can *they* have, who in the space of a month recanted a life of political opinions,

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a-days know how to manage these things less coarsely. But this angry code was neglected as an opportunity, and mistaken for a *substitute*: et hinc illæ lacrymæ!" — *Church and State*, p. 195.



and now dare to threaten this and that innovation at the huzza of a mob, or in pique at a parliamentary defeat?

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I sometimes think it just possible that the Dissenters may once more be animated by a wiser and nobler spirit, and see their dearest interest in the church of England as the bulwark and glory of Protestantism, as they did at the Revolution. But I doubt their being able to resist the low factious malignity to the church, which has characterized them as a body for so many years.

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*February* 16. 1833.

FAUST.—MICHAEL SCOTT, GOETHE,  
SCHILLER, AND WORDSWORTH.

BEFORE I had ever seen any part of Goethe's Faust\*, though, of course, when I was fami-

\* "The poem was first published in 1790, and forms the commencement of the seventh volume of *Goethe's*

liar enough with Marlowe's, I conceived and drew up the plan of a work, a drama, which

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*Schriften, Wien und Leipzig, bey J. Stahel and G. J. Gosschen, 1790.* This edition is now before me. The poem is entitled, *Faust, ein Fragment* (not *Doktor Faust, ein Trauerspiel*, as Döring says), and contains no prologue or dedication of any sort. It commences with the scene in Faust's study, *antè*, p. 17., and is continued, as now, down to the passage ending, *antè*, p. 26. line 5. In the original, the line —

“ Und froh ist, wenn er Regenwürmer findet ”

ends the scene.

The next scene is one between Faust and Mephistopheles, and begins thus: —

“ Und was der ganzen Menschheit zugetheilt ist, ”

i. e. with the passage (*antè*, p. 70.) beginning, “ I will enjoy, in my own heart's core, all that is parcelled out among mankind, ” &c. All that intervenes, in later editions, is wanting. It is thenceforth continued, as now, to the end of the cathedral scene (*antè*, p. 170.), except that the whole scene, in which Valentine is killed, is wanting. Thus Margaret's prayer to the Virgin and the cathedral scene come together, and form the conclusion of the work. According to Döring's Verzeichniss, there was no new edition of Faust until 1807. According to Dr. Sieglitz, the first part of Faust first appeared, in its present shape, in the collected edition of Goethe's works, which was published in 1808.” — *Hayward's Translation of Faust*, second edition, note, p. 215.

was to be, to my mind, what the Faust was to Goethe's. My Faust was old Michael Scott; a much better and more likely original than Faust. He appeared in the midst of his college of devoted disciples, enthusiastic, ebullient, shedding around him bright surmises of discoveries fully perfected in after-times, and inculcating the study of nature and its secrets as the pathway to the acquisition of power. He did not love knowledge for itself — for its own exceeding great reward — but in order to be powerful. This poison-speck infected his mind from the beginning. The priests suspect him, circumvent him, accuse him; he is condemned, and thrown into solitary confinement: this constituted the *prologus* of the drama. A pause of four or five years takes place, at the end of which Michael escapes from prison, a soured, gloomy, miserable man. He will not, cannot study; of what avail had all his study been to him? His knowledge, great as it was, had failed to preserve him from the cruel fangs of the persecutors; he could not command the light-

ning or the storm to wreak their furies upon the heads of those whom he hated and contemned, and yet feared. Away with learning ! away with study ! to the winds with all pretences to knowledge ! We *know* nothing ; we are fools, wretches, mere beasts. Anon I began to tempt him. I made him dream, gave him wine, and passed the most exquisite of women before him, but out of his reach. Is there, then, no knowledge by which these pleasures can be commanded ? *That way* lay witchcraft, and accordingly to witchcraft Michael turns with all his soul. He has many failures and some successes ; he learns the chemistry of exciting drugs and exploding powders, and some of the properties of transmitted and reflected light : his appetites and his curiosity are both stimulated, and his old craving for power and mental domination over others revives. At last Michael tries to raise the Devil, and the Devil comes at his call. My Devil was to be, like Goethe's, the universal humorist, who should make all things vain and nothing worth, by a per-

petual collation of the great with the little in the presence of the infinite. I had many a trick for him to play, some better, I think, than any in the Faust. In the meantime, Michael is miserable; he has power, but no peace, and he every day more keenly feels the tyranny of hell surrounding him. In vain he seems to himself to assert the most absolute empire over the Devil, by imposing the most extravagant tasks; one thing is as easy as another to the Devil. "What next, Michael?" is repeated every day with more imperious servility. Michael groans in spirit; his power is a curse: he commands women and wine; but the women seem fictitious and devilish, and the wine does not make him drunk. He now begins to hate the Devil, and tries to cheat him. He studies again, and explores the darkest depths of sorcery for a receipt to cozen hell; but all in vain. Sometimes the Devil's finger turns over the page for him, and points out an experiment, and Michael hears a whisper — "Try *that*, Michael!" The horror increases; and Mi-

chael feels that he is a slave and a condemned criminal. Lost to hope, he throws himself into every sensual excess, — in the mid career of which he sees Agatha, my Margaret, and immediately endeavours to seduce her. Agatha loves him; and the Devil facilitates their meetings; but she resists Michael's attempts to ruin her, and implores him not to act so as to forfeit her esteem. Long struggles of passion ensue, in the result of which his affections are called forth against his appetites, and, love-born, the idea of a redemption of the lost will dawn upon his mind. This is instantaneously perceived by the Devil; and for the first time the humorist becomes severe and menacing. A fearful succession of conflicts between Michael and the Devil takes place, in which Agatha helps and suffers. In the end, after subjecting him to every imaginable horror and agony, I made him triumphant, and poured peace into his soul in the conviction of a salvation for sinners through God's grace.

The intended theme of the Faust is the consequences of a misology, or hatred and depreciation of knowledge caused by an originally intense thirst for knowledge baffled. But a love of knowledge for itself, and for pure ends, would never produce such a misology, but only a love of it for base and unworthy purposes. There is neither causation nor progression in the Faust; he is a ready-made conjuror from the very beginning; the *incredulus odi* is felt from the first line. The sensuality and the thirst after knowledge are unconnected with each other. Mephistopheles and Margaret are excellent; but Faust himself is dull and meaningless. The scene in Auerbach's cellars is one of the best, perhaps the very best; that on the Brocken is also fine; and all the songs are beautiful. But there is no whole in the poem; the scenes are mere magic-lantern pictures, and a large part of the work is to me very flat. The German is very pure and fine.

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The young men in Germany and England

who admire Lord Byron, prefer Goethe to Schiller; but you may depend upon it, Goethe does not, nor ever will, command the common mind of the people of Germany as Schiller does. Schiller had two legitimate phases in his intellectual character:— the first as author of the *Robbers*— a piece which must not be considered with reference to Shakspeare, but as a work of the mere material sublime, and in that line it is undoubtedly very powerful indeed. It is quite genuine, and deeply imbued with Schiller's own soul. After this he outgrew the composition of such plays as the *Robbers*, and at once took his true and only rightful stand in the grand historical drama— the *Wallenstein*;— not the intense drama of passion, — he was not master of that — but the diffused drama of history, in which alone he had ample scope for his varied powers. The *Wallenstein* is the greatest of his works: it is not unlike Shakspeare's historical plays — a species by itself. You may take up any scene, and it will please you by itself; just



as you may in *Don Quixote*, which you read *through* once or twice only, but which you read *in* repeatedly. After this point it was, that Goethe and other writers injured by their theories the steadiness and originality of Schiller's mind; and in every one of his works after the *Wallenstein* you may perceive the fluctuations of his taste and principles of composition. He got a notion of re-introducing the characterlessness of the Greek tragedy with a chorus, as in the *Bride of Messina*, and he was for infusing more lyric verse into it. Schiller sometimes affected to despise the *Robbers* and the other works of his first youth; whereas he ought to have spoken of them as of works not in a right line, but full of excellence in their way. In his ballads and lighter lyrics Goethe is most excellent. It is impossible to praise him too highly in this respect. I like the *Wilhelm Meister* the best of his prose works. But neither Schiller's nor Goethe's prose style approaches to Lessing's, whose writings, for *manner*, are absolutely perfect.

Although Wordsworth and Goethe are not much alike to be sure, upon the whole; yet they both have this peculiarity of utter non-sympathy with the subjects of their poetry. They are always, both of them, spectators *ab extra*, — feeling *for*, but never *with*, their characters. Schiller is a thousand times more *heartly* than Goethe.

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I was once pressed — many years ago — to translate the Faust; and I so far entertained the proposal as to read the work through with great attention, and to revive in my mind my own former plan of Michael Scott. But then I considered with myself whether the time taken up in executing the translation might not more worthily be devoted to the composition of a work which, even if parallel in some points to the Faust, should be truly original in motive and execution, and therefore more interesting and valuable than any version which I could make; — and, secondly, I debated with myself whether it became my moral character to render into English —

and so far, certainly, lend my countenance to language — much of which I thought vulgar, licentious, and blasphemous. I need not tell you that I never put pen to paper as a translator of Faust.

I have read a good deal of Mr. Hayward's version, and I think it done in a very manly style; but I do not admit the argument for prose translations. I would in general rather see verse attempted in so capable a language as ours. The French can't help themselves, of course, with such a language as theirs.

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*February 17. 1833.*

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. — BEN  
JONSON. — MASSINGER.

IN the romantic drama Beaumont and Fletcher are almost supreme. Their plays are in general most truly delightful. I could

read the Beggar's Bush from morning to night. How sylvan and sunshiny it is! The Little French Lawyer is excellent. Lawrit is conceived and executed from first to last in genuine comic humour. Monsieur Thomas is also capital. I have no doubt whatever that the first act and the first scene of the second act of the Two Noble Kinsmen are Shakspeare's. Beaumont and Fletcher's plots are, to be sure, wholly inartificial; they only care to pitch a character into a position to make him or her talk; you must swallow all their gross improbabilities, and, taking it all for granted, attend only to the dialogue. How lamentable it is that no gentleman and scholar can be found to edit these beautiful plays! \* Did the name of criticism ever descend so low as in the hands of those two

\* I believe Mr. Dyce could edit Beaumont and Fletcher as well as any man of the present or last generation; but the truth is, the limited sale of the late editions of Ben Jonson, Shirley, &c., has damped the spirit of enterprise amongst the respectable publishers. Still I marvel that some cheap reprint of B. and F. is not undertaken.— ED.

fools and knaves, Seward and Simpson? There are whole scenes in their edition which I could with certainty put back into their original verse and more that could be replaced in their native prose. Was there ever such an absolute disregard of literary fame as that displayed by Shakspeare, and Beaumont and Fletcher? \*

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In Ben Jonson you have an intense and burning art. Some of his plots, that of the Alchemist, for example, are perfect. Ben

\* “The men of the greatest genius, as far as we can judge from their own works, or from the accounts of their contemporaries, appear to have been of calm and tranquil temper, in all that related to themselves. In the inward assurance of permanent fame, they seem to have been either indifferent or resigned, with regard to immediate reputation.”

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

“Shakspeare’s evenness and sweetness of temper were almost proverbial in his own age. That this did not arise from ignorance of his own comparative greatness, we have abundant proof in his sonnets, which could scarcely have been known to Mr. Pope, when he asserted, that our great bard ‘grew immortal in his own despite.’” — *Biog. Lit.* vol. i. p. 32.

Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher would, if united, have made a great dramatist indeed, and yet not have come near Shakspeare; but no doubt Ben Jonson was the greatest man after Shakspeare in that age of dramatic genius.

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The styles of Massinger's plays and the *Samson Agonistes* are the two extremes of the arc within which the diction of dramatic poetry may oscillate. Shakspeare in his great plays is the midpoint. In the *Samson Agonistes*, colloquial language is left at the greatest distance, yet something of it is preserved, to render the dialogue probable: in Massinger the style is differenced, but differenced in the smallest degree possible, from animated conversation by the vein of poetry.

There's such a divinity doth hedge our Shakspeare round, that we cannot even imitate his style. I tried to imitate his manner in the *Remorse*, and, when I had done, I found I had been tracking Beaumont and

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Fletcher, and Massinger instead. It is really very curious. At first sight, Shakspeare and his contemporary dramatists seem to write in styles much alike: nothing so easy as to fall into that of Massinger and the others; whilst no one has ever yet produced one scene conceived and expressed in the Shakspearian idiom. I suppose it is because Shakspeare is universal, and, in fact, has no *manner*; just as you can so much more readily copy a picture than Nature herself.

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*February 20. 1833.*

HOUSE OF COMMONS APPOINTING THE  
OFFICERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY.

I was just now reading Sir John Cam Hobhouse's answer to Mr. Hume, or some other of that set, upon the point of transferring the patronage of the army and navy from the Crown to the House of Commons. I think, if I had been in the House of Commons, I

would have said, “ that, ten or fifteen years ago, I should have considered Sir J. C. H.’s speech quite unanswerable, — it being clear constitutional law that the House of Commons has not, nor ought to have, any share, directly or indirectly, in the appointment of the officers of the army or navy. But now that the King had been reduced, by the means and procurement of the Honourable Baronet and his friends, to a puppet, which, so far from having any independent will of its own, could not resist a measure which it hated and condemned, it became a matter of grave consideration whether it was not necessary to vest the appointment of such officers in a body like the House of Commons, rather than in a junta of ministers, who were obliged to make common cause with the mob and democratic press for the sake of keeping their places.”



*March 9. 1833.*

PENAL CODE IN IRELAND.—CHURCHMEN.

THE penal code in Ireland, in the beginning of the last century, was justifiable, as a temporary mean of enabling government to take breath and look about them; and if right measures had been systematically pursued in a right spirit, there can be no doubt that all, or the greater part, of Ireland would have become Protestant. Protestantism under the Charter Schools was greatly on the increase in the early part of that century, and the complaints of the Romish priests to that effect are on record. But, unfortunately, the drenching-horn was itself substituted for the medicine.

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There seems to me, at present, to be a curse upon the English church, and upon the governors of all institutions connected with the orderly advancement of national

piety and knowledge; it is the curse of prudence, as they miscall it — in fact, of fear.

Clergymen are now almost afraid to explain in their pulpits the grounds of their being Protestants. They are completely cowed by the vulgar harrassings of the press and of our Hectoring sciolists in Parliament. There should be no *party* politics in the pulpit to be sure; but every church in England ought to resound with national politics, — I mean the sacred character of the national church, and an exposure of the base robbery from the nation itself — for so indeed it is\* — about to be committed by these ministers, in order to have a sop to

\* “ That the maxims of a pure morality, and those sublime truths of the divine unity and attributes, which a Plato found it hard to learn, and more difficult to reveal; that these should have become the almost hereditary property of childhood and poverty, of the hovel and the workshop; that even to the unlettered they sound as *common-place*; this is a phenomenon which must withhold all but minds of the most vulgar cast from undervaluing the services even of the pulpit and the reading-desk. Yet he who should confine the efficiency of an established church to these, can hardly be placed in a much higher rank of intellect. That to every parish throughout the kingdom there is trans-

throw to the Irish agitators, who will, of course, only cut the deeper, and come the oftener. You cannot buy off a barbarous invader.

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planted a germ of civilization; that in the remotest villages there is a nucleus, round which the capabilities of the place may crystallize and brighten; a model sufficiently superior to excite, yet sufficiently near to encourage and facilitate imitation; *this* unobtrusive, continuous agency of a Protestant church establishment, *this* it is, which the patriot and the philanthropist, who would fain unite the love of peace with the faith in the progressive amelioration of mankind, cannot estimate at too high a price. 'It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. No mention shall be made of coral or of pearls; for the price of wisdom is above rubies.' —The clergyman is with his parishioners and among them; he is neither in the cloistered cell, nor in the wilderness, but a neighbour and family man, whose education and rank admit him to the mansion of the rich landholder, while his duties make him the frequent visiter of the farm-house and the cottage. He is, or he may become, connected with the families of his parish or its vicinity by marriage. And among the instances of the blindness, or at best of the shortsightedness, which it is the nature of cupidity to inflict, I know few more striking than the clamours of the farmers against church property. Whatever was not paid to the clergyman would inevitably at the next lease be paid to the landholder; while, as the case at

March 12. 1833.

CORONATION OATHS.

LORD GREY has, in Parliament, said two things: first, that the Coronation Oaths only bind the king in his executive capacity; and, secondly, that members of the House of Commons are bound to represent by their votes the wishes and opinions of their constituents, and not their own. Put these two

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present stands, the revenues of the church are in some sort the reversionary property of every family that may have a member educated for the church, or a daughter that may marry a clergyman. Instead of being *foreclosed* and immovable, it is, in fact, the only species of landed property that is essentially moving and circulative. That there exist no inconveniences who will pretend to assert?—But I have yet to expect the proof, that the inconveniences are greater in this than in any other species; or that either the farmers or the clergy would be benefited by forcing the latter to become either *Trullibers* or salaried *placemen*.” — *Church and State*, p. 90.

together, and tell me what useful part of the constitutional monarchy of England remains. It is clear that the Coronation Oaths would be no better than Highgate oaths. For in his executive capacity the king *cannot* do any thing, against the doing of which the oaths bind him; it is *only* in his legislative character that he possesses a free agency capable of being bound. The nation meant to bind *that*.

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*March* 14. 1833.

DIVINITY. — PROFESSIONS AND TRADES.

DIVINITY is essentially the first of the professions, because it is necessary for all at all times; law and physic are only necessary for some at some times. I speak of them, of course, not in their abstract existence, but in their applicability to man.

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Every true science bears necessarily within

itself the germ of a cognate profession, and the more you can elevate trades into professions the better.

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*March 17. 1833.*

MODERN POLITICAL ECONOMY.

WHAT solemn humbug this modern political economy is ! What is there true of the little that is true in their dogmatic books which is not a simple deduction from the moral and religious credenda and agenda of any good man, and with which we were not all previously acquainted, and upon which every man of common sense instinctively acted ? I know none. But what they truly state, they do not truly understand in its ultimate grounds and causes ; and hence they have sometimes done more mischief by their half-ignorant and half-sophistical reasonings about, and deductions from, well-founded positions, than they could have done by the

promulgation of positive error. This particularly applies to their famous ratios of increase between man and the means of his subsistence. Political economy, at the highest, can never be a pure science. You may demonstrate that certain properties inhere in the arch, which yet no bridge-builder *can* ever reduce into brick and mortar; but an abstract conclusion in a matter of political economy, the premisses of which neither exist now, nor ever will exist within the range of the wildest imagination, is not a truth, but a chimera — a practical falsehood. For there are no theorems in political economy — but problems only. Certain things being actually so and so; the question is, *how to do* so and so with them. Political *philosophy*, indeed, points to ulterior ends, but even those ends are all practical; and if you desert the conditions of reality, or of common probability, you may show forth your eloquence or your fancy, but the utmost you can produce will be a Utopia or Oceana.

You talk about making this article cheaper by reducing its price in the market from 8*d.* to 6*d.* But suppose, in so doing, you have rendered your country weaker against a foreign foe; suppose you have demoralized thousands of your fellow-countrymen, and have sown discontent between one class of society and another, your article is tolerably dear, I take it, after all. Is not its real price enhanced to every Christian and patriot a hundred-fold?

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*All* is an endless fleeting abstraction; *the whole* is a reality.

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*March* 31. 1833.

NATIONAL DEBT.—PROPERTY TAX.—  
DUTY OF LANDHOLDERS.

WHAT evil results to this country, taken at large, from the National Debt? I never could get a plain and practical answer to that question. As to taxation to pay the interest,



how can the country suffer by a process, under which the money is never one minute out of the pockets of the people? You may just as well say that a man is weakened by the circulation of his blood. There may, certainly, be particular local evils and grievances resulting from the mode of taxation or collection; but how can that debt be in any proper sense a burthen to the nation, which the nation owes to itself, and to no one but itself? It is a juggle to talk of the nation owing the capital or the interest to the stockholders; it owes to itself only. Suppose the interest to be owing to the Emperor of Russia, and then you would feel the difference of a debt in the proper sense. It is really and truly nothing more in effect than so much money, or money's worth, raised annually by the state for the purpose of quickening industry.\*

\* See the splendid essay in the *Friend* (vol. ii. p.47.) on the vulgar errors respecting taxes and taxation.

“ A great statesman, lately deceased, in one of his anti-ministerial harangues against some proposed im-

I should like to see a well graduated property tax, accompanied by a large loan.

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post, said, 'The nation has been already bled in every vein, and is faint with loss of blood.' This blood, however, was circulating in the mean time through the whole body of the state, and what was received into one chamber of the heart was instantly sent out again at the other portal. Had he wanted a metaphor to convey the possible injuries of taxation, he might have found one less opposite to the fact, in the known disease of aneurism, or relaxation of the coats of particular vessels, by a disproportionate accumulation of blood in them, which sometimes occurs when the circulation has been suddenly and violently changed, and causes helplessness, or even mortal stagnation, though the total quantity of blood remains the same in the system at large.

But a fuller and fairer symbol of taxation, both in its possible good and evil effects, is to be found in the evaporation of waters from the surface of the earth. The sun may draw up the moisture from the river, the morass, and the ocean, to be given back in genial showers to the garden, to the pasture, and the corn-field; but it may, likewise, force away the moisture from the fields of tillage, to drop it on the stagnant pool, the saturated swamp, or the unprofitable sand-waste. The gardens in the south of Europe supply perhaps, a not less apt illustration of a system of finance judiciously conducted, where the tanks or re-

One common objection to a property tax is, that it tends to diminish the accumulation of capital. In my judgment, one of the chief sources of the bad economy of the country now is the enormous aggregation of capitals.

When shall we return to a sound conception of the right to property — namely, as being official, implying and demanding the performance of commensurate duties ! Nothing but the most horrible perversion of humanity and moral justice, under the specious name of political economy, could have blinded men to this truth as to the possession

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servoirs would represent the capital of a nation, and the hundred rills, hourly varying their channels and directions under the gardener's spade, give a pleasing image of the dispersion of that capital through the whole population by the joint effect of taxation and trade. For taxation itself is a part of commerce, and the government may be fairly considered as a great manufacturing house, carrying on, in different places, by means of its partners and overseers, the trades of the shipbuilder, the clothier, the iron-founder," &c. &c. — ED.

of land,—the law of God having connected indissolubly the cultivation of every rood of earth with the maintenance and watchful labour of man. But money, stock, riches by credit, transferable and convertible at will, are under no such obligations; and, unhappily, it is from the selfish autocratic possession of *such* property, that our landholders have learnt their present theory of trading with that which was never meant to be an object of commerce.

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*April 5. 1833.*

MASSINGER. — SHAKSPEARE. — HIERONIMO.

To please me, a poem must be either music or sense; if it is neither, I confess I cannot interest myself in it.

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The first act of the Virgin Martyr is as fine an act as I remember in any play. The

Very Woman is, I think, one of the most perfect plays we have. There is some good fun in the first scene between Don John, or Antonio, and Cuculo, his master\*; and can any thing exceed the skill and sweetness of the scene between him and his mistress, in which he relates his story?† The Bondman is also

\* Act III. sc. 2.

† Act IV. sc. 3. : —

“ANT. Not far from where my father lives, a lady,  
A neighbour by, bless'd with as great a beauty  
As nature durst bestow without undoing,  
Dwelt, and most happily, as I thought then,  
And bless'd the home a thousand times she dwelt in.  
This beauty, in the blossom of my youth,  
When my first fire knew no adulterate incense,  
Nor I no way to flatter, but my fondness;  
In all the bravery my friends could show me,  
In all the faith my innocence could give me,  
In the best language my true tongue could tell me,  
And all the broken sighs my sick heart lent me,  
I sued and served : long did I love this lady,  
Long was my travail, long my trade to win her ;  
With all the duty of my soul, I served her.

ALM. How feelingly he speaks ! (*Aside.*) And she  
loved you too ?

It must be so.

ANT. I would it had, dear lady ;  
This story had been needless, and this place,  
I think, unknown to me.

a delightful play. Massinger is always entertaining; his plays have the interest of novels.

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ALM. Were your bloods equal ?

ANT. Yes, and I thought our hearts too.

ALM. Then she must love.

ANT. She did — but never me ; she could not love me,

She would not love, she hated ; more, she scorn'd me,  
And in so poor and base a way abused me,  
For all my services, for all my bounties,  
So bold neglects flung on me.

ALM. An ill woman !  
Be like you found some rival in your love, then ?

ANT. How perfectly she points me to my story !  
(*Aside.*)

Madam, I did ; and one whose pride and anger,  
Ill manners, and worse mien, she doted on,  
Doted to my undoing, and my ruin.  
And, but for honour to your sacred beauty,  
And reverence to the noble sex, though she fall,  
As she must fall that durst be so un noble,  
I should say something unbeseeming me.  
What out of love, and worthy love, I gave her,  
Shame to her most unworthy mind ! to fools,  
To girls, and fiddlers, to her boys she flung,  
And in disdain of me.

ALM. Pray you take me with you.  
Of what complexion was she ?

ANT. But that I dare not

But, like most of his contemporaries, except Shakspeare, Massinger often deals in exaggerated passion. Malefort senior, in the *Unnatural Combat*, however he may have had the moral will to be so wicked, could never have actually done all that he is represented as guilty of, without losing his senses. He would have been in fact mad. Regan and Goneril are the only pictures of the unnatural in Shakspeare; the pure unnatural — and you will observe that Shakspeare has left their hideousness unsoftened or diversified by a single line of goodness or common human frailty. Whereas in Ed-

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Commit so great a sacrilege 'gainst virtue,  
 She look'd not much unlike — though far, far short,  
 Something, I see, appears — your pardon, madam —  
 Her eyes would smile so, but her eyes could cozen;  
 And so she would look sad; but yours is pity,  
 A noble chorus to my wretched story;  
 Hers was disdain and cruelty.

ALM. Pray heaven,  
 Mine be no worse! he has told me a strange story.  
 (*Aside.*)" &c. — ED.

mund, for whom passion, the sense of shame as a bastard, and ambition, offer some plausible excuses, Shakspeare has placed many redeeming traits. Edmund is what, under certain circumstances, any man of powerful intellect might be, if some other qualities and feelings were cut off. Hamlet is, inclusively, an Edmund, but different from him as a whole, on account of the controlling agency of other principles which Edmund had not.

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Remark the use which Shakspeare always makes of his bold villains as vehicles for expressing opinions and conjectures of a nature too hazardous for a wise man to put forth directly as his own, or from any sustained character.

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The parts pointed out in Hieronimo as Ben Jonson's bear no traces of his style; but they are very like Shakspeare's; and it is very remarkable that every one of them re-appears in full form and developement,



and tempered with mature judgment, in some one or other of Shakspeare's great pieces.\*

\* By Hieronimo Mr. Coleridge meant The Spanish Tragedy, and not the previous play, which is usually called The First Part of Jeronimo. The Spanish Tragedy is, upon the authority of Heywood, attributed to Kyd. It is supposed that Ben Jonson originally performed the part of Hieronimo, and hence it has been surmised that certain passages and whole scenes connected with that character, and not found in some of the editions of the play, are, in fact, Ben Jonson's own writing. Some of these supposed interpolations are amongst the best things in the Spanish Tragedy; the style is singularly unlike Jonson's, whilst there are turns and particular images which do certainly seem to have been imitated by or from Shakspeare. Mr. Lamb at one time gave them to Webster. Take this passage, in the fourth act:—

“ HIERON. What make you with your torches in the dark ?

PEDRO. You bid us light them, and attend you here.

HIERON. No! you are deceived; not I; you are deceived.

Was I so mad to bid light torches now ?

Light me your torches at the mid of noon,

Whenas the sun-god rides in all his glory;

Light me your torches then.

PEDRO. Then we burn daylight.

HIERON. *Let it be burnt; Night is a murd'rous slut,  
That would not have her treasons to be seen;*

*April 7. 1833.*

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST. — GIFFORD'S MAS-  
SINGER. — SHAKSPEARE. — THE OLD  
DRAMATISTS.

I THINK I could point out to a half line what  
is really Shakspeare's in Love's Labour Lost,

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*And yonder pale-faced Hecate there, the moon,  
Doth give consent to that is done in darkness ;  
And all those stars that gaze upon her face  
Are aglets on her sleeve, pins on her train ;  
And those that should be powerful and divine,  
Do sleep in darkness when they most should shine.*

PEDRO. Provoke them not, fair sir, with tempting  
words.

The heavens are gracious, and your miseries and  
sorrow

Make you speak you know not what.

HIERON. *Villain ! thou liest, and thou dost nought  
But tell me I am mad : thou liest, I am not mad :  
I know thee to be Pedro, and he Jaques ;  
I'll prove it thee ; and were I mad, how could I ?  
Where was she the same night, when my Horatio was  
murder'd !*

and some other of the non-genuine plays. What he wrote in that play is of his earliest

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*She should have shone then : search thou the book :  
Had the moon shone in my boy's face, there was a kind  
of grace,  
That I know — nay, I do know, had the murderer seen  
him,  
His weapon would have fallen, and cut the earth,  
Had he been framed of nought but blood and death," &c.*

Again, in the fifth act : —

“ HIERON. But are you sure that they are dead?  
CASTILE. Ay, slain too sure.  
HIERON. What, and yours too ?  
VICEROY. Ay, all are dead ; not one of them survive.  
HIERON. Nay, then I care not — come, we shall be  
friends ;

Let us lay our heads together.

See, here's a goodly noose will hold them all.

VICEROY. O damned devil ! how secure he is !

HIERON. Secure ! why dost thou wonder at it ?

*I tell thee, Viceroy, this day I've seen Revenge,  
And in that sight am grown a prouder monarch  
Than ever sate under the crown of Spain.  
Had I as many lives as there be stars,  
As many heavens to go to as those lives,  
I'd give them all, ay, and my soul to boot,  
But I would see thee ride in this red pool.  
Methinks, since I grew inward with revenge,  
I cannot look with scorn enough on death.*

manner, having the all-pervading sweetness which he never lost, and that extreme condensation which makes the couplets fall into epigrams, as in the *Venus and Adonis*, and *Rape of Lucrece*.\* In the drama alone, as

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**KING.** What ! dost thou mock us, slave ? Bring tortures forth.

**HIERON.** *Do, do, do ; and meantime I'll torture you. You had a son, as I take it, and your son Should have been married to your daughter : ha ! was it not so ?*

*You had a son too, he was my liege's nephew. He was proud and politic — had he lived, He might have come to wear the crown of Spain : I think 't was so — 't was I that killed him ; Look you — this same hand was it that stabb'd His heart — do you see this hand ? For one Horatio, if you ever knew him — A youth, one that they hang'd up in his father's garden — One that did force your valiant son to yield," &c. — ED.*

\* “ In Shakspeare's *Poems* the creative power and the intellectual energy wrestle as in a war embrace. Each in its excess of strength seems to threaten the extinction of the other. At length, in the drama, they were reconciled, and fought each with its shield before the breast of the other. Or like two rapid streams, that, at their first meeting within narrow and rocky

Shakspeare soon found out, could the sublime poet and profound philosopher find the conditions of a compromise. In the *Love's Labour Lost* there are many faint sketches of some of his vigorous portraits in after-life — as, for example, in particular, of Benedict and Beatrice.\*

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Gifford has done a great deal for the text of Massinger, but not as much as might easily be done. His comparison of Shakspeare with his contemporary dramatists is obtuse indeed.†

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banks, mutually strive to repel each other, and intermix reluctantly, and in tumult; but soon finding a wider channel and more yielding shores, blend, and dilate, and flow on in one current, and with one voice.” — *Biog. Lit.*, vol. ii. p. 21.

\* Mr. Coleridge, of course, alluded to Biron and Rosaline; and there are other obvious prolusions, as the scene of the masque with the courtiers, compared with the play in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. — ED.

† See his Introduction to Massinger, vol. i. p. 79., in which, amongst other most extraordinary assertions, Mr. Gifford pronounces that *rhythmical modulation is*

In Shakspeare one sentence begets the next naturally; the meaning is all inwoven. He goes on kindling like a meteor through the dark atmosphere; yet, when the creation in its outline is once perfect, then he seems to rest from his labour, and to smile upon his work, and tell himself that it is very good. You see many scenes and parts of scenes which are simply Shakspeare's disporting himself in joyous triumph and vigorous fun after a great achievement of his highest genius.

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The old dramatists took great liberties in respect of bringing parties in scene together, and representing one as not recognizing the other under some faint disguise. Some of their finest scenes are constructed on this ground. Shakspeare avails himself of this

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*not one of Shakspeare's merits!* The whole of the passage to which I allude seems to me to be the grossest miscarriage to be found in the writings of this distinguished critic. It is as bad as any thing in Seward, Simpson, & Co. — ED.

artifice only twice, I think,—in *Twelfth Night*, where the two are with great skill kept apart till the end of the play; and in the *Comedy of Errors*, which is a pure farce, and should be so considered. The definition of a farce is, an improbability or even impossibility granted in the outset, see what odd and laughable events will fairly follow from it!

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*April 8. 1833.*

STATESMEN. — BURKE.

I NEVER was much subject to violent political humours or accesses of feelings. When I was very young, I wrote and spoke very enthusiastically, but it was always on subjects connected with some grand general principle, the violation of which I thought I could point out. As to mere details of administration, I honestly thought that ministers, and men in office, must, of course, know much better than any private person

could possibly do ; and it was not till I went to Malta, and had to correspond with official characters myself, that I fully understood the extreme shallowness and ignorance with which men of some note too were able, after a certain fashion, to carry on the government of important departments of the empire. I then quite assented to Oxenstiern's saying, *Nescis, mi fili, quam parva sapientia regitur mundus.*

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Burke was, indeed, a great man. No one ever read history so philosophically as he seems to have done. Yet, until he could associate his general principles with some sordid interest, panic of property, jacobinism, &c., he was a mere dinner bell. Hence you will find so many half truths in his speeches and writings. Nevertheless, let us heartily acknowledge his transcendant greatness. He would have been more influential if he had less surpassed his contemporaries, as Fox and Pitt, men of much inferior minds in all respects.



*April 9. 1833.*

PROSPECT OF MONARCHY OR DEMOCRACY. — THE REFORMED HOUSE OF COMMONS.

I HAVE a deep, though paradoxical, conviction, that most of the European nations are more or less on their way, unconsciously indeed, to pure monarchy; that is, to a government in which, under circumstances of complicated and subtle control, the reason of the people shall become efficient in the apparent will of the king.\* As it seems to me, the wise and good in every country will, in all likelihood, become every day more and more disgusted with the representative form of government, brutalized as it is, and will be, by the predominance of democracy

\* This is backing Vico against Spinoza. It must, however, be acknowledged that at present the prophet of democracy has a good right to be considered the favourite. — ED.

in England, France, and Belgium. The statesmen of antiquity, we know, doubted the possibility of the effective and permanent combination of the three elementary forms of government; and, perhaps, they had more reason than we have been accustomed to think.

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You see how this House of Commons has begun to verify all the ill prophecies that were made of it—low, vulgar, meddling with every thing, assuming universal competency, flattering every base passion, and sneering at every thing noble, refined, and truly national! The direct and personal despotism will come on by and by, after the multitude shall have been gratified with the ruin and the spoil of the old institutions of the land. As for the House of Lords, what is the use of ever so much fiery spirit, if there be no principle to guide and to sanctify it?

*April 10. 1833.*

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. — CAPTAIN  
B. HALL. — NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN  
STATES. — DEMOCRACY WITH SLAVERY.  
— QUAKERS.

THE possible destiny of the United States of America, — as a nation of a hundred millions of freemen, — stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, living under the laws of Alfred, and speaking the language of Shakspeare and Milton, is an august conception. Why should we not wish to see it realized? America would then be England viewed through a solar microscope; Great Britain in a state of glorious magnification! How deeply to be lamented is the spirit of hostility and sneering which some of the popular books of travels have shown in treating of the Americans! They hate us, no doubt, just as brothers hate; but they respect the opinion of an Englishman concerning

themselves ten times as much as that of a native of any other country on earth. A very little humouring of their prejudices, and some courtesy of language and demeanour on the part of Englishmen, would work wonders, even as it is, with the public mind of the Americans.

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Captain Basil Hall's book is certainly very entertaining and instructive; but, in my judgment, his sentiments upon many points, and more especially his mode of expression, are unwise and uncharitable. After all, are not most of the things shown up with so much bitterness by him mere national foibles, parallels to which every people has and must of necessity have?

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What you say about the quarrel in the United States is sophistical. No doubt, taxation may, and perhaps in some cases must, press unequally, or apparently so, on different classes of people in a state. In such cases there is a hardship; but, in the long run, the

matter is fully compensated to the over-taxed class. For example, take the householders in London, who complain so bitterly of the house and window taxes. Is it not pretty clear that, whether such householder be a tradesman who indemnifies himself in the price of his goods, — or a letter of lodgings, who does so in his rent, — or a stockholder, who receives it back again in his dividends, — or a country gentleman, who has saved so much fresh levy on his land or his other property, — one way or other, it comes at last pretty nearly to the same thing, though the pressure for the time may be unjust and vexatious, and fit to be removed? But when New England, which may be considered a state in itself, taxes the admission of foreign manufactures in order to cherish manufactures of its own, and thereby forces the Carolinians, another state of itself, with which there is little intercommunion, which has no such desire or interest to serve, to buy worse articles at a higher price, it is altogether a different question, and is, in fact,

downright tyranny of the worst, because of the most sordid, kind. What would you think of a law which should tax every person in Devonshire for the pecuniary benefit of every person in Yorkshire? And yet that is a feeble image of the actual usurpation of the New England deputies over the property of the Southern States.

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There are two possible modes of unity in a State; one by absolute co-ordination of each to all, and of all to each; the other by subordination of classes and offices. Now, I maintain that there never was an instance of the first, nor can there be, without slavery as its condition and accompaniment, as in Athens. The poor Swiss cantons are no exception.

The mistake lies in confounding a state which must be based on classes and interests and unequal property, with a church, which is founded on the person, and has no qualification but personal merit. Such a community *may* exist, as in the case of the

Quakers; but, in order to exist, it must be compressed and hedged in by another society, — *mundus mundulus in mundo immundo.*

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The free class in a slave state is always, in one sense, the most patriotic class of people in an empire; for their patriotism is not simply the patriotism of other people, but an aggregate of lust of power and distinction and supremacy.

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*April 11. 1833.*

#### LAND AND MONEY.

LAND was the only species of property which, in the old time, carried any respectability with it. Money alone, apart from some tenure of land, not only did not make the possessor great and respectable, but actually made him at once the object of plunder and

hatred. Witness the history of the Jews in this country in the early reigns after the Conquest.

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I have no objection to your aspiring to the political principles of our old Cavaliers; but embrace them all fully, and not merely this and that feeling, whilst in other points you speak the canting foppery of the Benthamite or Malthusian schools.

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*April 14. 1833.*

#### METHODS OF INVESTIGATION.

**THERE** are three ways of treating a subject :—

In the first mode, you begin with a definition, and that definition is necessarily assumed as the truth. As the argument proceeds, the conclusion from the first proposition becomes the base of the second, and



so on. Now, it is quite impossible that you can be sure that you have included all the necessary, and none but the necessary, terms in your definition ; as, therefore, you proceed, the original speck of error is multiplied at every remove ; the same infirmity of knowledge besetting each successive definition. Hence you may set out, like Spinoza, with all but the truth, and end with a conclusion which is altogether monstrous ; and yet the mere deduction shall be irrefragable. Warburton's " Divine Legation" is also a splendid instance of this mode of discussion, and of its inability to lead to the truth : in fact, it is an attempt to adopt the mathematical series of proof, in forgetfulness that the mathematician is sure of the truth of his definition at each remove, because he *creates* it, as he can do, in pure figure and number. But you cannot *make* any thing true which results from, or is connected with, real externals ; you can only *find* it out. The chief use of this first mode of discussion is to sharpen the wit, for which purpose it is the best exercitation.

2. The historical mode is a very common one: in it the author professes to find out the truth by collecting the facts of the case, and tracing them downwards; but this mode is worse than the other. Suppose the question is as to the true essence and character of the English constitution. First, where will you begin your collection of facts? where will you end it? What facts will you select, and how do you know that the class of facts which you select are necessary terms in the premisses, and that other classes of facts, which you neglect, are not necessary? And how do you distinguish phenomena which proceed from disease or accident from those which are the genuine fruits of the essence of the constitution? What can be more striking, in illustration of the utter inadequacy of this line of investigation for arriving at the real truth, than the political treatises and constitutional histories which we have in every library? A Whig proves his case convincingly to the reader who knows nothing beyond his author; then

comes an old Tory (Carte, for instance), and ferrets up a hamperful of conflicting documents and notices, which prove *his case per contra*. A. takes this class of facts; B. takes that class: each proves something true, neither proves *the* truth, or any thing like *the* truth; that is, the whole truth.

3. You must, therefore, commence with the philosophic idea of the thing, the true nature of which you wish to find out and manifest. You must carry your rule ready made, if you wish to measure aright. If you ask me how I can know that this idea — my own invention — is the truth, by which the phenomena of history are to be explained, I answer, in the same way exactly that you know that your eyes were made to see with; and that is, because you *do* see with them. If I propose to you an idea or self-realizing theory of the constitution, which shall manifest itself as in existence from the earliest times to the present, — which shall comprehend within it *all* the facts which history has preserved, and shall give them a meaning as

interchangeably causals or effects; — if I show you that such an event or reign was an obliquity to the right hand, and how produced, and such other event or reign a deviation to the left, and whence originating, — that the growth was stopped here, accelerated there, — that such a tendency is, and always has been, corroborative, and such other tendency destructive, of the main progress of the idea towards realization; — if this idea, not only like a kaleidoscope, shall reduce all the miscellaneous fragments into order, but shall also minister strength, and knowledge, and light to the true patriot and statesman for working out the bright thought, and bringing the glorious embryo to a perfect birth; — then, I think, I have a right to say that the idea which led to this is not only true, but the truth, the only truth. To set up for a statesman upon historical knowledge only, is about as wise as to set up for a musician by the purchase of some score flutes, fiddles, and horns. In order to make music, you must know how to play; in order to make your

facts speak truth, you must know what the truth is which *ought* to be proved, — the ideal truth, — the truth which was consciously or unconsciously, strongly or weakly, wisely or blindly, intended at all times.\*

\* I have preserved this passage, conscious, the while, how liable it is to be misunderstood, or at least not understood. The readers of Mr. Coleridge's works generally, or of his "Church and State" in particular, will have no difficulty in entering into his meaning; namely, that no investigation in the non-mathematical sciences can be carried on in a way deserving to be called philosophical, unless the investigator have in himself a mental initiative, or, what comes to the same thing, unless he set out with an intuition of the ultimate aim or idea of the science or aggregation of facts to be explained or interpreted. The analysis of the Platonic and Baconian methods in "The Friend," to which I have before referred, and the "Church and State," exhibit respectively a splendid vindication and example of Mr. Coleridge's mode of reasoning on this subject. — ED.

*April 18. 1833.*

CHURCH OF ROME. — CELIBACY OF THE  
CLERGY.

IN my judgment, Protestants lose a great deal of time in a false attack, when they labour to convict the Romanists of false doctrines. Destroy the *Papacy*, and help the priests to wives, and I am much mistaken if the doctrinal errors, such as there really are, would not very soon pass away. They might remain *in terminis*, but they would lose their sting and body, and lapse back into figures of rhetoric and warm devotion, from which they, most of them, — such as transubstantiation, and prayers for the dead and to saints, — originally sprang. But, so long as the Bishop of Rome remains Pope, and has an army of Mamelukes all over the world, we shall do very little by fulminating against mere doctrinal errors. In the Milanese, and elsewhere in the north of Italy, I am told there

is a powerful feeling abroad against the Papacy. That district seems to be something in the state of England in the reign of our Henry the Eighth.

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How deep a wound to morals and social purity has that accursed article of the celibacy of the clergy been ! Even the best and most enlightened men in Romanist countries attach a notion of impurity to the marriage of a clergyman. And can such a feeling be without its effect on the estimation of the wedded life in general ? Impossible ! and the morals of both sexes in Spain, Italy, France, &c. prove it abundantly.

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The Papal church has had three phases, — anti-Cæsarean, extra-national, anti-Christian.

*April 20. 1833.*

ROMAN CONQUEST OF ITALY.

THE Romans would never have subdued the Italian tribes if they had not boldly left Italy and conquered foreign nations, and so, at last, crushed their next-door neighbours by external pressure.

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*April 24. 1833.*

WEDDED LOVE IN SHAKSPEARE AND  
HIS CONTEMPORARY DRAMATISTS. —  
TENNYSON'S POEMS.

EXCEPT in Shakspeare, you can find no such thing as a pure conception of wedded love in our old dramatists. In Massinger, and Beaumont and Fletcher, it really is on both sides little better than sheer animal desire.



There is scarcely a suitor in all their plays, whose *abilities* are not discussed by the lady or her waiting-women. In this, as in all things, how transcendant over his age and his rivals was our sweet Shakspeare !

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I have not read through all Mr. Tennyson's poems, which have been sent to me ; but I think there are some things of a good deal of beauty in what I have seen. The misfortune is, that he has begun to write verses without very well understanding what metre is. Even if you write in a known and approved metre, the odds are, if you are not a metrist yourself, that you will not write harmonious verses ; but to deal in new metres without considering what metre means and requires, is preposterous. What I would, with many wishes for success, prescribe to Tennyson, — indeed without it he can never be a poet in act, — is to write for the next two or three years in none but one or two well-known and strictly defined metres, such as the heroic couplet, the octave stanza, or

the octo-syllabic measure of the Allegro and Penseroso. He would, probably, thus get imbued with a sensation, if not a sense, of metre without knowing it, just as Eton boys get to write such good Latin verses by conning Ovid and Tibullus. As it is, I can scarcely scan his verses.

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*May 1. 1833.*

I THINK with some interest upon the fact that Rabelais and Luther were born in the same year.\* Glorious spirits! glorious spirits!

— “Hos utinam inter  
Heroas natum me!”

“Great wits are sure to madness near allied,” says Dryden, and true so far as this, that genius of the highest kind implies an un-

\* They were born within twelve months of each other, I believe; but Luther's birth was in November, 1484, and that of Rabelais is generally placed at the end of the year preceding. — ED.

usual intensity of the modifying power, which, detached from the discriminative and reproductive power, might conjure a platted straw into a royal diadem : but it would be at least as true, that great genius is most alien from madness, — yea, divided from it by an impassable mountain, — namely, the activity of thought and vivacity of the accumulative memory, which are no less essential constituents of “ great wit.”

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*May 4. 1833.*

**COLONIZATION. — MACHINERY. — CAPITAL.**

COLONIZATION is not only a manifest expedient, but an imperative duty on Great Britain. God seems to hold out his finger to us over the sea. But it must be a national colonization, such as was that of the Scotch to America; a colonization of Hope, and not such as we have alone encouraged and

effected for the last fifty years, a colonization of Despair.

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The wonderful powers of machinery can, by multiplied production, render the mere *arte facta* of life actually cheaper: thus money and all other things being supposed the same in value, a silk gown is five times cheaper now than in Queen Elizabeth's time; but machinery cannot cheapen, in any thing like an equal degree, the immediate growths of nature or the immediate necessaries of man. Now the *arte facta* are sought by the higher classes of society in a proportion incalculably beyond that in which they are sought by the lower classes; and therefore it is that the vast increase of mechanical powers has not cheapened life and pleasure to the poor as it has done to the rich. In some respects, no doubt, it has done so, as in giving cotton dresses to maid-servants, and penny gin to all. A pretty benefit truly!

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I think this country is now suffering grievously under an excessive accumulation of capital, which, having no field for profitable operation, is in a state of fierce civil war with itself.

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*May 6. 1833.*

ROMAN CONQUEST. — CONSTANTINE. —  
PAPACY AND THE SCHOOLMEN.

THE Romans had no national clerisy; their priesthood was entirely a matter of state, and, as far back as we can trace it, an evident stronghold of the Patricians against the increasing powers of the Plebeians. All we know of the early Romans is, that, after an indefinite lapse of years, they had conquered some fifty or sixty miles round their city. Then it is that they go to war with Carthage, the great maritime power, and the result of that war was the occupation of Sicily. Thence they, in succession, conquered Spain, Macedonia, Asia Minor, &c., and so at last con-

trived to subjugate Italy, partly by a tremendous back blow, and partly by bribing the Italian States with a communication of their privileges, which the now enormously enriched conquerors possessed over so large a portion of the civilized world. They were ordained by Providence to conquer and amalgamate the materials of Christendom. They were not a national people; they were truly —

*Romanos rerum dominos —*

— and that's all.

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Under Constantine the spiritual power became a complete reflex of the temporal. There were four patriarchs, and four prefects, and so on. The Clergy and the Lawyers, the Church and the State, were opposed.

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The beneficial influence of the Papacy upon the whole has been much over-rated by some writers; and certainly no country in Europe received less benefit and more harm from it than England. In fact, the lawful

kings and parliaments of England were always essentially Protestant in feeling for a national church, though they adhered to the received doctrines of the Christianity of the day; and it was only the usurpers, John, Henry IV., &c., that went against this policy. All the great English schoolmen, Scotus Erigena\*, Duns Scotus, Ockham, and others, those morning stars of the Reformation, were heart and soul opposed to Rome, and maintained the Papacy to be Antichrist. The Popes always persecuted, with rancorous hatred, the national clerisies, the married clergy, and disliked the universities which grew out of the old monasteries. The Papacy was, and is, essentially extra-

\* John Scotus, or Erigena, was born, according to different authors, in Wales, Scotland, or Ireland; but I do not find any account making him an Englishman of Saxon blood. His death is uncertainly placed in the beginning of the ninth century. He lived in well-known intimacy with Charles the Bald, of France, and died about A. D. 874. He resolutely resisted the doctrine of transubstantiation, and was publicly accused of heresy on that account. But the King of France protected him. — ED.

national, and was always so considered in this country, although not believed to be anti-Christian.

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*May* 8. 1833.

CIVIL WAR OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.—HAMPDEN'S SPEECH.

I KNOW no portion of history which a man might write with so much pleasure as that of the great struggle in the time of Charles I., because he may feel the profoundest respect for both parties. The side taken by any particular person was determined by the point of view which such person happened to command at the commencement of the inevitable collision, one line seeming straight to this man, another line to another. No man of that age saw *the* truth, the whole truth; there was not light enough for that. The consequence, of course, was a violent exag-



generation of each party for the time. The King became a martyr, and the Parliamentarians traitors, and *vice versâ*. The great reform brought into act by and under William the Third combined the principles truly contended for by Charles and his Parliament respectively: the great revolution of 1831 has certainly, to an almost ruinous degree, dislocated those principles of government again. As to Hampden's speech\*, no doubt it means a declaration of passive obe-

\* On his impeachment with the other four members, 1642. See the "Letter to John Murray, Esq. *touching* Lord Nugent," 1833. It is extraordinary that Lord N. should not see the plain distinction taken by Hampden, between not obeying an unlawful command, and rebelling against the King because of it. He approves the one, and condemns the other. His words are, "to *yield obedience to the commands of a King, if against the true religion, against the ancient and fundamental laws of the land, is another sign of an ill subject:—*"To resist the lawful power of the King; to raise insurrection against the king; admit him adverse in his religion; to *conspire against his sacred person, or any ways to rebel, though commanding things against our consciences in exercising religion, or against the rights and priviledges of the subject, is an absolute sign of the disaffected and traitorous subject.*" — ED.

dience to the sovereign, as the creed of an English Protestant individual: every man, Cromwell and all, would have said as much; it was the antipapistical tenet, and almost vauntingly asserted on all occasions by Protestants up to that time. But it implies nothing of Hampden's creed as to the duty of Parliament.

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*May* 10. 1833.

REFORMED HOUSE OF COMMONS.

WELL, I think no honest man will deny that the prophetic denunciations of those who seriously and solemnly opposed the Reform Bill are in a fair way of exact fulfilment! For myself, I own I did not expect such rapidity of movement. I supposed that the first parliament would contain a large number of low factious men, who would vulgarize and degrade the debates of the House of

Commons, and considerably impede public business, and that the majority would be gentlemen more fond of their property than their politics. But really the truth is something more than this. Think of upwards of 160 members voting away two millions and a half of tax on Friday\*, at the bidding of whom, shall I say? and then no less than 70 of those very members rescinding their votes on the Tuesday next following, nothing whatever having intervened to justify the change, except that they had found out that at least seven or eight millions more must go also upon the same principle, and that the revenue was cut in two! Of course I approve the vote of rescission, however dangerous a precedent; but what a picture of the composition of this House of Commons!

\* On Friday the 26th of April, 1833, Sir William Ingilby moved and carried a resolution for reducing the duty on malt from 28*s.* 8*d.* to 10*s.* per quarter. One hundred and sixty-two members voted with him. On Tuesday following, the 30th of April, seventy-six members only voted against the rescission of the same resolution. — ED.

*May 13. 1833.*

FOOD. — MEDICINE. — POISON. —  
OBSTRUCTION.

1. THAT which is digested wholly, and part of which is assimilated, and part rejected, is — Food.

2. That which is digested wholly, and the whole of which is partly assimilated, and partly not, is — Medicine.

3. That which is digested, but not assimilated, is — Poison.

4. That which is neither digested nor assimilated is — Mere Obstruction.

As to the stories of slow poisons, I cannot say whether there was any, or what, truth in them; but I certainly believe a man may be poisoned by arsenic a year after he has taken

it. In fact, I think that is known to have happened.

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*May 14. 1833.*

WILSON. — SHAKSPEARE'S SONNETS. —  
LOVE.

PROFESSOR WILSON'S character of Charles Lamb in the last Blackwood, *Twaddle on Tweed-side\**, is very sweet indeed, and gra-

\* "Charles Lamb ought really not to abuse Scotland in the pleasant way he so often does in the sylvan shades of Enfield; for Scotland loves Charles Lamb; but he is wayward and wilful in his wisdom, and conceits that many a Cockney is a better man even than Christopher North. But what will not Christopher forgive to genius and goodness! Even Lamb, bleating libels on his native land. Nay, he learns lessons of humanity even from the mild malice of Elia, and breathes a blessing on him and his household in their bower of rest."

Some of Mr. Coleridge's poems were first published with some of C. Lamb's at Bristol in 1797. The remarkable words on the title-page have been aptly cited

tified me much. It does honour to Wilson, to his head and his heart.

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How can I wish that Wilson should cease to write what so often soothes and suspends my bodily miseries, and my mental conflicts ! Yet what a waste, what a reckless spending, of talent, aye, and of genius, too, in his I know not how many years' management of Blackwood ! If Wilson cares for fame, for an enduring place and prominence in literature, he should now, I think, hold his hand, and say, as he well may, —

“ *Militavi non sine gloria :*  
Nunc arma defunctumque *bello*  
Barbiton hic paries habebit.”

Two or three volumes collected out of the magazine by himself would be very delight-

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in the New Monthly Magazine for February, 1835, p. 198. : “ Duplex nobis vinculum, et amicitiae et similitium junctarumque Camænarum, — *quod utinam neque mors solvat, neque temporis longinquitas.*” And even so it came to pass after thirty-seven years more had passed over their heads. — ED.

ful. But he must not leave it for others to do ; for some recasting and much condensation would be required ; and literary executors make sad work in general with their testators' brains.\*

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I believe it possible that a man may, under certain states of the moral feeling, entertain something deserving the name of love towards a male object — an affection beyond friendship, and wholly aloof from appetite. In Elizabeth's and James's time it seems to have been almost fashionable to cherish such a feeling ; and perhaps we may account in some measure for it by considering how very inferior the women of that age, taken generally, were in education and accomplishment of mind to the men. Of course there were brilliant exceptions enough ; but the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher — the most popular dramatists that ever wrote

\* True ; and better fortune attend Mr. Coleridge's own ! — ED.

for the English stage — will show us what sort of women it was generally pleasing to represent. Certainly the language of the two friends, Musidorus and Pyrocles, in the *Arcadia* is such as we could not now use except to women ; and in Cervantes the same tone is sometimes adopted, as in the novel of the *Curious Impertinent*. And I think there is a passage in the *New Atlantis*\* of Lord Bacon, in which he speaks of the possibility of such a feeling, but hints the extreme danger of entertaining it, or allowing it any place in a moral theory. I mention this with reference to Shakspeare's sonnets, which have been supposed, by some, to be addressed to William Herbert, Earl of Pem-

\* I cannot fix upon any passage in this work, to which it can be supposed that Mr. Coleridge alluded, unless it be the speech of Joabin the Jew ; but it contains nothing coming up to the meaning in the text. The only approach to it seems to be : — “ As for masculine love, they have no touch of it ; and yet there are not so faithful and inviolate friendships in the world again as are there ; and to speak generally, as I said before, I have not read of any such chastity in any people as theirs.” — ED.



broke, whom Clarendon calls \* the most beloved man of his age, though his licentiousness was equal to his virtues. I doubt this. I do not think that Shakspeare, merely because he was an actor, would have thought it necessary to veil his emotions towards Pembroke under a disguise, though he might probably have done so, if the real object had perchance been a Laura or a Leonora. It seems to me that the sonnets could only have

\* "William Earl of Pembroke was next, a man of another mould and making, and of another fame and reputation with all men, being the most universally beloved and esteemed of any man of that age." . . . . "He indulged to himself the pleasures of all kinds, almost in all excesses."—*Hist. of the Rebellion*, book i. He died in 1630, aged fifty years. The dedication by T. T. (Thomas Thorpe) is to "the only begetter of these ensuing sonnets, Mr. W. H." and Malone is inclined to think that William Hughes is meant. As to Mr. W. H. being the *only* begetter of these sonnets, it must be observed, that at least the last twenty-eight are beyond dispute addressed to a woman. I suppose the twentieth sonnet was the particular one conceived by Mr. C. to be a blind; but it seems to me that many others may be so construed, if we set out with a conviction that the real object of the poet was a woman. — Ed.

come from a man deeply in love, and in love with a woman; and there is one sonnet which, from its incongruity, I take to be a purposed blind. These extraordinary sonnets form, in fact, a poem of so many stanzas of fourteen lines each; and, like the passion which inspired them, the sonnets are always the same, with a variety of expression, — continuous, if you regard the lover's soul, — distinct, if you listen to him, as he heaves them sigh after sigh.

These sonnets, like the Venus and Adonis, and the Rape of Lucrece, are characterized by boundless fertility and laboured condensation of thought, with perfection of sweetness in rhythm and metre. These are the essentials in the budding of a great poet. Afterwards habit and consciousness of power teach more ease — *præcipitandum liberum spiritum*.

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Every one who has been in love, knows that the passion is strongest, and the appe-

tite weakest, in the absence of the beloved object, and that the reverse is the case in her presence.

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*May 15. 1833.*

WICLIFFE. — LUTHER. — REVERENCE FOR  
IDEAL TRUTHS. — JOHNSON THE WHIG.  
— ASGILL. — JAMES I.

WICLIFFE'S genius was, perhaps, not equal to Luther's; but really the more I know of him from Vaughan and Le Bas, both of whose books I like, I think him as extraordinary a man as Luther upon the whole. He was much sounder and more truly catholic in his view of the Eucharist than Luther. And I find, not without some pleasure, that my own view of it, which I was afraid was original, was maintained in the tenth century, that is to say, that the body broken had no reference to the human body of Christ, but to the *Caro Noumenon*, or symbolical Body, the Rock that followed the Israelites.

There is now no reverence for any thing ; and the reason is, that men possess conceptions only, and all their knowledge is conceptual only. Now as, to conceive, is a work of the mere understanding, and as all that can be conceived may be comprehended, it is impossible that a man should reverence that, to which he must always feel something in himself superior. If it were possible to conceive God in a strict sense, that is, as we conceive a horse or a tree, even God himself could not excite any reverence, though he might excite fear or terror, or perhaps love, as a tiger or a beautiful woman. But Reverence, which is the synthesis of Love and Fear, is only due from man, and, indeed, only excitable in man, towards ideal truths, which are always mysteries to the understanding, for the same reason that the motion of my finger behind my back is a mystery to you now — your eyes not being made for seeing through my body. It is the Reason only which has a sense by which ideas can be recognized, and from the fontal light of

ideas only can a man draw intellectual power.

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Samuel Johnson\*, whom, to distinguish him from the Doctor, we may call the Whig, was a very remarkable writer. He may be compared to his contemporary De Foe, whom he resembled in many points. He is another instance of King William's discrimination, which was so much superior to that of any of his ministers. Johnson was one of the most formidable advocates for the Exclusion Bill, and he suffered by whipping and imprisonment under James accordingly. Like Asgill, he argues with great apparent candour and

\* Dryden's Ben Jochanan, in the second part of Absalom and Achitophel. He was born in 1649, and died in 1703. He was a clergyman. In 1686, when the army was encamped on Hounslow Heath, he published "A humble and hearty Address to all English Protestants in the present Army." For this he was tried and sentenced to be pilloried in three places, pay a fine, and be whipped from Newgate to Tyburn. An attempt was also made to degrade him from his orders, but this failed through an informality. After the Revolution he was preferred. — ED.

clearness till he has his opponent within reach, and then comes a blow as from a sledge-hammer. I do not know where I could put my hand upon a book containing so much sense and sound constitutional doctrine as this thin folio of Johnson's Works; and what party in this country would read so severe a lecture in it as our modern Whigs!

A close reasoner and a good writer in general may be known by his pertinent use of connectives. Read that page of Johnson; you cannot alter one conjunction without spoiling the sense. It is a linked strain throughout. In your modern books, for the most part, the sentences in a page have the same connection with each other that marbles have in a bag; they touch without adhering.

Asgill evidently formed his style upon Johnson's, but he only imitates one part of it. Asgill never rises to Johnson's eloquence. The latter was a sort of Cobbett-Burke.

James the First thought that, because all power in the state seemed to proceed *from* the crown, all power therefore remained *in* the crown; — as if, because the tree sprang from the seed, the stem, branches, leaves, and fruit were all contained in the seed. The constitutional doctrine as to the relation which the king bears to the other components of the state is in two words this: — He is a representative of the whole of that, of which he is himself a part.

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*May* 17. 1833.

SIR P. SIDNEY. — THINGS ARE FINDING  
THEIR LEVEL.

WHEN Sir Philip Sidney saw the enthusiasm which agitated every man, woman, and child in the Netherlands against Philip and D'Alva, he told Queen Elizabeth that it was the Spirit of God, and that it was invincible. What is the spirit which seems to move and unsettle every other man in

England and on the Continent at this time? Upon my conscience, and judging by St. John's rule, I think it is a special spirit of the devil — and a very vulgar devil too!

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Your modern political economists say that it is a principle in their science — that all things *find* their level; — which I deny; and say, on the contrary, that the true principle is, that all things are *finding* their level — like water in a storm.

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*May 18. 1833.*

GERMAN. — GOETHE. — GOD'S PROVIDENCE. — MAN'S FREEDOM.

GERMAN is inferior to English in modifications of expression of the affections, but superior to it in modifications of expression of all objects of the senses.

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Goethe's small lyrics are delightful. He showed good taste in not attempting to



imitate Shakspeare's Witches, which are threefold, — Fates, Furies, and earthly Hags o' the caldron.

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Man does not move in cycles, though nature does. Man's course is like that of an arrow; for the portion of the great cometary ellipse which he occupies is no more than a needle's length to a mile.

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In natural history, God's freedom is shown in the law of necessity. In moral history, God's necessity or providence is shown in man's freedom.

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*June 8. 1833.*

DOM MIGUEL AND DOM PEDRO. — WORKING TO BETTER ONE'S CONDITION. — NEGRO EMANCIPATION. — FOX AND PITT. — REVOLUTION.

THERE can be no doubt of the gross violations of strict neutrality by this government in the Portuguese affair; but I wish the

Tories had left the matter alone, and not given room to the people to associate them with that scoundrel Dom Miguel. You can never interest the common herd in the abstract question; with them, it is a mere quarrel between the men; and though Pedro is a very doubtful character, he is not so bad as his brother; and, besides, we are naturally interested for the girl.

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It is very strange that men who make light of the direct doctrines of the Scriptures, and turn up their noses at the recommendation of a line of conduct suggested by religious truth, will nevertheless stake the tranquillity of an empire, the lives and properties of millions of men and women, on the faith of a maxim of modern political economy! And this, too, of a maxim true only, if at all, of England or a part of England, or some other country; — namely, that the desire of bettering their condition will induce men to labour even more abundantly and profitably than servile compulsion,

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— to which maxim the past history and present state of all Asia and Africa give the lie. Nay, even in England at this day, every man in Manchester, Birmingham, and in other great manufacturing towns, knows that the most skilful artisans, who may earn high wages at pleasure, are constantly in the habit of working but a few days in the week, and of idling the rest. I believe St. Monday is very well kept by the workmen in London. I think, tailors will not work at all on that day; the printers, as I have heard, not till the afternoon; and so on. The love of indolence is universal, or next to it.

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Must not the ministerial plan for the West Indies lead necessarily to a change of property, either by force or dereliction? I can't see any way of escaping it.

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You are always talking of the *rights* of the negroes. As a rhetorical mode of stimulating the people of England *here*, I do not object; but I utterly condemn your frantic

practice of declaiming about their rights to the blacks themselves. They ought to be forcibly reminded of the state in which their brethren in Africa still are, and taught to be thankful for the providence which has placed them within reach of the means of grace. I know no right except such as flows from righteousness; and as every Christian believes his righteousness to be imputed, so must his right be an imputed right too. It must flow out of a duty, and it is under that name that the process of Humanization ought to begin and to be conducted throughout.

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Thirty years ago, and more, Pitt availed himself, with great political dexterity, of the apprehension, which Burke and the conduct of some of the clubs in London had excited, and endeavoured to inspire into the nation a panic of property. Fox, instead of exposing the absurdity of this by showing the real numbers and contemptible weakness of the disaffected, fell into Pitt's trap, and was mad enough to exaggerate even Pitt's surmises.

The consequence was, a very general apprehension throughout the country of an impending revolution, at a time when, I will venture to say, the people were more heart-whole than they had been for a hundred years previously. After I had travelled in Sicily and Italy, countries where there were real grounds for fear, I became deeply impressed with the difference. Now, after a long continuance of high national glory and influence, when a revolution of a most searching and general character is actually at work, and the old institutions of the country are all awaiting their certain destruction or violent modification — the people at large are perfectly secure, sleeping or gambolling on the very brink of a volcano.

*June 15. 1833.*

VIRTUE AND LIBERTY. — EPISTLE TO  
THE ROMANS. — ERASMUS. — LUTHER.

THE necessity for external government to man is in an inverse ratio to the vigour of his self-government. Where the last is most complete, the first is least wanted. Hence, the more virtue the more liberty.

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I think St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans the most profound work in existence; and I hardly believe that the writings of the old Stoics, now lost, could have been deeper. Undoubtedly it is, and must be, very obscure to ordinary readers; but some of the difficulty is accidental, arising from the form in which the Epistle appears. If we could now arrange this work in the way in which we may be sure St. Paul would himself do, were he now alive, and preparing it for the press, his reasoning would stand out clearer. His

accumulated parentheses would be thrown into notes, or extruded to the margin. You will smile, after this, if I say that I think I understand St. Paul; and I think so, because, really and truly, I recognize a cogent consecutiveness in the argument — the only evidence I know that you understand any book. How different is the style of this intensely passionate argument from that of the catholic circular charge called the Epistle to the Ephesians! — and how different that of both from the style of the Epistles to Timothy and Titus, which I venture to call ἐπιστολαὶ Παυλοειδεῖς.

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Erasmus's paraphrase of the New Testament is clear and explanatory; but you cannot expect any thing very deep from Erasmus. The only fit commentator on Paul was Luther — not by any means such a gentleman as the Apostle, but almost as great a genius.

*June 17. 1833.*

NEGRO EMANCIPATION.

HAVE you been able to discover any principle in this Emancipation Bill for the Slaves, except a principle of fear of the abolition party struggling with a fear of causing some monstrous calamity to the empire at large! Well! I will not prophesy; and God grant that this tremendous and unprecedented act of positive enactment may not do the harm to the cause of humanity and freedom which I cannot but fear! But yet, what can be hoped, when all human wisdom and counsel are set at nought, and religious faith — the only miraculous agent amongst men — is not invoked or regarded! and that most unblest phrase — the Dissenting *interest* — enters into the question!



*June 22. 1833.*

HACKET'S LIFE OF ARCHBISHOP WIL-  
LIAMS. — CHARLES I. — MANNERS UNDER  
EDWARD III., RICHARD II., AND HENRY  
VIII.

WHAT a delightful and instructive book Bishop Hacket's Life of Archbishop Williams is! You learn more from it of that which is valuable towards an insight into the times preceding the Civil War than from all the ponderous histories and memoirs now composed about that period.

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Charles seems to have been a very disagreeable personage during James's life. There is nothing dutiful in his demeanour.

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I think the spirit of the court and nobility of Edward III. and Richard II. was less gross than that in the time of Henry VIII. ; for in this latter period the chivalry had evapo-

rated, and the whole coarseness was left by itself. Chaucer represents a very high and romantic style of society amongst the gentry.

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*June 29. 1833.*

HYPOTHESIS. — SUFFICTION. — THEORY. —  
LYELL'S GEOLOGY. — GOTHIC ARCHI-  
TECTURE. — GERARD DOUW'S "SCHOOL-  
MASTER" AND TITIAN'S "VENUS." — SIR  
J. SCARLETT.

It seems to me a great delusion to call or suppose the imagination of a subtle fluid, or molecules penetrable with the same, a legitimate hypothesis. It is a mere *suffiction*. Newton took the fact of bodies falling to the centre, and upon that built up a legitimate hypothesis. It was a subposition of something certain. But Descartes' vortices were not an hypothesis; they rested on no fact at all; and yet they did, in a clumsy way, explain the motions of the heavenly bodies. But

your subtle fluid is pure gratuitous assumption; and for what use? It explains nothing.

Besides, you are endeavouring to deduce power from mass, in which you expressly say there is no power but the *vis inertiae*: whereas, the whole analogy of chemistry proves that power produces mass.

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The use of a theory in the real sciences is to help the investigator to a complete view of all the hitherto discovered facts relating to the science in question; it is a collected view, *Σεωπία*, of all he yet knows in *one*. Of course, whilst any pertinent facts remain unknown, no theory can be exactly true, because every new fact must necessarily, to a greater or less degree, displace the relation of all the others. A theory, therefore, only helps investigation; it cannot invent or discover. The only true theories are those of geometry, because in geometry all the premisses are true and unalterable. But, to suppose that, in our present exceedingly imperfect acquaintance with the facts, any theory in

chemistry or geology is altogether accurate, is absurd: — it cannot be true.

Mr. Lyell's system of geology is just half the truth, and no more. He affirms a great deal that is true, and he denies a great deal which is equally true; which is the general characteristic of all systems not embracing the whole truth. So it is with the rectilinearity or undulatory motion of light; — I believe both; though philosophy has as yet but imperfectly ascertained the conditions of their alternate existence, or the laws by which they are regulated.

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Those who deny light to be matter do not therefore deny its corporeity.

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The principle of the Gothic architecture is Infinity made imaginable. It is no doubt a sublimer effort of genius than the Greek style; but then it depends much more on execution for its effect. I was more than ever impressed with the marvellous sublimity

and transcendent beauty of King's College Chapel. \* It is quite unparalleled.

\* Mr. Coleridge visited Cambridge upon the occasion of the scientific meeting there in June 1833. — “My emotions,” he said, “at revisiting the university were at first overwhelming. I could not speak for an hour; yet my feelings were upon the whole very pleasurable, and I have not passed, of late years at least, three days of such great enjoyment and healthful excitement of mind and body. The bed on which I slept — and slept soundly too — was, as near as I can describe it, a couple of sacks full of potatoes tied together. I understand the young men think it hardens them. Truly I lay down at night a man, and arose in the morning a bruise.” He told me “that the men were much amused at his saying that the fine old Quaker philosopher Dalton's face was like All Souls' College.” The two persons of whom he spoke with the greatest interest were Mr. Faraday and Mr. Thirlwall, saying of the former, “that he seemed to have the true temperament of genius, that carrying-on of the spring and freshness of youthful, nay, boyish feelings, into the matured strength of manhood!” For, as Mr. Coleridge had long before expressed the same thought, — “To find no contradiction in the union of old and new; to contemplate the Ancient of Days and all his works with feelings as fresh as if all had then sprung forth at the first creative fiat, this characterizes the mind that feels the riddle of the world, and may help to unravel it. To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood; to

I think Gerard Douw's "Schoolmaster," in the Fitzwilliam Museum, the finest thing of that sort I ever saw; — whether you look at it at the common distance, or examine it with a glass, the wonder is equal. And that glorious picture of the Venus — so perfectly

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combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances which every day for perhaps forty years had rendered familiar;

' With sun and moon and stars throughout the year,  
And man and woman; ' —

this is the character and privilege of genius, and one of the marks which distinguish genius from talent. And therefore is it the prime merit of genius, and its most unequivocal mode of manifestation, so to represent familiar objects as to awaken in the minds of others a kindred feeling concerning them, and that freshness of sensation which is the constant accompaniment of mental, no less than of bodily, convalescence. Who has not a thousand times seen snow fall on water? Who has not watched it with a new feeling, from the time that he has read Burns's comparison of sensual pleasure

' To snow that falls upon a river,  
A moment white — then gone for ever! ' "

*Biog. Lit.* vol. i. p. 85. — ED.

beautiful and perfectly innocent — as if beauty and innocence *could not* be dissociated! The French thing below is a curious instance of the inherent grossness of the French taste.\* Titian's picture is made quite bestial.

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I think Sir James Scarlett's speech for the defendant, in the late action of Cobbett v. The Times, for a libel, worthy of the best ages of Greece or Rome; though, to be sure, some of his remarks could not have been very palatable to his clients.

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I am glad you came in to punctuate my discourse, which I fear has gone on for an hour without any stop at all.

\* I wish this criticism were enough to banish that vile miniature into a drawer or cupboard. At any rate, it might be detached from the glorious masterpiece to which it is now a libellous pendant. — ED.

*July 1. 1833.*

MANDEVILLE'S FABLE OF THE BEES. —  
BESTIAL THEORY. — CHARACTER OF  
BERTRAM. — BEAUMONT AND FLET-  
CHER'S DRAMAS. — ÆSCHYLUS, SOPHO-  
CLES, EURIPIDES. — MILTON.

IF I could ever believe that Mandeville really meant any thing more by his Fable of the Bees than a *bonne bouche* of solemn raillery, I should like to ask those man-shaped apes who have taken up his suggestions in earnest, and seriously maintained them as bases for a rational account of man and the world — how they explain the very existence of those dexterous cheats, those superior charlatans, the legislators and philosophers, who have known how to play so well upon the peacock-like vanity and follies of their fellow mortals.

By the by, I wonder some of you lawyers (*sub rosa*, of course) have not quoted the



pithy lines in Mandeville upon this Registration question : —

“ The lawyers, of whose art the basis  
 Was raising feuds and splitting cases,  
*Oppos'd all Registers*, that cheats  
 Might make more work with dipt estates ;  
 As 't were unlawful that one's own  
 Without a lawsuit should be known !  
 They put off hearings wilfully,  
 To finger the refreshing fee ;  
 And to defend a wicked cause  
 Examined and survey'd the laws,  
 As burglars shops and houses do,  
 To see where best they may break through.”

There is great Hudibrastic vigour in these lines ; and those on the doctors are also very terse.

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Look at that head of Cline, by Chantrey !  
 Is that forehead, that nose, those temples and  
 that chin, akin to the monkey tribe ? No,  
 no. To a man of sensibility no argument  
 could disprove the bestial theory so convincingly  
 as a quiet contemplation of that fine bust.

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I cannot agree with the solemn abuse which the critics have poured out upon Bertram in "All's Well that ends Well." He was a young nobleman in feudal times, just bursting into manhood, with all the feelings of pride of birth and appetite for pleasure and liberty natural to such a character so circumstanced. Of course he had never regarded Helena otherwise than as a dependant in the family; and of all that which she possessed of goodness and fidelity and courage, which might atone for her inferiority in other respects, Bertram was necessarily in a great measure ignorant. And after all, her *primâ facie* merit was the having inherited a prescription from her old father the Doctor, by which she cures the King, — a merit, which supposes an extravagance of personal loyalty in Bertram to make conclusive to him in such a matter as that of taking a wife. Bertram had surely good reason to look upon the king's forcing him to marry Helena as a very tyrannical act. Indeed, it must be confessed that her character is not very

delicate, and it required all Shakspeare's consummate skill to interest us for her ; and he does this chiefly by the operation of the other characters, — the Countess, Lafeu, &c. We get to like Helena from their praising and commending her so much.

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In Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedies the comic scenes are rarely so interfused amidst the tragic as to produce a unity of the tragic on the whole, without which the intermixture is a fault. In Shakspeare, this is always managed with transcendant skill. The Fool in Lear contributes in a very sensible manner to the tragic wildness of the whole drama. Beaumont and Fletcher's serious plays or tragedies are complete hybrids, — neither fish nor flesh, — upon any rules, Greek, Roman, or Gothic ; and yet they are very delightful notwithstanding. No doubt, they imitate the ease of gentlemanly conversation better than Shakspeare, who was unable *not* to be too much associated to succeed perfectly in this.

When I was a boy, I was fondest of Æschylus; in youth and middle age I preferred Euripides; now in my declining years I admire Sophocles. I can now at length see that Sophocles is the most perfect. Yet he never rises to the sublime simplicity of Æschylus — simplicity of design, I mean — nor diffuses himself in the passionate outpourings of Euripides. I understand why the ancients called Euripides the most tragic of their dramatists: he evidently embraces within the scope of the tragic poet many passions, — love, conjugal affection, jealousy, and so on, which Sophocles seems to have considered as incongruous with the ideal statuesqueness of the tragic drama. Certainly Euripides was a greater poet in the abstract than Sophocles. His chorusses may be faulty as chorusses, but how beautiful and affecting they are as odes and songs! I think the famous *Εὐίππου, ξένε*, in the *Œdipus Coloneus*\*, cold in comparison with many

*Εὐίππου, ξένε, τᾶσδε χώρας  
ἴκου τὰ κράτιστα γᾶς ἔπαυλα,  
τὸν ἀργῆτα Κολωνόν' — κ. τ. λ. v. 668.*

of the odes of Euripides, as that song of the chorus in the Hippolytus — Ἔρωσ, Ἔρωσ\*, and so on; and I remember a choric ode in the Hecuba, which always struck me as exquisitely rich and finished; — I mean, where the Chorus speaks of Troy and the night of the capture. †

\* Ἔρωσ, Ἔρωσ, ὁ κατ' ὀμμάτων  
στάζεις πόθον, εἰσάγων γλυκεῖαν  
ψυχᾷ χάριν, οὐς ἐπιστρατεύσει,  
μή μοι ποτὲ σὺν κακῷ φανείης,  
μήδ' ἄρ' ῥυθμος ἔλθοις· κ. τ. λ. v. 527.

† I take it for granted that Mr. Coleridge alluded to the chorus,—

Σὺ μὲν, ὦ πατρίς Ἰλιάς,  
τῶν ἀπορθήτων πόλις  
οὐκέτι λέξει τοῖον Ἐλ-  
λάνων νέφος ἀμφί σε κρύπτει,  
δορὶ δὴ, δορὶ πέρσαν· κ. τ. λ. v. 899.

Thou, then, oh, natal Troy! no more  
The city of the unsack'd shalt be,  
So thick from dark Achaia's shore  
The cloud of war hath covered thee.  
Ah! not again  
I tread thy plain —  
The spear — the spear hath rent thy pride;  
The flame hath scarr'd thee deep and wide;

There is nothing very surprising in Milton's preference of Euripides, though so

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Thy coronal of towers is shorn,  
And thou most piteous art — most naked and forlorn!

I perish'd at the noon of night!  
When sleep had seal'd each weary eye;  
    When the dance was o'er,  
    And harps no more  
Rang out in choral minstrelsy.  
    In the dear bower of delight  
    My husband slept in joy;  
    His shield and spear  
    Suspended near,  
Secure he slept: that sailor band  
Full sure he deem'd no more should stand  
    Beneath the walls of Troy.  
And I too, by the taper's light,  
    Which in the golden mirror's haze  
    Flash'd its interminable rays,  
Bound up the tresses of my hair,  
That I Love's peaceful sleep might share.

I slept; but, hark! that war-shout dread,  
Which rolling through the city spread;  
And this the cry,—“ When, Sons of Greece,  
When shall the lingering leaguer cease;  
When will ye spoil Troy's watch-tower high,  
And home return?” — I heard the cry,

unlike himself. It is very common — very natural — for men to *like* and even admire an exhibition of power very different in kind from any thing of their own. No jealousy arises. Milton preferred Ovid too, and I dare say he admired both as a man of sensi-

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And, starting from the genial bed,  
 Veiled, as a Doric maid, I fled,  
 And knelt, Diana, at thy holy fane,  
 A trembling suppliant — all in vain.

They led me to the sounding shore —  
 Heavens! as I passed the crowded way  
 My bleeding lord before me lay —  
 I saw — I saw — and wept no more,  
 Till, as the homeward breezes bore  
 The bark returning o'er the sea,  
 My gaze, oh Ilium, turn'd on thee!  
 Then, frantic, to the midnight air,  
 I cursed aloud the adulterous pair : —  
 " They plunge me deep in exile's woe ;  
 They lay my country low :  
 Their love — no love ! but some dark spell,  
 In vengeance breath'd, by spirit fell.  
 Rise, hoary sea, in awful tide,  
 And whelm that vessel's guilty pride ;  
 Nor e'er, in high Mycene's hall,  
 Let Helen boast in peace of mighty Ilium's fall."

J. T. C. Ed.

bility admires a lovely woman, with a feeling into which jealousy or envy cannot enter. With Æschylus or Sophocles he might perchance have matched himself.

In Euripides you have oftentimes a very near approach to comedy, and I hardly know any writer in whom you can find such fine models of serious and dignified conversation.

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*July 3. 1833.*

STYLE. — CAVALIER SLANG. — JUNIUS. —  
PROSE AND VERSE. — IMITATION AND  
COPY.

THE collocation of words is so artificial in Shakspeare and Milton that you may as well think of pushing a brick out of a wall with your forefinger, as attempt to remove a word out of any of their finished passages.\*

\* “The amotion or transposition will alter the thought, or the feeling, or at least the tone. They are as pieces of mosaic work, from which you cannot strike the smallest block without making a hole in the picture.” — *Quarterly Review*, No. CIII. p. 7.



A good lecture upon style might be composed, by taking on the one hand the slang of L'Estrange, and perhaps, even of Roger North\*, which became so fashionable after the Restoration as a mark of loyalty; and on the other, the Johnsonian magniloquence or the balanced metre of Junius; and then showing how each extreme is faulty, upon different grounds.

\* But Mr. Coleridge took a great distinction between North and the other writers commonly associated with him. In speaking of the *Examen* and the *Life of Lord North*, in the *Friend*, Mr. C. calls them "two of the most interesting biographical works in our language, both for the weight of the matter, and the *incuriosa felicitas* of the style. The pages are all alive with the genuine idioms of our mother tongue. A fastidious taste, it is true, will find offence in the occasional vulgarisms, or what we now call *slang*, which not a few of our writers, shortly after the Restoration of Charles the Second, seem to have affected as a mark of loyalty. These instances, however, are but a trifling drawback. They are not *sought for*, as is too often and too plainly done by L'Estrange, Collyer, Tom Brown, and their imitators. North never goes out of his way, either to seek them, or to avoid them; and, in the main, his language gives us the very nerve, pulse, and sinew of a hearty, healthy, conversational *English*." — Vol. II. p. 307. — ED.

It is quite curious to remark the prevalence of the Cavalier slang style in the divines of Charles the Second's time. Barrow could not of course adopt such a mode of writing throughout, because he could not in it have communicated his elaborate thinkings and lofty rhetoric; but even Barrow not unfrequently lets slip a phrase here and there in the regular Roger North way — much to the delight, no doubt, of the largest part of his audience and contemporary readers. See particularly, for instances of this, his work on the Pope's supremacy. South is full of it.

The style of Junius is a sort of metre, the law of which is a balance of thesis and antithesis. When he gets out of this aphorismic metre into a sentence of five or six lines long, nothing can exceed the slovenliness of the English. Horne Tooke and a long sentence seem the only two antagonists that were too much for him. Still the antithesis of Junius is a real antithesis of images or thought but the antithesis of Johnson is rarely more than verbal.

The definition of good Prose is — proper words in their proper places ; — of good Verse — the most proper words in their proper places. The propriety is in either case relative. The words in prose ought to express the intended meaning, and no more ; if they attract attention to themselves, it is, in general, a fault. In the very best styles, as Southey's, you read page after page, understanding the author perfectly, without once taking notice of the medium of communication ; — it is as if he had been speaking to you all the while. But in verse you must do more ; — there the words, the *media*, must be beautiful, and ought to attract your notice — yet not so much and so perpetually as to destroy the unity which ought to result from the whole poem. This is the general rule, but, of course, subject to some modifications, according to the different kinds of prose or verse. Some prose may approach towards verse, as oratory, and therefore a more studied exhibition of the *media* may be proper ; and some verse may border more on mere

narrative, and there the style should be simpler. But the great thing in poetry is, *quocunque modo*, to effect a unity of impression upon the whole; and a too great fullness and profusion of point in the parts will prevent this. Who can read with pleasure more than a hundred lines or so of Hudibras at one time? Each couplet or quatrain is so whole in itself, that you can't connect them. There is no fusion, — just as it is in Seneca.

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Imitation is the mesothesis of Likeness and Difference. The difference is as essential to it as the likeness; for without the difference, it would be Copy or Fac-simile. But, to borrow a term from astronomy, it is a librating mesothesis: for it may verge more to likeness as in Painting, or more to difference, as in Sculpture.

*July 4. 1833.*

DR. JOHNSON. — BOSWELL. — BURKE. —  
NEWTON. — MILTON.

DR. JOHNSON'S fame now rests principally upon Boswell. It is impossible not to be amused with such a book. But his *bow-wow* manner must have had a good deal to do with the effect produced; — for no one, I suppose, will set Johnson before Burke, — and Burke was a great and universal talker; — yet now we hear nothing of this except by some chance remarks in Boswell. The fact is, Burke, like all men of genius who love to talk at all, was very discursive and continuous; hence he is not reported; he seldom said the sharp short things that Johnson almost always did, which produce a more decided effect at the moment, and which are so much more easy to carry off.\* Besides, as

\* Burke, I am persuaded, was not so continuous a talker as Coleridge. Madame de Staël told a nephew

to Burke's testimony to Johnson's powers, you must remember that Burke was á great courtier ; and after all, Burke said and wrote

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of the latter, at Coppet, that Mr. C. was a master of monologue, *mais qu'il ne savait pas le dialogue*. There was a spice of vindictiveness in this, the exact history of which is not worth explaining. And if dialogue must be cut down in its meaning to small talk, I, for one, will admit that Coleridge, amongst his numberless qualifications, possessed it not. But I am sure that he could, when it suited him, converse as well as any one else, and with women he frequently did converse in a very winning and popular style, confining them, however, as well as he could, to the detail of facts or of their spontaneous emotions. In general, it was certainly otherwise. "You must not be surprised," he said to me, "at my talking so long to you—I pass so much of my time in pain and solitude, yet everlastingly thinking, that, when you or any other persons call on me, I can hardly help easing my mind by pouring forth some of the accumulated mass of reflection and feeling, upon an apparently interested recipient." But the principal reason, no doubt, was the habit of his intellect, which was under a law of discoursing upon all subjects with reference to ideas or ultimate ends. You might interrupt him when you pleased, and he was patient of every sort of conversation except mere personality, which he absolutely hated. — ED.

more than once that he thought Johnson greater in talking than in writing, and greater in Boswell than in real life.\*

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Newton *was* a great man, but you must excuse me if I think that it would take many Newtons to make one Milton.

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*July 6. 1833.*

PAINTING. — MUSIC. — POETRY.

It is a poor compliment to pay to a painter to tell him that his figure stands out of the canvass, or that you start at the likeness of the portrait. Take almost any daub, cut it out of the canvass, and place the figure looking into or out of a window, and any one may take it for life. Or take one of Mrs. Salmon's wax queens or generals, and you will very sensibly feel the difference between a copy,

\* This was said, I believe, to the late Sir James Mackintosh. — ED.

as they are, and an imitation, of the human form, as a good portrait ought to be. Look at that flower vase of Van Huysum, and at these wax or stone peaches and apricots! The last are likest to their original, but what pleasure do they give? None, except to children. \*

\* This passage, and those following, will evidence, what the readers even of this little work must have seen, that Mr. Coleridge had an eye, almost exclusively, for the ideal or universal in painting and music. He knew nothing of the details of handling in the one, or of rules of composition in the other. Yet he was, to the best of my knowledge, an unerring judge of the merits of any serious effort in the fine arts, and detected the leading thought or feeling of the artist, with a decision which used sometimes to astonish me. Every picture which I have looked at in company with him, seems now, to my mind, translated into English. He would sometimes say, after looking for a minute at a picture, generally a modern one, "There's no use in stopping at this; for I see the painter had no idea. It is mere mechanical drawing. Come on; *here* the artist *meant* something for the mind." It was just the same with his knowledge of music. His appetite for what he thought good was literally inexhaustible. He told me he could listen to fine music for twelve hours together, and go away *refreshed*. But he required in music either thought or



Some music is above me; most music is beneath me. I like Beethoven and Mozart — or else some of the aerial compositions of the elder Italians, as Palestrina \* and Carissimi. — And I love Purcell.

The best sort of music is what it should be — sacred; the next best, the military, has fallen to the lot of the Devil.

Good music never tires me, nor sends me to sleep. I feel physically refreshed and strengthened by it, as Milton says he did.

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feeling; mere addresses to the sensual ear he could not away with; hence his utter distaste for Rossini, and his reverence for Beethoven and Mozart. — ED.

\* Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina was born about 1529, and died in 1594. I believe he may be considered the founder or reformer of the Italian church music. His masses, motets, and hymns are tolerably well known amongst lovers of the old composers; but Mr. Coleridge used to speak with delight of some of Palestrina's madrigals which he heard at Rome.

Giacomo Carissimi composed about the years 1640 — 1650. His style has been charged with effeminacy; but Mr. C. thought it very graceful and chaste. Henry Purcell needs no addition in England. — ED.

I could write as good verses now as ever I did, if I were perfectly free from vexations, and were in the *ad libitum* hearing of fine music, which has a sensible effect in harmonizing my thoughts, and in animating and, as it were, lubricating my inventive faculty. The reason of my not finishing *Christabel* is not, that I don't know how to do it — for I have, as I always had, the whole plan entire from beginning to end in my mind \*; but I fear I could not carry on with equal

\* I should not have thought it necessary, but for the opinion expressed in *Fraser's Magazine* for October, 1834, p.394., to remark here, that the verses published in the *European Magazine*, No. LXVII., and dated April, 1815, purporting to be a conclusion of *Christabel*, are not by Mr. Coleridge. With deference to the critic, I must take the liberty to say that they have not a particle of the spirit of the genuine poem; and that the metre and rhythm are copied by one whose eye was better than his ear. Besides, Coleridge's *Bracy* was not *Merlin*, neither was his *Geraldine* the *Lady of the Lake*. In fact, the genuine poem was well known, by recitation and transcription, nearly twenty years before its publication; and the writer of the conclusion had, of course, seen it. I believe I could name the *Avellaneda* of *Christabel* — but he is now gone, and it would reflect no credit upon his memory. — ED.

success the execution of the idea, an extremely subtle and difficult one.\* Besides, after this continuation of Faust, which they tell me is very poor, who can have courage to attempt a reversal of the judgment of all criticism against continuations? Let us except Don Quixote, however, although the second part of that transcendant work is not exactly *uno flatu* with the original conception.

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*July 8. 1833.*

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

I AM clear for public schools as the general rule; but for particular children private education may be proper. For the purpose

\* "The thing attempted in *Christabel* is the most difficult of execution in the whole field of romance — witchery by daylight — and the success is complete." — *Quarterly Review*, No. CIII. p. 29.

of moving at ease in the best English society, — mind, I don't call the London exclusive clique the best English society, — the defect of a public education upon the plan of our great schools and Oxford and Cambridge is hardly to be supplied. But the defect is visible positively in some men, and only negatively in others. The first *offend* you by habits and modes of thinking and acting directly attributable to their private education; in the others you only regret that the freedom and facility of the established and national mode of bringing up is not *added* to their good qualities.

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I more than doubt the expediency of making even elementary mathematics a part of the routine in the system of the great schools. It is enough, I think, that encouragement and facilities should be given; and I think more will be thus effected than by compelling all. Much less would I incorporate the German or French, or any modern

language, into the school labours. I think that a great mistake. \*

\* "One constant blunder" — I find it so pencilled by Mr. C. on a blank page of my copy of the "Bubbles from the Brunns" — "of these New-Broomers — these Penny Magazine sages and philanthropists, in reference to our public schools, is to confine their view to what schoolmasters teach the boys, with entire oversight of all that the boys are excited to learn from each other and of themselves — with more geniality even *because* it is *not* a part of their compelled school knowledge. An Eton boy's knowledge of the St. Lawrence, Mississippi, Missouri, Orellana, &c. will be, generally, found in exact proportion to his knowledge of the Ilissus, Hebrus, Orontes, &c.; inasmuch as modern travels and voyages are more entertaining and fascinating than Cellarius; or Robinson Crusoe, Dampier, and Captain Cook, than the Periegesis. Compare the *lads* themselves from Eton and Harrow, &c. with the *alumni* of the New-Broom Institution, and not the lists of school-lessons; and be that comparison the criterion." — ED.

*August 4. 1833.*

## SCOTT AND COLERIDGE.

DEAR Sir Walter Scott and myself were exact, but harmonious, opposites in this ; — that every old ruin, hill, river, or tree called up in his mind a host of historical or biographical associations, — just as a bright pan of brass, when beaten, is said to attract the swarming bees ; — whereas, for myself, notwithstanding Dr. Johnson, I believe I should walk over the plain of Marathon without taking more interest in it than in any other plain of similar features. Yet I receive as much pleasure in reading the account of the battle, in Herodotus, as any one can. Charles Lamb wrote an essay\* on a man who lived in

\* I know not when or where ; but are not all the writings of this exquisite genius the effusions of one whose spirit lived in past time ? The place which Lamb holds, and will continue to hold, in English literature seems less liable to interruption than that of any other writer of our day. — ED.

past time: — I thought of adding another to it on one who lived not *in time* at all, past, present, or future — but beside or collaterally.

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*August 10. 1833.*

NERVOUS WEAKNESS. — HOOKER AND  
BULL. — FAITH.

A PERSON, nervously weak, has a sensation of weakness which is as bad to him as muscular weakness. The only difference lies in the better chance of removal.

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The fact, that Hooker and Bull in their two palmary works respectively are read in the Jesuit Colleges, is a curious instance of the power of mind over the most profound of all prejudices.

There are permitted moments of exultation through faith, when we cease to feel our own emptiness save as a capacity for our Redeemer's fulness.

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*August 14. 1833.*

QUAKERS. — PHILANTHROPISTS. — JEWS.

A QUAKER is made up of ice and flame. He has no composition, no mean temperature. Hence he is rarely interested about any public measure but he becomes a fanatic, and oversteps, in his irrelative zeal, every decency and every right opposed to his course.

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I have never known a trader in philanthropy, who was not wrong in heart somewhere or other. Individuals so distinguished are usually unhappy in their family relations, — men not benevolent or beneficent to individuals, but almost hostile to them, yet



lavishing money and labour and time on the race, the abstract notion. The cosmopolitanism which does not spring out of, and blossom upon, the deep-rooted stem of nationality or patriotism, is a spurious and rotten growth.

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When I read the ninth, tenth, and eleventh chapters of the Epistle to the Romans to that fine old man Mr. ———, at Ramsgate, he shed tears. Any Jew of sensibility must be deeply impressed by them.

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The two images farthest removed from each other which can be comprehended under one term, are, I think, Isaiah \* —

\* I remember Mr. Coleridge used to call Isaiah his ideal of the Hebrew prophet. He studied that part of the Scripture with unremitting attention and most reverential admiration. Although Mr. C. was remarkably deficient in the technical memory of words, he could say a great deal of Isaiah by heart, and he delighted in pointing out the hexametrical rhythm of numerous passages in the English version : —

“ Hear, O heavens, and give ear, | O earth : for the  
Lord hath spoken,

“Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth!”  
 — and Levi of Holywell Street — “Old  
 clothes!” — both of them Jews, you’ll observe.  
*Immane quantum discrepant!* —

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*August 15. 1833.*

SALLUST. — THUCYDIDES. — HERODOTUS.  
 — GIBBON. — KEY TO THE DECLINE OF  
 THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

I CONSIDER the two works of Sallust which  
 have come down to us entire, as romances  
 founded on facts; no adequate causes are  
 stated, and there is no real continuity of  
 action. In Thucydides, you are aware from

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I have nourished and brought up children, | and they  
 have rebelled against me.  
 The ox knoweth his owner, | and the ass his master’s  
 crib:  
 But Israel doth not know, | my people doth not  
 consider.” — ED.

the beginning that you are reading the reflections of a man of great genius and experience upon the character and operation of the two great political principles in conflict in the civilized world in his time: his narrative of events is of minor importance, and it is evident that he selects for the purpose of illustration. It is Thucydides himself whom you read throughout under the names of Pericles, Nicias, &c. But in Herodotus it is just the reverse. He has as little subjectivity as Homer, and, delighting in the great fancied epic of events, he narrates them without impressing any thing as of his own mind upon the narrative. It is the charm of Herodotus that he gives you the spirit of his age — that of Thucydides, that he reveals to you his own, which was above the spirit of his age.

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The difference between the composition of a history in modern and ancient times is very great; still there are certain principles upon which a history of a modern period may be written, neither sacrificing all truth

and reality, like Gibbon, nor descending into mere biography and anecdote.

Gibbon's style is detestable, but his style is not the worst thing about him. His history has proved an effectual bar to all real familiarity with the temper and habits of imperial Rome. Few persons read the original authorities, even those which are classical; and certainly no distinct knowledge of the actual state of the empire can be obtained from Gibbon's rhetorical sketches. He takes notice of nothing but what may produce an effect; he skips on from eminence to eminence, without ever taking you through the valleys between: in fact, his work is little else but a disguised collection of all the splendid anecdotes which he could find in any book concerning any persons or nations from the Antonines to the capture of Constantinople. When I read a chapter in Gibbon, I seem to be looking through a luminous haze or fog:—figures come and go, I know not how or why, all larger than

life, or distorted or discoloured; nothing is real, vivid, true; all is scenical, and, as it were, exhibited by candlelight. And then to call it a History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire! Was there ever a greater misnomer? I protest I do not remember a single philosophical attempt made throughout the work to fathom the ultimate causes of the decline or fall of that empire. How miserably deficient is the narrative of the important reign of Justinian! And that poor scepticism, which Gibbon mistook for Socratic philosophy, has led him to misstate and mistake the character and influence of Christianity in a way which even an avowed infidel or atheist would not and could not have done. Gibbon was a man of immense reading; but he had no philosophy; and he never fully understood the principle upon which the best of the old historians wrote. He attempted to imitate their artificial construction of the whole work — their dramatic ordonnance of the parts — without seeing

that their histories were intended more as documents illustrative of the truths of political philosophy than as mere chronicles of events.

The true key to the declension of the Roman empire — which is not to be found in all Gibbon's immense work — may be stated in two words: — the *imperial* character overlaying, and finally destroying, the *national* character. Rome under Trajan was an empire without a nation.

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*August 16. 1833.*

DR. JOHNSON'S POLITICAL PAMPHLETS.  
— TAXATION. — DIRECT REPRESENTATION. — UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE. — RIGHT OF WOMEN TO VOTE. — HORNE TOOKE. — ETYMOLOGY OF THE FINAL *IVE*.

I LIKE Dr. Johnson's political pamphlets better than any other parts of his works:—

particularly his Taxation no Tyranny is very clever and spirited, though he only sees half of his subject, and that not in a very philosophical manner. Plunder — Tribute — Taxation — are the three gradations of action by the sovereign on the property of the subject. The first is mere violence, bounded by no law or custom, and is properly an act only between conqueror and conquered, and that, too, in the moment of victory. The second supposes Law; but law proceeding only from, and dictated by, one party, the conqueror; law, by which he consents to forego his right of plunder upon condition of the conquered giving up to him, of their own accord, a fixed commutation. The third implies compact, and negatives any right to plunder, — taxation being professedly for the direct benefit of the party taxed, that, by paying a part, he may through the labours and superintendence of the sovereign be able to enjoy the rest in peace. As to the right to tax being only commensurate with direct representation, it is a fable, falsely and treacherously brought

forward by those who know its hollowness well enough. You may show its weakness in a moment, by observing that not even the universal suffrage of the Benthamites avoids the difficulty; — for although it may be allowed to be contrary to decorum that women should legislate; yet there can be no reason why women should not choose their representatives to legislate; — and if it be said that they are merged in their husbands, let it be allowed where the wife has no separate property; but where she has a distinct taxable estate, in which her husband has no interest, what right can her husband have to choose for her the person whose vote may affect her separate interest? — Besides, at all events, an unmarried woman of age, possessing one thousand pounds a year, has surely as good a moral right to vote, if taxation without representation is tyranny, as any ten-pounder in the kingdom. The truth, of course, is, that direct representation is a chimera, impracticable in fact, and useless or noxious if practicable.



Johnson had neither eye nor ear; for nature, therefore, he cared, as he knew, nothing. His knowledge of town life was minute; but even that was imperfect, as not being contrasted with the better life of the country.

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Horne Tooke was once holding forth on language, when, turning to me, he asked me if I knew what the meaning of the final *ive* was in English words. I said I thought I could tell what he, Horne Tooke himself, thought. "Why, what?" said he. "*Vis*," I replied; and he acknowledged I had guessed right. I told him, however, that I could not agree with him; but believed that the final *ive* came from *ick* — *vicus*, οἶκος; the root denoting collectivity and community, and that it was opposed to the final *ing*, which signifies separation, particularity, and individual property, from *ingle*, a hearth, or one man's place or seat: οἶκος, *vicus*, denoted an aggregation of *ingles*. The alteration of the *c* and *k* of the root into the

*v* was evidently the work of the digammate power, and hence we find the *icus* and *ivus* indifferently as finals in Latin. The precise difference of the etymologies is apparent in these phrases: — The lamb is *sportive*; that is, has a nature or habit of sporting: the lamb is *sporting*; that is, the animal is now performing a sport. Horne Tooke upon this said nothing to my etymology; but I believe he found that he could not make a fool of me, as he did of Godwin and some other of his butts.

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*August 17. 1833.*

“THE LORD” IN THE ENGLISH VERSION  
OF THE PSALMS, ETC. — SCOTCH KIRK  
AND IRVING.

It is very extraordinary that, in our translation of the Psalms, which professes to be from the Hebrew, the name Jehovah — ‘O ^ΩN — The Being, or God — should be omitted,

and, instead of it, the *Kύριος*, or Lord, of the Septuagint be adopted. The Alexandrian Jews had a superstitious dread of writing the name of God, and put *Kύριος* not as a translation, but as a mere mark or sign — every one readily understanding for what it really stood. We, who have no such superstition, ought surely to restore the Jehovah, and thereby bring out in the true force the overwhelming testimony of the Psalms to the divinity of Christ, the Jehovah or manifested God.\*

\* I find the same remark in the late most excellent Bishop Sandford's diary, under date 17th December 1827: — "*Χαίρετε ἐν τῷ Κυρίῳ. Κύριος idem significat quod יהוה' apud Hebræos. Hebræi enim nomine יהוה' sanctissimo nempe Dei nomine, nunquam in colloquio utebantur, sed vice ejus 'יהוה' pronuntiabant, quod LXX per Κύριος exprimebant.*" — *Remains of Bishop Sandford*, vol. i. p. 207.

Mr. Coleridge saw this work for the first time many months after making the observation in the text. Indeed it was the very last book he ever read. He was deeply interested in the picture drawn of the Bishop, and said that the mental struggles and bodily sufferings indicated in the Diary had been his own for years past. He conjured me to peruse the Memoir and the Diary with great care: — "I have received," said he,

I cannot understand the conduct of the Scotch Kirk with regard to poor Irving. They might with ample reason have visited him for the monstrous indecencies of those exhibitions of the spirit; — perhaps the Kirk would not have been justified in overlooking such disgraceful breaches of decorum; but

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“ much spiritual comfort and strength from the latter. O! were my faith and devotion, like my sufferings, equal to that good man’s! He felt, as I do, how deep a depth is prayer in faith.”

In connection with the text, I may add here, that Mr. C. said, that long before he knew that the late Bishop Middleton was of the same opinion, he had deplored the misleading inadequacy of our authorized version of the expression, *πρωτότοκος πάσης κτίσεως* in the Epistle to the Colossians, i. 15. : *ὃς ἔστιν εἰκὼν τοῦ Θεοῦ τοῦ ἀοράτου, πρωτότοκος πάσης κτίσεως*. He rendered the verse in these words: — “Who is the manifestation of God the invisible, the begotten antecedently to all creation;” observing, that in *πρωτότοκος* there was a double superlative of priority, and that the natural meaning of “*first-born of every creature*,” — the language of our version, — afforded no premiss for the causal *ὅτι* in the next verse. The same criticism may be found in the Statesman’s Manual, p. 56. n.; and see Bishop Sandford’s judgment to the same effect, vol. i. p. 165. — ED.

to excommunicate him on account of his language about Christ's body was very foolish. Irving's expressions upon this subject are ill judged, inconvenient, in bad taste, and in terms false; nevertheless his apparent meaning, such as it is, is orthodox. Christ's body — as mere body, or rather carcass (for body is an associated word), was no more capable of sin or righteousness than mine or yours; — that his *humanity* had a *capacity* of sin, follows from its own essence. He was of like passions as we, and was tempted. How *could* he be tempted, if he had no formal capacity of being seduced?

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*August 18. 1833.*

MILTON'S EGOTISM. — CLAUDIAN. —  
STERNE.

In the *Paradise Lost* — indeed in every one of his poems — it is Milton himself whom you see; his Satan, his Adam, his Raphael,

almost his Eve — are all John Milton; and it is a sense of this intense egotism that gives me the greatest pleasure in reading Milton's works. The egotism of such a man is a revelation of spirit.

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Claudian deserves more attention than is generally paid to him. He is the link between the old classic and the modern way of thinking in verse. You will observe in him an oscillation between the objective poetry of the ancients and the subjective mood of the moderns. His power of pleasingly reproducing the same thought in different language is remarkable, as it is in Pope. Read particularly the Phoenix, and see how the single image of renascence is varied. \*

\* Mr. Coleridge referred to Claudian's first Idyll: —

“Oceani summo circumfluus æquore lucus  
Trans Indos Eurumque viret,” &c.

See the lines —

“Hic neque concepto fetu, nec semine surgit;  
Sed pater est prolesque sibi, nulloque creante

I think highly of Sterne — that is, of the first part of *Tristram Shandy*: for as to the latter part about the widow Wadman, it is stupid and disgusting; and the *Sentimental Journey* is poor sickly stuff. There is a great deal of affectation in Sterne, to be sure; but still the characters of Trim and the two

*Emeritos artus fœcunda morte reformat,  
Et petit alternam totidem per funera vitam.*

*Et cumulum texens pretiosa fronde Sabæum  
Componit bustumque sibi partumque futurum.*

*O senium positure rogo, falsisque sepulcris  
Natales habiture vices, qui sæpe renasci  
Exitio, proprioque soles pubescere leto,  
Accipe principium rursus.*

*Parturiente rogo —*

*Victuri cineres —*

*Qui fuerat genitor, natus nunc prosilit idem,  
Succeditque novus —*

*O felix, hæresque tui! quo solvimur omnes,  
Hoc tibi suppeditat vires; præbetur origo  
Per cinerem; moritur te non pereunte senectus.”*

—ED.

Shandies\* are most individual and delightful. Sterne's morals are bad, but I don't think they can do much harm to any one whom they would not find bad enough before. Besides, the oddity and erudite grimaces under which much of his dirt is hidden, take away the effect for the most part; although, to be sure, the book is scarcely readable by women.

\* Mr. Coleridge considered the character of the father, the elder Shandy, as by much the finer delineation of the two. I fear his low opinion of the *Sentimental Journey* will not suit a thorough Sterneist; but I could never get him to modify his criticism. He said, "The oftener you read Sterne, the more clearly will you perceive the *great* difference between *Tristram Shandy* and the *Sentimental Journey*. There is truth and reality in the one, and little beyond a clever affectation in the other." — ED.



*August 20. 1833.*

HUMOUR AND GENIUS. — GREAT POETS  
GOOD MEN. — DICTION OF THE OLD AND  
NEW TESTAMENT VERSION. — HEBREW.  
— VOWELS AND CONSONANTS.

MEN of humour are always in some degree men of genius; wits are rarely so, although a man of genius may amongst other gifts possess wit, as Shakspeare.

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Genius must have talent as its complement and implement, just as in like manner imagination must have fancy. In short, the higher intellectual powers can only act through a corresponding energy of the lower.

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Men of genius are rarely much annoyed by the company of vulgar people, because they have a power of looking *at* such persons

as objects of amusement of another race altogether.

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I quite agree with Strabo, as translated by Ben Jonson in his splendid dedication of the Fox \* — that there can be no great poet who is not a good man, though not, perhaps, a *goody* man. His heart must be pure; he must have learned to look into his own heart, and sometimes to look *at* it; for how can he who is ignorant of his own heart know any thing of, or be able to move, the heart of any one else?

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I think there is a perceptible difference in the elegance and correctness of the English in our versions of the Old and New Testa-

\* Ἡ δὲ (ἀρετὴ) ποιητοῦ συνέζευκται τῇ τοῦ ἀνθρώπου καὶ οὐχ οἷόν τε ἀγαθὸν γενέσθαι ποιητήν, μὴ πρότερον γενηθέντα ἄνδρα ἀγαθόν. — Lib. I. p. 33. folio.

“For, if men will impartially, and not asquint, look toward the offices and function of a poet, they will easily conclude to themselves the impossibility of any man’s being the good poet without first being a good man.”

ment. I cannot yield to the authority of many examples of usages which may be alleged from the New Testament version. St. Paul is very often most inadequately rendered, and there are slovenly phrases which would never have come from Ben Jonson or any other good prose writer of that day.

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Hebrew is so simple, and its words are so few and near the roots, that it is impossible to keep up any adequate knowledge of it without constant application. The meanings of the words are chiefly traditional. The loss of Origen's Heptaglott Bible, in which he had written out the Hebrew words in Greek characters, is the heaviest which biblical literature has ever experienced. It would have fixed the sounds as known at that time.

Brute animals have the vowel sounds; man only can utter consonants. It is natural, therefore, that the consonants should be marked first, as being the framework of

the word ; and no doubt a very simple living language might be written quite intelligibly to the natives without any vowel sounds marked at all. The words would be traditionally and conventionally recognized as in short hand — thus — *Gd crtd th Hvn nd th Rth*. I wish I understood Arabic ; and yet I doubt whether to the European philosopher or scholar it is worth while to undergo the immense labour of acquiring that or any other Oriental tongue, except Hebrew.

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*August 23. 1833.*

GREEK ACCENT AND QUANTITY.

THE distinction between accent and quantity is clear, and was, no doubt, observed by the ancients in the recitation of verse. But I believe such recitation to have been always an artificial thing, and that the common conversation was entirely regulated by ac-

cent. I do not think it possible to *talk* any language without confounding the quantity of syllables with their high or low tones\*;

\* This opinion, I need not say, is in direct opposition to the conclusion of Foster and Mitford, and scarcely reconcilable with the apparent meaning of the authorities from the old critics and grammarians. Foster's opponent was for rejecting the accents and attending only to the syllabic quantity; — Mr. C. would, *in prose*, attend to the accents only as indicators of the quantity, being unable to conceive any practical distinction between time and tone in common speech. Yet how can we deal with the authority of Dionysius of Halicarnassus alone, who, on the one hand, discriminates quantity so exquisitely as to make four degrees of *shortness* in the penultimates of ὀδός, ῥόδος, τρόπος and στροφή, and this expressly ἐν λόγοις ψιλοῖς, or plain prose, as well as in verse; and on the other hand declares, according to the evidently correct interpretation of the passage, that the difference between music and ordinary speech consists in the number only, and not in the quality of tones: — τῷ Ποσῷ διαλλάττουσα τῆς ἐν ᾠδαῖς καὶ ὀργάνοις, καὶ οὐχὶ τῷ Ποιῷ. (Περὶ Συν. c. 11.?) The extreme sensibility of the Athenian ear to the accent in prose is, indeed, proved by numerous anecdotes, one of the most amusing of which, though, perhaps, not the best authenticated as a fact, is that of Demosthenes in the Speech for the Crown, asking, "Whether, O Athenians, does Æschines appear to you to be the mercenary (μισθωτός) of

although you may *sing* or *recitative* the difference well enough. Why should the marks of accent have been considered exclusively necessary for teaching the pronunciation to the Asiatic or African Hellenist, if the knowledge of the acuted syllable did not also carry the stress of time with it? If ἄνθρωπος was to be pronounced in common conversation with a perceptible distinction of the

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Alexander, or his guest or friend (ξένος)?” It is said that he pronounced μισθωτός with a false accent on the antepenultima, as μίσθωτος, and that upon the audience immediately crying out, by way of correction, μισθωτός, with an emphasis, the orator continued coolly, — ἀκούεις ἃ λέγουσι — “You yourself hear what they say!” Demosthenes is also said, whether affectedly, or in ignorance, to have sworn in some speech by Ἄσκληπιος, throwing the accent falsely on the antepenultima, and that, upon being interrupted for it, he declared, in his justification, that the pronunciation was proper, for that the divinity was ἥπιος, mild. The expressions in Plutarch are very striking: — “Θόρυβον ἐκίνησεν, ὧμνε δὲ καὶ τὸν Ἄσκληπιὸν, προ-παροξύνων Ἄσκληπιον, καὶ παρεδείκνυεν αὐτὸν ὀρθῶς λέγοντα· εἶναι γὰρ τὸν θεὸν ἥπιον· καὶ ἐπὶ τούτῳ πολλάκις ἐθορυβήθη.” *Dec. Orat.* — ED.

length of the penultima as well as of the elevation of the antepenultima, why was not that long quantity also marked? It was surely as important an ingredient in the pronunciation as the accent. And although the letter omega might in such a word show the quantity, yet what do you say to such words as *λελόγχασι*, *τύψασα*, and the like — the quantity of the penultima of which is not marked to the eye at all? Besides, can we altogether disregard the practice of the modern Greeks? Their confusion of accent and quantity in verse is of course a barbarism, though a very old one, as the *versus politici* of John Tzetzes \* in the twelfth century and

\* See his *Chiliads*. The sort of verses to which Mr. Coleridge alluded are the following, which those who consider the scansion to be accentual, take for tetrameter catalectic iambs, like —

(ὥς ἠδὺν και | νοῖς πράγμασιν | και δεξιοῖς | ὀμιλεῖν —)

ὀπόσον δύ | ναιτο λαβεῖν | ἐκέλευε | χρυσίον.  
 Κροῖσον κινεῖ πρὸς γέλωτα βαδίζει και τῇ θέῃ.  
 Ὁ Ἄρτακάμας βασιλεὺς Φρυγίας τῆς μεγάλης.  
 Ἡόδοτος τὸν Γύγην δὲ ποιμένα μὲν οὐ λέγει.

the Anacreontics prefixed to Proclus will show; but these very examples prove *a fortiori* what the common pronunciation in prose then was.

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Ἡ Ἐρεχθέως Πρόκρις τε καὶ Πραξιθέας κόρη.  
Ἄννίξας, ὡς Διόδωρος γράφει καὶ Δίων ἄμα.—  
Chil. I.

I'll climb the frost | y mountains high | , and there  
I'll coin | the weather ;  
I'll tear the rain | bow from the sky | , and tie both  
ends | together.

Some critics, however, maintain these verses to be trochaics, although very loose and faulty. See Foster, p. 113. A curious instance of the early confusion of accent and quantity may be seen in Prudentius, who shortens the penultima in *eremus* and *idola*, from ἔρημος and εἶδωλα.

Cui jejuna *eremi* saxa loquacibus  
Exundant scatebris, &c.

*Cathemer. V. 89.*

— cognatumque malum, pigmenta, Camœnas,  
*Idola*, conflavit fallendi trina potestas.

*Cont. Symm. 47. — ED.*



*August 24. 1833.*

CONSOLATION IN DISTRESS. — MOCK  
EVANGELICALS. — AUTUMN DAY.

I AM never very forward in offering spiritual consolation to any one in distress or disease. I believe that such resources, to be of any service, must be self-evolved in the first instance. I am something of the Quaker's mind in this, and am inclined to *wait* for the spirit.

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The most common effect of this mock evangelical spirit, especially with young women, is self-inflation and busy-bodyism.

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How strange and awful is the synthesis of life and death in the gusty winds and falling leaves of an autumnal day!

*August 25. 1833.*

ROSETTI ON DANTE. — LAUGHTER:  
FARCE AND TRAGEDY.

ROSETTI'S view of Dante's meaning is in great part just, but he has pushed it beyond all bounds of common sense. How could a poet — and such a poet as Dante — have written the details of the allegory as conjectured by Rosetti? The boundaries between his allegory and his pure picturesque are plain enough, I think, at first reading.

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To resolve laughter into an expression of contempt is contrary to fact, and laughable enough. Laughter is a convulsion of the nerves; and it seems as if nature cut short the rapid thrill of pleasure on the nerves by a sudden convulsion of them, to prevent the sensation becoming painful. Aristotle's de-

finition is as good as can be :— surprise at perceiving any thing out of its usual place, when the unusualness is not accompanied by a sense of serious danger. *Such* surprise is always pleasurable; and it is observable that surprise accompanied with circumstances of danger becomes tragic. Hence farce may often border on tragedy; indeed, farce is nearer tragedy in its essence than comedy is.

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*August 28. 1833.*

BARON VON HUMBOLDT.—MODERN  
DIPLOMATISTS.

BARON VON HUMBOLDT, brother of the great traveller, paid me the following compliment at Rome. “I confess, Mr. Coleridge, I had my suspicions that you were here in a political capacity of some sort or other; but upon reflection I acquit you. For in Germany and, I believe, elsewhere on

the Continent, it is generally understood that the English government, in order to divert the envy and jealousy of the world at the power, wealth, and ingenuity of your nation, makes a point, as a *ruse de guerre*, of sending out none but fools of gentlemanly birth and connections as diplomatists to the courts abroad. An exception is, perhaps, sometimes made for a clever fellow, if sufficiently libertine and unprincipled." Is the case much altered now, do you know?

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What dull coxcombs your diplomatists at home generally are. I remember dining at Mr. Frere's once in company with Canning and a few other interesting men. Just before dinner Lord —— called on Frere, and asked himself to dinner. From the moment of his entry he began to talk to the whole party, and in French — all of us being genuine English — and I was told his French was execrable. He had followed the Russian army into France, and seen a good deal of the great men concerned in the war: of none

of those things did he say a word, but went on, sometimes in English and sometimes in French, gabbling about cookery and dress and the like. At last he paused for a little — and I said a few words remarking how a great image may be reduced to the ridiculous and contemptible by bringing the constituent parts into prominent detail, and mentioned the grandeur of the deluge and the preservation of life in Genesis and the Paradise Lost\*, and the ludicrous effect produced by Drayton's description in his Noah's Flood: —

“ And now the beasts are walking from the wood,  
As well of ravine, as that chew the cud.  
The king of beasts his fury doth suppress,  
And to the Ark leads down the lioness;  
The bull for his beloved mate doth low,  
And to the Ark brings on the fair-eyed cow,” &c.

Hereupon Lord — resumed, and spoke in raptures of a picture which he had lately seen of Noah's Ark, and said the animals were all marching two and two, the little ones first, and that the elephants came last in great ma-

\* Genesis, c. vi, vii. Par. Lost, book xi. v. 728, &c.

jesty and filled up the fore-ground. “ Ah ! no doubt, my lord,” said Canning; “ your elephants, wise fellows ! staid behind to pack up their trunks !” This floored the ambassador for half an hour.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries almost all our ambassadors were distinguished men.\* Read Lloyd’s State Worthies. The third-rate men of those days possessed an infinity of knowledge, and were intimately versed not only in the history, but even in the

\* Yet Diego de Mendoza, the author of *Lazarillo de Tormes*, himself a veteran diplomatist, describes his brethren of the craft, and their duties, in the reigns of Charles the Emperor and Philip the Second, in the following terms : —

O embajadores, puros majaderos,  
 Que si los reyes quieren engañar,  
 Comienzan por nosotros los primeros.  
*Nuestro mayor negocio es, no dañar,*  
*Y jamas hacer cosa, ni dezilla,*  
*Que no corramos riesgo de enseñar.*

What a pity it is that modern diplomatists, who, for the most part, very carefully observe the precept contained in the last two lines of this passage, should not equally bear in mind the importance of the preceding remark — *that their principal business is just to do no mischief.* — ED.

heraldry, of the countries in which they were resident. Men were almost always, except for mere compliments, chosen for their dexterity and experience — not, as now, by Parliamentary interest.

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The sure way to make a foolish ambassador is to bring him up to it. What can an English minister abroad really want but an honest and bold heart, a love for his country and the ten commandments? Your art diplomatic is stuff: — no truly great man now would negotiate upon any such shallow principles.

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*August 30. 1833.*

MAN CANNOT BE STATIONARY. — FATALISM AND PROVIDENCE.

IF a man is not rising upwards to be an angel, depend upon it, he is sinking downwards to be a devil. He cannot stop at the

beast. The most savage of men are not beasts; they are worse, a great deal worse.

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The conduct of the Mohammedan and Western nations on the subject of contagious plague illustrates the two extremes of error on the nature of God's moral government of the world. The Turk changes Providence into fatalism; the Christian relies upon it — when he has nothing else to rely on. He does not practically rely upon it at all.

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*September 2. 1833.*

CHARACTERISTIC TEMPERAMENT OF NATIONS. — GREEK PARTICLES. — LATIN COMPOUNDS.—PROPERTIUS.—TIBULLUS. — LUCAN. — STATIUS. — VALERIUS FLACCUS. — CLAUDIAN. — PERSIUS. — PRUDENTIUS. — HERMESIANAX.

THE English affect stimulant nourishment—beef and beer. The French, excitants, irritants — nitrous oxide, alcohol, champagne. The Austrians, sedatives—hyoscyamus. The



Russians, narcotics — opium, tobacco, and beng.

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It is worth particular notice how the style of Greek oratory, so full, in the times of political independence, of connective particles, some of passion, some of sensation only, and escaping the classification of mere grammatical logic, became, in the hands of the declaimers and philosophers of the Alexandrian æra, and still later, entirely deprived of this peculiarity. So it was with Homer as compared with Nonnus, Tryphiodorus, and the like. In the latter there are in the same number of lines fewer words by one half than in the Iliad. All the appoggiaturas of time are lost.

The old Latin poets attempted to compound as largely as the Greek; hence in Ennius such words as *belligerentes*, &c. In nothing did Virgil show his judgment more than in rejecting these, except just where common usage had sanctioned them, as *omnipotens* and a few more. He saw that the Latin was too far advanced in its formation,

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and of too rigid a character, to admit such composition or agglutination. In this particular respect Virgil's Latin is very admirable and deserving preference. Compare it with the language of Lucan or Statius, and count the number of words used in an equal number of lines, and observe how many more short words Virgil has.

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I cannot quite understand the grounds of the high admiration which the ancients expressed for Propertius, and I own that Tibullus is rather insipid to me. Lucan was a man of great powers; but what was to be made of such a shapeless fragment of party warfare, and so recent too! He had fancy rather than imagination, and passion rather than fancy. His taste was wretched, to be sure; still the *Pharsalia* is in my judgment a very wonderful work for such a youth as Lucan\* was.

\* Lucan died by the command of Nero, A. D. 65, in his twenty-sixth year. I think this should be printed at the beginning of every book of the *Pharsalia*.—ED.

I think Statius a truer poet than Lucan, though he is very extravagant sometimes. Valerius Flaccus is very pretty in particular passages. I am ashamed to say, I have never read Silius Italicus. Claudian I recommend to your careful perusal, in respect of his being properly the first of the moderns, or at least the transitional link between the Classic and the Gothic mode of thought.

I call Persius hard — not obscure. He had a bad style; but I dare say, if he had lived \*, he would have learned to express himself in easier language. There are many passages in him of exquisite felicity, and his vein of thought is manly and pathetic.

Prudentius † is curious for this,—that you see how Christianity forced allegory into the place of mythology. Mr. Frere [ὁ φιλόκαλος, ὁ καλοκαγαθὸς] used to esteem the Latin Christian poets of Italy very highly,

\* Aulus Persius Flaccus died in the 30th year of his age, A. D. 62. — ED.

† Aurelius Prudentius Clemens was born A. D. 348, in Spain. — ED.

and no man in our times was a more competent judge than he.

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How very pretty are those lines of Her-  
mesianax in Athenæus about the poets and  
poetesses of Greece ! \*

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*September 4. 1833.*

DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM. — EPIC  
POEM. — GERMAN AND ENGLISH. — MO-  
DERN TRAVELS. — PARADISE LOST.

I HAVE already told you that in my opinion  
the destruction of Jerusalem is the only sub-  
ject now left for an epic poem of the highest  
kind. Yet, with all its great capabilities, it  
has this one grand defect — that, whereas a  
poem, to be epic, must have a personal

\* See the fragment from the Leontium : —

Οἶην μὲν φίλος υἱὸς ἀνήγαγεν Οἶαγροιο  
Ἄγριόπην, Θρῆσσαν στείλαμενος κιθάρην  
Αἰδόθεν κ. τ. λ. *Athen.* xiii. s. 71. — ED.

interest, — in the destruction of Jerusalem no genius or skill could possibly preserve the interest for the hero from being merged in the interest for the event. The fact is, the event itself is too sublime and overwhelming.

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In my judgment, an epic poem must either be national or mundane. As to Arthur, you could not by any means make a poem on him national to Englishmen. What have *we* to do with him? Milton saw this, and with a judgment at least equal to his genius, took a mundane theme — one common to all mankind. His Adam and Eve are all men and women inclusively. Pope satirizes Milton for making God the Father talk like a school divine.\* Pope was hardly the man to criticize Milton. The truth is, the judgment of Milton in the

\* “Milton’s strong pinion now not Heav’n can bound,  
Now, serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground;  
In quibbles angel and archangel join,  
And God the Father turns a school divine.”

1 Epist. 2d book of Hor. v. 99.

conduct of the celestial part of his story is very exquisite. Wherever God is represented as directly acting as Creator, without any exhibition of his own essence, Milton adopts the simplest and sternest language of the Scriptures. He ventures upon no poetic diction, no amplification, no pathos, no affection. It is truly the Voice or the Word of the Lord coming to, and acting on, the subject Chaos. But, as some personal interest was demanded for the purposes of poetry, Milton takes advantage of the dramatic representation of God's address to the Son, the Filial Alterity, and in *those addresses* slips in, as it were by stealth, language of affection, or thought, or sentiment. Indeed, although Milton was undoubtedly a high Arian in his mature life, he does in the necessity of poetry give a greater objectivity to the Father and the Son, than he would have justified in argument. He was very wise in adopting the strong anthropomorphism of the Hebrew Scriptures at once. Compare the *Paradise Lost* with Klopstock's *Messiah*, and you will learn to appreciate Milton's

judgment and skill quite as much as his genius.

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The conquest of India by Bacchus might afford scope for a very brilliant poem of the fancy and the understanding.

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It is not that the German can express external imagery more *fully* than English; but that it can flash more images *at once* on the mind than the English can. As to mere power of expression, I doubt whether even the Greek surpasses the English. Pray, read a very pleasant and acute dialogue in Schlegel's Athenæum between a German, a Greek, a Roman, Italian, and a Frenchman, on the merits of their respective languages.

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I wish the naval and military officers who write accounts of their travels, would just spare us their sentiment. The Magazines introduced this cant. Let these gentlemen read and imitate the old captains and admirals, as Dampier, &c.

*October 15. 1833.*

THE TRINITY.—INCARNATION.—REDEMPTION.—EDUCATION.

THE Trinity is the Idea: the Incarnation, which implies the Fall, is the Fact: the Redemption is the mesothesis of the two — that is — the Religion.

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If you bring up your children in a way which puts them out of sympathy with the religious feelings of the nation in which they live — the chances are, that they will ultimately turn out ruffians or fanatics — and one as likely as the other.



October 23. 1833.

ELEGY.—LAVACRUM PALLADOS.—GREEK  
AND LATIN PENTAMETER. — MILTON'S  
LATIN POEMS. — POETICAL FILTER. —  
GRAY AND COTTON.

ELEGY is the form of poetry natural to the reflective mind. It *may* treat of any subject, but it must treat of no subject *for itself*; but always and exclusively with reference to the poet himself. As he will feel regret for the past or desire for the future, so sorrow and love become the principal themes of elegy. Elegy presents every thing as lost and gone, or absent and future. The elegy is the exact opposite of the Homeric epic, in which all is purely external and objective, and the poet is a mere voice.

The true lyric ode is subjective too; but then it delights to present things as actually existing and visible, although associated with

the past, or coloured highly by the subject of the ode itself.

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I think the *Lavacrum Pallados* of Callimachus very beautiful indeed, especially that part about the mother of Tiresias and Minerva.\* I have a mind to try how it would bear translation; but what metre have we to answer in feeling to the elegiac couplet of the Greeks?

I greatly prefer the Greek rhythm of the short verse to Ovid's, though, observe, I don't dispute his taste with reference to the genius of his own language. Augustus Schlegel gave me a copy of Latin elegiacs on the King of Prussia's going down the Rhine, in which he had almost exclusively adopted the manner of Propertius. I thought them very elegant.

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You may find a few minute faults in

\* Παῖδες, Ἀθαναία νύμφαν μίαν ἐν ποκα Θήβαις  
 πολὺ τι καὶ πέρι δὴ φίλατο τᾶν ἑτέραν,  
 ματέρα Τειρεσίαο, καὶ οὐποκα χωρὶς ἔγεντο· κ. τ. λ.  
 v. 57. &c.

Milton's Latin verses ; but you will not persuade me that, if these poems had come down to us *as* written in the age of Tiberius, we should not have considered them to be very beautiful.

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I once thought of making a collection,— to be called “ The Poetical Filter,” — upon the principle of simply omitting from the old pieces of lyrical poetry which we have, those parts in which the whim or the bad taste of the author or the fashion of his age prevailed over his genius. You would be surprised at the number of exquisite *wholes* which might be made by this simple operation, and, perhaps, by the insertion of a single line or half a line, out of poems which are now utterly disregarded on account of some odd or incongruous passages in them ; — just as whole volumes of Wordsworth's poems were formerly neglected or laughed at, solely because of some few wilfulnesses, if I may so call them, of that great man — whilst at the same time five sixths of his poems would have been

admired, and indeed popular, if they had appeared without those drawbacks, under the name of Byron or Moore or Campbell, or any other of the fashionable favourites of the day. But he has won the battle now, aye ! and will wear the crown, whilst English is English.

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I think there is something very majestic in Gray's Installation Ode; but as to the Bard and the rest of his lyrics, I must say I think them frigid and artificial. There is more real lyric feeling in Cotton's Ode on Winter.\*

\* Let me borrow Mr. Wordsworth's account of, and quotation from, this poem : —

“ Finally, I will refer to Cotton's ‘ Ode upon Winter,’ an admirable composition, though stained with some peculiarities of the age in which he lived, for a general illustration of the characteristics of Fancy. The middle part of this ode contains a most lively description of the entrance of Winter, with his retinue, as “ a palsied king,” and yet a military monarch, advancing for conquest with his army ; the several bodies of which, and their arms and equipments, are described with a rapidity of detail, and a profusion of *fanciful*

*November 1. 1833.*

HOMERIC HEROES IN SHAKSPEARE. —  
 DRYDEN. — DR. JOHNSON. — SCOTT'S NO-  
 VELS. — SCOPE OF CHRISTIANITY.

COMPARE Nestor, Ajax, Achilles, &c. in the  
 Troilus and Cressida of Shakspeare with

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comparisons, which indicate, on the part of the poet,  
 extreme activity of intellect, and a correspondent hurry  
 of delightful feeling. He retires from the foe into his  
 fortress, where —

a magazine  
 Of sovereign juice is cellared in ;  
 Liquor that will the siege maintain  
 Should Phœbus ne'er return again.

Though myself a water-drinker, I cannot resist the  
 pleasure of transcribing what follows, as an instance  
 still more happy of Fancy employed in the treatment  
 of feeling than, in its preceding passages, the poem  
 supplies of her management of forms.

'Tis that, that gives the Poet rage,  
 And thaws the gelly'd blood of Age ;  
 Matures the Young, restores the Old,  
 And makes the fainting coward bold.

their namesakes in the Iliad. The old heroes  
seem all to have been at school ever since. I

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It lays the careful head to rest,  
Calms palpitations in the breast,  
Renders our lives' misfortune sweet;

\* \* \* \* \*

Then let the *chill* Scirocco blow,  
And gird us round with hills of snow ;  
Or else go whistle to the shore,  
And make the hollow mountains roar :

Whilst we together jovial sit  
Careless, and crowned with mirth and wit ;  
Where, though bleak winds confine us home,  
Our fancies round the world shall roam.

We'll think of all the friends we know,  
And drink to all worth drinking to ;  
When, having drunk all thine and mine,  
We rather shall want healths than wine.

But where friends fail us, we'll supply  
Our friendships with our charity ;  
Men that remote in sorrows live  
Shall by our lusty brimmers thrive.

We'll drink the wanting into wealth,  
And those that languish into health,  
Th' afflicted into joy, th' opprest  
Into security and rest.

scarcely know a more striking instance of the strength and pregnancy of the Gothic mind.

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Dryden's genius was of that sort which catches fire by its own motion; his chariot wheels *get* hot by driving fast.

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Dr. Johnson seems to have been really more powerful in discoursing *viva voce* in conversation than within his pen in hand. It seems as if the excitement of company called

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The worthy in disgrace shall find  
Favour return again more kind,  
And in restraint who stifled lie  
Shall taste the air of liberty.

The brave shall triumph in success,  
The lovers shall have mistresses,  
Poor unregarded virtue, praise,  
And the neglected poet, bays.

Thus shall our healths do others good,  
Whilst we ourselves do all we would;  
For, freed from envy and from care,  
What would we be but what we are?

*Preface to the editions of Mr. W.'s Poems,  
in 1815 and 1820. — ED.*

something like reality and consecutiveness into his reasonings, which in his writings I cannot see. His antitheses are almost always verbal only; and sentence after sentence in the Rambler may be pointed out, to which you cannot attach any definite meaning whatever. In his political pamphlets there is more truth of expression than in his other works, for the same reason that his conversation is better than his writings in general.

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When I am very ill indeed, I can read Scott's novels, and they are almost the only books I can then *read*. I cannot at such times read the Bible; my mind reflects on it, but I can't bear the open page.

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Unless Christianity be viewed and felt in a high and comprehensive way, how large a portion of our intellectual and moral nature does it leave without object and action!

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Let a young man separate I from Me as far as he possibly can, and remove Me till it



is almost lost in the remote distance. "I am Me," is as bad a fault in intellectuals and morals as it is in grammar, whilst none but one — God — can say, "I am I," or "That I am."

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*November 9. 1833.*

TIMES OF CHARLES I.

How many books are still written and published about Charles the First and his times! Such is the fresh and enduring interest of that grand crisis of morals, religion, and government! But these books are none of them works of any genius or imagination; not one of these authors seems to be able to throw himself back into that age; if they did, there would be less praise and less blame bestowed on both sides.

*December 21. 1833.*

MESSENGER OF THE COVENANT.—PRO-  
PHECY.—LOGIC OF IDEAS AND OF SYL-  
LOGISMS.

WHEN I reflect upon the subject of the messenger of the covenant, and observe the distinction taken in the prophets between the teaching and suffering Christ,—the Priest, who was to precede, and the triumphant Messiah, the Judge, who was to follow,—and how Jesus always seems to speak of the Son of Man in a future sense, and yet always at the same time as identical with himself; I sometimes think that our Lord himself in his earthly career was the Messenger; and that the way is *now still preparing* for the great and visible advent of the Messiah of Glory. I mention this doubtingly.

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What a beautiful sermon or essay might be written on the growth of prophecy! — from

the germ, no bigger than a man's hand, in Genesis, till the column of cloud gathers size and height and substance, and assumes the shape of a perfect man; just like the smoke in the Arabian Nights' tale, which comes up and at last takes a genie's shape.\*

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The logic of ideas is to that of syllogisms as the infinitesimal calculus to common arithmetic; it proves, but at the same time supersedes.

\* The passage in Mr. Coleridge's mind was, I suppose, the following:—"He (the fisherman) set it before him, and while he looked upon it attentively, there came out a very thick smoke, which obliged him to retire two or three paces from it. The smoke ascended to the clouds, and extending itself along the sea, and upon the shore, formed a great mist, which, we may well imagine, did mightily astonish the fisherman. When the smoke was all out of the vessel, it reunited itself, and became a solid body, of which there was formed a genie twice as high as the greatest of giants. " *Story of the Fisherman*. Ninth Night.—ED.

*January 1. 1834.*

W. S. LANDOR'S POETRY. — BEAUTY. —  
CHRONOLOGICAL ARRANGEMENT OF  
WORKS.

WHAT is it that Mr. Landor wants, to make him a poet? His powers are certainly very considerable, but he seems to be totally deficient in that modifying faculty, which compresses several units into one whole. The truth is, he does not possess imagination in its highest form,— that of stamping *il più nell' uno*. Hence his poems, taken as wholes, are unintelligible; you have eminences excessively bright, and all the ground around and between them in darkness. Besides which, he has never learned, with all his energy, how to write simple and lucid English.

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The Useful, the Agreeable, the Beautiful,  
and the Good, are distinguishable. You are

wrong in resolving Beauty into Expression or Interest; it is quite distinct; indeed it is opposite, although not contrary. Beauty is an immediate presence, between (*inter*) which and the beholder *nihil est*. It is always one and tranquil; whereas the interesting always disturbs and is disturbed. I exceedingly regret the loss of those essays on Beauty, which I wrote in a Bristol newspaper. I would give much to recover them.\*

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After all you can say, I still think the chronological order the best for arranging a poet's works. All your divisions are in particular instances inadequate, and they de-

\* I preserve the conclusion of this passage, in the hope of its attracting the attention of some person who may have local or personal advantages in making a search for these essays, upon which Mr. C. set a high value. He had an indistinct recollection of the subject, but told me that, to the best of his belief, the essays were published in the Bristol Mercury, a paper belonging to Mr. Gutch. The years in which the inquiry should be made, would be, I presume, 1807 and 1808.—ED.

stroy the interest which arises from watching the progress, maturity, and even the decay of genius.

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*January 3. 1834.*

TOLERATION. — NORWEGIANS.

I HAVE known books written on Tolerance, the proper title of which would be — intolerant or intolerable books on tolerance. Should not a man who writes a book expressly to inculcate tolerance learn to treat with respect, or at least with indulgence, articles of faith which tens of thousands ten times told of his fellow subjects or his fellow creatures believe with all their souls, and upon the truth of which they rest their tranquillity in this world, and their hopes of salvation in the next, — those articles being at least maintainable against his arguments, and most certainly innocent in themselves? — Is it fitting to run Jesus Christ in a silly

parallel with Socrates — the Being whom thousand millions of intellectual creatures, of whom I am a humble unit, take to be their Redeemer, with an Athenian philosopher, of whom we should know nothing except through his glorification in Plato and Xenophon? — And then to hitch Latimer and Servetus together! To be sure, there was a stake and a fire in each case, but where the rest of the resemblance is I cannot see. What ground is there for throwing the odium of Servetus's death upon Calvin alone? — Why, the mild Melancthon wrote to Calvin \*, expressly to testify his concurrence in the act, and no doubt he spoke the sense of the German reformers; the Swiss churches *advised* the punishment in formal letters, and I rather think there are letters from the English divines, approving Calvin's conduct! — Before a man deals out the slang

\* Melancthon's words are: — “Tuo judicio prorsus assentior. Affirmo etiam vestros magistratus juste fecisse quod hominem blasphemum, re ordine judicata, *interfecerunt.*” 14th Oct. 1554. — Ed.

of the day about the great leaders of the Reformation, he should learn to throw himself back to the age of the Reformation, when the two great parties in the church were eagerly on the watch to fasten a charge of heresy on the other. Besides, if ever a poor fanatic thrust himself into the fire, it was Michael Servetus. He was a rabid enthusiast, and did every thing he could in the way of insult and ribaldry to provoke the feeling of the Christian church. He called the Trinity *triceps monstrum et Cerberum quendam tripartitum*, and so on.

Indeed, how should the principle of religious toleration have been acknowledged at first?—It would require stronger arguments than any which I have heard as yet, to prove that men in authority have not a right, involved in an imperative duty, to deter those under their control from teaching or countenancing doctrines which they believe to be damnable, and even to punish with death those who violate such prohibition. I am sure that Bellarmine would have had



small difficulty in turning Locke round his fingers' ends upon this ground. A *right* to protection I can understand; but a *right* to toleration seems to me a contradiction in terms. Some criterion must in any case be adopted by the state; otherwise it might be compelled to admit whatever hideous doctrine and practice any man or number of men may assert to be his or their religion, and an article of his or their faith. It was the same Pope who commanded the Romanists of England to separate from the national church, which previously their own consciences had not dictated, nor the decision of any council,—and who also commanded them to rebel against Queen Elizabeth, whom they were bound to obey by the laws of the land; and if the Pope had authority for one, he must have had it for the other. The only true argument, as it seems to me, apart from Christianity, for a discriminating toleration is, that *it is of no use* to attempt to stop heresy or schism by persecution, unless, perhaps, it be conducted upon

the plan of direct warfare and massacre. You *cannot* preserve men in the faith by such means, though you may stifle for a while any open appearance of dissent. The experiment has now been tried, and it has failed; and that is by a great deal the best argument for the magistrate against a repetition of it.

I know this, — that if a parcel of fanatic missionaries were to go to Norway, and were to attempt to disturb the fervent and undoubting Lutheranism of the fine independent inhabitants of the interior of that country, I should be right glad to hear that the busy fools had been quietly shipped off — anywhere. I don't include the people of the seaports in my praise of the Norwegians; — I speak of the agricultural population. If that country could be brought to maintain a million more of inhabitants, Norway might defy the world; it would be *αὐταρκής* and impregnable; but it is much under-handed now.

*January 12. 1834.*

ARTICLES OF FAITH. — MODERN QUAKERISM. — DEVOTIONAL SPIRIT. — SECTARIANISM. — ORIGEN.

I HAVE drawn up four or perhaps five articles of faith, by subscription, or rather by assent to which I think a large comprehension might take place. My articles would exclude Unitarians, and I am sorry to say, members of the church of Rome, but with this difference — that the exclusion of Unitarians would be necessary and perpetual; that of the members of the Church of Rome depending on each individual's own conscience and intellectual light. What I mean is this: — that the Romanists hold the faith in Christ, — but unhappily they also hold certain opinions, partly ceremonial, partly devotional, partly speculative, which have so fatal a facility of being degraded into base, corrupt-

ing, and even idolatrous practices, that if the Romanist will make *them* of the essence of his religion, he must of course be excluded. As to the Quakers, I hardly know what to say. An article on the sacraments would exclude them. My doubt is, whether Baptism and the Eucharist are properly any *parts* of Christianity, or not rather Christianity itself; — the one, the initial conversion or light, — the other, the sustaining and invigorating life; — both together the  $\phi\omega\varsigma$  καὶ ζωή, which are Christianity. A line can only begin once; hence, there can be no repetition of baptism; but a line may be endlessly prolonged by continued production; hence the sacrament of love and life lasts for ever.

But really there is no knowing what the modern Quakers are, or believe, excepting this — that they are altogether degenerated from their ancestors of the seventeenth century. I should call modern Quakerism, so far as I know it as a scheme of faith, a Socinian Calvinism. Penn himself was a Sabellian,

and seems to have disbelieved even the historical fact of the life and death of Jesus; — most certainly Jesus of Nazareth was not Penn's Christ, if he had any. It is amusing to see the modern Quakers appealing now to history for a confirmation of their tenets and discipline — and by so doing, in effect abandoning the strong hold of their founders. As an *imperium in imperio*, I think the original Quakerism a conception worthy of Lycurgus. Modern Quakerism is like one of those gigantic trees which are seen in the forests of North America, — apparently flourishing, and preserving all its greatest stretch and spread of branches; but when you cut through an enormously thick and gnarled bark, you find the whole inside hollow and rotten. Modern Quakerism, like such a tree, stands upright by help of its inveterate bark alone. *Bark* a Quaker, and he is a poor creature.

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How much the devotional spirit of the church has suffered by that necessary evil, the Reformation, and the sects which have

sprung up subsequently to it! All our modern prayers seem tongue-tied. We appear to be thinking more of avoiding an heretical expression or thought than of opening ourselves to God. We do not pray with that entire, unsuspecting, unfearing, childlike profusion of feeling, which so beautifully shines forth in Jeremy Taylor and Andrewes and the writings of some of the older and better saints of the Romish Church, particularly of that remarkable woman, St. Theresa.\* And certainly Protestants, in their anxiety to have the historical argument on their side, have brought down the origin of the Romish errors too late. Many of them began, no doubt, in the Apostolic age itself; — I say errors — not heresies, as that dullest of the fathers, Epiphanius, calls them. Epiphanius is very long and fierce

\* She was a native of Avila in Old Castile, and a Carmelite nun. Theresa established an order which she called the "Reformed," and which became very powerful. Her works are divided into ten books, of which her autobiography forms a remarkable part. She died in 1582, and was canonized by Gregory XV. in 1622.—ED.

upon the Ebionites. There may have been real heretics under that name; but I believe that, in the beginning, the name was, on account of its Hebrew meaning, given to, or adopted by, some poor mistaken men — perhaps of the Nazarene way — who sold all their goods and lands, and were then obliged to beg. I think it not improbable that Barnabas was one of these chief mendicants; and that the collection made by St. Paul was for them. You should read Rhenferd's account of the early heresies. I think he demonstrates about eight of Epiphanius's heretics to be mere nicknames given by the Jews to the Christians. Read "Hermas, or the Shepherd," of the genuineness of which and of the epistle of Barnabas I have no doubt. It is perfectly orthodox, but full of the most ludicrous tricks of gnostic fancy — the wish to find the New Testament in the Old. This gnosis is perceptible in the Epistle to the Hebrews, but kept exquisitely within the limit of propriety. In the others it is rampant, and most truly "puffeth up," as St. Paul said of it.

What between the sectarians and the political economists, the English are denationalized. England I see as a country, but the English nation seems obliterated. What could redintegrate us again? Must it be another threat of foreign invasion?

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I never can digest the loss of most of Origen's works: he seems to have been almost the only very great scholar and genius combined amongst the early Fathers. Jerome was very inferior to him.

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*January 20. 1834.*

SOME MEN LIKE MUSICAL GLASSES. —  
SUBLIME AND NONSENSE. — ATHEIST.

SOME men are like musical glasses; — to produce their finest tones, you must keep them wet.

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Well! that passage is what I call the



sublime dashed to pieces by cutting too close with the fiery four-in-hand round the corner of nonsense.

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How did the Atheist get his idea of that God whom he denies?

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*February 22. 1834.*

PROOF OF EXISTENCE OF GOD. — KANT'S ATTEMPT. — PLURALITY OF WORLDS.

ASSUME the existence of God, — and then the harmony and fitness of the physical creation may be shown to correspond with and support such an assumption; — but to set about *proving* the existence of a God by such means is a mere circle, a delusion. It can be no proof to a good reasoner, unless he violates all syllogistic logic, and presumes his conclusion.

Kant once set about proving the existence

of God, and a masterly effort it was. \* But in his later great work, the "Critique of the Pure Reason," he saw its fallacy, and said of it — that *if* the existence could be *proved* at all, it must be on the grounds indicated by him.

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I never could feel any force in the arguments for a plurality of worlds, in the common acceptation of that term. A lady once asked me — "What then could be the intention in creating so many great bodies, so apparently useless to us?" I said — I did not know, except perhaps to make dirt cheap. The vulgar inference is *in alio genere*. What in the eye of an intellectual and omnipotent Being is the whole sidereal system to the soul of one man for whom Christ died?

\* In his essay, "*Der einzig mögliche Beweisgrund zu einer Demonstration des Daseyns Gottes.*" — "The only possible argument or ground of proof for a demonstration of the existence of God." It was published in 1763; the "Critique" in 1781. — ED.

*March 1. 1834.*

A REASONER.

I AM by the law of my nature a reasoner. A person who should suppose I meant by that word, an arguer, would not only not understand me, but would understand the contrary of my meaning. I can take no interest whatever in hearing or saying any thing merely as a fact — merely as having happened. It must refer to something within me before I can regard it with any curiosity or care. My mind is always energetic — I don't mean, energetic; I require in every thing what, for lack of another word, I may call *propriety*, — that is, a reason why the thing *is* at all, and why it is *there* or *then* rather than elsewhere or at another time.

*March 5. 1834.*

SHAKSPEARE'S INTELLECTUAL ACTION. —  
 READING IN MACBETH. — CRABBE AND  
 SOUTHEY. — PETER SIMPLE AND TOM  
 CRINGLE'S LOG.

SHAKSPEARE'S intellectual action is wholly unlike that of Ben Jonson or Beaumont and Fletcher. The latter see the totality of a sentence or passage, and then project it entire. Shakspeare goes on creating, and evolving B. out of A., and C. out of B., and so on, just as a serpent moves, which makes a fulcrum of its own body, and seems for ever twisting and untwisting its own strength.

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Perhaps the true reading in Macbeth \* is

\*  
                                   Come, thick night,  
 And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,  
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
 Nor heaven peep through the *blanket* of the dark!  
   Act I. sc. 5.

— *blank height* of the dark — and not “blanket.” “Height” was most commonly written, and even printed, *hēt*.

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I think Crabbe and Southey are something alike; but Crabbe's poems are founded on observation and real life — Southey's on fancy and books. In facility they are equal, though Crabbe's English is of course not upon a level with Southey's, which is next door to faultless. But in Crabbe there is an absolute defect of the high imagination; he gives me little or no pleasure: yet, no doubt, he has much power of a certain kind, and it is good to cultivate, even at some pains, a catholic taste in literature. I read all sorts of books with some pleasure except modern sermons and treatises on political economy.

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But, after all, may not the ultimate allusion be to so humble an image as that of an actor peeping through the curtain on the stage? — ED.

I have received a great deal of pleasure from some of the modern novels, especially Captain Marryat's "Peter Simple." \* That book is nearer Smollett than any I remember. And "Tom Cringle's Log" in Blackwood is also most excellent.

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*March 15. 1834.*

CHAUCER.—SHAKSPEARE.—BEN JONSON.  
—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.—DANIEL.  
—MASSINGER.

I TAKE unceasing delight in Chaucer. His manly cheerfulness is especially delicious to me in my old age. † How exquisitely tender

\* Mr. Coleridge said, he thought this novel would have lost nothing in energy if the author had been more frugal in his *swearing*. — ED.

† Eighteen years before, Mr. Coleridge entertained the same feelings towards Chaucer:—"Through all the works of Chaucer there reigns a cheerfulness, a manly hilarity, which makes it almost impossible to doubt a correspondent habit of feeling in the author himself." B. Lit. vol. i. p. 32. — ED.

he is, and yet how perfectly free from the least touch of sickly melancholy or morbid drooping ! The sympathy of the poet with the subjects of his poetry is particularly remarkable in Shakspeare and Chaucer ; but what the first effects by a strong act of imagination and mental metamorphosis, the last does without any effort, merely by the inborn kindly joyousness of his nature. How well we seem to know Chaucer ! How absolutely nothing do we know of Shakspeare !

I cannot in the least allow any necessity for Chaucer's poetry, especially the Canterbury Tales, being considered obsolete. Let a few plain rules be given for sounding the final *e*' of syllables, and for expressing the termination of such words as *ocëan*, and *natiön*, &c. as dissyllables, — or let the syllables to be sounded in such cases be marked by a competent metrist. This simple expedient would, with a very few trifling exceptions, where the errors are inveterate, enable any reader to feel the perfect smooth-

ness and harmony of Chaucer's verse. As to understanding his language, if you read twenty pages with a good glossary, you surely can find no further difficulty, even as it is; but I should have no objection to see this done: — Strike out those words which are now obsolete, and I will venture to say that I will replace every one of them by words still in use out of Chaucer himself, or Gower his disciple. I don't want this myself: I rather like to see the significant terms which Chaucer unsuccessfully offered as candidates for admission into our language; but surely so very slight a change of the text may well be pardoned, even by black-letterati, for the purpose of restoring so great a poet to his ancient and most deserved popularity.

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Shakspeare is of no age. It is idle to endeavour to support his phrases by quotations from Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, &c. His language is entirely his own, and the younger dramatists imitated him. The construction of Shakspeare's



sentences, whether in verse or prose, is the necessary and homogeneous vehicle of his peculiar manner of thinking. His is not the style of the age. More particularly, Shakspeare's blank verse is an absolutely new creation. Read Daniel \* — the admirable Daniel—in his "Civil Wars," and "Triumphs of Hymen." The style and language are just such as any very pure and manly writer of the present day — Wordsworth, for example — would use; it seems quite modern in comparison with the style of Shakspeare. Ben Jonson's blank verse is very masterly and individual, and perhaps Massinger's is even

\* "This poet's well-merited epithet is that of the '*well-languaged Daniel*;' but, likewise, and by the consent of his contemporaries, no less than of all succeeding critics, the '*prosaic Daniel*.' Yet those who thus designate this wise and amiable writer, from the frequent incorespondency of his diction with his metre, in the majority of his compositions, not only deem them valuable and interesting on other accounts, but willingly admit that there are to be found throughout his poems, and especially in his *Epistles* and in his *Hymen's Triumph*, many and exquisite specimens of that style, which, as the neutral ground of prose and verse, is common to both." — *Biog. Lit.*, vol. ii. p. 82.

still nobler. In Beaumont and Fletcher it is constantly slipping into lyricisms.

I believe Shakspeare was not a whit more intelligible in his own day than he is now to an educated man, except for a few local allusions of no consequence. As I said, he is of no age — nor, I may add, of any religion, or party, or profession. The body and substance of his works came out of the unfathomable depths of his own oceanic mind: his observation and reading, which was considerable, supplied him with the drapery of his figures. \*

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As for editing Beaumont and Fletcher, the task would be one *immensi laboris*. The

\* Mr. Coleridge called Shakspeare “*the myriad-minded man*,” ἀνὴρ μυριονοῦς — “a phrase,” said he, “which I have borrowed from a Greek monk, who applies it to a patriarch of Constantinople. I might have said, that I have *reclaimed*, rather than borrowed it, for it seems to belong to Shakspeare *de jure singulari, et ex privilegio naturæ*.” See Biog. Lit. vol. ii. p. 13. I have sometimes thought that Mr. C. himself had no inconsiderable claim to the same appellation. — ED.

confusion is now so great, the errors so enormous, that the editor must use a boldness quite unallowable in any other case. All I can say as to Beaumont and Fletcher is, that I can point out well enough where something has been lost, and that something so and so was probably in the original; but the law of Shakspeare's thought and verse is such, that I feel convinced that not only could I detect the spurious, but supply the genuine, word.

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*March 20. 1834.*

LORD BYRON AND H. WALPOLE'S "MYSTERIOUS MOTHER."—LEWIS'S "JAMAICA JOURNAL."

LORD BYRON, as quoted by Lord Dover\*, says, that the "Mysterious Mother" raises

\* In the memoir prefixed to the correspondence with Sir H. Mann, Lord Byron's words are:— "He is the *ultimus Romanorum*, the author of the 'Mysterious Mother,' a tragedy of the highest order, and not a puling love play. He is the father of the first ro-

Horace Walpole above every author living in his, Lord Byron's, time. Upon which I venture to remark, first, that I do not believe that Lord Byron spoke sincerely; for I suspect that he made a tacit exception in favour of himself at least;—secondly, that it is a miserable mode of comparison which does not rest on difference of kind. It proceeds of envy and malice and detraction to say that A. is higher than B., unless you show that they are *in pari materiâ*;—thirdly, that the “Mysterious Mother” is the most disgusting, detestable, vile composition that ever came from the hand of man. No one with a spark of true manliness, of which Horace Walpole had none, could have written it. As to the blank verse, it is indeed better than Rowe's and Thomson's, which was execrably bad:—any approach, therefore, to the manner of

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mance, and of the last tragedy, in our language; and surely worthy of a higher place than any living author, be he who he may.” — *Preface to Marino Faliero*. Is not “Romeo and Juliet” a love play?—But why reason about such insincere, splenetic trash? — ED.

the old dramatists was of course an improvement; but the loosest lines in Shirley are superior to Walpole's best.

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Lewis's "Jamaica Journal" is delightful; it is almost the only unaffected book of travels or touring I have read of late years. You have the man himself, and not an inconsiderable man, — certainly a much finer mind than I supposed before from the perusal of his romances, &c. It is by far his best work, and will live and be popular. Those verses on the Hours are very pretty; but the Isle of Devils is, like his romances, — a fever dream — horrible, without point or terror.

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*April 16. 1834.*

SICILY. — MALTA. — SIR F. HEAD. — SIR  
ALEXANDER BALL.

I FOUND that every thing in and about Sicily had been exaggerated by travellers,

except two things — the folly of the government and the wretchedness of the people. *They* did not admit of exaggeration.

Really you may learn the fundamental principles of political economy in a very compendious way, by taking a short tour through Sicily, and simply reversing in your own mind every law, custom, and ordinance you meet with. I never was in a country in which every thing proceeding from man was so exactly wrong. You have peremptory ordinances *against* making roads, taxes on the passage of common vegetables from one miserable village to another, and so on.

By the by, do you know any parallel in modern history to the absurdity of our giving a legislative assembly to the Sicilians? It exceeds any thing I know. This precious legislature passed two bills before it was knocked on the head: the first was, to render lands inalienable; and the second, to cancel all debts due before the date of the bill.

And then, consider the gross ignorance and folly of our laying a tax upon the Sicilians ! Taxation in its proper sense can only exist where there is a free circulation of capital, labour, and commodities throughout the community. But to tax the people in countries like Sicily and Corsica, where there is no internal communication, is mere robbery and confiscation. A crown taken from a Corsican living in the sierras would not get back to him again in ten years.

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It is interesting to pass from Malta to Sicily — from the highest specimen of an inferior race, the Saracenic, to the most degraded class of a superior race, the European.

But what can Sir Francis Head, in the \*

\* I have the following note by Mr. C. on this work : —

“ How can I account for the Anglo-gentlemanly, sensible, and kindly mind breathing forth every where in the first half of this volume, as contrasted with the

“Bubbles,” mean by talking of the musical turn of the Maltese? Why, when I was

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strange, *one-sided* representation of our public schools and universities in the other, which representation, with a full admission on my part of their defects, or rather *deficiencies*, or still rather their *paucities*, amounts to a double lie, — a lie by exaggeration, and a lie by omission. And as to the universities — even relatively to Oxford thirty years ago, such a representation would have been slander — and relatively to Cambridge as it now is, is blasphemy. And then how perfectly absurd is the writer’s attribution of the national debt of seven or eight hundred millions to the predominance of classical taste and academic talent. And his still stranger ignorance, that without the rapidly increasing national debt, Great Britain could never have become that monstrous mammon-bloated Dives, or wooden idol of stuffed pursemen, in which character the writer thinks it so worthy of his admiration.

“In short, at one moment, I imagine that Mr. Frere, or —, or any other Etonian, or *alumnus* of Westminster or Winchester, might be the author; — at another, I fall back to Joseph Hume, Dr. Birkbeck, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen.” Perhaps if the author of the “Bubbles” had not *finished his classical studies at fourteen*, he might have seen reason to modify his heavy censure on Greek and Latin. As it is, it must be borne with patience.— ED.



in Malta, all animated nature was discordant ! The very cats caterwauled more horribly and pertinaciously there than I ever heard elsewhere. The children will stand and scream inarticulately at each other for an hour together, out of pure love to dissonance. The dogs are deafening, and so throughout. Musical indeed ! I have hardly gotten rid of the noise yet.

No tongue can describe the moral corruption of the Maltese when the island was surrendered to us. There was not a family in it in which a wife or a daughter was not a kept mistress. A marquis of ancient family applied to Sir Alexander Ball to be appointed his valet. "My valet !" said Ball, "what can you mean, Sir ?" The marquis said, he hoped he should then have had the honour of presenting petitions to his Excellency. "Oh, that is it, is it !" said Sir Alexander : "my valet, Sir, brushes my clothes, and brings them to me. If he dared

to meddle with matters of public business, I should kick him down stairs.”

In short, Malta was an Augean stable, and Ball had all the inclination to be a Hercules.\* His task was most difficult, although his qualifications were remarkable. I remember an English officer of very high rank soliciting him for the renewal of a pension to an abandoned woman who had been notoriously treacherous to us. That officer had promised the woman as a matter of course — she having sacrificed her daughter to him. Ball was determined, as far as he could, to prevent Malta from being made a nest of home

\* I refer the reader to the five concluding essays of the third volume of the “Friend,” as a specimen of what Mr. C. might have done as a biographer if an irresistible instinct had not devoted him to profounder labours. As a sketch — and it pretends to nothing more — is there any thing more perfect in our literature than the monument raised in those essays to the memory of Sir Alexander Ball? — and there are some touches added to the character of Nelson, which the reader, even of Southey’s matchless *Life of our hero*, will find both new and interesting. — ED.

patronage. He considered, as was the fact, that there was a contract between England and the Maltese. Hence the government at home, especially Dundas, disliked him, and never allowed him any other title than that of Civil Commissioner. We have, I believe, nearly succeeded in alienating the hearts of the inhabitants from us. Every officer in the island ought to be a Maltese, except those belonging to the immediate executive: 100*l.* per annum to a Maltese, to enable him to keep a gilt carriage, will satisfy him where an Englishman must have 2000*l.*

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*May* 1. 1834.

CAMBRIDGE PETITION TO ADMIT DIS-  
SENTERS.

THERE are, to my grief, the names of some men to the Cambridge petition for admission

of the Dissenters to the University, whose cheeks I think must have burned with shame at the degrading patronage and befouling eulogies of the democratic press, and at seeing themselves used as the tools of the open and rancorous enemies of the church. How miserable to be held up for the purpose of inflicting insult upon men, whose worth and ability and sincerity you well know, — and this by a faction banded together like obscene dogs and cats and serpents, against a church which you profoundly revere ! The *time* — the *time* — the *occasion* and the *motive* ought to have been argument enough, that, even if the measure were right or harmless in itself, not *now*, nor with such as *these*, was it to be effected !

*May 3. 1834.*

CORN LAWS.

THOSE who argue that England may safely depend upon a supply of foreign corn, if it grow none or an insufficient quantity of its own, forget that they are subjugating the necessaries of life itself to the mere luxuries or comforts of society. Is it not certain that the price of corn abroad will be raised upon us as soon as it is once known that we *must* buy? — and when that fact is known, in what sort of a situation shall we be? Besides this, the argument supposes that agriculture is not a positive good to the nation, taken in and by itself, as a mode of existence for the people, which supposition is false and pernicious; and if we are to become a great horde of manufacturers, shall

we not, even more than at present, excite the ill will of all the manufacturers of other nations? It has been already shown, in evidence which is before all the world, that some of our manufacturers have acted upon the accursed principle of deliberately injuring foreign manufactures, if they can, even to the ultimate disgrace of the country and loss to themselves.

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*May* 19. 1834.

CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

How grossly misunderstood the genuine character of the Christian sabbath, or Lord's day, seems to be even by the church! To confound it with the Jewish sabbath, or to rest its observance upon the fourth commandment, is, in my judgment, heretical, and

would so have been considered in the primitive church. That cessation from labour on the Lord's day could not have been absolutely incumbent on Christians for two centuries after Christ, is apparent; because during that period the greater part of the Christians were either slaves or in official situations under Pagan masters or superiors, and had duties to perform for those who did not recognize the day. And we know that St. Paul sent back Onesimus to his master, and told every Christian slave, that, being a Christian, he was free in his mind indeed, but still must serve his earthly master, although he might laudably seek for his personal freedom also. If the early Christians had refused to work on the Lord's day, rebellion and civil war must have been the immediate consequences. But there is no intimation of any such cessation.

The Jewish sabbath was commemorative of the termination of the great act of cre-

ation ; it was to record that the world had not been from eternity, nor had arisen as a dream by itself, but that God had created it by distinct acts of power, and that he had hallowed the day or season in which he rested or desisted from his work. When our Lord arose from the dead, the old creation was, as it were, superseded, and the new creation then began ; and therefore the first day and not the last day, the commencement and not the end, of the work of God was solemnized.

Luther, in speaking of the *good by itself*, and the good *for its expediency alone*, instances the observance of the Christian day of rest, — a day of repose from manual labour, and of activity in spiritual labour, — a day of joy and co-operation in the work of Christ's creation. “Keep it holy” — says he — “for its use' sake, both to body and soul ! But if any where the day is made holy for the mere day's sake, — if any where any one sets up its observance upon a Jewish found-



ation, then I order you to work on it, to ride on it, to dance on it, to feast on it—to do any thing that shall reprove this encroachment on the Christian spirit and liberty.”

The early church distinguished the day of Christian rest so strongly from a fast, that it was unlawful for a man to bewail even *his own sins*, as such only, on that day. He was to bewail the sins of *all*, and to pray as one of the whole of Christ's body.

And the English Reformers evidently took the same view of the day as Luther and the early church. But, unhappily, our church, in the reigns of James and Charles the First, was so identified with the undue advancement of the royal prerogative, that the puritanical Judaizing of the Presbyterians was but too well seconded by the patriots of the nation, in resisting the wise efforts of the church to prevent the incipient alteration in the character of the day of rest. After the Restoration, the bishops and clergy in

general adopted the view taken and enforced by their enemies.

By the by, it is curious to observe, in this semi-infidel and Malthusian Parliament, how the Sabbatarian spirit unites itself with a rancorous hostility to that one institution, which alone, according to reason and experience, can insure the continuance of any general religion at all in the nation at large. Some of these gentlemen, who are for not letting a poor labouring man have a dish of baked potatoes on a Sunday, *religionis gratia* — (God forgive that audacious blasphemy !) — are foremost among those who seem to live but in vilifying, weakening, and impoverishing the national church. I own my indignation boils over against such contemptible fellows.

I sincerely wish to preserve a decent quiet on Sunday. I would prohibit compulsory labour, and put down operas, theatres, &c., for this plain reason — that if the rich be allowed to play, the poor will be forced, or, what

comes to the same thing, will be induced, to work. I am not for a Paris Sunday. But to stop coaches, and let the gentleman's carriage run, is monstrous.

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*May 25. 1834.*

HIGH PRIZES AND REVENUES OF THE  
CHURCH.

YOUR argument against the high prizes in the church might be put strongly thus:— Admit that in the beginning it might have been fairly said, that some eminent rewards ought to be set apart for the purpose of stimulating and rewarding transcendent merit; what have you to say now, after centuries of experience to the contrary?— *Have* the high prizes been given to the highest genius, virtue, or learning? Is it not rather the truth, as Jortin said, that twelve votes in a contested election will do more to

make a man a bishop than an admired commentary on the twelve minor prophets? — To all which and the like I say again, that you ought not to reason from the abuse, which may be rectified, against the inherent uses of the thing. *Appoint* the most deserving — and the prize *will* answer its purpose. As to the bishops' incomes, — in the first place, the net receipts — that which the bishops may spend — have been confessedly exaggerated beyond measure; — but, waiving that, and allowing the highest estimate to be correct, I should like to have the disposition of the episcopal revenue in any one year by the late or the present Bishop of Durham, or the present Bishops of London or Winchester, compared with that of the most benevolent nobleman in England of any party in politics. I firmly believe that the former give away in charity of one kind or another, public, official, or private, three times as much in proportion as the latter. You may have a hunks or two now and then; but so you would much more

certainly, if you were to reduce the incomes to 2000*l.* per annum. As a body, in my opinion the clergy of England do in truth act as if their property were impressed with a trust to the utmost extent that can be demanded by those who affect, ignorantly or not, that lying legend of a tripartite or quadripartite division of the tithe by law.

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*May 31. 1834.*

SIR C. WETHERELL'S SPEECH. — NATIONAL CHURCH. — DISSENTERS. — PAPACY. — UNIVERSITIES.

I THINK Sir Charles Wetherell's speech before the Privy Council very effective. I doubt if any other lawyer in Westminster Hall could have done the thing so well.

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The National Church requires, and is required by, the Christian Church, for the per-

fection of each. For if there were no national Church, the mere spiritual Church would either become, like the Papacy, a dreadful tyranny over mind and body; — or else would fall abroad into a multitude of enthusiastic sects, as in England in the seventeenth century. It is my deep conviction that, in a country of any religion at all, liberty of conscience can only be permanently preserved by means and under the shadow of a national Church — a political establishment connected with, but distinct from, the spiritual Church.

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I sometimes hope that the rabid insolence and undisguised despotism of temper of the Dissenters may at last awaken a jealousy in the laity of the Church of England. But the apathy and inertness are, I fear, too profound — too providential.

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Whatever the Papacy may have been on the Continent, it was always an unqualified evil to this country. It destroyed what was

rising of good, and introduced a thousand evils of its own. The Papacy was and still is essentially extra-national; — it affects, *temporally*, to do that which the spiritual Church of Christ can alone do — to break down the natural distinctions of nations. Now, as the Roman Papacy is in itself local and peculiar, of course this attempt is nothing but a direct attack on the political independence of other nations.

The institution of Universities was the single check on the Papacy. The Pope always hated and maligned the Universities. The old cœnobitic establishments of England were converted — perverted, rather — into monasteries and other monking receptacles. You see it was at Oxford that Wicliffe alone found protection and encouragement.

*June 2. 1834.*

SCHILLER'S VERSIFICATION. — GERMAN  
BLANK VERSE.

SCHILLER'S blank verse is bad. He moves in it as a fly in a glue bottle. His thoughts have their connection and variety, it is true, but there is no sufficiently corresponding movement in the verse. How different from Shakspeare's endless rhythms !

There is a nimety — a too-muchness — in all Germans. It is the national fault. Lessing had the best notion of blank verse. The trochaic termination of German words renders blank verse in that language almost impracticable. We have it in our dramatic hendecasyllable ; but then we have a power of interweaving the iambic close *ad libitum*.



*June 14. 1834.*

ROMAN CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION. —  
DUKE OF WELLINGTON. — CORONATION  
OATH.

THE Roman Catholic Emancipation Act — carried in the violent, and, in fact, unprincipled manner it was — was in effect a Surinam toad; — and the Reform Bill, the Dissenters' admission to the Universities, and the attack on the Church, are so many toadlets, one after another detaching themselves from their parent brute.

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If you say there is nothing in the Romish religion, sincerely felt, inconsistent with the duties of citizenship and allegiance to a territorial Protestant sovereign, *cadit quæstio*. For if *that* is once admitted, there can be no answer to the argument from numbers. Certainly, if the religion of the majority

of the *people* be innocuous to the interests of the *nation*, the majority have a natural right to be trustees of the nationality — that property which is set apart for the nation's use, and rescued from the gripe of private hands. But when I say — *for the nation's use* — I mean the very reverse of what the Radicals mean. They would convert it to relieve taxation, which I call a private, personal, and perishable use. A nation's uses are immortal.

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How lamentable it is to hear the Duke of Wellington expressing himself doubtfully on the abominable sophism that the Coronation Oath only binds the King as the executive power — thereby making a Highgate oath of it. But the Duke is conscious of the ready retort which his language and conduct on the Emancipation Bill affords to his opponents. He is hampered by that affair.

*June 20. 1834.*

CORN LAWS. — MODERN POLITICAL  
ECONOMY.

IN the argument on the Corn Laws there is a *μετάβασις εἰς ἄλλο γένος*. It may be admitted that the great principles of Commerce require the interchange of commodities to be free; but Commerce, which is barter, has no proper range beyond luxuries or conveniences; — it is properly the complement to the full existence and development of a state. But how can it be shown that the principles applicable to an interchange of conveniences or luxuries apply also to an interchange of necessaries? No state can be such properly, which is not self-subsistent at least; for no state that is not so, is essentially independent. The nation that cannot even exist without the commodity of another nation, is in effect the slave of that

other nation. In common times, indeed, pecuniary interest will prevail, and prevent a ruinous exercise of the power which the nation supplying the necessary must have over the nation which has only the convenience or luxury to return ; but such interest, both in individuals and nations, will yield to many stronger passions. Is Holland any authority to the contrary? If so, Tyre and Sidon and Carthage were so! Would you put England on a footing with a country, which can be overrun in a campaign, and starved in a year?

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The entire tendency of the modern or Malthusian political economy is to denationalize. It would dig up the charcoal foundations of the temple of Ephesus to burn as fuel for a steam-engine!

*June 21. 1834.*

MR. ———, in his poem, makes trees coeval with Chaos; — which is next door to Hans Sachse \*, who, in describing Chaos, said it was so pitchy dark that even the very *cats* ran against each other !

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*June 23. 1834.*

SOCINIANISM. — UNITARIANISM. — FANCY  
AND IMAGINATION.

FAUSTUS SOCINUS worshipped Jesus Christ, and said that God had given him the power of being omnipresent. Davidi, with a little more acuteness, urged that mere audition or creaturely presence could not possibly

\* Hans Sachse was born 1494, and died 1576. —  
ED.

justify worship from men; — that a man, how glorified soever, was no nearer God in essence than the vulgarest of the race. Prayer, therefore, was inapplicable. And how could a *man* be a mediator between God and man? How could a *man* with sins himself offer any compensation for, or expiation of, sin, unless the most arbitrary caprice were admitted into the counsels of God? — And so, at last, you see, it was discovered by the better logicians amongst the Socinians, that there was no such thing as sin at all.

My faith is this: — God is the Absolute Will: It is his Name and the meaning of it. It is the Hypostasis. As begetting his own Alterity, the Jehovah, the Manifested — He is the Father; but the Love and the Life — the Spirit — proceeds from both.

I think Priestley must be considered the author of the modern Unitarianism. I owe, under God, my return to the faith, to my having gone much further than the Unitarians, and so having come round to the

other side. I can truly say, I never falsified the Scripture. I always told them that their interpretations of the Scripture were intolerable upon any principles of sound criticism; and that, if they were to offer to construe the will of a neighbour as they did that of their Maker, they would be scouted out of society. I said then plainly and openly, that it was clear enough that John and Paul were not Unitarians. But at that time I had a strong sense of the repugnancy of the doctrine of vicarious atonement to the moral being, and I thought nothing could counterbalance that. "What care I," I said, "for the Platonisms of John, or the Rabbinisms of Paul? — My conscience revolts!" That was the ground of my Unitarianism.

Always believing in the government of God, I was a fervent Optimist. But as I could not but see that the present state of things was not the best, I was necessarily led to look forward to some future state.

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You may conceive the difference in kind

between the Fancy and the Imagination in this way, — that if the check of the senses and the reason were withdrawn, the first would become delirium, and the last mania. The Fancy brings together images which have no connection natural or moral, but are yoked together by the poet by means of some accidental coincidence; as in the well-known passage in *Hudibras*: —

“ The sun had long since in the lap  
Of Thetis taken out his nap,  
And like a lobster boyl'd, the morn  
From black to red began to turn.” \*

The Imagination modifies images, and gives unity to variety; it sees all things in one, *il più nell' uno*. There is the epic imagination, the perfection of which is in Milton; and the dramatic, of which Shakspeare is the absolute master. The first gives unity by throwing back into the distance; as after the magnifi-

\* Part II. c. 2. v. 29.



cent approach of the Messiah to battle \*, the poet, by one touch from himself —

—— “ far off their coming shone ! ” ——

\* —— “ Forth rush'd with whirlwind sound  
 The chariot of Paternal Deity,  
 Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,  
 Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd  
 By four cherubic shapes ; four faces each  
 Had wonderous ; as with stars their bodies all  
 And wings were set with eyes ; with eyes the wheels  
 Of beryl, and careering fires between ;  
 Over their heads a crystal firmament,  
 Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure  
 Amber, and colours of the showery arch.  
 He, in celestial panoply all arm'd  
 Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,  
 Ascended ; at his right hand Victory  
 Sat eagle-wing'd ; beside him hung his bow  
 And quiver, with three-bolted thunder stored ;  
 And from about him fierce effusion roll'd  
 Of smoke, and bickering flame, and sparkles dire ;  
 Attended with ten thousand thousand saints,  
 He onward came ; *far off their coming shone ;*  
 And twenty thousand (I their number heard)  
 Chariots of God, half on each hand, were seen :  
 He on the wings of cherub rode sublime  
 On the crystalline sky, in sapphire throned,  
 Illustrious far and wide ; but by his own  
 First seen.” — P. L. b. vi. v. 749, &c.

makes the whole one image. And so at the conclusion of the description of the appearance of the entranced angels, in which every sort of image from all the regions of earth and air is introduced to diversify and illustrate, — the reader is brought back to the single image by —

“ He call'd so loud that all the hollow deep  
Of Hell resounded.” \*

\*

— “ and call'd

His legions, angel forms, who lay intranced  
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks  
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades,  
High over-arch'd, embower; or scatter'd sedge  
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd  
Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'er-  
threw

Busiris, and his Memphian chivalry,  
While with perfidious hatred they pursued  
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld  
From the safe shore their floating carcasses  
And broken chariot wheels; so thick bestrown,  
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,  
Under amazement of their hideous change.

*He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep  
Of Hell resounded.*” — P. L. b. i. v. 300, &c.

The dramatic imagination does not throw back, but brings close; it stamps all nature with one, and that its own, meaning, as in *Lear* throughout.

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At the very outset, what are we to think of the soundness of this modern system of political economy, the direct tendency of every rule of which is to denationalize, and to make the love of our country a foolish superstition?

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*June 28. 1834.*

MR. COLERIDGE'S SYSTEM.—BIOGRAPHIA  
LITERARIA. — DISSENTERS.

You may not understand my system, or any given part of it, — or by a determined act of wilfulness, you may, even though perceiving a ray of light, reject it in anger and disgust: — But this I will say, — that if you

once master it, or any part of it, you cannot hesitate to acknowledge it as the truth. You cannot be sceptical about it.

The metaphysical disquisition at the end of the first volume of the "Biographia Literaria" is unformed and immature; — it contains the fragments of the truth, but it is not fully thought out. It is wonderful to myself to think how infinitely more profound my views now are, and yet how much clearer they are withal. The circle is completing; the idea is coming round to, and to be, the common sense.

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The generation of the modern worldly Dissenter was thus: Presbyterian, Arian, Socinian, and last, Unitarian.

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Is it not most extraordinary to see the Dissenters calling themselves the descendants of the old Nonconformists, and yet clamouring for a divorce of Church and State? Why — Baxter, and the other great leaders, would have thought a man an atheist who

had proposed such a thing. *They* were rather for merging the State *in* the Church. But these our modern gentlemen, who are blinded by political passion, give the kiss of alliance to the harlot of Rome, and walk arm in arm with those who deny the God that redeemed them, if so they may but wreak their insane antipathies on the National Church! Well! I suppose they have counted the cost, and know what it is they would have, and can keep.

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*July 5. 1834.*

LORD BROOKE.—BARROW AND DRYDEN.  
— PETER WILKINS AND STOTHARD. —  
FIELDING AND RICHARDSON.— BISHOP  
SANDFORD. — ROMAN CATHOLIC RELI-  
GION.

I do not remember a more beautiful piece of prose in English than the consolation addressed by Lord Brooke (Fulke Greville) to

a lady of quality on certain conjugal infelicities. The diction is such that it might have been written now, if we could find any one combining so thoughtful a head with so tender a heart and so exquisite a taste.

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Barrow often debased his language merely to evidence his loyalty. It was, indeed, no easy task for a man of so much genius, and such a precise mathematical mode of thinking, to adopt even for a moment the slang of L'Estrange and Tom Brown; but he succeeded in doing so sometimes. With the exception of such parts, Barrow must be considered as closing the first great period of the English language. Dryden began the second. Of course there are numerous subdivisions.

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Peter Wilkins is to my mind a work of uncommon beauty; and yet Stothard's illustrations have *added* beauties to it. If it were not for a certain tendency to affect-

ation, scarcely any praise could be too high for Stothard's designs. They give me great pleasure. What an exquisite image is that of Peter's Glum fluttering over the ship, and trying her strength in lifting the stores ! I believe that Robinson Crusoe and Peter Wilkins could only have been written by islanders. No continentalist could have conceived either tale. Davis's story is an imitation of Peter Wilkins ; but there are many beautiful things in it ; especially his finding his wife crouching by the fireside — she having, in his absence, plucked out all her feathers — to be like him !

It would require a very peculiar genius to add another tale, *ejusdem generis*, to Robinson Crusoe and Peter Wilkins. I once projected such a thing ; but the difficulty of a pre-occupied ground stopped me. Perhaps La Motte Fouqué might effect something ; but I should fear that neither he, nor any other German, could entirely understand what may be called the “*desert island*” feeling. I would try the marvellous line of Peter Wilkins, if I

attempted it, rather than the *real* fiction of Robinson Crusoe.

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What a master of composition Fielding was! Upon my word, I think the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, the *Alchemist*, and *Tom Jones* the three most perfect plots ever planned. And how charming, how wholesome, Fielding always is! To take him up after Richardson, is like emerging from a sick room heated by stoves, into an open lawn, on a breezy day in May.

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I have been very deeply interested in the account of Bishop Sandford's life, published by his son. He seems to have been a thorough gentleman upon the model of St. Paul, whose manners were the finest of any man's upon record.

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I think I could have conformed to the then dominant Church before the Reformation. The errors existed, but they had not been riveted into peremptory articles of faith before



the Council of Trent. If a Romanist were to ask me the question put to Sir Henry Wotton \*, I should content myself by answering, that I could not exactly say when my religion, as he was pleased to call it, began — but that it was certainly some sixty or seventy years before *his*, at all events — which began at the Council of Trent.

\* “ Having, at his being in Rome, made acquaintance with a pleasant priest, who invited him, one evening, to hear their vesper music at church; the priest, seeing Sir Henry stand obscurely in a corner, sends to him by a boy of the choir this question, writ in a small piece of paper;—‘ Where was your religion to be found before Luther?’ To which question Sir Henry presently underwrit;—‘ My religion was to be found then, where yours is not to be found now — in the written word of God.’—*Izaak Walton’s Life of Sir Henry Wotton.*

*July* 10. 1834.

EUTHANASIA.

I AM dying, but without expectation of a speedy release. Is it not strange that very recently by-gone images, and scenes of early life, have stolen into my mind, like breezes blown from the spice-islands of Youth and Hope — those two realities of this phantom world! I do not add Love, — for what is Love but Youth and Hope embracing, and so seen as *one*? I say *realities*; for reality is a thing of degrees, from the Iliad to a dream; *καὶ γὰρ τ' ὄναρ ἐκ Δίος ἔστι*. Yet, in a strict sense, reality is not predicable at all of aught below Heaven. “Es enim *in cælis*, Pater noster, qui tu vere *es!*” Hooker wished to live to finish his Ecclesiastical Polity; — so I own I wish life and strength had been spared to me to complete my Philosophy. For, as God hears me, the originating, continuing, and sustaining wish and design in

my heart was to exalt the glory of his name ; and, which is the same thing in other words, to promote the improvement of mankind. But *visum aliter Deo*, and his will be done.

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\* \* \* This note may well finish the present specimens. What followed was for the memory of private friends only. Mr. Coleridge was then extremely ill ; but certainly did not believe his end to be quite so near at hand as it was.—ED.

The following Recollections of Mr. Coleridge, written in May, 1811, have been also communicated to me by my brother, Mr. Justice Coleridge :—

“ *20th April, 1811, at Richmond.*

“ We got on politics, and he related some curious facts of the Prince and Perceval. Then, adverting to the present state of affairs in Portugal, he said that he rejoiced not so much in the mere favourable turn, as in the end that must now be put to the base reign of opinion respecting the superiority and invincible skill of the French generals. Brave as Sir John Moore was, he thought him deficient in that greater and more essential manliness of soul which should have made him not hold his enemy in such fearful respect, and which should have taught him to care less for the opinion of the world at home.

“ We then got, I know not how, to German topics. He said that the language of their literature was entirely factitious, and had been formed by Luther from the two dialects, High and Low German; that he had made it, grammatically, most correct, more so, perhaps, than any other language: it was equal to the Greek, except in harmony and sweetness. And yet the Germans themselves thought it sweet; — Klopstock had repeated to him an ode of his own to prove it, and really had deceived himself, by the force of association, into a belief that the harsh sounds, conveying, indeed, or being significant of, sweet images or thoughts, were themselves sweet. Mr. C. was asked what he thought of Klopstock. He answered, that his fame was rapidly declining in Germany; that an Englishman might form a correct notion of him by uniting the moral epigram of Young, the bombast of Hervey, and the minute description of Richardson. As to sublimity, he had, with all Germans, one rule for producing it; — it was, to take

something very great, and make it very small in comparison with that which you wish to elevate. Thus, for example, Klopstock says, — ‘As the gardener goes forth, and scatters from his basket seed into the garden; so does the Creator scatter worlds with his right hand.’ Here *worlds*, a large object, are made small in the hands of the Creator; consequently, the Creator is very great. In short, the Germans were not a poetical nation in the very highest sense. Wieland was their best poet: his subject was bad, and his thoughts often impure; but his language was rich and harmonious, and his fancy luxuriant. Sotheby’s translation had not at all caught the manner of the original. But the Germans were good metaphysicians and critics: they criticized on principles previously laid down; thus, though they might be wrong, they were in no danger of being self-contradictory, which was too often the case with English critics.

“Young, he said, was not a poet to be read through at once. His love of point

and wit had often put an end to his pathos and sublimity; but there were parts in him which must be immortal. He (Mr. C.) loved to read a page of Young, and walk out to think of him.

“ Returning to the Germans, he said that the state of their religion, when he was in Germany, was really shocking. He had never met one clergyman a Christian; and he found professors in the universities lecturing against the most material points in the Gospel. He instanced, I think, Paulus, whose lectures he had attended. The object was to resolve the miracles into natural operations; and such a disposition evinced was the best road to preferment. He severely censured Mr. Taylor’s book, in which the principles of Paulus were explained and insisted on with much gratuitous indelicacy. He then entered into the question of Socinianism, and noticed, as I recollect, the passage in the Old Testament; ‘ The people bowed their faces, and *worshipped* God and the king.’ He said, that all worship implied

the presence of the object worshipped: the people worshipped, bowing to the sensuous presence of the one, and the conceived omnipresence of the other. He talked of his having constantly to defend the Church against the Socinian Bishop of Llandaff, Watson. The subject then varied to Roman Catholicism, and he gave us an account of a controversy he had had with a very sensible priest in Sicily on the worship of saints. He had driven the priest from one post to another, till the latter took up the ground, that, though the saints were not omnipresent, yet God, who was so, imparted to them the prayers offered up, and then they used their interference with Him to grant them. ‘That is, father, (said C. in reply), — excuse my seeming levity, for I mean no impiety — that is; I have a deaf and dumb wife, who yet understands me, and I her, by signs. You have a favour to ask of me, and want my wife’s interference; so you communicate your request to me, who impart it to her, and she, by signs back again,



begs me to grant it.' The good priest laughed, and said, '*Populus vult decipi, et decipiatur!*'

"We then got upon the Oxford controversy, and he was decidedly of opinion that there could be no doubt of Copleston's complete victory. He thought the Review had chosen its points of attack ill, as there must doubtless be in every institution so old much to reprehend and carp at. On the other hand, he thought that Copleston had not been so severe or hard upon them as he might have been; but he admired the critical part of his work, which he thought very highly valuable, independently of the controversy. He wished some portion of mathematics was more essential to a degree at Oxford, as he thought a gentleman's education incomplete without it, and had himself found the necessity of getting up a little, when he could ill spare the time. He every day more and more lamented his neglect of them when at Cambridge.

"Then glancing off to Aristotle, he gave

a very high character of him. He said that Bacon objected to Aristotle the grossness of his examples, and Davy now did precisely the same to Bacon: both were wrong; for each of those philosophers wished to confine the attention of the mind in their works to the *form* of reasoning only by which other truths might be established or elicited, and therefore the most trite and common-place examples were in fact the best. He said that during a long confinement to his room, he had taken up the Schoolmen, and was astonished at the immense and acute knowledge displayed by them; that there was scarcely any thing which modern philosophers had proudly brought forward as their own, which might not be found clearly and systematically laid down by them in some or other of their writings. Locke had sneered at the Schoolmen unfairly, and had raised a foolish laugh against them by citations from their *Quid libet* questions, which were discussed on the eves of holidays, and in which the greatest latitude was allowed, being con-

sidered mere exercises of ingenuity. We had ridiculed their *quiddities*, and why? Had we not borrowed their *quantity* and their *quality*, and why then reject their *quiddity*, when every schoolboy in logic must know, that of every thing may be asked, *Quantum est?* *Quale est?* and *Quid est?* the last bringing you to the most material of all points, its individual being. He afterwards stated, that in a History of Speculative Philosophy which he was endeavouring to prepare for publication, he had proved, and to the satisfaction of Sir James Mackintosh, that there was nothing in Locke which his best admirers most admired, that might not be found more clearly and better laid down in Descartes or the old Schoolmen; not that he was himself an implicit disciple of Descartes, though he thought that Descartes had been much misinterpreted.

“When we got on the subject of poetry and Southey, he gave us a critique of the *Curse of Kehama*, the fault of which he thought consisted in the association of a plot

and a machinery so very wild with feelings so sober and tender: but he gave the poem high commendation, admired the art displayed in the employment of the Hindu monstrosities, and begged us to observe the noble feeling excited of the superiority of virtue over vice; that Kehama went on, from the beginning to the end of the poem, increasing in power, whilst Kailyal gradually lost her hopes and her protectors; and yet by the time we got to the end, we had arrived at an utter contempt and even carelessness of the power of evil, as exemplified in the almighty Rajah, and felt a complete confidence in the safety of the unprotected virtue of the maiden. This he thought the very great merit of the poem.

“When we walked home with him to the inn, he got on the subject of the Latin Essay for the year at Oxford\*, and thought some consideration of the corruption of language should be introduced into it. It originated,

\* On Etymology.

he thought, in a desire to abbreviate all expression as much as possible; and no doubt, if in one word, without violating idiom, I can express what others have done in more, and yet be as fully and easily understood, I have manifestly made an improvement; but if, on the other hand, it becomes harder, and takes more time to comprehend a thought or image put in one word by Apuleius than when expressed in a whole sentence by Cicero, the saving is merely of pen and ink, and the alteration is evidently a corruption.”

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*April 21.—Richmond.*

“ Before breakfast we went into Mr. May’s delightful book-room, where he was again silent in admiration of the prospect. After breakfast, we walked to church. He seemed full of calm piety, and said he always felt

the most delightful sensations in a Sunday church-yard, — that it struck him as if God had given to man fifty-two springs in every year. After the service, he was vehement against the sermon, as common-place, and invidious in its tone towards the poor. Then he gave many texts from the lessons and gospel of the day, as affording fit subjects for discourses. He ridiculed the absurdity of refusing to believe every thing that you could not understand; and mentioned a rebuke of Dr. Parr's to a man of the name of Frith, and that of another clergyman to a young man, who said he would believe nothing which he could not understand: — “Then, young man, your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know.”

“As we walked up Mr. Cambridge's meadows towards Twickenham, he criticized Johnson and Gray as poets, and did not seem to allow them high merit. The excellence of verse, he said, was to be untranslatable into any other words without detriment to the beauty of the passage; —

the position of a single word could not be altered in Milton without injury. Gray's personifications, he said, were mere printer's devils' personifications — persons with a capital letter, abstract qualities with a small one. He thought Collins had more genius than Gray, who was a singular instance of a man of taste, poetic feeling, and fancy, without imagination. He contrasted Dryden's opening of the 10th satire of Juvenal with Johnson's : —

“ Let observation, with extensive view,  
Survey mankind from Ganges to Peru.”

which was as much as to say, —

“ Let observation with extensive observation observe mankind.”

“ After dinner he told us a humorous story of his enthusiastic fondness for Quakerism, when he was at Cambridge, and his attending one of their meetings, which had entirely cured him. When the little children came in, he was in raptures with them, and descanted upon the delightful mode of

treating them now, in comparison with what he had experienced in childhood. He lamented the haughtiness with which Englishmen treated all foreigners abroad, and the facility with which our government had always given up any people which had allied itself to us, at the end of a war; and he particularly remarked upon our abandonment of Minorca. These two things, he said, made us universally disliked on the Continent; though, as a people, most highly respected. He thought a war with America inevitable; and expressed his opinion, that the United States were unfortunate in the prematureness of their separation from this country, before they had in themselves the materials of moral society—before they had a gentry and a learned class,—the former looking backwards, and giving the sense of stability—the latter looking forwards, and regulating the feelings of the people.

“Afterwards, in the drawing-room, he sat down by Professor Rigaud, with whom he entered into a discussion of Kant’s System



of Metaphysics. The little knots of the company were speedily silent: Mr. C.'s voice grew louder; and abstruse as the subject was, yet his language was so ready, so energetic, and so eloquent, and his illustrations so very neat and apposite, that the ladies even paid him the most solicitous and respectful attention. They were really entertained with Kant's Metaphysics! At last I took one of them, a very sweet singer, to the piano-forte; and, when there was a pause, she began an Italian air. She was anxious to please him, and he was enraptured. His frame quivered with emotion, and there was a titter of uncommon delight on his countenance. When it was over, he praised the singer warmly, and prayed she might finish those strains in heaven!

“ This is nearly all, except some anecdotes, which I recollect of our meeting with this most interesting, most wonderful man. Some of his topics and arguments I have enumerated; but the connection and the words are lost. And nothing that I can say can give any

notion of his eloquence and manner, — of the hold which he soon got on his audience — of the variety of his stores of information — or, finally, of the artlessness of his habits, or the modesty and temper with which he listened to, and answered arguments, contradictory to his own.”—J. T. C.

*The following Pieces were accidentally omitted in  
the Collection of Mr. Coleridge's Poetical Works  
lately published.*

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### DARWINIANA.

THE HOUR WHEN WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

*(Composed during illness and in absence.)*

DIM Hour! that sleep'st on pillowing clouds afar,  
O rise and yoke the turtles to thy car!  
Bend o'er the traces, blame each lingering dove,  
And give me to the bosom of my Love!  
My gentle Love, caressing and carest,  
With heaving heart shall cradle me to rest;  
Shed the warm tear-drop from her smiling eyes,  
Lull with fond woe, and med'cine me with sighs;  
While finely-flushing float her kisses meek,  
Like melted rubies, o'er my pallid cheek.  
Chill'd by the night, the drooping Rose of May  
Mourns the long absence of the lovely Day:  
Young Day returning at her promised hour  
Weeps o'er the sorrows of her fav'rite flower;

Weeps the soft dew, the balmy gale she sighs,  
 And darts a trembling lustre from her eyes.  
 New life and joy th' expanding flow'ret feels:  
 His pitying mistress mourns, and mourning heals!\*

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PSYCHE.

THE Butterfly the ancient Grecians made  
 The Soul's fair emblem, and its only name —  
 But of the soul, escaped the slavish trade  
 Of mortal life! For in this earthly frame  
 Ours is the reptile's lot, much toil, much blame,  
 Manifold motions making little speed,  
 And to deform and kill the things, whereon we feed.

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\* A lady, who had read the *Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel*, told Mr. Coleridge, after reading the above lines, "that *now* she did, indeed, see that he was a poet!" And the poet bade me preserve the verses for the sake of the criticism. — ED.

## COMPLAINT.

How seldóm, friend ! a good great man inherits  
 Honour or wealth with all his worth and pains !  
 It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,  
 If any man obtain that which he merits,  
 Or any merit that which he obtains.

## REPROOF.

FOR shame, dear friend ! renounce this canting strain !  
 What would'st thou have a good great man obtain ?  
 Place — titles — salary — a gilded chain ? —  
 Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain ?  
 Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends !  
 Hath he not always treasures, always friends, [Light,  
 The good great man ? Three treasures — Love, and  
 And calm Thoughts, regular as infant's breath ; —  
 And three firm friends, more sure than day and night—  
 Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

## INSCRIPTION FOR A TIME-PIECE.

NOW ! It is gone. — Our brief hours travel post,  
 Each with its thought or deed, its Why, or How : —  
 But know, each parting hour gives up a ghost  
 To dwell within thee — an eternal NOW !

ISRAEL'S LAMENT ON THE DEATH OF  
THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

*Translated from the Hebrew of Hymen Hurwitz.*

MOURN, Israel ! Sons of Israel, mourn !  
Give utterance to the inward throe,  
As wails of her first love forlorn  
The virgin clad in robes of woe !

Mourn the young Mother snatch'd away  
From light and life's ascending sun !  
Mourn for the Babe, Death's voiceless prey,  
Earn'd by long pangs, and lost ere won !

Mourn the bright Rose that bloom'd, and went  
Ere half disclosed its vernal hue !  
Mourn the green Bud, so rudely rent,  
It brake the stem on which it grew !

Mourn for the universal woe  
With solemn dirge and falt'ring tongue ;  
For England's Lady is laid low,  
So dear, so lovely, and so young !

The blossoms on her tree of life  
 Shone with the dews of recent bliss ; —  
 Translated in that deadly strife  
 She plucks its fruit in Paradise.

Mourn for the Prince, who rose at morn  
 To seek and bless the firstling Bud  
 Of his own Rose, and found the thorn,  
 Its point bedew'd with tears of blood.

Mourn for Britannia's hopes decay'd ;  
 Her daughters wail their dear defence,  
 Their fair example prostrate laid,  
 Chaste love, and fervid innocence !

O Thou ! who mark'st the monarch's path,  
 To sad Jeshurun's sons attend !  
 Amid the lightnings of thy wrath  
 The showers of consolation send !

Jehovah frowns !—The Islands bow,  
 And Prince and People kiss the rod !  
 Their dread chastising Judge wert Thou —  
 Be Thou their Comforter, O God !

TRANSLATION OF A PASSAGE IN OTT-  
FRIED'S METRICAL PARAPHRASE OF  
THE GOSPELS.

Written about the time of Charlemagne, in the Theotiscan, or transitional state of the Teutonic Language from the Gothic to the old German of the Suabian Period. Ottfried is describing the circumstances immediately following the birth of our Lord.

SHE gave with joy her virgin breast ;  
She hid it not, she bared the breast,  
Which suckled that divinest babe !  
Blessed, blessed were the breasts  
Which the Saviour infant kiss'd ;  
And blessed, blessed was the mother  
Who wrapp'd his limbs in swaddling clothes,  
Singing placed him on her lap,  
Hung o'er him with her looks of love,  
And soothed him with a lulling motion.  
Blessed ! for she shelter'd him  
From the damp and chilling air ; —  
Blessed, blessed ! for she lay  
With such a babe in one bless'd bed,  
Close as babes and mothers lie !  
Blessed, blessed evermore,



With her virgin lips she kiss'd,  
With her arms, and to her breast  
She embraced the babe divine,  
Her babe divine the virgin mother!  
There lives not on this ring of earth  
A mortal, that can sing her praise.  
Mighty mother, virgin pure,  
In the darkness and the night  
For us she bore the heavenly Lord.

THE END.

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