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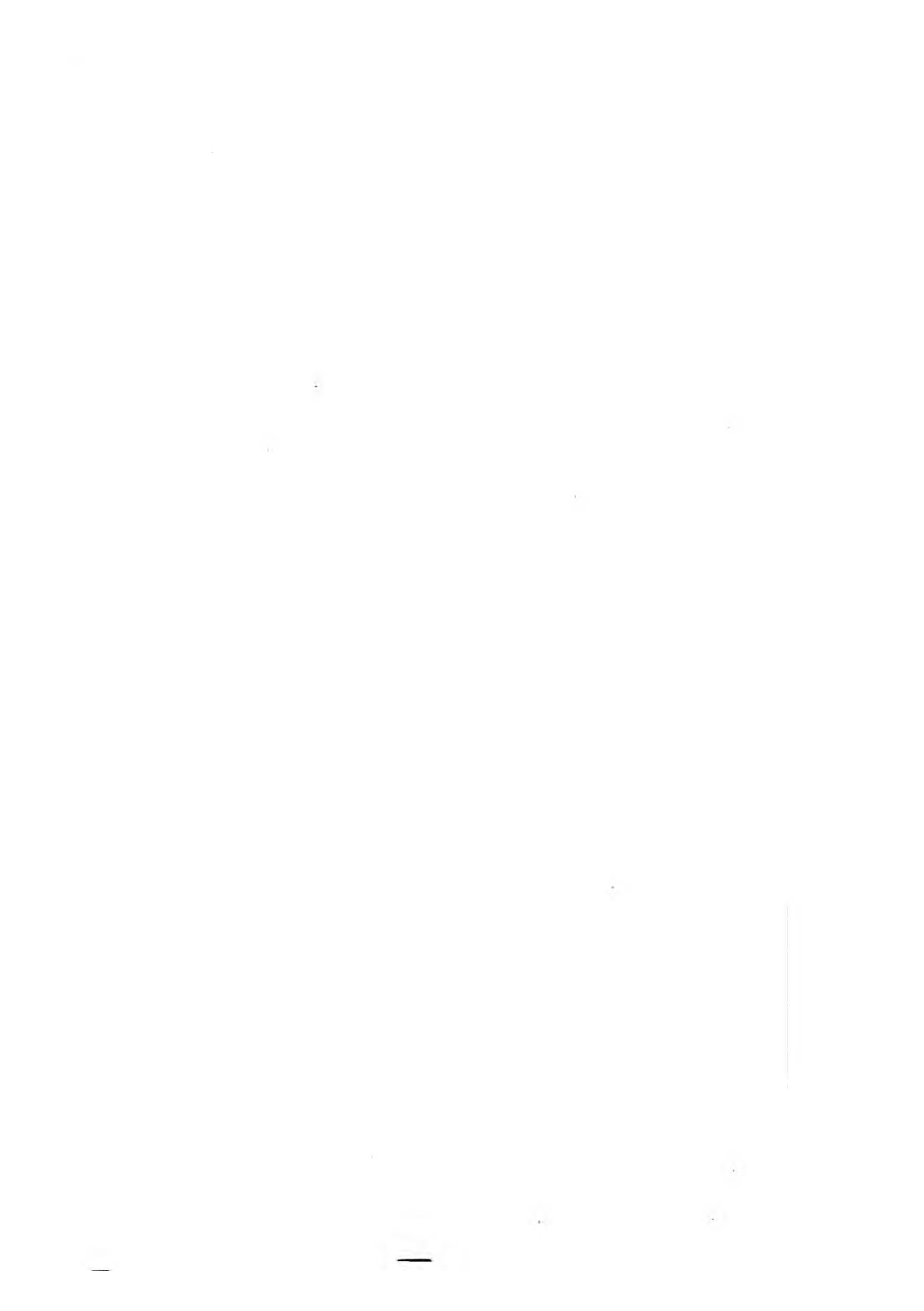


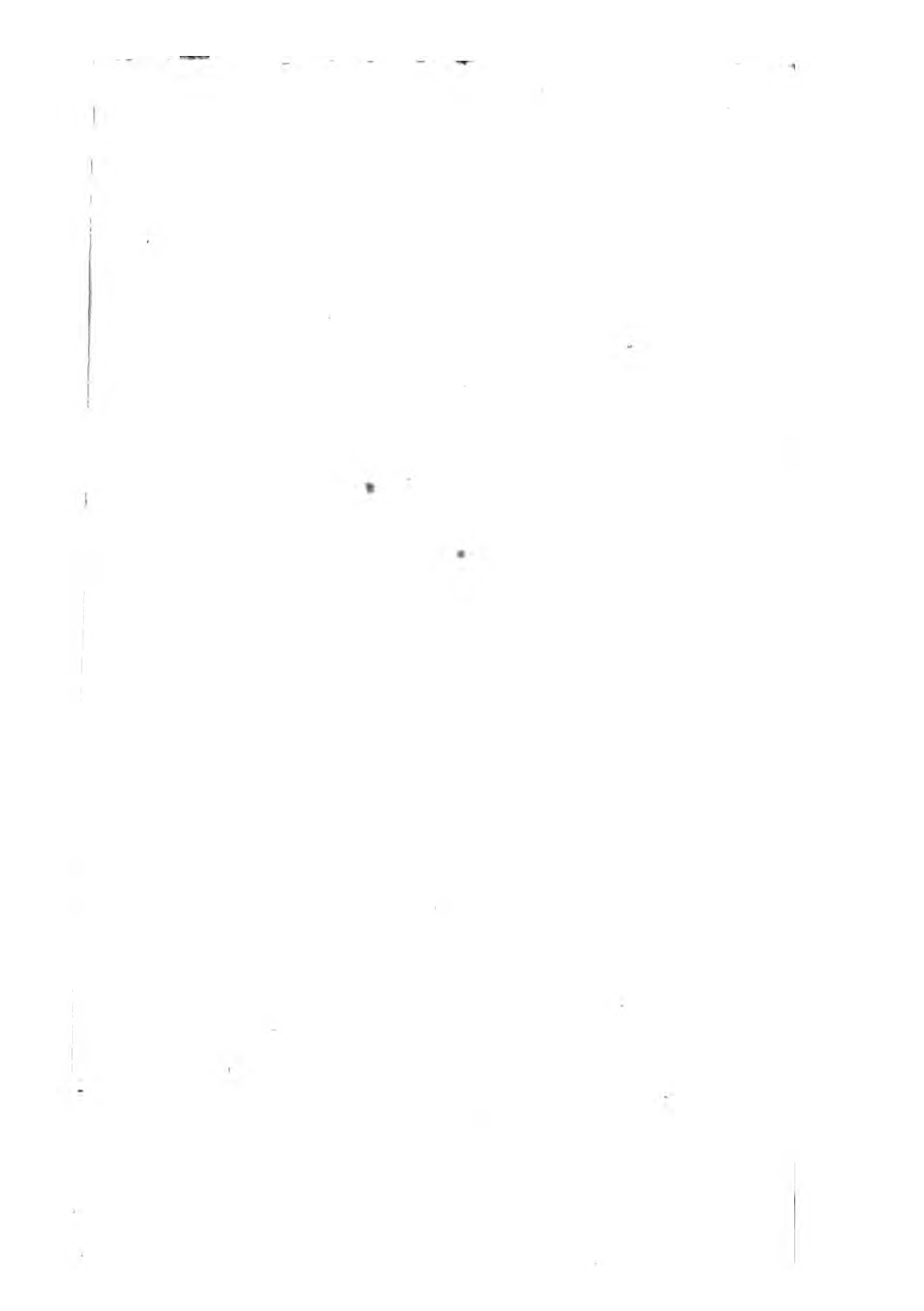
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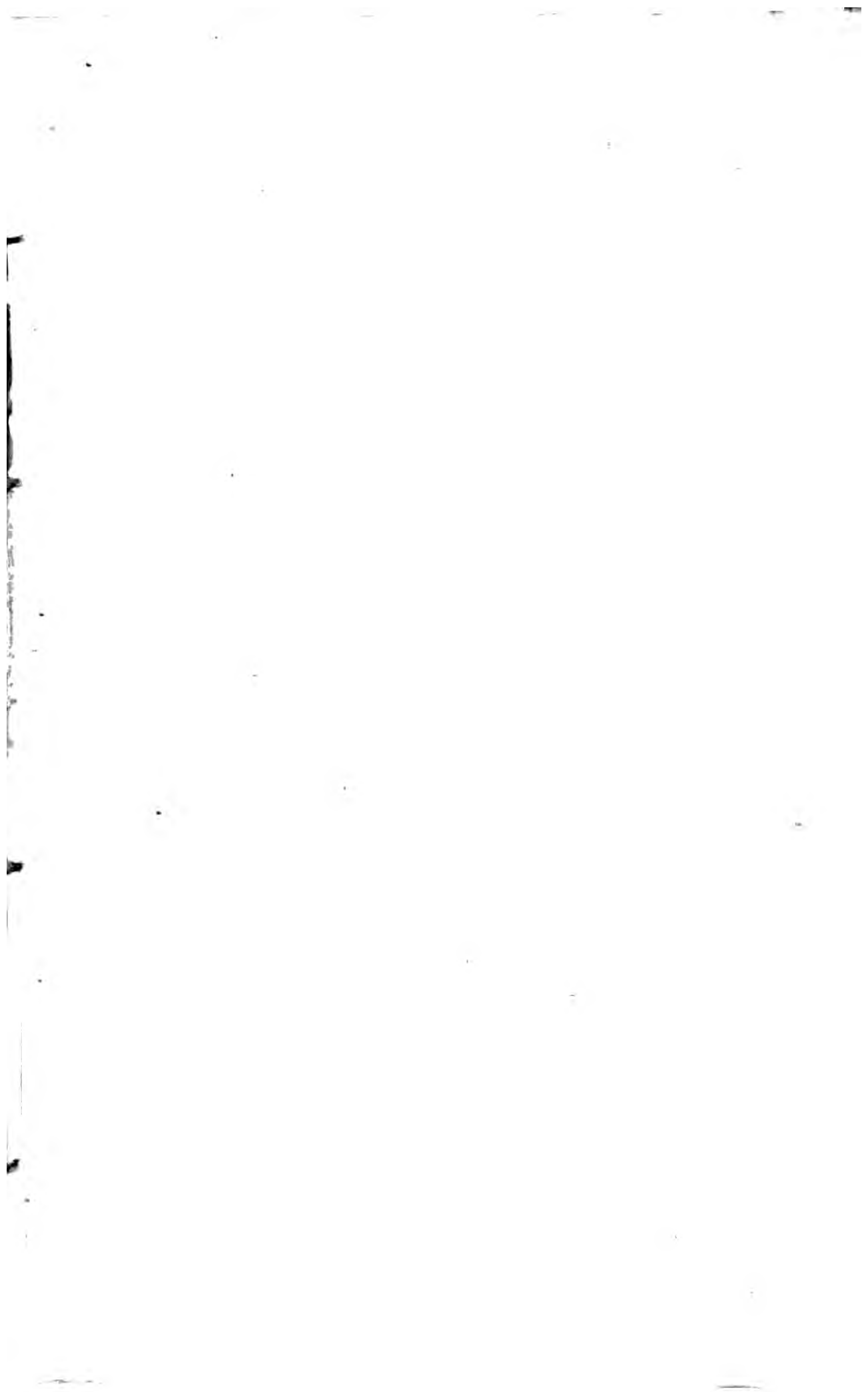


*Am P
H: Penrose*

COLERIDGE'S
TABLE TALK.

VOL. I.

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





D. Haghe lith.

T. Phillips R. A. Pinx^t

Dear Sir
your obliged Serv^t
S. T. Coleridge

London, John Murray, Albemarle St^e 1835.

SPECIMENS

OF THE

TABLE TALK

OF THE LATE

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

MDCCCXXXV.

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TO
JAMES GILLMAN, ESQUIRE,

OF
THE GROVE, HIGHGATE,

AND TO
MRS. GILLMAN,

These Volumes

ARE
GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE PLATES.

Portrait of Mr. Coleridge, *to face Title of Vol. I.*

The Study of Mr. Coleridge, in which he died, *to face
Title of Vol. II.*

PREFACE.

It is nearly fourteen years since I was, for the first time, enabled to become a frequent and attentive visiter in Mr. Coleridge's domestic society. His exhibition of intellectual power in living discourse struck me at once as unique and transcendant; and upon my return home, on the very first evening which I spent with him after my boyhood, I committed to writing, as well as I could, the principal topics of his conversation in his own words. I had no settled design at that time of continuing the work, but simply made the note in something like a spirit of vexation that such a strain of music as I had just

heard, should not last for ever. What I did once, I was easily induced by the same feeling to do again; and when, after many years of affectionate communion between us, the painful existence of my revered relative on earth was at length finished in peace, my occasional notes of what he had said in my presence had grown to a mass, of which these volumes contain only such parts as seem fit for present publication. I know, better than any one can tell me, how inadequately these specimens represent the peculiar splendour and individuality of Mr. Coleridge's conversation. How should it be otherwise? Who could always follow to the turning-point his long arrow-flights of thought? Who could fix those ejaculations of light, those tones of a prophet, which at times have made me bend before him as before an inspired man? Such acts of spirit as these were too subtle to be fettered down on paper; they

live — if they can live any where — in the memories alone of those who witnessed them. Yet I would fain hope that these pages will prove that all is not lost; — that something of the wisdom, the learning, and the eloquence of a great man's social converse has been snatched from forgetfulness, and endowed with a permanent shape for general use. And although, in the judgment of many persons, I may incur a serious responsibility by this publication; I am, upon the whole, willing to abide the result, in confidence that the fame of the loved and lamented speaker will lose nothing hereby, and that the cause of Truth and of Goodness will be every way a gainer. This sprig, though slight and immature, may yet become its place, in the Poet's wreath of honour, among flowers of graver hue.

If the favour shown to several modern instances of works nominally of the same de-

scription as the present were alone to be considered, it might seem that the old maxim, that nothing ought to be said of the dead but what is good, is in a fair way of being dilated into an understanding that every thing is good that has been said by the dead. The following pages do not, I trust, stand in need of so much indulgence. Their contents may not, in every particular passage, be of great intrinsic importance; but they can hardly be without some, and, I hope, a worthy, interest, as coming from the lips of one at least of the most extraordinary men of the age; whilst to the best of my knowledge and intention, no living person's name is introduced, whether for praise or for blame, except on literary or political grounds of common notoriety. Upon the justice of the remarks here published, it would be out of place in me to say any thing; and a commentary of that kind is the less needed, as, in almost every in-

stance, the principles upon which the speaker founded his observations are expressly stated, and may be satisfactorily examined by themselves. But, for the purpose of general elucidation, it seemed not improper to add a few notes, and to make some quotations from Mr. Coleridge's own works; and in doing so, I was in addition actuated by an earnest wish to call the attention of reflecting minds in general to the views of political, moral, and religious philosophy contained in those works, which, through an extensive, but now decreasing, prejudice, have hitherto been deprived of that acceptance with the public which their great preponderating merits deserve, and will, as I believe, finally obtain. And I can truly say, that if, in the course of the perusal of this little work, any one of its readers shall gain a clearer insight into the deep and pregnant principles, in the light of which Mr. Coleridge was accustomed to re-

gard God and the World,—I shall look upon the publication as fortunate, and consider myself abundantly rewarded for whatever trouble it has cost me.

A cursory inspection will show that these volumes lay no claim to be ranked with Boswell's in point of dramatic interest. Coleridge differed not more from Johnson in every characteristic of intellect, than in the habits and circumstances of his life, during the greatest part of the time in which I was intimately conversant with him. He was naturally very fond of society, and continued to be so to the last; but the almost unceasing ill health with which he was afflicted, after fifty, confined him for many months in every year to his own room, and, most commonly, to his bed. He was then rarely seen except by single visitors; and few of them would feel any disposition upon such occasions to interrupt him, whatever might have been the

length or mood of his discourse. And indeed, although I have been present in mixed company, where Mr. Coleridge has been questioned and opposed, and the scene has been amusing for the moment — I own that it was always much more delightful to me to let the river wander at its own sweet will, unruffled by aught but a certain breeze of emotion which the stream itself produced. If the course it took was not the shortest, it was generally the most beautiful; and what you saw by the way was as worthy of note as the ultimate object to which you were journeying. It is possible, indeed, that Coleridge did not, in fact, possess the precise gladiatorial power of Johnson: yet he understood a sword-play of his own; and I have, upon several occasions, seen him exhibit brilliant proofs of its effectiveness upon disputants of considerable pretensions in their particular lines. But he had a genuine dislike of the

practice in himself or others, and no slight provocation could move him to any such exertion. He was, indeed, to my observation, more distinguished from other great men of letters by his moral thirst after the Truth — the ideal Truth — in his own mind, than by his merely intellectual qualifications. To leave the every-day circle of society, in which the literary and scientific rarely — the rest never — break through the spell of personality; — where Anecdote reigns everlastingly paramount and exclusive, and the mildest attempt to generalize the Babel of facts, and to control temporary and individual phenomena by the application of eternal and overruling principles, is unintelligible to many, and disagreeable to more; — to leave this species of converse — if converse it deserves to be called — and pass an entire day with Coleridge, was a marvellous change indeed. It was a Sabbath past expression deep, and

tranquil, and serene. You came to a man who had travelled in many countries and in critical times; who had seen and felt the world in most of its ranks and in many of its vicissitudes and weaknesses; one to whom all literature and genial art were absolutely subject, and to whom, with a reasonable allowance as to technical details, all science was in a most extraordinary degree familiar. Throughout a long-drawn summer's day would this man talk to you in low, equable, but clear and musical, tones, concerning things human and divine; marshalling all history, harmonizing all experiment, probing the depths of your consciousness, and revealing visions of glory and of terror to the imagination; but pouring withal such floods of light upon the mind, that you might, for a season, like Paul, become blind in the very act of conversion. And this he would do, without so much as one allusion to himself, without a word of reflection on others, save when any

given act fell naturally in the way of his discourse, — without one anecdote that was not proof and illustration of a previous position; — gratifying no passion, indulging no caprice, but, with a calm mastery over your soul, leading you onward and onward for ever through a thousand windings, yet with no pause, to some magnificent point in which, as in a focus, all the party-coloured rays of his discourse should converge in light. In all this he was, in truth, your teacher and guide; but in a little while you might forget that he was other than a fellow student and the companion of your way, — so playful was his manner, so simple his language, so affectionate the glance of his pleasant eye!

There were, indeed, some whom Coleridge tired, and some whom he sent asleep. It would occasionally so happen, when the abstruser mood was strong upon him, and the visiter was narrow and ungenial. I have seen him at times when you could not incar-

nate him, — when he shook aside your petty questions or doubts, and burst with some impatience through the obstacles of common conversation. Then, escaped from the flesh, he would soar upwards into an atmosphere almost too rare to breathe, but which seemed proper to *him*, and there he would float at ease. Like enough, what Coleridge then said, his subtlest listener would not understand as a man understands a newspaper; but upon such a listener there would steal an influence, and an impression, and a sympathy; there would be a gradual attempering of his body and spirit, till his total being vibrated with one pulse alone, and thought became merged in contemplation; —

And so, his senses gradually wrapt
In a half sleep, he'd dream of better worlds,
And dreaming hear thee still, O singing lark,
That sangest like an angel in the clouds!

But it would be a great mistake to suppose

that the general character of Mr. Coleridge's conversation was abstruse or rhapsodical. The contents of the following pages may, I think, be taken as pretty strong presumptive evidence that his ordinary manner was plain and direct enough; and even when, as sometimes happened, he seemed to ramble from the road, and to lose himself in a wilderness of digressions, the truth was, that at that very time he was working out his fore-known conclusion through an almost miraculous logic, the difficulty of which consisted precisely in the very fact of its minuteness and universality. He took so large a scope, that, if he was interrupted before he got to the end, he appeared to have been talking without an object; although, perhaps, a few steps more would have brought you to a point, a retrospect from which would show you the pertinence of all he had been saying. I have heard persons complain that they

could get no answer to a question from Coleridge. The truth is, he answered, or meant to answer, so fully that the querist should have no second question to ask. In nine cases out of ten he saw the question was short or misdirected ; and knew that a mere *yes* or *no* answer could not embrace the truth — that is, the whole truth— and might, very probably, by implication, convey error. Hence that exhaustive, cyclical mode of discoursing in which he frequently indulged ; unfit, indeed, for a dinner-table, and too long-breathed for the patience of a chance visiter, — but which, to those who knew for what they came, was the object of their profoundest admiration, as it was the source of their most valuable instruction. Mr. Coleridge's affectionate disciples learned their lessons of philosophy and criticism from his own mouth. He was to them as an old master of the Academy or Lyceum. The more time he

took, the better pleased were such visitors; for they came expressly to listen, and had ample proof how truly he had declared, that whatever difficulties he might feel, with pen in hand, in the expression of his meaning, he never found the smallest hitch or impediment in the utterance of his most subtle reasonings by word of mouth. How many a time and oft have I felt his abstrusest thoughts steal rhythmically on my soul, when chanted forth by him! Nay, how often have I fancied I heard rise up in answer to his gentle touch, an interpreting music of my own, as from the passive strings of some wind-smitten lyre!

Mr. Coleridge's conversation at all times required attention, because what he said was so individual and unexpected. But when he was dealing deeply with a question, the demand upon the intellect of the hearer was very great; not so much for any hardness of language, for his diction was always simple

and easy; nor for the abstruseness of the thoughts, for they generally explained, or appeared to explain, themselves; but pre-eminently on account of the seeming remoteness of his associations, and the exceeding subtlety of his transitional links. Upon this point it is very happily, though, according to my observation, too generally, remarked, by one whose powers and opportunities of judging were so eminent that the obliquity of his testimony in other respects is the more unpardonable; — “ Coleridge, to many people — and often I have heard the complaint — seemed to wander; and he seemed then to wander the most, when, in fact, his resistance to the wandering instinct was greatest, — viz. when the compass and huge circuit, by which his illustrations moved, travelled farthest into remote regions, before they began to revolve. Long before this coming round commenced, most people had

lost him, and naturally enough supposed that he had lost himself. They continued to admire the separate beauty of the thoughts, but did not see their relations to the dominant theme. * * * * However, I can assert, upon my long and intimate knowledge of Coleridge's mind, that logic the most severe was as inalienable from his modes of thinking, as grammar from his language." * True: his mind was a logic-vice; let him fasten it on the tiniest flourish of an error, he never slacked his hold, till he had crushed body and tail to dust. He was *always* ratiocinating in his own mind, and therefore sometimes seemed incoherent to the partial observer. It happened to him as to Pindar, who in modern days has been called a rambling rhapsodist, because the connections of his parts, though never arbitrary, are so fine that the vulgar reader sees them not at all. But

* Tait's Mag. Sept. 1834, p. 514.

they are there nevertheless, and may all be so distinctly shown, that no one can doubt their existence; and a little study will also prove that the points of contact are those which the true genius of lyric verse naturally evolved, and that the entire Pindaric ode, instead of being the loose and lawless outburst which so many have fancied, is, without any exception, the most artificial and highly wrought composition which Time has spared to us from the wreck of the Greek Muse. So I can well remember occasions, in which, after listening to Mr. Coleridge for several delightful hours, I have gone away with divers splendid masses of reasoning in my head, the separate beauty and coherency of which I deeply felt, but how they had produced, or how they bore upon, each other, I could not then perceive. In such cases I have mused sometimes even for days afterwards upon the words, till at length, spontaneously as it

seemed, "the fire would kindle," and the association, which had escaped my utmost efforts of comprehension before, flash itself all at once upon my mind with the clearness of noonday light.

It may well be imagined that a style of conversation so continuous and diffused as that which I have just attempted to describe, presented remarkable difficulties to a mere reporter by memory. It is easy to preserve the pithy remark, the brilliant retort, or the pointed anecdote; these stick of themselves, and their retention requires no effort of mind. But where the salient angles are comparatively few, and the object of attention is a long-drawn subtle discoursing, you can never recollect, except by yourself thinking the argument over again. In so doing, the order and the characteristic expressions will for the most part spontaneously arise; and it is scarcely credible with what degree

of accuracy language may thus be preserved, where practice has given some dexterity, and long familiarity with the speaker has enabled, or almost forced, you to catch the outlines of his manner. Yet with all this, so peculiar were the flow and breadth of Mr. Coleridge's conversation, that I am very sensible how much those who can best judge will have to complain of my representation of it. The following specimens will, I fear, seem too fragmentary, and therefore deficient in one of the most distinguishing properties of that which they are designed to represent; and this is true. Yet the reader will in most instances have little difficulty in understanding the course which the conversation took, although my recollections of it are thrown into separate paragraphs for the sake of superior precision. As I never attempted to give dialogue — indeed, there was seldom much dialogue to give — the great point with

me was to condense what I could remember on each particular topic into intelligible *wholes* with as little injury to the living manner and diction as was possible. With this explanation, I must leave it to those who still have the tones of "that old man eloquent" ringing in their ears, to say how far I have succeeded in this delicate enterprise of stamping his winged words with perpetuity.

In reviewing the contents of the following pages, I can clearly see that I have admitted some passages which will be pronounced illiberal by those who, in the present day, emphatically call themselves liberal — *the* liberal. I allude of course to Mr. Coleridge's remarks on the Reform Bill and the Malthusian economists. The omission of such passages would probably have rendered this publication more generally agreeable, and my disposition does not lead me to give gratuitous offence to any one. But the opinions of Mr.

Coleridge on these subjects, however imperfectly expressed by me, were deliberately entertained by him ; and to have omitted, in so miscellaneous a collection as this, what he was well known to have said, would have argued in me a disapprobation or a fear, which I disclaim. A few words, however, may be pertinently employed here in explaining the true bearing of Coleridge's mind on the politics of our modern days. He was neither a Whig, nor a Tory, as those designations are usually understood ; well enough knowing that, for the most part, half-truths only are involved in the Parliamentary tenets of one party or the other. In the common struggles of a session, therefore, he took little interest ; and as to mere personal sympathies, the friend of Frere and of Poole, the respected guest of Canning and of Lord Lansdowne, could have nothing to choose. But he threw the weight of his

opinion — and it was considerable — into the Tory or Conservative scale, for these two reasons: — First, generally, because he had a deep conviction that the cause of freedom and of truth is now seriously menaced by a democratical spirit, growing more and more rabid every day, and giving no doubtful promise of the tyranny to come; and secondly, in particular, because the national Church was to him the ark of the covenant of his beloved country, and he saw the Whigs about to coalesce with those whose avowed principles lead them to lay the hand of spoliation upon it. Add to these two grounds, some relics of the indignation which the efforts of the Whigs to thwart the generous exertions of England in the great Spanish war had formerly roused within him; and all the constituents of any active feeling in Mr. Coleridge's mind upon matters of state are, I believe, fairly laid before the reader. The

Reform question in itself gave him little concern, except as he foresaw the present attack on the Church to be the immediate consequence of the passing of the Bill; “for let the form of the House of Commons,” said he, “be what it may, it will be, for better or for worse, pretty much what the country at large is; but once invade that truly national and essentially popular institution, the Church, and divert its funds to the relief or aid of individual charity or public taxation — how specious soever that pretext may be — and you will never thereafter recover the lost means of perpetual cultivation. Give back to the Church what the nation originally consecrated to its use, and it ought then to be charged with the education of the people; but half of the original revenue has been already taken by force from her, or lost to her through desuetude, legal decision, or public opinion; and are those whose very

houses and parks are part and parcel of what the nation designed for the general purposes of the Clergy, to be heard, when they argue for making the Church support, out of her diminished revenues, institutions, the intended means for maintaining which they themselves hold under the sanction of legal robbery?" Upon this subject Mr. Coleridge did indeed feel very warmly, and was accustomed to express himself accordingly. It weighed upon his mind night and day, and he spoke upon it with an emotion, which I never saw him betray upon any topic of common politics, however decided his opinion might be. In this, therefore, he was *felix opportunitate mortis; non enim vidit*——; and the just and honest of all parties will heartily admit over his grave, that as his principles and opinions were untainted by any sordid interest, so he maintained them in the purest

spirit of a reflective patriotism, without spleen, or bitterness, or breach of social union.*

* These volumes have had the rather singular fortune of being made the subject of three several reviews before publication. One of them requires notice.

The only materials for the Westminster Reviewer were the extracts in the Quarterly; and his single object being to abuse and degrade, he takes no notice of any even of these, except those which happen to be at variance with his principles in politics or political economy. To have reflected on the memory of Coleridge for not having been either a Benthamite or a Malthusian economist, might perhaps have been just and proper, and the censure certainly would have been borne by his friends in patience. The Westminster Review has, of course, just as good a right to find fault with those who differ from it in opinion as any other Review. But neither the Westminster nor any Review has a right to say that which is untrue, more especially when the misrepresentation is employed for the express purpose of injury and detraction. Amongst a great deal of coarse language unbecoming the character of the Review or its editor, there is the following passage; — “The trampling on the labouring classes is the religion that is at the bottom of his heart, — for the simple reason that he

It would require a rare pen to do justice to the constitution of Coleridge's mind. It

(Coleridge) is himself supported out of that last resource of the enemies of the people, the Pension List." And Mr. Coleridge is afterwards called a "Tory pensioner," "a puffed up partisan," &c.

Now the only pension, from any public source or character whatever, received by Mr. Coleridge throughout his whole life, was the following.

In 1821 or 1822, George the Fourth founded the Royal Society of Literature, which was incorporated by Charter in 1825. The King gave a thousand guineas a year out of his own private pocket to be distributed amongst ten literary men, to be called Royal Associates, and to be selected at the discretion of the Council. It is true that this was done under a Tory Government; but I believe the Government had no more to do with it than the Westminster Review. It was the mere act of George the Fourth's own princely temper. The gentlemen chosen to receive this bounty were the following: —

Samuel Taylor Coleridge;
Rev. Edward Davies;
Rev. John Jamieson, D.D.;
Rev. Thomas Robert Malthus;

was too deep, subtle, and peculiar, to be fathomed by a morning visiter. Few persons

Thomas James Mathias ;
James Millingen ;
Sir William Ouseley ;
William Roscoe ;
Rev. Henry John Todd ;
Sharon Turner.

I have been told that a majority of these persons — all the world knows that three or four at least of them — were Whigs of strong water ; but probably no one ever before imagined that their political opinions had any thing to do with their being chosen Royal Associates. I have heard and believe that their only qualifications were literature and misfortune ; and so the King wished. This annual donation of 105*l.* a year was received by Mr. Coleridge during the remainder of George the Fourth's life. In the first year of the present reign the payment was stopped without notice, in the middle of a current quarter ; and was not re-continued during Coleridge's life. It is true that this resumption of the royal bounty took place under a Whig Government ; but I believe the Whigs cannot justly claim any merit with the Westminster Review for having advised that act ; — on the contrary, to the best of my knowledge, Lord Grey, Lord Brougham,

knew much of it in any thing below the surface; scarcely three or four ever got to understand it in all its marvellous completeness. Mere personal familiarity with this extraordinary man did not put you in possession of him; his pursuits and aspirations, though in their mighty range presenting points of contact and sympathy for all, transcended in their ultimate reach the extremest limits of most men's imaginations. For the last thirty years of his life, at least, Coleridge was really and truly a philosopher of the antique cast. He had his esoteric

and some other members of the Whig ministry disapproved and regretted it. But the money was private money, and they could of course have no control over it.

If the Westminster Reviewer is acquainted with any other public pension, Tory, Whig, or Radical, received by Mr. Coleridge, he has an opportunity every quarter of stating it. In the mean time, I must take the liberty of charging him with the utterance of a calumnious untruth. H.N.C.

views; and all his prose works from the "Friend" to the "Church and State" were little more than feelers, pioneers, disciplinants for the last and complete exposition of them. Of the art of making books he knew little, and cared less; but had he been as much an adept in it as a modern novelist, he never could have succeeded in rendering popular or even tolerable, at first, his attempt to push Locke and Paley from their common throne in England. A little more working in the trenches might have brought him closer to the walls with less personal damage; but it is better for Christian philosophy as it is, though the assailant was sacrificed in the bold and artless attack. Mr. Coleridge's prose works had so very limited a sale, that although published in a technical sense, they could scarcely be said to have ever become *publici juris*. He did not think them such himself,

with the exception, perhaps, of the "Aids to Reflection," and generally made a particular remark if he met any person who professed or showed that he had read the "Friend" or any of his other books. And I have no doubt that had he lived to complete his great work on "Philosophy reconciled with Christian Religion," he would without scruple have used in that work any part or parts of his preliminary treatises, as their intrinsic fitness required. Hence in every one of his prose writings there are repetitions, either literal or substantial, of passages to be found in some others of those writings; and there are several particular positions and reasonings, which he considered of vital importance, reiterated in the "Friend," the "Literary Life," the "Lay Sermons," the "Aids to Reflection," and the "Church and State." He was always deepening and widening the foundation, and cared not how often he used the same stone. In thinking passion-

ately of the principle, he forgot the authorship — and sowed beside many waters, if peradventure some chance seedling might take root and bear fruit to the glory of God and the spiritualization of Man.

His mere reading was immense, and the quality and direction of much of it well considered, almost unique in this age of the world. He had gone through most of the Fathers, and, I believe, all the Schoolmen of any eminence; whilst his familiarity with all the more common departments of literature in every language is notorious. The early age at which some of these acquisitions were made, and his ardent self-abandonment in the strange pursuit, might, according to a common notion, have seemed adverse to increase and maturity of power in after life: yet it was not so; he lost, indeed, for ever the chance of being a popular writer; but Lamb's *inspired charity-boy* of twelve years of age continued to his dying

day, when sixty-two, the eloquent centre of all companies, and the standard of intellectual greatness to hundreds of affectionate disciples far and near. Had Coleridge been master of his genius, and not, alas! mastered by it;—had he less romantically fought a single-handed fight against the whole prejudices of his age, nor so mercilessly racked his fine powers on the problem of a universal Christian philosophy—he might have easily won all that a reading public can give to a favourite, and have left a name— not greater nor more enduring indeed— but— better known, and more prized, than now it is, amongst the wise, the gentle, and the good, throughout all ranks of society. Nevertheless, desultory as his labours, fragmentary as his productions at present may seem to the cursory observer—my undoubting belief is, that in the end it will be found that Coleridge did, in his vocation, the day's work

of a giant. He has been melted into the very heart of the rising literatures of England and America; and the principles he has taught are the master-light of the moral and intellectual being of men, who, if they shall fail to save, will assuredly illustrate and condemn, the age in which they live. As it is, they 'bide their time.

I might here properly end what will, perhaps, seem more than enough of preface for such a work as this; but I know not how I could reconcile with the duty, which I owe to the memory of Coleridge, a total silence on the charges which have been made against him by a distinguished writer in one of the monthly publications. I allude, of course, to the papers which have appeared since his death in several numbers of *Tait's Magazine*. To Mr. Dequincey (for he will excuse my dropping his other name) I am unknown; but many years ago I learned

to admire his genius, his learning, his pure and happy style—every thing, indeed, about his writing except the subject. I knew, besides, that he was a gentleman by birth and in manners, and I never doubted his delicacy or his uprightness. His opportunities of seeing Mr. Coleridge were at a particular period considerable, and congeniality of powers and pursuits would necessarily make those opportunities especially valuable to the critical remiscient. Coleridge was also his friend, and moreover the earth lay freshly heaped upon the grave of the departed !

Now to all the incredible meannesses of thought, allusion, or language perpetrated in these papers, especially the first, in respect of any other person, man or *woman*, besides Mr. Coleridge himself — I say nothing. Let me in silent wonder pass them by on the other side. I wish nothing but well to

the writer. But even had I any interest in his punishment, what could be added to that which a returning sense of honour and gentlemanly feeling must surely at some time or other inflict on such a spirit as his !

Nor, even with regard to Coleridge, is this the time or place — if it were ever or any where worth the while — to expose the wild mistakes and the monstrous caricature prevailing throughout the lighter parts of Mr. Dequincey's reminiscences. That with such a subject before him, such a writer should descend so very low as he has done, is indeed wonderful ; but I suppose the eloquence and acuteness of the better parts of these papers were thought to require some garnish, and with the taste shown in its selection it would be idle to quarrel. Two points only call for remark. The first is, Mr. Dequincey's charge of plagiarism, which

he worthily introduces in the following manner:—

“ Returning late (August, 1807) from this interesting survey, we found ourselves without company at dinner; and, being thus seated tête-à-tête, Mr. Poole propounded the following question to me, which I mention, because it furnished me with the first hint of a singular infirmity besetting Coleridge’s mind;— ‘ Pray, my young friend, did you ever form any opinion, or rather, did it ever happen to you to meet with any rational opinion or conjecture of others, upon that most irrational dogma of Pythagoras about beans? You know what I mean: that monstrous doctrine in which he asserts that a man might as well, for the wickedness of the thing, eat his own grandmother as meddle with beans.’ ‘ Yes,’ I replied;— ‘ the line is in the Golden Verses. I remember it well.’

“ P. ‘ True : now our dear excellent friend Coleridge, than whom God never made a creature more divinely endowed, yet, strange it is to say, sometimes steals from other people, just as you or I might do ; I beg your pardon, — just as a poor creature like myself might do, that sometimes have not wherewithal to make a figure from my own exchequer : and the other day at a dinner party, this question arising about Pythagoras and his beans, Coleridge gave us an interpretation, which, from his manner, I suspect not to have been original. Think, therefore, if you have any where read a plausible solution.’

“ ‘ I have: and it was in a German author. This German, understand, is a poor stick of a man, not to be named on the same day with Coleridge: so that, if it should appear that Coleridge has robbed him, be assured that he has done the scamp too much honour.’

“ P. ‘ Well: what says the German?’

“ ‘ Why, you know the use made in Greece of beans in voting and balloting? Well: the German says that Pythagoras speaks symbolically; meaning that electioneering, or, more generally, all interference with political intrigues, is fatal to a philosopher’s pursuits and their appropriate serenity. Therefore, says he, followers of mine, abstain from public affairs as you would from parricide.’ ”

“ P. ‘ Well, then, Coleridge *has* done the scamp too much honour; for by Jove, that is the very explanation he gave us !’ ”

“ Here was a trait of Coleridge’s mind, to be first made known to me by his best friend, and first published to the world by me, the foremost of his admirers ! But both of us had sufficient reasons,” &c.

As Mr. Dequincey has asserted that all this dialogue took place twenty-eight years ago, I waive all objections to its apparent improbability. And I know nothing about

this "poor stick" of a German, whose name, by the by, Mr. Dequincey does not mention; but this I know, that I was a little boy at Eton in the fifth form, some six or seven years after this dialogue is said to have taken place, and I can testify, what I am sure I could bring fifty of my contemporaries at a week's notice to corroborate, that this solution of the Pythagorean abstinence from beans was regularly taught us in school, as a matter of course, whenever occasion arose. Whether this great discovery was a *peculium* of Eton I know not; nor can I precisely say that Dr. Keate, and the present Provost of King's, and the Bishop of Chester, and other assistant masters (for they all had the secret), did not in fact learn it from this German; but I exceedingly doubt their doing so, unless Mr. Dequincey will assure me that there was an English translation of the German book, if the book was in Ger-

man, existing at that time. If I am asked whence the interpretation came, I must confess my ignorance, except that I very well remember that in Lucian's "*Vitarum auctio*," a favourite school treatise of ours, upon the bidder demanding of Pythagoras, who is put up to sale, why he had an aversion to beans, the philosopher says that he has no such aversion; but that beans are sacred things, first, for a physical reason there mentioned; but principally, because, amongst the Athenians, all elections for offices in the government took place by means of them. Of the correctness of this interpretation, if the Golden Verses were in fact genuine, which they are not, we might, indeed, well doubt; for there are numerous authorities which would lead us to believe that the practice of voting by beans or ballot was long subsequent to the time of Pythagoras, to whom in all probability the cheirotonia or natural mode of

election by a show of hands was alone known. But let that pass. Mr. Coleridge, it seems, at a dinner party of country gentlemen in Somersetshire, mentioned this solution of the difficulty — a solution commonly taught at Eton then, and, as far as I can learn, for fifty years before, and I believe also at Westminster, Winchester, &c. — not to say a word of Oxford or Cambridge; — and, because he did not refer to a “poor stick” of a German, of whom and his book we even now know nothing, “the foremost of Coleridge’s admirers” publishes the tale as “the first hint he received of a singular infirmity besetting Coleridge’s mind!” Very sharp, learned, and charitable at least; but let us go on.

Mr. Dequincey says, that Coleridge in one of his Odes describes France as —

“Her footsteps insupportably advancing;” — (*sic.*)

and his charge is, not that the words were borrowed without marks of quotation, but —

that Coleridge “thought fit positively to deny that he was indebted to Milton” for them. Now, without any view of defending Mr. Coleridge upon such grounds, but simply to show the universal carelessness with which Mr. Dequincey has made all these insinuations, I must observe that there is no such line in Coleridge’s Ode; the word “footsteps” is neither in *Samson Agonistes* nor the Ode; the line in the first being,—

“When insupportably his foot advanced;”

and in the second, simply,

“When, insupportably advancing.”

But this is unimportant. That these latter words were *in* Milton was a mere fact about which, with a book-shelf at hand, there could of course be no dispute; — if, therefore, Mr. Coleridge denied that he was *indebted* to Milton for them, I believe — (as who in

the world, but this “foremost of admirers,” would not believe?) — that he meant to deny any distinct consciousness of their Miltonic origin, at the moment of his using them in his Ode. A metaphysician like Mr. Dequincey can explain what every common person, who has read half a dozen standard books in his life, knows, — that thoughts, words, and phrases, not our own, rise up day by day, from the depths of the passive memory, and suggest themselves as it were to the hand, without any effort of recollection on our part. Such thoughts are indeed not natural born, but they are denizens at least; and Coleridge could have meant no more. And so it seems that in Shelvocke’s Voyage, there is a passage showing how “Hatley, being a melancholy man, was possessed by a fancy that some long season of foul weather was due to an albatross, which had steadily pursued the ship; upon which

he shot the bird, but without mending their condition." This Mr. Dequincey considers the germ — a prolific one to be sure — of the *Ancient Mariner*; and he says, that upon a question being put to Mr. Coleridge by him on the subject, Mr. Coleridge "disowned so slight an obligation." If he did, I firmly believe he had no recollection of it.

What Mr. Dequincey says about the Hymn in the vale of Chamouni is just. This glorious composition, of upwards of ninety lines, is truly indebted for many images and some striking expressions to Frederica Brun's little poem. The obligation is so clear that a reference to the original ought certainly to have been given, as Coleridge gave in other instances. Yet, as to any ungenerous wish on the part of Mr. Coleridge to conceal the obligation, I for one totally disbelieve it; the words and images that are taken are taken bodily and without alteration, and

not the slightest art is used — and a little would have sufficed — to disguise the fact of any community between the two poems. The German is in twenty lines, and I print them here with a very bald English translation, that all my readers may compare them as a curiosity with their glorification in Coleridge: —

Aus tiefem Schatten des schweigenden Tannenhains
Erblick' ich bebend dich, Scheitel der Ewigkeit,
Blendender Gipfel, von dessen Höhe
Ahndend mein Geist ins Unendliche schwebet !

Wer senkte den Pfeiler tief in der Erde Schooss,
Der, seit Jahrtausenden, fest deine masse stützt ?
Wer thürmte hoch in des Aethers Wölbung
Mächtig und kühn dein umstrahltes Antlitz ?

Wer goss Euch hoch aus des ewigen Winters Reich,
O Zackenströme, mit Donnergetös,' herab ?
Und wer gebietet laut mit der Allmacht Stimme :
“ Hier sollen ruhen die starrenden Wogen ? ”

Wer zeichnet dort dem Morgensterne die Bahn ?
Wer kränzt mit Blüthen des ewigen Frostes Saum ?
Wem tönt in schrecklichen Harmonieen,
Wilder Arveiron, dein Wogentümmel ?

Jehovah! Jehovah! kracht's im berstenden Eis;
 Lavinendonner rollen's die Kluft hinab:
 Jehovah! rauscht's in den hellen Wipfeln,
 Flüstert's an reiselnden Silberbächen.

CHAMOUNI AT SUNRISE.

TO KLOPSTOCK.

Out of the deep shade of the silent fir-grove trembling I survey thee, mountain head of eternity, dazzling (blinding) summit, from whose height my dimly perceiving spirit floats into the everlasting (or hovers, is suspended in the everlasting).

Who sank the pillar deep into the lap of earth, which for centuries past, props (or sustains) thy mass? Who up-reared (*thürmte*, up-towered) high in the vault of ether mighty and bold thy beaming countenance? (*umstrahltes*, beamed around.)

Who poured you from on high out of eternal winter's realm, O jagged streams (*Zackenströme*) downward with thunder noise? And who commanded loud, with the voice of Omnipotence, "Here shall the stiffening billows rest?"

Who marks out there the path for the morning star ?
Who wreathes with blossoms the edge (skirt, border)
of eternal frost ? To whom, wild Arveiron, does thy
wave-commotion (or wave-dizziness, hurly-burly, or
tumult of waves, *Wogentümmel*,) sound in terrible
harmonies ?

Jehovah ! Jehovah ! crashes in the bursting ice ;
avalanche thunders roll it down the chasm (cleft,
ravine). Jehovah ! rustles (or murmurs) in the bright
tree-tops ; it whispers in the purling silver brooks.

Mr. Dequincey proceeds thus : — “ All
these cases amount to nothing at all as cases
of plagiarism, and for that reason expose the
more conspicuously that obliquity of feeling
which could seek to decline the very slight
acknowledgments required. But now I come
to a case of real and palpable plagiarism ; yet
that too of a nature to be quite unaccountable
in a man of Coleridge’s attainments.”

I will leave all the rest to the pen of Julius
Hare.

“ I have been speaking on the supposition

that the charges of plagiarism and insincerity brought by the Opium-eater against Coleridge are strictly, accurately, true — that Coleridge is guilty to the full amount and tale of the offences imputed to him. Even in this case it indicates a singular obliquity of feeling, thus to drag them forth and thrust them forward. But are they true? Doubtless, — seeing that he who thrusts them forward can only do it out of a painful and rankling love of truth and justice; seeing that the voice which comes forth from his mask proclaims him to be the ‘ foremost of Coleridge’s admirers.’ Reader, be not deluded, and put to sleep by a name; look into the charges; sift them. Among them, the accuser himself acknowledges that there is only one of any moment, the others having been lugged in to swell the counts of the indictment, through a somewhat over-anxious fear — a fear which would have been deemed malicious in any

one but the foremost of his admirers — lest any tittle that could tell against Coleridge should be forgotten. One case, however, there is, he assures us, ‘of real and palpable plagiarism:’ so, lest ‘some cursed reviewer’ eight hundred or a thousand years hence, should ‘make the discovery,’ he determines to prevent him by forestalling him, and states it in full, as in admirership bound. The dissertation in the *Biographia Literaria* ‘on the reciprocal relations of the *esse* and the *cogitare*’ is asserted to be a translation from an essay in the volume of Schelling’s *Philosophische Schriften*. True: the Opium-eater is indeed mistaken in the name of the book; but that is of little moment, except as an additional mark of audacious carelessness in impeaching a great man’s honour. The dissertation, as it stands in the *Biographia Literaria*, vol. i. pp. 254—261., is a literal translation from the introduction to Schel-

ling's system of *Transcendental Idealism*; and though the assertion that there is no attempt in a single instance to appropriate the paper, by developing the arguments, or by diversifying the illustrations, is not quite borne out by the fact, Coleridge's additions are few and slight. But the Opium-eater further says, that 'Coleridge's essay is prefaced by a few words, in which, aware of his coincidence with Schelling, he declares his willingness to acknowledge himself indebted to so great a man, in any case where the truth would allow him to do so; but in this particular case, insisting on the impossibility that he could have borrowed arguments which he had first seen some years after he had thought out the whole hypothesis *proprio Marte*.' That Coleridge never can have been guilty of such a piece of scandalous dishonesty is clear even on the face of the

charge : he never could apply the word *hypothesis* to that which has nothing hypothetical in it. The Opium-eater also is much too precise in his use of words to have done so, if he had known or considered what he was talking about. But he did not ; and owing to this slovenly rashness of assertion, he has brought forward a heavy accusation, which is utterly false and groundless, the distorted offspring of a benighted memory under the incubus of — what shall we say? — *an ardent admiration*. Not a single word does Coleridge say about the originality of his essay one way or other. It is not prefaced by any remark. No mention is made of Schelling within a hundred pages of it, further than a quotation from him in page 247., and a reference to him in page 250. In an earlier part of the work, however, where Coleridge is giving an account of his philosophical education, there does occur a passage

(pp. 149—153.) about his obligations to Schelling, and his coincidences with him. This, no doubt, is the passage which the Opium-eater had in his head ; but strangely indeed has he metamorphosed it. For Coleridge's vindication it is necessary to quote it somewhat at length : —

“ ‘ It would be a mere act of justice to myself, were I to warn my readers, that an identity of thought, or even similarity of phrase, will not be at all times a certain proof that the passage has been borrowed from Schelling, or that the conceptions were originally learnt from him. Many of the most striking resemblances, indeed all the main and fundamental ideas, were born and matured in my mind before I had ever seen a page of the German philosopher. God forbid that I should be suspected of a wish to enter into a rivalry with Schelling for the honours so unequivocally his right, not only as a great

and original genius, but as the founder of the philosophy of Nature, and as the most successful improver of the Dynamic system. To Schelling we owe the completion, and the most important victories, of this revolution in philosophy. To me it will be happiness and honour enough, should I succeed in rendering the system itself intelligible to my countrymen, and in the application of it to the most awful of subjects for the most important of purposes. Whether a work is the offspring of a man's own spirit, and the product of original thinking, will be discovered by those who are its sole legitimate judges by better tests than the mere reference to dates. For readers in general, *let whatever shall be found in this or any future work of mine, that resembles or coincides with the doctrines of my German predecessor, though contemporary, be wholly attributed to him ; provided that the absence of direct references to his*

books, which I could not at all times make with truth, as designating citations or thoughts actually derived from him, and which I trust, would, after this general acknowledgement, be superfluous, be not charged on me as an ungenerous concealment or intentional plagiarism.'

“ Yet the charge, which he thus earnestly deprecates, has been brought against him ; and that, too, by a person entitling himself the foremost of his admirers ! Heaven preserve all honest men from such forward admirers ! The boy who rendered *nil admirari, not to be admired*, must have had something of prophecy in him, when he pronounced this to be an indispensable recipe for happiness. Coleridge, we see, was so far from denying or shuffling about his debts to Schelling, that he makes over every passage to him on which the stamp of his mind could be discovered. Of a truth, if he had been disposed to purloin, he never would have stolen half a dozen

pages from the head and front of that very work of Schelling's which was the likeliest to fall into his reader's hands; and the first sentence of which one could not read without detecting the plagiarism. Would any man think of pilfering a column from the porch of St. Paul's? The high praise which Coleridge bestows on Schelling would naturally excite a wish, in such of his readers as felt an interest in his philosophy, to know more of the great German. The first books of his they would take up would be his *Naturphilosophie* and his *Transcendental Idealism*; these are the works which Coleridge himself mentions; and the latter, from its subject, would attract them the most. For the maturer exposition of Schelling's philosophy, in the *Zeitschrift für spekulative Physik*, is hardly to be met with in England, having never been published except in that journal; and being still no more than a fragment. Indeed,

Coleridge himself does not seem to have known it; and Germany has, for thirty years, looked in vain expectation for the doctrine of the greatest of her philosophers.

“ But, even with the fullest conviction that Coleridge cannot have been guilty of intentional plagiarism, the reader will, probably, deem it strange that he should have transferred half a dozen pages of Schelling into his volume without any reference to their source. And strange it undoubtedly is! The only way I see of accounting for it is from his practice of keeping note-books or journals of his thoughts, filled with observations and brief dissertations on such matters as happened to strike him, with a sprinkling now and then of extracts and abstracts from the books he was reading. If the name of the author from whom he took an extract was left out, he might easily, years after, forget whose property it was; especially when he

had made it in some measure his own, by transfusing it into his own English. That this may happen I know from my own experience, having myself been lately puzzled by a passage which I had translated from Kant some years ago, and which cost me a good deal of search before I ascertained that it was not my own. Yet my memory in such minutiae is tolerably accurate, while Coleridge's was notoriously irretentive. That this solution is the true one may, I think, be collected from the references to Schelling, in pages 247. and 250. In both these places we find a couple of pages translated, with some changes and additions from the latter part of Schelling's *Abhandlungen zur Erläuterung des Idealismus der Wissenschaftslehre*. In neither place are we told that we are reading a translation. Yet that the author cannot be conscious of any intentional plagiarism is clear, from his mentioning Schelling's name, and, in the

latter place, even that of this particular work. Here, again, I would conjecture, that the passages must have been transcribed from some old note-book; only in these instances, Schelling's name was marked down at the end of the first extract, and at the beginning of the second; and so the end of the first extract is ascribed to him, and he is cited at the beginning of the second.

“ There is also another passage about the mystics, in pages 140, 141., acknowledged to be translated from a recent continental writer, which comes from Schelling's pamphlet against Fichte. In this case, Coleridge knew that he was setting forth what he had borrowed from another: for he had not been long acquainted with this work of Schelling's, as may be gathered from his way of speaking of it in p. 153. and from his saying, in p. 150. that Schelling has *lately* avowed his affectionate reverence for Behmen. Schelling's

pamphlet had appeared eleven years before; but, perhaps, it did not find its way to England till the peace; and Coleridge, having read it but recently, inferred that it was a recent publication. These passages form well nigh the sum of Coleridge's loans from Schelling; and, with regard to these, on the grounds here stated, though I do not presume to rank myself among the foremost of his admirers, I readily acquit him of all suspicion of ungenerous concealment or intentional plagiarism." *

A single word more. It is said that Mr. Coleridge was "an unconscionable plagiarist, like Byron." † With submission, nothing

* British Magazine, January, 1835.

† Edinburgh Review, cxxiii. Of course I have no intention of answering the criticisms or correcting all the mistakes of the Edinburgh Reviewer; but one of his remarks deserves notice. He quotes two passages, the one beginning — "Negatively, there may be more of the philosophy of Socrates in the Memorabilia of Xenophon," &c. (vol. i. p. 16.), and the other beginning —

could possibly be more unlike. The charge against Lord Byron, — not his own affected one, but the real one, is this, — that having

“ Plato’s works are logical exercises for the mind,” &c. (vol. i. p. 48.), and says they are contradictory. They might, perhaps, have been more clearly expressed; but no contradiction was intended, nor do the words imply any. Mr. C. meant in both, that Xenophon had preserved the most of the *man* Socrates; that he was the best Boswell; and that Socrates, as a *persona dialogi*, was little more than a poetical phantom in Plato’s hands. On the other hand, he says that Plato is more *Socratic*, that is, more of a philosopher in the *Socratic mode* of reasoning (Cicero calls the Platonic writings generally, *Socratici libri*); and Mr. C. also says, that in the metaphysical disquisitions Plato is Pythagorean, meaning, that he worked on the supposed ideal or transcendental principles of the extraordinary founder of the Italian school.

And I cannot forbear expressing my surprise that the Edinburgh Reviewer — so imperfectly acquainted with Mr. Coleridge’s writings as he evidently is — should have permitted himself the use of such language as that “ Coleridge was an unconscionable plagiarist,” and that “ he *pillaged* from himself and others;” — charges, which a little more knowledge of his subject, or a little less reliance on the already exposed misrepresentations of a magazine, would surely have prevented him from flinging out so hastily against the memory of a great man. — ED.

borrowed liberally from particular passages, and being deeply, although indefinitely, indebted to the spirit of the writings of Wordsworth and Coleridge — yes, and of Southey, too — he not only made no acknowledgment — *that* was not necessary, — but upon the principle of the *odisse quem læseris* he took every opportunity, and broke through every decency of literature, and even common manners, to malign, degrade, and, as far as in him lay, to destroy the public and private characters of those great men. He did this in works published by himself in his own lifetime, and what is more, he did it in violation of his knowledge and convictions to the contrary; for his own previous written and spoken admiration of the genius of those whom he so traduced and affected to condemn was, and still is, on record; so that well might one of his invulnerable antagonists say; — “ Lord Byron must have

known that I had the *floci* of his eulogium to balance the *nauci* of his scorn, and that the one would have *nihili-pilified* the other, even if I had not well understood the worthlessness of both." *

Now, let the *taking* on the part of Coleridge be allowed, — need I, after the preceding passage cited by Mr. Hare, expressly draw the contrast as to the *manner*? Verily of Lord Byron, morally and intellectually considered, it may be said: —

*Si non alium late spirasset odorem,
Laurus erat.*

It was in my heart to have adverted to one other point of a different and graver character, in respect of which the unfeeling petulance and imperfect knowledge of Mr. Dequincey have contributed to make what he says upon it a cruel calumny on Cole-

* Southey's *Essays, Moral and Political*. Vol. ii. Letter concerning Lord Byron.

ridge. But I refrain. This is not the place. A time will come when Coleridge's Life may be written without wounding the feelings or gratifying the malice of any one ;—and then, amongst other misrepresentations, that as to the origin of his recourse to opium will be made manifest; and the tale of his long and passionate struggles with, and final victory over, the habit, will form one of the brightest as well as most interesting traits of the moral and religious being of this humble, this exalted, Christian.

— But how could this writer trust to the discretion of Coleridge's friends and relatives? What, if a justly provoked anger had burst the bounds of compassion! Does not Mr. Dequincey well know that with regard to this as well as every other article in his vile heap of personalities, the little finger of re- crimination would bruise his head in the dust? —

Coleridge — blessings on his gentle memory ! — Coleridge was a frail mortal. He had indeed his peculiar weaknesses as well as his unique powers; sensibilities that an averted look would rack, a heart which would have beaten calmly in the tremblings of an earthquake. He shrank from mere uneasiness like a child, and bore the preparatory agonies of his death-attack like a martyr. Sinned against a thousand times more than sinning, he himself suffered an almost life-long punishment for his errors, whilst the world at large has the unwithering fruits of his labours, his genius, and his sacrifice. *Necesse est tanquam immaturam mortem ejus defleam ; si tamen fas est aut flere, aut omnino mortem vocare, qua tanti viri mortalitas magis finita quam vita est. Vivit enim, vivetque semper, atque etiam latius in memoria hominum et sermone versabitur, postquam ab oculis recessit.*

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was the youngest child of the Reverend John Coleridge, Vicar of the parish of Ottery St. Mary, in the county of Devon, and master of Henry the Eighth's Free Grammar School in that town. His mother's maiden name was Ann Bowdon. He was born at Ottery on the 21st of October, 1772, "about eleven o'clock in the forenoon," as his father the Vicar has, with rather a curious particularity, entered it in the register.

He died on the 25th of July, 1834, in Mr. Gillman's house, in the Grove, Highgate, and is buried in the old church-yard, by the road side.

ΑΙ ΔΕ ΤΕΑΙ ΖΩΟΥΣΙΝ ΑΗΔΟΝΕΣ —.

H. N. C.

Lincoln's Inn, 11th May, 1835.

ERRATUM IN VOL. I.

**Page 96. line 7. from bottom, for “ Renfurt,” read
“ Rhenferd.”**

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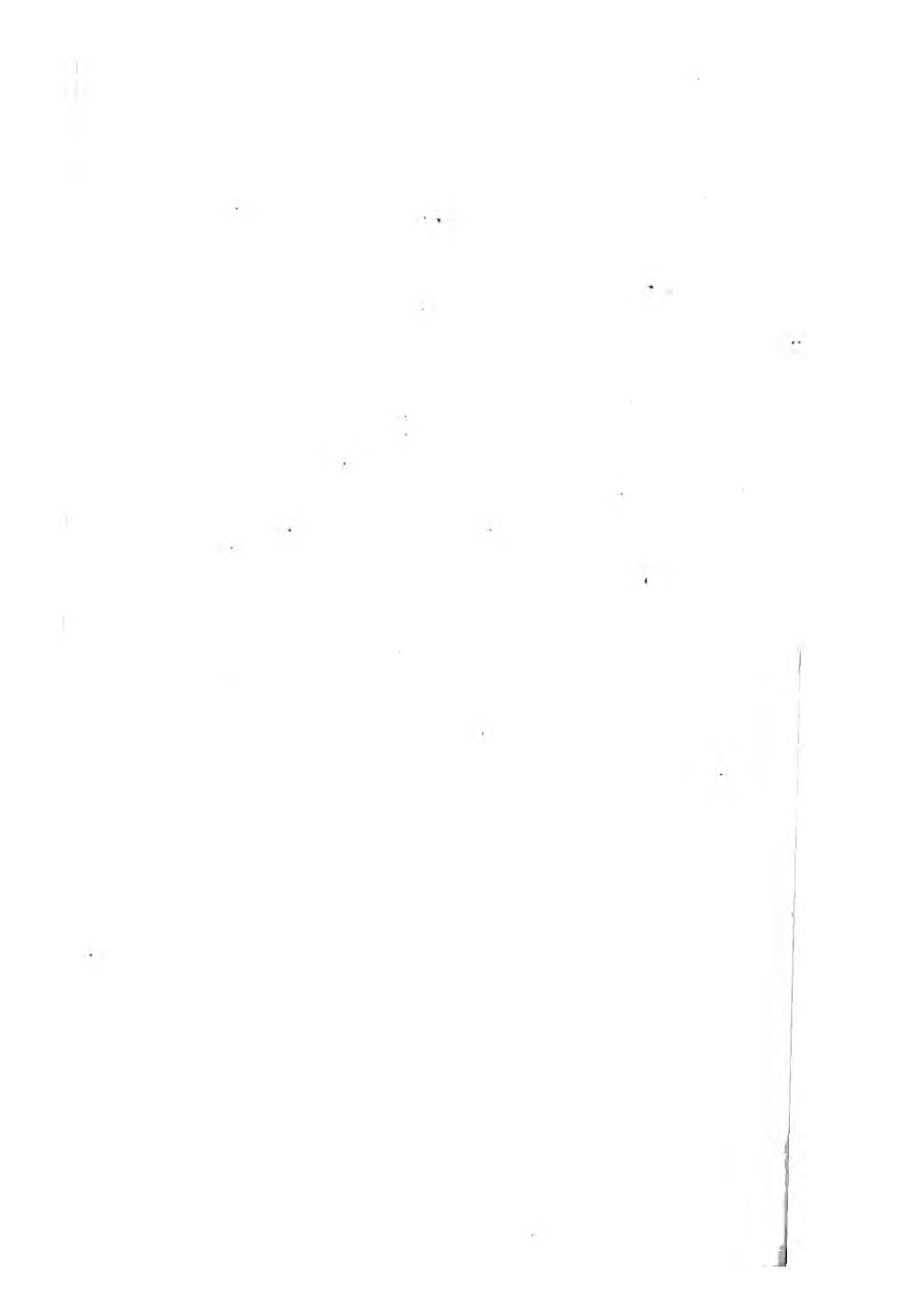


TABLE TALK.

TABLE TALK.

December 29. 1822.

CHARACTER OF OTHELLO. — SCHILLER'S
ROBBERS. — SHAKSPEARE. — SCOTCH NO-
VELS. — LORD BYRON. — JOHN KEMBLE.
— MATHEWS.

OTHELLO must not be conceived as a negro, but a high and chivalrous Moorish chief. Shakspeare learned the spirit of the character from the Spanish poetry, which was prevalent in England in his time.* Jealousy does not strike me as the point in his passion; I take it to be rather an agony that the creature, whom he had believed angelic, with whom he had garnered up his heart, and whom he could not help still loving, should be proved impure and worthless. It

* Caballeros Granadinos,
Aunque Moros, hijos d'algo. — ED.

was the struggle *not* to love her. It was a moral indignation and regret that virtue should so fall: — “ But yet the *pity* of it, Iago! — O Iago! the *pity* of it, Iago!” In addition to this, his honour was concerned: Iago would not have succeeded but by hinting that his honour was compromised. There is no ferocity in Othello; his mind is majestic and composed. He deliberately determines to die; and speaks his last speech with a view of showing his attachment to the Venetian state, though it had superseded him.

Schiller has the material Sublime*; to produce an effect, he sets you a whole town on fire, and throws infants with their mothers into the flames, or locks up a father in an old tower. But Shakspeare drops a hand-

* This expression — “ material sublime ” — like a hundred others which have slipped into general use, came originally from Mr. Coleridge, and was by him, in the first instance, applied to Schiller’s *Robbers*. — See Act iv. sc. 5. — ED.

kerchief, and the same or greater effects follow.

Lear is the most tremendous effort of Shakspeare as a poet; Hamlet as a philosopher or mediter; and Othello is the union of the two. There is something gigantic and unformed in the former two; but in the latter, every thing assumes its due place and proportion, and the whole mature powers of his mind are displayed in admirable equilibrium.

I think Old Mortality and Guy Mannering the best of the Scotch novels.

It seems, to my ear, that there is a sad want of harmony in Lord Byron's verses. Is it not unnatural to be always connecting very great intellectual power with utter depravity? Does such a combination often really exist *in rerum naturâ*?

I always had a great liking — I may say, a sort of nondescript reverence — for John

Kemble. What a quaint creature he was ! I remember a party, in which he was discoursing in his measured manner after dinner, when the servant announced his carriage. He nodded, and went on. The announcement took place twice afterwards ; Kemble each time nodding his head a little more impatiently, but still going on. At last, and for the fourth time, the servant entered, and said, — “ Mrs. Kemble says, sir, she has the rheumatise, and cannot stay.” “ Add *ism!*” dropped John, in a parenthesis, and proceeded quietly in his harangue.

Kemble would correct any body at any time, and in any place. Dear Charles Mathews — a true genius in his line, in my judgment — told me he was once performing privately before the King. The King was much pleased with the imitation of Kemble, and said, — “ I liked Kemble very much. He was one of my earliest friends. I remember once he was talking, and found himself out of snuff. I offered him my box.

He declined taking any — ‘ he, a poor actor, could not put his fingers into a royal box.’ I said, ‘ Take some, pray; you will oblige me.’ Upon which Kemble replied, — ‘ It would become your royal mouth better to say, oblige me;’ and took a pinch.”

It is not easy to put me out of countenance, or interrupt the feeling of the time by mere external noise or circumstance; yet once I was thoroughly *done up*, as you would say. I was reciting, at a particular house, the “ Remorse;” and was in the midst of Alhadra’s description* of the death of her

* “ ALHADRA. This night your chieftain arm’d
himself,
And hurried from me. But I follow’d him
At distance, till I saw him enter *there!*
NAOMI. The cavern?
ALHADRA. Yes, the mouth of yonder cavern.
After a while I saw the son of Valdez
Rush by with flaring torch: he likewise enter’d.
There was another and a longer pause;
And once, methought, I heard the clash of swords!
And soon the son of Valdez reappear’d:
He flung his torch towards the moon in sport,

husband, when a scrubby boy, with a shining face set in dirt, burst open the door and

And seem'd as he were mirthful ! I stood listening,
Impatient for the footsteps of my husband.

NAOMI. Thou called'st him ?

ALHADRA. I crept into the cavern —
'Twas dark and very silent. What saidst thou ?
No ! No ! I did not dare call Isidore,
Lest I should hear no answer ! A brief while,
Belike, I lost all thought and memory
Of that for which I came ! After that pause,
O Heaven ! I heard a groan, and follow'd it ;
And yet another groan, which guided me
Into a strange recess — and there was light,
A hideous light ! his torch lay on the ground ;
Its flame burnt dimly o'er a chasm's brink :
I spake ; and whilst I spake, a feeble groan
Came from that chasm ! it was his last — his death-
groan !

NAOMI. Comfort her, Allah !

ALHADRA. I stood in unimaginable trance
And agony that cannot be remember'd,
Listening with horrid hope to hear a groan !
But I had heard his last ; — my husband's death-groan !

NAOMI. Haste ! let us onward !

ALHADRA. I look'd far down the pit —
My sight was bounded by a jutting fragment ;
And it was stain'd with blood. Then first I shriek'd ;
My eyeballs burnt, my brain grew hot as fire,
And all the hanging drops of the wet roof

cried out, — “ Please, ma’am, master says,
Will you ha’, or will you *not* ha’, the pin-
round?”

January 1. 1823.

PARLIAMENTARY PRIVILEGE. — PERMA-
NENCY AND PROGRESSION OF NATIONS.
— KANT’S RACES OF MANKIND.

PRIVILEGE is a substitution for Law, where,
from the nature of the circumstances, a law
cannot act without clashing with greater and
more general principles. The House of
Commons must, of course, have the power of
taking cognizance of offences against its own

Turn’d into blood — I saw them turn to blood!
And I was leaping wildly down the chasm,
When on the further brink I saw his sword,
And it said, Vengeance! — Curses on my tongue!
The moon hath moved in heaven, and I am here,
And he hath not had vengeance! — Isidore!
Spirit of Isidore, thy murderer lives!
Away, away!” — Act iv. sc. 3.

rights. Sir Francis Burdett might have been properly sent to the Tower for the speech he made in the House*; but when afterwards he published it in Cobbett, and they took cognizance of it as a breach of privilege, they violated the plain distinction between privilege and law. As a speech in the House, the House could alone animadvert upon it, consistently with the effective preservation of its most necessary prerogative of freedom of debate; but when that

* March 12. 1810. Sir Francis Burdett made a motion in the House of Commons for the discharge of Gale Jones, who had been committed to Newgate by a resolution of the House on the 21st of February preceding. Sir Francis afterwards published in Cobbett's Political Register, of the 24th of the same month of March, a "Letter to his Constituents, denying the power of the House of Commons to imprison the people of England," and he accompanied the letter with an argument in support of his position. On the 27th of March a complaint of breach of privilege, founded on this publication, was made in the House by Mr. (now Sir Thomas) Lethbridge, and after several long debates, a motion that Sir Francis Burdett should be committed to the Tower, was made on the 5th of April, 1810, by Sir Robert Salisbury, and carried by a majority of 38. — ED.

speech became a book, then the law was to look to it; and there being a law of libel, commensurate with every possible object of attack in the state, privilege, which acts, or ought to act, only as a substitute for other laws, could have nothing to do with it. I have heard that one distinguished individual said, — “That he, for one, would not shrink from affirming, that if the House of Commons chose to *burn* one of their own members in Palace Yard, it had an inherent power and right by the constitution to do so.” This was said, if at all, by a moderate-minded man; and may show to what atrocious tyranny some persons may advance in theory, under shadow of this word privilege.

There are two principles in every European and Christian state: Permanency and Progression.* In the civil wars of the seven-

* See this position stated and illustrated in detail in Mr. Coleridge's work, “On the Constitution of the Church and State, according to the Idea of each,”

teenth century in England, which are as new and fresh now as they were a hundred and sixty years ago, and will be so for ever to us, these two principles came to a struggle. It was natural that the great and the good of the

p. 21. 2d edit. 1830. Well acquainted as I am with the fact of the comparatively small acceptance which Mr. Coleridge's prose works have ever found in the literary world, and with the reasons, and, what is more, with the causes, of it, I still wonder that this particular treatise has not been more noticed: first, because it is a little book; secondly, because it is, or at least nineteen-twentieths of it are, written in a popular style; and thirdly, because it is the *only* work, that I know or have ever heard mentioned, that even attempts a solution of the difficulty in which an ingenious enemy of the church of England may easily involve most of its modern defenders in Parliament, or through the press, upon their own principles and admissions. Mr. Coleridge himself prized this little work highly, although he admitted its incompleteness as a composition: — "But I don't care a rush about it," he said to me, "as an author. The saving distinctions are plainly stated in it, and I am sure nothing is wanted to make them *tell*, but that some kind friend should steal them from their obscure hiding-place, and just tumble them down before the public as *his own*." — ED.

nation should be found in the ranks of either side. In the Mohammedan states, there is no principle of permanence; and, therefore, they sink directly. They existed, and could only exist, in their efforts at progression; when they ceased to conquer, they fell in pieces. Turkey would long since have fallen, had it not been supported by the rival and conflicting interests of Christian Europe. The Turks have no church; religion and state are one; hence there is no counterpoise, no mutual support. This is the very essence of their Unitarianism. They have no past; they are not an historical people; they exist only in the present. China is an instance of a permanency without progression. The Persians are a superior race: they have a history and a literature; they were always considered by the Greeks as quite distinct from the other barbarians. The Afghans are a remarkable people. They have a sort of republic. Europeans and Orientalists may be well represented by two figures standing back to back: the latter looking to the east,

that is, backwards; the latter looking westward, or forwards.

Kant assigns three great races of mankind. If two individuals of distinct races cross, a third, or *tertium aliquid*, is *invariably* produced, different from either, as a white and a negro produce a mulatto. But when different varieties of the same race cross, the offspring is according to what we call chance; it is now like one, now like the other parent. Note this, when you see the children of any couple of distinct European complexions, — as English and Spanish, German and Italian, Russian and Portuguese, and so on.

January 3. 1823.

MATERIALISM. — GHOSTS.

EITHER we have an immortal soul, or we have not. If we have not, we are beasts; the first and wisest of beasts, it may be;

but still true beasts.* We shall only differ in degree, and not in kind; just as the elephant differs from the slug. But by the concession of all the materialists of all the schools, or almost all, we are not of the same kind as beasts — and this also we say from our own consciousness. Therefore, methinks, it must be the possession of a soul within us that makes the difference.

Read the first chapter of Genesis without prejudice, and you will be convinced at once. After the narrative of the creation of the earth and brute animals, Moses seems to pause, and says: — “ And God said, Let us make man in *our image*, after *our likeness*.”

* “ Try to conceive a *man* without the ideas of God, eternity, freedom, will, absolute truth; of the good, the true, the beautiful, the infinite. An *animal* endowed with a memory of appearances and facts might remain. But the *man* will have vanished, and you have instead a creature more subtle than any beast of the field, but likewise cursed above every beast of the field; upon the belly must it go, and dust must it eat all the days of its life.” — *Church and State*, p. 54. n.

And in the next chapter, he repeats the narrative: — “ And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life ;” and then he adds these words, — “ *and man became a living soul.*” Materialism will never explain those last words.

Define a vulgar ghost with reference to all that is called ghost-like. It is visibility without tangibility ; which is also the definition of a shadow. Therefore, a vulgar ghost and a shadow would be the same ; because two different things cannot properly have the same definition. A *visible substance* without susceptibility of impact, I maintain to be an absurdity. Unless there be an external substance, the bodily eye *cannot* see it ; therefore, in all such cases, that which is supposed to be seen is, in fact, *not* seen, but is an image of the brain. External objects naturally produce sensation ; but here, in truth, sensation produces, as it were, the external object.

In certain states of the nerves, however, I do believe that the eye, although not consciously so directed, may, by a slight convulsion, see a portion of the body, as if opposite to it. The part actually seen will by common association seem the whole; and the whole body will then constitute an external object, which explains many stories of persons seeing themselves lying dead. Bishop Berkeley once experienced this. He had the presence of mind to ring the bell, and feel his pulse; keeping his eye still fixed on his own figure right opposite to him. He was in a high fever, and the brain image died away as the door opened. I observed something very like it once at Grasmere; and was so conscious of the cause, that I told a person what I was experiencing, whilst the image still remained.

Of course, if the vulgar ghost be really a shadow, there must be some substance of which it is the shadow. These visible and

intangible shadows, without substances to cause them, are absurd.

January 4. 1823.

CHARACTER OF THE AGE FOR LOGIC. —
PLATO AND XENOPHON. — GREEK DRAMA. — KOTZEBUE. — BURKE.

THIS is not a logical age. A friend lately gave me some political pamphlets of the times of Charles I. and the Cromwellate. In them the premisses are frequently wrong, but the deductions are almost always legitimate; whereas, in the writings of the present day, the premisses are commonly sound, but the conclusions false. I think a great deal of commendation is due to the University of Oxford, for preserving the study of logic in the schools. It is a great mistake to suppose geometry any substitute for it.

Negatively, there may be more of the philosophy of Socrates in the Memorabilia

of Xenophon than in Plato: that is, there is less of what does not belong to Socrates; but the general spirit of, and impression left by, Plato, are more Socratic.

In Æschylus religion appears terrible, malignant, and persecuting: Sophocles is the mildest of the three tragedians, but the persecuting aspect is still maintained: Euripides is like a modern Frenchman, never so happy as when giving a slap at the gods altogether.

Kotzebue represents the petty kings of the islands in the Pacific Ocean exactly as so many Homeric chiefs. Riches command universal influence, and all the kings are supposed to be descended from the gods.

I confess I doubt the Homeric genuineness of *δακρύνειν γελάσασα*. * It sounds to

* ὡς εἰπὼν, ἀλόχοιο φίλης ἐν χερσὶν ἔθηκε
παῖδ' ἰόν· ἢ δ' ἄρα μιν κηϊώδει δέξατο κόλπῳ,
δακρύνειν γελάσασα. — *Iliad*. Ζ'. vi. 482.

me much more like a prettiness of Bion or Moschus.

The very greatest writers write best when calm, and exerting themselves upon subjects unconnected with party. Burke rarely shows all his powers, unless where he is in a passion. The French Revolution was alone a subject fit for him. We are not yet aware of all the consequences of that event. We are too near it.

Goldsmith did every thing happily.

You abuse snuff! Perhaps it is the final cause of the human nose.

A rogue is a roundabout fool; a fool *in circumbendibus*.

January 6. 1823.

ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL. — CHRISTIANITY. —
EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS. — THE LO-
GOS. — REASON AND UNDERSTANDING.

St. John had a twofold object in his Gospel and his Epistles, — to prove the divinity, and also the actual human nature and bodily suffering, of Jesus Christ, — that he was God and Man. The notion that the effusion of blood and water from the Saviour's side was intended to prove the real *death* of the sufferer originated, I believe, with some modern Germans, and seems to me ridiculous: there is, indeed, a very small quantity of water occasionally in the præcordia; but in the pleura, where wounds are not generally mortal, there is a great deal. St. John did not mean, I apprehend, to insinuate that the spear-thrust made the *death*, merely as such, certain or evident, but that the effusion showed the human nature. “I saw it,” he would say, “with my own eyes.

It was real blood, composed of lymph and crassamentum, and not a mere celestial ichor, as the Phantasmists allege.”

I think the verse of the three witnesses (1 John, v. 7.) spurious, not only because the balance of external authority is against it, as Porson seems to have shown; but also, because, in my way of looking at it, it spoils the reasoning.

St. John's logic is Oriental, and consists chiefly in position and parallel; whilst St. Paul displays all the intricacies of the Greek system.

Whatever may be thought of the genuineness or authority of any part of the book of Daniel, it makes no difference in my belief in Christianity; for Christianity is within a man, even as he is a being gifted with reason; it is associated with your mother's chair, and with the first-remembered tones of her blessed voice.

I do not believe St. Paul to be the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Luther's conjecture is very probable, that it was by Apollos, an Alexandrian Jew. The plan is too studiously regular for St. Paul. It was evidently written during the yet existing glories of the Temple. For three hundred years the church did not affix St. Paul's name to it; but its apostolical or catholic character, independently of its genuineness as to St. Paul, was never much doubted.

The first three Gospels show the history, that is, the fulfilment of the prophecies in the facts. St. John declares explicitly the doctrine, oracularly, and without comment, because, being pure reason, it can only be proved by itself. For Christianity proves itself, as the sun is seen by its own light. Its evidence is involved in its existence. St. Paul writes more particularly for the dialectic understanding; and proves those doctrines, which were capable of such proof, by common logic.

St. John used the term ὁ Λόγος technically. Philo-Judæus had so used it several years before the probable date of the composition of this Gospel; and it was commonly understood amongst the Jewish Rabbis at that time, and afterwards, of the manifested God.

Our translators, unfortunately, as I think, render the clause πρὸς τὸν Θεὸν*, “with God;” that would be right, if the Greek were σὺν τῷ Θεῷ. By the preposition πρὸς in this place, is meant the utmost possible *proximity*, without *confusion*; likeness, without sameness. The Jewish Church understood the Messiah to be a divine person. Philo expressly cautions against any one’s supposing the Logos to be a mere personification, or symbol. He says, the Logos is a substantial, self-existent Being. The Gnostics, as they were afterwards called, were a kind of Arians; and thought the Logos was an

* John, ch. i. v. 1, 2.

after-birth. They placed Ἄβυσσος and Σιγή (the Abyss and Silence) before him. Therefore it was that St. John said, with emphasis, ἐν ἀρχῇ ἦν ὁ Λόγος — “In the *beginning* was the Word.” He was begotten in the first simultaneous burst of Godhead, if such an expression may be pardoned, in speaking of eternal existence.

The Understanding suggests the materials of reasoning: the Reason decides upon them. The first can only say, — This *is*, or *ought* to be so. The last says, — It *must* be so.*

* I have preserved this, and several other equivalent remarks, out of a dutiful wish to popularize, by all the honest means in my power, this fundamental distinction; a thorough mastery of which Mr. Coleridge considered necessary to any sound system of psychology; and in the denial or neglect of which, he delighted to point out the source of most of the vulgar errors in philosophy and religion. The distinction itself is implied throughout almost all Mr. C.'s works, whether in verse or prose; but it may be found minutely argued in the “Aids to Reflection,” p. 206, &c. 2d edit. 1831. — ED.

April 27. 1823.

KEAN. — SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH. — SIR
H. DAVY. — ROBERT SMITH. — CANNING.
— NATIONAL DEBT. — POOR LAWS.

KEAN is original; but he copies from himself. His rapid descents from the hyper-tragic to the infra-colloquial, though sometimes productive of great effect, are often unreasonable. To see him act, is like reading Shakspeare by flashes of lightning. I do not think him thorough-bred gentleman enough to play Othello.

Sir James Mackintosh is the king of the men of talent. He is a most elegant converser. How well I remember his giving breakfast to me and Sir Humphry Davy, at that time an unknown young man, and our having a very spirited talk about Locke and Newton, and so forth! When Davy was gone, Mackintosh said to me, "That's a very extraordinary young man; but he is

gone wrong on some points." But Davy was, at that time at least, a man of genius; and I doubt if Mackintosh ever heartily appreciated an eminently original man. He is uncommonly powerful in his own line; but it is not the line of a first-rate man. After all his fluency and brilliant erudition, you can rarely carry off anything worth preserving. You might not improperly write on his forehead, "Warehouse to let!" He always dealt too much in generalities for a lawyer. He is deficient in power in applying his principles to the points in debate. I remember Robert Smith had much more logical ability; but Smith aimed at conquest by any gladiatorial shift; whereas Mackintosh was uniformly candid in argument. I am speaking now from old recollections.

Canning is very irritable, surprisingly so for a wit who is always giving such hard knocks. He should have put on an ass's skin before he went into parliament. Lord Liverpool is the single stay of this ministry; but

he is not a man of a directing mind. He cannot ride on the whirlwind. He serves as the isthmus to connect one half of the cabinet with the other. He always gives you the common sense of the matter, and in that it is that his strength in debate lies.

The national debt has, in fact, made more men rich than have a right to be so, or, rather, any ultimate power, in case of a struggle, of actualizing their riches. It is, in effect, like an ordinary, where three hundred tickets have been distributed, but where there is, in truth, room only for one hundred. So long as you can amuse the company with any thing else, or make them come in successively, all is well, and the whole three hundred fancy themselves sure of a dinner; but if any suspicion of a hoax should arise, and they were all to rush into the room at once, there would be two hundred without a potatoe for their money; and the table would be occupied by the landholders, who live on the spot.

Poor-laws are the inevitable accompaniments of an extensive commerce and a manufacturing system. In Scotland, they did without them, till Glasgow and Paisley became great manufacturing places, and then people said, "We must subscribe for the poor, or else we shall have poor-laws." That is to say, they enacted for themselves a poor-law in order to avoid having a poor-law enacted for them. It is absurd to talk of Queen Elizabeth's act as creating the poor-laws of this country. The poor-rates are the consideration paid by, or on behalf of, capitalists for having labour at demand. It is the price, and nothing else. The hardship consists in the agricultural interest having to pay an undue proportion of the rates; for although, perhaps, in the end, the land becomes more valuable, yet, at the first, the landowners have to bear all the brunt. I think there ought to be a fixed revolving period for the equalization of rates.

April 28. 1823.

CONDUCT OF THE WHIGS.—REFORM OF
THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE conduct of the Whigs is extravagantly inconsistent. It originated in the fatal error which Fox committed, in persisting, after the first three years of the French revolution, when every shadow of freedom in France had vanished, in eulogizing the men and measures of that shallow-hearted people. So he went on gradually, further and further departing from all the principles of English policy and wisdom, till at length he became the panyrist, through thick and thin, of a military frenzy, under the influence of which the very name of liberty was detested. And thus it was that, in course of time, Fox's party became the absolute abettors of the Buonapartean invasion of Spain, and did all in their power to thwart the generous efforts of this country to resist it. Now, when the invasion is by a Bourbon, and the cause of the Spanish

nation neither united nor, indeed, sound in many respects, the Whigs would precipitate this country into a crusade to fight up the cause of a faction.

I have the honour of being slightly known to my lord Darnley. In 1808-9, I met him accidentally, when, after a few words of salutation, he said to me, "Are you mad, Mr. Coleridge?"—"Not that I know, my lord," I replied; "what have I done which argues any derangement of mind?"—"Why, I mean," said he, "those essays of yours 'On the Hopes and Fears of a People invaded by foreign Armies.' The Spaniards are absolutely conquered; it is absurd to talk of their chance of resisting."—"Very well, my lord," I said, "we shall see. But will your lordship permit me, in the course of a year or two, to retort your question upon you, if I should have grounds for so doing?"—"Certainly!" said he; "that is fair!" Two years afterwards, when affairs were altered in Spain, I met Lord Darnley again, and, after some conversation, ventured to say to him, "Does

your lordship recollect giving me leave to retort a certain question upon you about the Spaniards? Who is mad now?" — "Very true, very true, Mr. Coleridge," cried he; "you are right. It is very extraordinary. It was a very happy and bold guess." Upon which I remarked, "I think '*guess*' is hardly a fair term. For, has anything happened that has happened, from any other causes, or under any other conditions, than such as I laid down beforehand?" Lord Darnley, who was always very courteous to me, took this with a pleasant nod of his head.

Many votes are given for reform in the House of Commons, which are not honest. Whilst it is well known that the measure will not be carried in parliament, it is as well to purchase some popularity by voting for it. When Hunt and his associates, before the Six Acts, created a panic, the ministers lay on their oars for three or four months, until the general cry, even from the opposition, was, "Why don't the ministers come forward

with some protective measure?" The present Ministry exists on the weakness and desperate character of the Opposition. The sober part of the nation are afraid of the latter getting into power, lest they should redeem some of their pledges.

April 29. 1823.

CHURCH OF ROME.

THE present adherents of the church of Rome are not, in my judgment, Catholics. We are the Catholics. We can prove that we hold the doctrines of the primitive church for the first three hundred years. The council of Trent made the Papists what they are.* A foreign Romish bishop† has declared, that the Protestants of his acquaintance were

* See *Aids to Reflection*, p. 180. note.

† Mr. Coleridge named him, but the name was strange to me, and I have been unable to recover it.
— ED.

more like what he conceived the enlightened Catholics to have been before the council of Trent, than the best of the latter in his days. Perhaps you will say, this bishop was not a *good* Catholic. I cannot answer for that. The course of Christianity and the Christian church may not unaptly be likened to a mighty river, which filled a wide channel, and bore along with its waters mud, and gravel, and weeds, till it met a great rock in the middle of its stream. By some means or other, the water flows purely, and separated from the filth, in a deeper and narrower course on one side of the rock, and the refuse of the dirt and troubled water goes off on the other in a broader current, and then cries out, “*We are the river!*”

A person said to me lately, “But you will, for civility’s sake, *call* them *Catholics*, will you not?” I answered, that I would not; for I would not tell a lie upon any, much less upon so solemn an occasion.” The adherents of the church of Rome, I repeat, are not *Catholic*

Christians. If they are, then it follows that we Protestants are heretics and schismatics, as, indeed, the Papists very logically, from their own premisses, call us. And “*Roman Catholics*” makes no difference. Catholicism is not capable of degrees or local apportionments. There can be but one body of Catholics, *ex vi termini*. To talk strictly of *Irish* or *Scotch Roman Catholics* is a mere absurdity.

It is common to hear it said, that, if the legal disabilities are removed, the Romish church will lose ground in this country. I think the reverse: the Romish religion is, or, in certain hands, is capable of being made, so flattering to the passions and self-delusion of men, that it is impossible to say how far it would spread, amongst the higher orders of society especially, if the secular disadvantages now attending its profession were removed.*

* Here, at least, the prophecy has been fulfilled. The wisdom of our ancestors, in the reign of King

April 30. 1823.

ZENDAVESTA. — PANTHEISM AND
IDOLATRY.

THE Zendavesta must, I think, have been copied in parts from the writings of Moses. In the description of the creation, the first chapter of Genesis is taken almost literally, except that the sun is created *before* the light, and then the herbs and the plants after the sun; which are precisely the two points they did not understand, and therefore altered as errors.*

William III., would have been jealous of the daily increase in the numbers of the Romish church in England, of which every attentive observer must be aware. See *Sancti Dominici Pallium*, in vol. ii. p. 80. of Mr. Coleridge's poems. — ED.

* The Zend, or Zendavesta, is the sacred book ascribed to Zoroaster, or Zerdusht, the founder or reformer of the Magian religion. The modern edition or paraphrase of this work, called the Sadda, written in the Persian of the day, was, I believe, composed about three hundred years ago. — ED.

There are only two acts of creation, properly so called, in the Mosaic account, — the material universe and man. The intermediate acts seem more as the results of secondary causes, or, at any rate, of a modification of prepared materials.

Pantheism and idolatry naturally end in each other; for all extremes meet. The Judaic religion is the exact medium, the true compromise.

May 1. 1823.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN STORIES OF
DREAMS AND GHOSTS. — PHANTOM
PORTRAIT. — WITCH OF ENDOR. — SO-
CINIANISM.

THERE is a great difference in the credibility to be attached to stories of dreams and stories of ghosts. Dreams have nothing in them which are absurd and nonsensical; and, though most of the coincidences may be

readily explained by the diseased system of the dreamer, and the great and surprising power of association, yet it is impossible to say whether an inner sense does not really exist in the mind, seldom developed, indeed, but which may have a power of presentiment.* All the external senses have their

* See this point suggested and reasoned with extraordinary subtlety in the third essay, marked (C), in the Appendix to the Statesman's Manual, or first Lay Sermon, p. 19, &c. One beautiful paragraph I will venture to quote:—"Not only may we expect that men of strong religious feelings, but little religious knowledge, will occasionally be tempted to regard such occurrences as supernatural visitations; but it ought not to surprise us if such dreams should sometimes be confirmed by the event, as though they had actually possessed a character of divination. For who shall decide how far a perfect reminiscence of past experiences (of many, perhaps, that had escaped our reflex consciousness at the time) — who shall determine to what extent this reproductive imagination, unsophisticated by the will, and undistracted by intrusions from the senses, may or may not be concentrated and sublimed into foresight and presentiment? There would be nothing herein either to foster superstition on the one hand, or to justify contemptuous disbelief on the other. Incredulity is but Credulity seen from behind, bowing and nodding assent to the Habitual and the Fashionable." — ED.

correspondents in the mind ; the eye can see an object before it is distinctly apprehended ; — why may there not be a corresponding power in the soul ? The power of prophecy might have been merely a spiritual excitation of this dormant faculty. Hence you will observe that the Hebrew seers sometimes seem to have required music. Every thing in nature has a tendency to move in cycles ; and it would be a miracle if, out of such myriads of cycles moving concurrently, some coincidences did not take place. No doubt, many such take place in the daytime ; but then our senses drive out the remembrance of them, and render the impression hardly felt ; but when we sleep, the mind acts without interruption. Terror and the heated imagination will, even in the daytime, create all sorts of features, shapes, and colours out of a simple object possessing none of them in reality.

But ghost stories are absurd. Whenever a real ghost appears,— by which I mean some

man or woman dressed up to frighten another, — if the supernatural character of the apparition has been for a moment believed, the effects on the spectator have always been most terrible, — convulsion, idiotcy, madness, or even death on the spot. Consider the awful descriptions in the Old Testament of the effects of a spiritual presence on the prophets and seers of the Hebrews; the terror, the exceeding great dread, the utter loss of all animal power. But in our common ghost stories, you always find that the seer, after a most appalling apparition, as you are to believe, is quite well the next day. Perhaps, he may have a headache; but that is the outside of the effect produced. Alston, a man of genius, and the best painter yet produced by America, when he was in England told me an anecdote which confirms what I have been saying. It was, I think, in the university of Cambridge, near Boston, that a certain youth took it into his wise head to endeavour to convert a Tom-Painish companion of his by appearing as a ghost before

him. He accordingly dressed himself up in the usual way, having previously extracted the ball from the pistol which always lay near the head of his friend's bed. Upon first awaking, and seeing the apparition, the youth who was to be frightened, A., very coolly looked his companion the ghost in the face, and said, "I know you. This is a good joke; but you see I am not frightened. Now you may vanish!" The ghost stood still. "Come," said A., "that is enough. I shall get angry. Away!" Still the ghost moved not. "By ——," ejaculated A., "if you do not in three minutes go away, I'll shoot you." He waited the time, deliberately levelled the pistol, fired, and, with a scream at the immobility of the figure, became convulsed, and afterwards died. The very instant he believed it *to be* a ghost, his human nature fell before it.

* "Last Thursday my uncle, S. T. C., dined

* What follows in the text within commas was written about this time, and communicated to me by my brother, John Taylor Coleridge.

with us, and ——— and ——— came to meet him. I have heard him more brilliant, but he was very fine, and delighted both ——— and ——— very much. It is impossible to carry off, or commit to paper, his long trains of argument; indeed, it is not always possible to understand them, he lays the foundation so deep, and views every question in so original a manner. Nothing can be finer than the principles which he lays down in morals and religion. His deep study of Scripture is very astonishing; ——— and ——— were but as children in his hands, not merely in general views of theology, but in nice verbal criticism. He thinks it clear that St. Paul did not write the Epistle to the Hebrews, but that it must have been the work of some Alexandrian Greek, and he thinks Apollos. It seemed to him a desirable thing for Christianity that it should have been written by some other person than St. Paul; because, its inspiration being unquestioned, it added another independent teacher and expounder of the faith.

“ We fell upon ghosts, and he exposed

many of the stories physically and metaphysically. He seemed to think it impossible that you should really see with the bodily eye what was impalpable, unless it were a shadow; and if what you fancied you saw with the bodily eye was in fact only an impression on the imagination, then you were seeing something *out of your senses*, and your testimony was full of uncertainty. He observed how uniformly, in all the best-attested stories of spectres, the appearance might be accounted for from the disturbed state of the mind or body of the seer, as in the instances of Dion and Brutus. Upon ——'s saying that he *wished* to believe these stories true, thinking that they constituted a useful subsidiary testimony of another state of existence, Mr. C. differed, and said, he thought it a dangerous testimony, and one not wanted: it was Saul, with the Scriptures and the Prophet before him, calling upon the witch of Endor to certify him of the truth! He explained very ingeniously, yet very naturally, what has often startled people in

ghost stories — such as Lord Lyttelton's — namely, that when a real person has appeared, habited like the phantom, the ghost-seer has immediately seen two, the real man and the phantom. He said that such *must* be the case. The man under the morbid delusion sees with the eye of the imagination, and sees with the bodily eye too; if no one were really present, he would see the spectre with one, and the bed-curtains with the other. When, therefore, a real person comes, he sees the real man as he would have seen any one else in the same place, and he sees the spectre not a whit the less: being perceptible by different powers of vision, so to say, the appearances do not interfere with each other.

“ He told us the following story of the Phantom Portrait: —

* “ A stranger came recommended to a

* This is the story which Mr. Washington Irving has dressed up very prettily in the first volume of his “ Tales of a Traveller,” pp. 84—119.; professing in his preface that he could not remember whence he had derived the anecdote. — ED.

merchant's house at Lubeck. He was hospitably received; but, the house being full, he was lodged at night in an apartment handsomely furnished, but not often used. There was nothing that struck him particularly in the room when left alone, till he happened to cast his eyes on a picture, which immediately arrested his attention. It was a single head; but there was something so uncommon, so frightful and unearthly, in its expression, though by no means ugly, that he found himself irresistibly attracted to look at it. In fact, he could not tear himself from the fascination of this portrait, till his imagination was filled by it, and his rest broken. He retired to bed, dreamed, and awoke from time to time with the head glaring on him. In the morning, his host saw by his looks that he had slept ill, and inquired the cause, which was told. The master of the house was much vexed, and said that the picture ought to have been removed, that it was an oversight, and that it always was removed when the chamber was used. The picture,

he said, was, indeed, terrible to every one; but it was so fine, and had come into the family in so curious a way, that he could not make up his mind to part with it, or to destroy it. The story of it was this: — ‘My father,’ said he, ‘was at Hamburgh on business, and, whilst dining at a coffee-house, he observed a young man of a remarkable appearance enter, seat himself alone in a corner, and commence a solitary meal. His countenance bespoke the extreme of mental distress, and every now and then he turned his head quickly round, as if he heard something, then shudder, grow pale, and go on with his meal after an effort as before. My father saw this same man at the same place for two or three successive days, and at length became so much interested about him, that he spoke to him. The address was not repulsed, and the stranger seemed to find some comfort in the tone of sympathy and kindness which my father used. He was an Italian, well informed, poor but not destitute, and living economically upon the profits of his art as a

painter. Their intimacy increased; and at length the Italian, seeing my father's involuntary emotion at his convulsive turnings and shudderings, which continued as formerly, interrupting their conversation from time to time, told him his story. He was a native of Rome, and had lived in some familiarity with, and been much patronised by, a young nobleman; but upon some slight occasion they had fallen out, and his patron, besides using many reproachful expressions, had struck him. The painter brooded over the disgrace of the blow. He could not challenge the nobleman, on account of his rank; he therefore watched for an opportunity, and assassinated him. Of course he fled from his country, and finally had reached Hamburgh. He had not, however, passed many weeks from the night of the murder, before, one day, in the crowded street, he heard his name called by a voice familiar to him: he turned short round, and saw the face of his victim looking at him with a fixed eye. From that moment he had no peace:

at all hours, in all places, and amidst all companies, however engaged he might be, he heard the voice, and could never help looking round; and, whenever he so looked round, he always encountered the same face staring close upon him. At last, in a mood of desperation, he had fixed himself face to face, and eye to eye, and deliberately drawn the phantom visage as it glared upon him; and *this* was the picture so drawn. The Italian said he had struggled long, but life was a burden which he could now no longer bear; and he was resolved, when he had made money enough to return to Rome, to surrender himself to justice, and expiate his crime on the scaffold. He gave the finished picture to my father, in return for the kindness which he had shown to him.’”

I have no doubt that the Jews believed generally in a future state, independently of the Mosaic law. The story of the witch of Endor is a proof of it. What we translate “*witch*,” or “familiar spirit,” is, in the

Hebrew, *Ob*, that is, a bottle or bladder, and means a person whose belly is swelled like a bottle by divine inflation. In the Greek it is *ἐγγαστρίμυθος*, a ventriloquist. The text (1 Sam. ch. xxviii.) is a simple record of the facts, the solution of which the sacred historian leaves to the reader. I take it to have been a trick of ventriloquism, got up by the courtiers and friends of Saul, to prevent him, if possible, from hazarding an engagement with an army despondent and oppressed with bodings of defeat. Saul is not said to have seen Samuel; the woman only pretends to see him. And then what does this Samuel do? He merely repeats the prophecy known to all Israel, which the true Samuel had uttered some years before. Read Captain Lyon's account of the scene in the cabin with the Esquimaux bladder, or conjurer; it is impossible not to be reminded of the witch of Endor. I recommend you also to look at Webster's admirable treatise on Witchcraft.

The pet texts of a Socinian are quite

enough for his confutation with acute thinkers. If Christ had been a mere man, it would have been ridiculous in *him* to call himself "the Son of man;" but being God and man, it then became, in his own assumption of it, a peculiar and mysterious title. So, if Christ had been a mere man, his saying, "My Father is greater than I," (John, xv. 28.) would have been as unmeaning. It would be laughable enough, for example, to hear me say, "My 'Remorse' succeeded, indeed; but Shakspeare is a greater dramatist than I." But how immeasurably more foolish, more monstrous, would it not be for a *man*, however honest, good, or wise, to say, "But Jehovah is greater than I!"

May 8. 1824.

PLATO AND XENOPHON. — RELIGIONS OF THE GREEKS. — EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES. — MILTON. — VIRGIL.

PLATO's works are logical exercises for the mind. Little that is positive is advanced in

them. Socrates may be fairly represented by Plato in the more moral parts; but in all the metaphysical disquisitions it is Pythagoras. Xenophon's representation of his master is quite different.

Observe the remarkable contrast between the religion of the tragic and other poets of Greece. The former are always opposed in heart to the popular divinities. In fact, there are the popular, the sacerdotal, and the mysterious religions of Greece, represented roughly by Homer, Pindar, and Æschylus. The ancients had no notion of a *fall* of man, though they had of his gradual degeneracy. Prometheus, in the old mythus, and for the most part in Æschylus, is the Redeemer and the Devil jumbled together.

I cannot say I expect much from mere Egyptian antiquities. Every thing really, that is, intellectually, great in that country seems to me of Grecian origin.

I think nothing can be added to Milton's definition or rule of poetry, — that it ought to be simple, sensuous, and impassioned; that is to say, single in conception, abounding in sensible images, and informing them all with the spirit of the mind.

Milton's Latin style is, I think, better and easier than his English. His style, in prose, is quite as characteristic of him as a philosophic republican, as Cowley's is of *him* as a first-rate gentleman.

If you take from Virgil his diction and metre, what do you leave him?

June 2. 1824.

GRANVILLE PENN AND THE DELUGE.—
RAINBOW.

I CONFESS I have small patience with Mr. Granville Penn's book against Buckland. Science will be superseded, if every phe-

nomenon is referred in this manner to an actual miracle. I think it absurd to attribute so much to the Deluge. An inundation, which left an olive-tree standing, and bore up the ark peacefully on its bosom, could scarcely have been the sole cause of the rents and dislocations observable on the face of the earth. How could the tropical animals, which have been discovered in England and in Russia in a perfectly natural state, have been transported thither by such a flood? Those animals must evidently have been natives of the countries in which they have been found. The climates must have been altered. Assume a sudden evaporation upon the retiring of the Deluge to have caused an intense cold, the solar heat might not be sufficient afterwards to overcome it. I do not think that the polar cold is adequately explained by mere comparative distance from the sun.

You will observe, that there is no mention of rain previously to the Deluge. Hence, it

may be inferred, that the rainbow was exhibited for the first time after God's covenant with Noah. However, I only suggest this.

The Earth with its scarred face is the symbol of the Past; the Air and Heaven, of Futurity.

June 5. 1824.

ENGLISH AND GREEK DANCING. — GREEK ACOUSTICS.

THE fondness for dancing in English women is the reaction of their reserved manners. It is the only way in which they can throw themselves forth in natural liberty. We have no adequate conception of the perfection of the ancient tragic dance. The pleasure which the Greeks received from it had for its basis Difference; and the more unfit the vehicle, the more lively was the curiosity and intense the delight at seeing the difficulty overcome.

The ancients certainly seem to have understood some principles in acoustics which we have lost, or, at least, they applied them better. They contrived to convey the voice distinctly in their huge theatres by means of pipes, which created no echo or confusion. Our theatres — Drury Lane and Covent Garden — are fit for nothing: they are too large for acting, and too small for a bull-fight.

June 7. 1824.

LORD BYRON'S VERSIFICATION, AND DON
JUAN.

How lamentably the *art* of versification is neglected by most of the poets of the present day! — by Lord Byron, as it strikes me, in particular, among those of eminence for other qualities. Upon the whole, I think the part of Don Juan in which Lambro's return to his home, and Lambro himself, are described, is the best, that is, the most individual, thing in all I know of Lord B.'s works. The

festal abandonment puts one in mind of Nicholas Poussin's pictures.*

June 10. 1824.

PARENTAL CONTROL IN MARRIAGE.—
MARRIAGE OF COUSINS.—DIFFERENCE
OF CHARACTER.

UP to twenty-one, I hold a father to have power over his children as to marriage; after that age, authority and influence only. Show

* Mr. Coleridge particularly noticed, for its classical air, the 32d stanza of this Canto (the third):—

“ A band of children, round a snow-white ram,
There wreath his venerable horns with flowers,
While, peaceful as if still an unwean'd lamb,
The patriarch of the flock all gently cowers
His sober head, majestically tame,
Or eats from out the palm, or playful lowers
His brow, as if in act to butt, and then
Yielding to their small hands, draws back again.”

But Mr. C. said that *then*, and *again*, made no rhyme to his ear. Why should not the old form *agen* be lawful in verse? We wilfully abridge ourselves of the liberty which our great poets achieved and sanctioned for us in innumerable instances. — ED.

me one couple unhappy merely on account of their limited circumstances, and I will show you ten who are wretched from other causes.

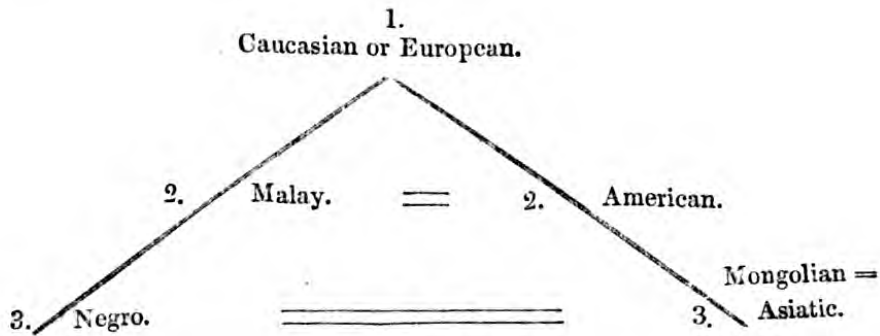
If the matter were quite open, I should incline to disapprove the marriage of first cousins; but the church has decided otherwise on the authority of Augustine, and that seems enough upon such a point.

You may depend upon it, that a slight contrast of character is very material to happiness in marriage.

February 24. 1827.

BLUMENBACH AND KANT'S RACES. —
IAPETIC AND SEMITIC. — HEBREW. —
SOLOMON.

BLUMENBACH makes five races; Kant, three. Blumenbach's scale of dignity may be thus figured: —



There was, I conceive, one great Iapetic original of language, under which Greek, Latin, and other European dialects, and, perhaps, Sanscrit, range as species. The Iapetic race, Ἰάπωνες, separated into two branches; one, with a tendency to migrate south-west, — Greeks, Italians, &c.; and the other north-west, — Goths, Germans, Swedes, &c. The Hebrew is Semitic.

Hebrew, in point of force and purity, seems at its height in Isaiah. It is most corrupt in Daniel, and not much less so in Ecclesiastes; which I cannot believe to have been actually composed by Solomon, but rather suppose to have been so attributed by the Jews, in their passion for ascribing all works of that sort to their *grand monarch*.

March 10. 1827.

JEWISH HISTORY. — SPINOZISTIC AND
HEBREW SCHEMES.

THE people of all other nations, but the Jewish, seem to look backwards and also to exist for the present; but in the Jewish scheme every thing is prospective and preparatory; nothing, however trifling, is done for itself alone, but all is typical of something yet to come.

I would rather call the book of Proverbs Solomonian than as actually a work of Solomon's. So I apprehend many of the Psalms to be Davidical only, not David's own compositions.

You may state the Pantheism of Spinoza, in contrast with the Hebrew or Christian scheme, shortly, as thus: —

Spinosism.

W — G = 0; *i. e.* the World without
God is an impossible
idea.

$G - W = 0$; *i. e.* God without the
World is so likewise.

Hebrew or Christian scheme.

$W - G = 0$; *i. e.* The same as Spi-
nosa's premiss.

But $G - W = G$; *i. e.* God without the
World is God the self-
subsistent.

March 12. 1827.

ROMAN CATHOLICS. — ENERGY OF MAN
AND OTHER ANIMALS. — SHAKSPEARE
IN MINIMIS. — PAUL SARPI. — BARTRAM'S
TRAVELS.

I HAVE no doubt that the real object closest to the hearts of the leading Irish Romanists is the destruction of the Irish Protestant church, and the re-establishment of their own. I think more is involved in the manner than the matter of legislating upon the civil disabilities of the members of the church of Rome; and, for one, I should be willing

to vote for a removal of those disabilities, with two or three exceptions, upon a solemn declaration being made legislatively in parliament, that at no time, nor under any circumstances, could or should a branch of the Romish hierarchy, as at present constituted, become an estate of this realm.*

Internal or mental energy and external or corporeal modificability are in inverse proportions. In man, internal energy is greater than in any other animal; and you will see that he is less changed by climate than any animal. For the highest and lowest specimens of man are not one half as much apart from each other as the different kinds even of dogs, animals of great internal energy themselves.

For an instance of Shakspeare's power *in minimis*, I generally quote James Gurney's character in King John. How individual

* See Church and State, second part, p. 189.

and comical he is with the four words allowed to his dramatic life!* And pray look at Skelton's Richard Sparrow also!

—

Paul Sarpi's History of the Council of Trent deserves your study. It is very interesting.

* "*Enter Lady FALCONBRIDGE and JAMES GURNEY.*

BAST. O me! it is my mother:—How now, good lady?

What brings you here to court so hastily?

LADY F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he?

That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

BAST. My brother Robert? Old Sir Robert's son? Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?

Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek so?

LADY F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,

Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?

He is Sir Robert's son; and so art thou.

BAST. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

GUR. *Good leave, good Philip.*

BAST. Philip? — Sparrow! James, There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit GURNEY.*"]

The very *exit Gurney* is a stroke of James's character.

— ED.

The latest book of travels I know, written in the spirit of the old travellers, is Bartram's account of his tour in the Floridas. It is a work of high merit every way.*

March 13. 1827.

THE UNDERSTANDING.

A PUN will sometimes facilitate explanation; as thus, — the Understanding is that which *stands under* the phenomenon, and gives it objectivity. You know *what* a thing is by it. It is also worthy of remark, that the Hebrew word for the understanding,

* “Travels through North and South Carolina, Georgia, East and West Florida, the Cherokee Country, the extensive Territories of the Muscogulges, or Creek Confederacy, and the Country of the Chactaws, &c. By William Bartram.” Philadelphia, 1791. London, 1792. 8vo. The expedition was made at the request of Dr. Fothergill, the Quaker physician, in 1773, and was particularly directed to botanical discoveries. — ED.

Bineh, comes from a root meaning *between* or *distinguishing*.

March 18. 1827.

PARTS OF SPEECH. — GRAMMAR.

THERE are seven parts of speech, and they agree with the five grand and universal divisions into which all things finite, by which I mean to exclude the idea of God, will be found to fall; that is, as you will often see it stated in my writings, especially in the *Aids to Reflection**:—

	Prothesis.		
	1.		
Thesis.	Mesothesis.	Antithesis.	
2.	4.	3.	
	Synthesis.		
	5.		

Conceive it thus:—

* P. 170. 2d edition.

1. Prothesis, the noun-verb, or verb-substantive, *I am*, which is the previous form, and implies identity of being and act.

2. Thesis, the noun.

3. Antithesis, the verb.

{ Note, each of these may be converted; that is, they are only opposed to each other.

4. Mesothesis, the infinitive mood, or the indifference of the verb and noun, it being either the one or the other, or both at the same time, in different relations.

5. Synthesis, the participle, or the community of verb and noun. Being and acting at once.

Now, modify the noun by the verb, that is, by an act, and you have—

6. The adnoun, or adjective.

Modify the verb by the noun, that is, by being, and you have—

7. The adverb.

Interjections are parts of sound, not of speech. Conjunctions are the same as pre-

positions; but they are prefixed to a sentence, or to a member of a sentence, instead of to a single word.

The inflections of nouns are modifications as to place; the inflections of verbs, as to time.

The genitive case denotes dependence; the dative, transmission. It is absurd to talk of verbs governing. In Thucydides, I believe, every case has been found absolute.*

* Nominative absolute:—*θεῶν δὲ φόβος ἢ ἀνθρώπων νόμος οὐδεὶς ἀπεῖργε, τὸ μὲν κρίνοντες ἐν ὁμοίῳ καὶ σέβειν καὶ μὴ——τῶν δὲ ἀμαρτημάτων οὐδεὶς ἐλπίζων μέχρι τοῦ δίκην γενέσθαι βιοῦς ἂν τὴν τιμωρίαν ἀντιδοῦναι.* — Thuc. II. 53.

Dative:—*εἰργομένοις αὐτοῖς τῆς θαλάσσης καὶ κατὰ γῆν πορθουμένοις ἐνεχείρησάν τινες πρὸς Ἀθηναίους ἀγαγεῖν τὴν πόλιν.* — Thuc. VIII. 24.

This is the Latin usage.

Accusative. — I do not remember an instance of the proper accusative absolute in Thucydides; but it seems not uncommon in other authors:—

*ὦ ξεῖνε, μὴ θαύμαζε πρὸς τὸ λιπαρές,
τέκν' εἰ φανέντ' ἄελπτα μηκύνω λόγον.*

Soph. Œd. C. 1119.

Yet all such instances may be nominatives; for I cannot find an example of the accusative absolute in the masculine or feminine gender, where the difference of inflexion would show the case.—ED.

The inflections of the tenses of a verb are formed by adjuncts of the verb substantive. In Greek it is obvious. The E is the prefix significative of a past time.*

June 15. 1827.

MAGNETISM. — ELECTRICITY. — GALVANISM.

PERHAPS the attribution or analogy may seem fanciful at first sight, but I am in the habit of realizing to myself Magnetism as length; Electricity as breadth or surface; and Galvanism as depth.

* There is in existence a Greek grammar compiled by Mr. Coleridge, out of an old printed one, with much original matter, for the use of one of his children when very young. Some valuable parts of it will find a place in the collection of Mr. Coleridge's literary and critical remains, the preparing of which for the press has been committed to my care. But the almost incredible labour expended in this little work, of a kind not justifying publication, is a truly marvellous monument of minute logical accuracy and the tenderest parental love. — ED.

June 24. 1827.

SPENSER. — CHARACTER OF OTHELLO. — HAMLET. — POLONIUS. — PRINCIPLES AND MAXIMS. — LOVE. — MEASURE FOR MEASURE. — BEN JONSON. — BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. — VERSION OF THE BIBLE. — SPURZHEIM. — CRANIOLOGY.

SPENSER'S Epithalamion is truly sublime; and pray mark the swan-like movement of his exquisite Prothalamion.* His attention

* How well I remember this Midsummer-day! I shall never pass such another. The sun was setting behind Caen Wood, and the calm of the evening was so exceedingly deep that it arrested Mr. Coleridge's attention. We were alone together in Mr. Gillman's drawing-room, and Mr. C. left off talking, and fell into an almost trance-like state for ten minutes whilst contemplating the beautiful prospect before us. His eyes swam in tears, his head inclined a little forward, and there was a slight uplifting of the fingers, which seemed to tell me that he was in prayer. I was awestricken, and remained absorbed in looking at the man, in forgetfulness of external nature, when he recovered himself, and after a word or two fell by some secret link of association upon Spenser's poetry. Upon my telling him that I did not very well recollect the Prothalamion: "Then I must read you a bit of it," said

to metre and rhythm is sometimes so extremely minute as to be painful even to my ear, and you know how highly I prize good versification.

I have often told you that I do not think there is any jealousy, properly so called, in the character of Othello. There is no predisposition to suspicion, which I take to be an essential term in the definition of the

he, and, fetching the book from the next room, he recited the whole of it in his finest and most musical manner. I particularly bear in mind the sensible diversity of tone and rhythm with which he gave:—

“ Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song,”

the concluding line of each of the ten strophes of the poem.

When I look upon the scanty memorial, which I have alone preserved of this afternoon's converse, I am tempted to burn these pages in despair. Mr. Coleridge talked a volume of criticism that day, which, printed verbatim as he spoke it, would have made the reputation of any other person but himself. He was, indeed, particularly brilliant and enchanting, and I left him at night so thoroughly *magnetized*, that I could not for two or three days afterwards reflect enough to put any thing on paper. — ED.

word. Desdemona very truly told Emilia that he was not jealous, that is, of a jealous habit, and he says so as truly of himself. Iago's suggestions, you see, are quite new to him; they do not correspond with any thing of a like nature previously in his mind. If Desdemona had, in fact, been guilty, no one would have thought of calling Othello's conduct that of a jealous man. He could not act otherwise than he did with the lights he had; whereas jealousy can never be strictly right. See how utterly unlike Othello is to Leontes, in the *Winter's Tale*, or even to Leonatus, in *Cymbeline*! The jealousy of the first proceeds from an evident trifle, and something like hatred is mingled with it; and the conduct of Leonatus in accepting the wager, and exposing his wife to the trial, denotes a jealous temper already formed.

Hamlet's character is the prevalence of the abstracting and generalizing habit over the practical. He does not want courage, skill, will, or opportunity; but every incident sets

him thinking; and it is curious, and, at the same time, strictly natural, that Hamlet, who all the play seems reason itself, should be impelled, at last, by mere accident to effect his object. I have a smack of Hamlet myself, if I may say so.

A Maxim is a conclusion upon observation of matters of fact, and is merely retrospective: an Idea, or, if you like, a Principle, carries knowledge within itself, and is prospective. Polonius is a man of maxims. Whilst he is descanting on matters of past experience, as in that excellent speech to Laertes before he sets out on his travels*, he is admirable; but when he comes to advise or project, he is a mere dotard. You see, Hamlet, as the man of ideas, despises him.

A man of maxims only is like a Cyclops with one eye, and that eye placed in the back of his head.

* Act i. sc. 3.

In the scene with Ophelia, in the third act *, Hamlet is beginning with great and unfeigned tenderness; but, perceiving her reserve and coyness, fancies there are some listeners, and then, to sustain his part, breaks out into all that coarseness.

Love is the admiration and cherishing of the amiable qualities of the beloved person, upon the condition of yourself being the object of their action. The qualities of the sexes correspond. The man's courage is loved by the woman, whose fortitude again is coveted by the man. His vigorous intellect is answered by her infallible tact.†

* Sc. 1.

† Mr. Coleridge was a great master in the art of love, but he had not studied in Ovid's school. Hear his account of the matter:—

“ Love, truly such, is itself not the most common thing in the world, and mutual love still less so. But that enduring personal attachment, so beautifully delineated by Erin's sweet melodist, and still more touchingly, perhaps, in the well-known ballad, ‘ John Anderson, my Jo, John,’ in addition to a depth and constancy of character of no every-day occur-

Measure for Measure is the single exception to the delightfulness of Shakspeare's

rence, supposes a peculiar sensibility and tenderness of nature; a constitutional communicativeness and utterancy of heart and soul; a delight in the detail of sympathy, in the outward and visible signs of the sacrament within,—to count, as it were, the pulses of the life of love. But, above all, it supposes a soul which, even in the pride and summer-tide of life, even in the lustihood of health and strength, had felt oftenest and prized highest that which age cannot take away, and which in all our lovings is *the* love; I mean, that willing sense of the unsufficingness of the self for itself, which predisposes a generous nature to see, in the total being of another, the supplement and completion of its own; that quiet perpetual seeking which the presence of the beloved object modulates, not suspends, where the heart momentarily finds, and, finding again, seeks on; lastly, when 'life's changeful orb has passed the full,' a confirmed faith in the nobleness of humanity, thus brought home and pressed, as it were, to the very bosom of hourly experience; it supposes, I say, a heartfelt reverence for worth, not the less deep because divested of its solemnity by habit, by familiarity, by mutual infirmities, and even by a feeling of modesty which will arise in delicate minds, when they are conscious of possessing the same, or the correspondent, excellence in their own characters. In short, there must be a mind, which, while it feels the beautiful and the excellent in the beloved as its own, and by right of

plays. It is a hateful work, although Shakspearian throughout. Our feelings of justice are grossly wounded in Angelo's escape. Isabella herself contrives to be unamiable, and Claudio is detestable.

I am inclined to consider *The Fox* as the greatest of Ben Jonson's works. But his smaller works are full of poetry.

Monsieur Thomas and the *Little French Lawyer* are great favourites of mine amongst Beaumont and Fletcher's plays. How those plays overflow with wit! And yet I scarcely know a more deeply tragic scene any where than that in *Rollo*, in which Edith pleads

love appropriates it, can call goodness its playfellow; and dares make sport of time and infirmity, while, in the person of a thousand-foldly endeared partner, we feel for aged virtue the caressing fondness that belongs to the innocence of childhood, and repeat the same attentions and tender courtesies which had been dictated by the same affection to the same object when attired in feminine loveliness or in manly beauty." (*Poetical Works*, vol. ii. p. 120.) — ED.

for her father's life, and then, when she cannot prevail, rises up and imprecates vengeance on his murderer.*

* Act iii. sc. 1.:—

“ ROLLO. Hew off her hands!

HAMOND. Lady, hold off!

EDITH. No! hew 'em;

Hew off my innocent hands, as he commands you!

They 'll hang the faster on for death's convulsion.—

Thou seed of rocks, will nothing move thee, then?

Are all my tears lost, all my righteous prayers

Drown'd in thy drunken wrath? I stand up thus,
then,

Thou boldly bloody tyrant,

And to thy face, in heav'n's high name defy thee!

And may sweet mercy, when thy soul sighs for it,—

When under thy black mischiefs thy flesh trembles,—

When neither strength, nor youth, nor friends, nor
gold,

Can stay one hour; when thy most wretched con-
science,

Waked from her dream of death, like fire shall melt
thee,—

When all thy mother's tears, thy brother's wounds,

Thy people's fears, and curses, and my loss,

My aged father's loss, shall stand before thee —

ROLLO. Save him, I say; run, save him, save her
father;

Fly and redeem his head!

EDITH. May then that pity," &c.

Our version of the Bible is to be loved and prized for this, as for a thousand other things, — that it has preserved a purity of meaning to many terms of natural objects. Without this holdfast, our vitiated imaginations would refine away language to mere abstractions. Hence the French have lost their poetical language; and Blanco White says the same thing has happened to the Spanish. By the way, I must say dear Mr. Sotheby's translation, in the *Georgics*, of

“Solve mares; mitte in venerem pecuaria primus;”

“Loose the fierce savage to the genial bed;” —

and

“Frigidus in venerem senior;”*

“Nor urge reluctant to laborious *love*” —

are the most ludicrous instances I remember of the modern slip-slop.

I have the perception of individual images very strong, but a dim one of the relation of place. I remember the man or the tree, but where I saw them I mostly forget.†

* Virg. *Georg.* iii. 64. and 97.

† There was no man whose opinion in morals, or

Craniology is worth some consideration, although it is merely in its rudiments and guesses yet. But all the coincidences which have been observed could scarcely be by accident. The confusion and absurdity, however, will be endless until some names or proper terms are discovered for the organs, which are not taken from their mental application or significancy. The forepart of the head is gene-

even in a matter of general conduct in life, if you furnished the pertinent circumstances, I would have sooner adopted than Mr. Coleridge's; but I would not take him as a guide through streets or fields or earthly roads. He had much of the geometrician about him; but he could not find his way. In this, as in many other peculiarities of more importance, he inherited strongly from his learned and excellent father, who deserves, and will, I trust, obtain, a separate notice for himself when his greater son's life comes to be written. I believe the beginning of Mr. C.'s liking for Dr. Spurzheim was the hearty good humour with which the Doctor bore the laughter of a party, in the presence of which he, unknowing of his man, denied any *Ideality*, and awarded an unusual share of *Locality*, to the majestic silver-haired head of my dear uncle and father-in-law. But Mr. Coleridge immediately shielded the craniologist under the distinction preserved in the text, and perhaps, since that time, there may be a couple of organs assigned to the latter faculty. — ED.

rally given up to the higher intellectual powers; the hinder part to the sensual emotions.

Silence does not always mark wisdom. I was at dinner, some time ago, in company with a man, who listened to me and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head, and I thought him intelligent. At length, towards the end of the dinner, some apple dumplings were placed on the table, and my man had no sooner seen them, than he burst forth with — “Them’s the jockies for me!” I wish Spurzheim could have examined the fellow’s head.

Some folks apply epithets as boys do in making Latin verses. When I first looked upon the Falls of the Clyde, I was unable to find a word to express my feelings. At last, a man, a stranger to me, who arrived about the same time, said: — “How majestic!” — (It was the precise term, and I turned round and was saying — “Thank you, Sir! that is the exact word for it” — when he added, *eodem flatu*) — “Yes! how very pretty!”

July 8. 1827.

BULL AND WATERLAND. — THE TRINITY.

BULL and Waterland are the classical writers on the Trinity.* In the Trinity there is, 1. Ipseity. 2. Alterity. 3. Community. You may express the formula thus:—

God, the absolute Will or Identity, =
Prothesis.

The Father = Thesis. The Son = Antithesis.
The Spirit = Synthesis.

The author of the Athanasian creed is unknown. It is, in my judgment, heretical

* Mr. Coleridge's admiration of Bull and Waterland as high theologians was very great. Bull he used to read in the Latin *Defensio Fidei Nicænæ*, using the Jesuit Zola's edition of 1784, which, I think, he bought at Rome. He told me once, that when he was reading a Protestant English Bishop's work on the Trinity, in a copy edited by an Italian Jesuit in Italy, he felt proud of the church of England, and in good humour with the church of Rome. — ED.

in the omission, or implicit denial, of the Filial subordination in the Godhead, which is the doctrine of the Nicene Creed, and for which Bull and Waterland have so fervently and triumphantly contended; and by not holding to which, Sherlock staggered to and fro between Tritheism and Sabellianism. This creed is also tautological, and, if not persecuting, which I will not discuss, certainly containing harsh and ill-conceived language.

How much I regret that so many religious persons of the present day think it necessary to adopt a certain cant of manner and phraseology as a token to each other. They must *improve* this and that text, and they must do so and so in a *prayerful* way; and so on. Why not use common language? A young lady the other day urged upon me that such and such feelings were the *marrow* of all religion; upon which I recommended her to try to walk to London upon her marrow-bones only.

July 9. 1827.

SCALE OF ANIMAL BEING.

IN the very lowest link in the vast and mysterious chain of Being, there is an effort, although scarcely apparent, at individualization; but it is almost lost in the mere nature. A little higher up, the individual is apparent and separate, but subordinate to any thing in man. At length, the animal rises to be on a par with the lowest power of the human nature. There are some of our natural desires which only remain in our most perfect state on earth as means of the higher powers' acting.*

* These remarks seem to call for a citation of that wonderful passage, transcendent alike in eloquence and philosophic depth, which the readers of the *Aids to Reflection* have long since laid up in cedar:—

“ Every rank of creatures, as it ascends in the scale of creation, leaves death behind it or under it. The mental at its height of being seems a mute prophecy of the coming vegetation, into a mimic semblance of which it crystallizes. The blossom and flower, the acme of vegetable life, divides into correspondent organs with

July 12. 1827.

POPEDOM. — SCANDERBEG. — THOMAS À BECKET. — PURE AGES OF GREEK, ITALIAN, AND ENGLISH. — LUTHER. — BAXTER. — ALGERNON SIDNEY'S STYLE. — ARIOSTO AND TASSO. — PROSE AND POETRY. — THE FATHERS. — RENFURT. — JACOB BEHMEN.

WHAT a grand subject for a history the Popedom is! The Pope ought never to

reciprocal functions, and by instinctive motions and approximations seems impatient of that fixure, by which it is differenced in kind from the flower-shaped Psyche that flutters with free wing above it. And wonderfully in the insect realm doth the irritability, the proper seat of instinct, while yet the nascent sensibility is subordinate thereto,—most wonderfully, I say, doth the muscular life in the insect, and the musculo-arterial in the bird, imitate and typically rehearse the adaptive understanding, yea, and the moral affections and charities of man. Let us carry ourselves back, in spirit, to the mysterious week, the teeming work-days of the Creator, as they rose in vision before the eye of the inspired historian “of the generations of the heaven and earth, in the days that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens.” And who

have affected temporal sway, but to have lived retired within St. Angelo, and to have

that hath watched their ways with an understanding heart, could, as the vision evolving still advanced towards him, contemplate the filial and loyal bee; the home-building, wedded, and divorceless swallow; and, above all, the manifoldly intelligent ant tribes, with their commonwealth and confederacies, their warriors and miners, the husband-folk, that fold in their tiny-flocks on the honied leaf, and the virgin sisters with the holy instincts of maternal love, detached and in selfless purity, and not say to himself, Behold the shadow of approaching Humanity, the sun rising from behind, in the kindling morn of creation! Thus all lower natures find their highest good in semblances and seekings of that which is higher and better. All things strive to ascend, and ascend in their striving. And shall man alone stoop? Shall his pursuits and desires, the reflections of his inward life, be like the reflected image of a tree on the edge of a pool, that grows downward, and seeks a mock heaven in the unstable element beneath it, in neighbourhood with the slim water-weeds and oozy bottom-grass that are yet better than itself and more noble, in as far as substances that appear as shadows are preferable to shadows mistaken for substance! No! it must be a higher good to make you happy. While you labour for any thing below your proper humanity, you seek

trusted to the superstitious awe inspired by his character and office. He spoiled his chance when he meddled in the petty Italian politics.

Scanderbeg would be a very fine subject for Walter Scott; and so would Thomas à Becket, if it is not rather too much for him. It involves in essence the conflict between arms, or force, and the men of letters.

Observe the superior truth of language, in Greek, to Theocritus inclusively; in Latin, to the Augustan age exclusively; in Italian, to Tasso exclusively; and in English, to Taylor and Barrow inclusively.

Luther is, in parts, the most evangelical writer I know, after the apostles and apostolic men.

a happy life in the region of death. Well saith the moral poet:—

‘ Unless above himself he can

Erect himself, how mean a thing is man!’ ”

p. 105. 2d ed. — ED.

Pray read with great attention Baxter's Life of himself. It is an inestimable work.* I may not unfrequently doubt Baxter's memory, or even his competence, in consequence of his particular modes of thinking; but I could almost as soon doubt the Gospel verity as his veracity.

I am not enough read in Puritan divinity to know the particular objections to the surplice, over and above the general prejudice against the *retenta* of Popery. Perhaps that was the only ground,—a foolish one enough.

* This, a very thick folio of the old sort, was one of Mr. Coleridge's text books for English church history. He used to say that there was *no* substitute for it in a course of study for a clergyman or public man, and that the modern political Dissenters, who affected to glory in Baxter as a leader, would read a bitter lecture on themselves in every page of it. In a marginal note I find Mr. C. writing thus: "Alas! in how many respects does my lot resemble Baxter's! But how much less have my bodily evils been, and yet how very much greater an impediment have I suffered them to be! But verily Baxter's labours seem miracles of supporting grace." — ED.

In my judgment Bolingbroke's style is not in any respect equal to that of Cowley or Dryden. Read Algernon Sidney; his style reminds you as little of books as of blackguards. What a gentleman he was!

Burke's Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful seems to me a poor thing; and what he says upon Taste is neither profound nor accurate.

Well! I am for Ariosto against Tasso; though I would rather praise Ariosto's poetry than his poem.

I wish our clever young poets would remember my homely definitions of prose and poetry; that is, prose = words in their best order; — poetry = the *best* words in the best order.

I conceive Origen, Jerome, and Augustine to be the three great fathers in respect

of theology, and Basil, Gregory Nazianzen, and Chrysostom in respect of rhetoric.

Renfurt possessed the immense learning and robust sense of Selden, with the acuteness and wit of Jortin.

Jacob Behmen remarked, that it was not wonderful that there were separate languages for England, France, Germany, &c.; but rather that there was not a different language for every degree of latitude. In confirmation of which, see the infinite variety of languages amongst the barbarous tribes of South America.

July 20. 1827.

NON-PERCEPTION OF COLOURS.

WHAT is said of some persons not being able to distinguish colours, I believe. It may proceed from general weakness, which

will render the differences imperceptible, just as the dusk or twilight makes all colours one. This defect is most usual in the blue ray, the negative pole.

I conjecture that when finer experiments have been applied, the red, yellow, and orange rays will be found as capable of communicating magnetic action as the other rays, though, perhaps, under different circumstances. Remember this, if you are alive twenty years hence, and think of me.

July 21. 1827.

RESTORATION. — REFORMATION.

THE elements had been well shaken together during the civil wars and interregnum under the Long Parliament and Protectorate; and nothing but the cowardliness and impolicy of the Nonconformists, at the Restoration, could have prevented a real reformation

on a wider basis. But the truth is, by going over to Breda with their stiff flatteries to the hollow-hearted King, they put Sheldon and the bishops on the side of the constitution.

The Reformation in the sixteenth century narrowed Reform. As soon as men began to call themselves names, all hope of further amendment was lost.

July 23. 1827.

WILLIAM III. — BERKELEY. — SPINOSA. —
GENIUS. — ENVY. — LOVE.

WILLIAM the Third was a greater and much honestest man than any of his ministers. I believe every one of them, except Shrewsbury, has now been detected in correspondence with James.

Berkeley can only be confuted, or answered, by one sentence. So it is with Spinoza. His premiss granted, the deduction is a chain of adamant.

Genius may co-exist with wildness, idleness, folly, even with crime; but not long, believe me, with selfishness, and the indulgence of an envious disposition. Envy is *κάκιστος καὶ δικαιοτάτος θεός*, as I once saw it expressed somewhere in a page of Stobæus: it dwarfs and withers its worshippers.

The man's desire is for the woman; but the woman's desire is rarely other than for the desire of the man.*

* "A woman's friendship," I find written by Mr. C. on a page dyed red with an imprisoned rose-leaf, "a woman's friendship borders more closely on love than man's. Men affect each other in the reflection of noble or friendly acts; whilst women ask fewer proofs, and more signs and expressions of attachment." — ED.

August 29. 1827.

JEREMY TAYLOR. — HOOKER. — IDEAS.

JEREMY TAYLOR is an excellent author for a young man to study, for the purpose of imbibing noble principles, and at the same time of learning to exercise caution and thought in detecting his numerous errors.

I must acknowledge, with some hesitation, that I think Hooker has been a little over-credited for his judgment.

Take as an instance of an idea *, the continuity and coincident distinctness of nature ;

* The reader who has never studied Plato, Bacon, Kant, or Coleridge in their philosophic works, will need to be told that the word Idea is not used in this passage in the sense adopted by "Dr. Holofernes, who in a lecture on metaphysics, delivered at one of the Mechanics' Institutions, explodes all *ideas* but those of

or this, — vegetable life is always striving to be something that it is not; animal life to be itself. Hence, in a plant the parts, as the root, the stem, the branches, leaves, &c.

sensation; whilst his friend, deputy Costard, has no *idea* of a better-flavoured haunch of venison, than he dined off at the London Tavern last week. He admits (for the deputy has travelled) that the French have an excellent *idea* of cooking in general; but holds that their most accomplished *maitres de cuisine* have no more *idea* of dressing a turtle, than the Parisian gourmands themselves have any *real idea* of the true *taste* and *colour* of the fat." Church and State, p. 78. No! what Mr. Coleridge meant by an Idea in this place may be expressed in various ways out of his own works. I subjoin a sufficient definition from the Church and State, p. 6. "That which, contemplated *objectively*, (that is, as existing *externally* to the mind,) we call a law; the same contemplated *subjectively*, (that is, as existing in a subject or mind,) is an idea. Hence Plato often names Ideas, Laws; and Lord Bacon, the British Plato, describes the laws of the material universe as the ideas in nature. "Quod in natura *naturata* Lex, in natura *naturante* Idea dicitur." A more subtle limitation of the word may be found in the last paragraph of Essay (E) in the Appendix to the Statesman's Manual. — ED.

remain after they have each produced or contributed to produce a different *status* of the whole plant : in an animal nothing of the previous states remains distinct, but is incorporated into, and constitutes progressively, the very self.

August 30. 1827.

PAINTING.

PAINTING is the intermediate somewhat between a thought and a thing.

April 13. 1830.

PROPHECIES OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. —
MESSIAH. — JEWS. — THE TRINITY.

IF the prophecies of the Old Testament are not rightly interpreted of Jesus our Christ, then there is no prediction whatever con-

tained in it of that stupendous event—the rise and establishment of Christianity—in comparison with which all the preceding Jewish history is as nothing. With the exception of the book of Daniel, which the Jews themselves never classed among the prophecies, and an obscure text of Jeremiah, there is not a passage in all the Old Testament which favours the notion of a temporal Messiah. What moral object was there, for which such a Messiah should come? What could he have been but a sort of virtuous Sesostris or Buonaparte?

I know that some excellent men—Israelites without guile—do not, in fact, expect the advent of any Messiah; but believe, or suggest that it may possibly have been God's will and meaning, that the Jews should remain a quiet light among the nations for the purpose of pointing at the doctrine of the unity of God. To which I say, that this truth of the essential unity of God has been preserved, and gloriously preached by Chris-

tianity alone. The Romans never shut up their temples, nor ceased to worship a hundred or a thousand gods and goddesses, at the bidding of the Jews; the Persians, the Hindus, the Chinese, learned nothing of this great truth from the Jews. But from Christians they did learn it in various degrees, and are still learning it. The religion of the Jews is, indeed, a light; but it is as the light of the glow-worm, which gives no heat, and illumines nothing but itself.

It has been objected to me, that the vulgar notions of the Trinity are at variance with this doctrine; and it was added, whether as flattery or sarcasm matters not, that few believers in the Trinity thought of it as I did. To which again humbly, yet confidently, I reply, that my superior light, if superior, consists in nothing more than this, — that I more clearly see that the doctrine of Trinal Unity is an absolute truth transcending my human means of understanding it, or demonstrating it. I may or may not be able to utter

the formula of my faith in this mystery in more logical terms than some others; but this I say; Go and ask the most ordinary man, a professed believer in this doctrine, whether he believes in and worships a plurality of Gods, and he will start with horror at the bare suggestion. He may not be able to explain his creed in exact terms; but he will tell you that he *does* believe in one God, and in one God only, — reason about it as you may.

What all the churches of the East and West, what Romanist and Protestant believe in common, that I call Christianity. In no proper sense of the word can I call Unitarians and Socinians believers in Christ; at least, not in the only Christ of whom I have read or know any thing.

April 14. 1830.

CONVERSION OF THE JEWS. — JEWS IN
POLAND.

THERE is no hope of converting the Jews in the way and with the spirit unhappily adopted by our church; and, indeed, by all other modern churches. In the first age, the Jewish Christians undoubtedly considered themselves as the seed of Abraham, to whom the promise had been made; and, as such, a superior order. Witness the account of St. Peter's conduct in the Acts *, and the Epistle to the Galatians. † St. Paul protested against this, so far as it went to make Jewish observances compulsory on Christians who were not of Jewish blood; and so far as it in any way led to bottom the religion on the Mosaic covenant of works; but he never denied the birthright of the chosen seed: on the contrary, he

* Chap. xv.

† Chap. ii.

himself evidently believed that the Jews would ultimately be restored; and he says,— If the Gentiles have been so blest by the rejection of the Jews, how much rather shall they be blest by the conversion and restoration of Israel! Why do we expect the Jews to abandon their national customs and distinctions? The Abyssinian church said that they claimed a descent from Abraham; and that, in virtue of such ancestry, they observed circumcision: but declaring withal, that they rejected the covenant of works, and rested on the promise fulfilled in Jesus Christ. In consequence of this appeal, the Abyssinians were permitted to retain their customs.

If Renfurt's Essays were translated — if the Jews were made acquainted with the real argument — if they were addressed kindly, and were not required to abandon their distinctive customs and national type, but were invited to become Christians *as of the seed of Abraham* — I believe there

would be a Christian synagogue in a year's time. As it is, the Jews of the lower orders are the very lowest of mankind; they have not a principle of honesty in them; to grasp and be getting money for ever is their single and exclusive occupation. A learned Jew once said to me, upon this subject: — "O Sir! make the inhabitants of Hollywell Street and Duke's Place Israelites first, and then we may debate about making them Christians."*

* Mr. Coleridge had a very friendly acquaintance with several learned Jews in this country, and he told me that, whenever he had fallen in with a Jew of thorough education and literary habits, he had always found him possessed of a strong natural capacity for metaphysical disquisitions. I may mention here the best known of his Jewish friends, one whom he deeply respected, Hymen Hurwitz.

Mr. C. once told me that he had for a long time been amusing himself with a clandestine attempt upon the faith of three or four persons, whom he was in the habit of seeing occasionally. I think he was undermining, at the time he mentioned this to me, a Jew, a Swedenborgian, a Roman Catholic, and a New Jerusalemite, or by whatsoever other name the members of that somewhat small, but very respectable, church

In Poland, the Jews are great landholders, and are the worst of tyrants. They have no kind of sympathy with their labourers and dependants. They never meet them in common worship. Land, in the hand of a large number of Jews, instead of being, what it ought to be, the organ of permanence, would become the organ of rigidity, in a nation; by their intermarriages within their own pale, it would be in fact perpetually entailed. Then, again, if a popular tumult were to take place in Poland, who can doubt that the Jews would be the first objects of murder and spoliation?

planted in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn Fields, delight to be known. He said he had made most way with the disciple of Swedenborg, who might be considered as a convert, that he had perplexed the Jew, and had put the Roman Catholic into a bad humour; but that upon the New Jerusalemite he had made no more impression than if he had been arguing with the man in the moon. — ED.

April 17. 1830.

MOSAIC MIRACLES. — PANTHEISM.

IN the miracles of Moses, there is a remarkable intermingling of acts, which we should now-a-days call simply providential, with such as we should still call miraculous. The passing of the Jordan, in the 3d chapter of the book of Joshua, is perhaps the purest and sheerest miracle recorded in the Bible; it seems to have been wrought for the miracle's sake, and so thereby to show to the Jews — the descendants of those who had come out of Egypt — that the *same* God who had appeared to their fathers, and who had by miracles, in many respects providential only, preserved them in the wilderness, was *their* God also. The manna and quails were ordinary provisions of Providence, rendered miraculous by certain laws and qualities annexed to them in the particular instance. The passage of the Red Sea was effected by a strong wind, which, we are

told, drove back the waters; and so on. But then, again, the death of the first-born was purely miraculous. Hence, then, both Jews and Egyptians might take occasion to learn, that it was *one and the same God* who interfered specially, and who governed all generally.

Take away the first verse of the book of Genesis, and then what immediately follows is an exact history or sketch of Pantheism. Pantheism was taught in the mysteries of Greece; of which the Cabeiric were the purest and the most ancient.

April 18. 1830.

POETIC PROMISE.

IN the present age, it is next to impossible to predict from specimens, however favourable, that a young man will turn out a great

poet, or rather a poet at all. Poetic taste, dexterity in composition, and ingenious imitation, often produce poems that are very promising in appearance. But genius, or the power of doing something new, is another thing. Tennyson's sonnets, such as I have seen, have many of the characteristic excellencies of those of Wordsworth and Southey.

April 19. 1830.

It is a small thing that the patient knows of his own state; yet some things he *does* know better than his physician.

I never had, and never could feel, any horror at death, simply as death.

Good and bad men are each less so than they seem.

April 30. 1830.

NOMINALISTS AND REALISTS. — BRITISH
SCHOOLMEN. — SPINOSA.

THE result of my system will be, to show, that, so far from the world being a goddess in petticoats, it is rather the Devil in a strait waistcoat.

The controversy of the Nominalists and Realists was one of the greatest and most important that ever occupied the human mind. They were both right, and both wrong. They each maintained opposite poles of the same truth; which truth neither of them saw, for want of a higher premiss. Duns Scotus was the head of the Realists; Ockham*, his own disciple, of the

* John Duns Scotus was born in 1274, at Dunstone in the parish of Emildune, near Alnwick. He was a fellow of Merton College, and Professor of Divinity at Oxford. After acquiring an uncommon reputation at his own university, he went to Paris, and thence to Cologne, and there died in 1308, at the early age of

Nominalists. Ockham, though certainly very prolix, is a most extraordinary writer.

thirty-four years. He was called the Subtle Doctor, and found time to compose works which now fill twelve volumes in folio. See the Lyons edition, by Luke Wadding, in 1639.

William Ockham was an Englishman, and died about 1347; but the place and year of his birth are not clearly ascertained. He was styled the Invincible Doctor, and wrote bitterly against Pope John XXII. We all remember Butler's account of these worthies:—

“ He knew what's what, and that's as high
 As metaphysic wit can fly;
 In school divinity as able
 As he that hight Irrefragable,
 A second Thomas, or at once
 To name them all, another *Dunse*;
 Profound in all the Nominal
 And Real ways beyond them all;
 For he a rope of sand could twist
 As tough as learned Sorbonist.”

HUDIBRAS. Part I. Canto I. v. 149.

The Irrefragable Doctor was Alexander Hales, a native of Gloucestershire, who died in 1245. Amongst his pupils at Paris, was Fidanza, better known by the name of Bonaventura, the Seraphic Doctor. The controversy of the Realists and the Nominalists cannot be explained in a note; but in substance the original point of dispute may be thus stated. The Realists held

It is remarkable, that two thirds of the eminent schoolmen were of British birth. It was the schoolmen who made the languages of Europe what they now are. We laugh at the quiddities of those writers now, but, in truth, these quiddities are just the parts of their language which we have rejected; whilst we never think of the mass which we have adopted, and have in daily use.

Spinoza, at the very end of his life, seems

generally with Aristotle, that there were universal *ideas* or essences impressed upon matter, and coëval with and inherent in their objects. Plato held that these universal forms existed as exemplars in the divine mind previously to and independently of matter; but both maintained, under one shape or other, the real existence of universal forms. On the other hand, Zeno and the old Stoics denied the existence of these universals, and contended that they were no more than mere terms and nominal representatives of their particular objects. The Nominalists were the followers of Zeno, and held that universal forms are merely modes of conception, and exist solely in and for the mind. It does not require much reflection to see how great an influence these different systems might have upon the enunciation of the higher doctrines of Christianity.

— ED.

to have gained a glimpse of the truth. In the last letter published in his works, it appears that he began to suspect his premiss. His *unica substantia* is, in fact, a mere notion,—a *subject* of the mind, and no *object* at all.

Plato's works are preparatory exercises for the mind. He leads you to see, that propositions involving in themselves a contradiction in terms, are nevertheless true; and which, therefore, must belong to a higher logic—that of ideas. They are self-contradictory only in the Aristotelian logic, which is the instrument of the understanding. I have read most of the works of Plato several times with profound attention, but not all his writings. In fact, I soon found that I had read Plato by anticipation. He was a consummate genius.*

* “ This is the test and character of a truth so affirmed (—a truth of the reason, an Idea)— that in its own proper form it is *inconceivable*. For to *conceive*, is a function of the understanding, which can be exer-

My mind is in a state of philosophical doubt as to animal magnetism. Von Spix, the eminent naturalist, makes no doubt of the matter, and talks coolly of giving doses of it. The torpedo affects a third or external object, by an exertion of its own will: such a power is not properly electrical; for electricity acts invariably under the same circumstances. A steady gaze will make many persons of fair complexions blush deeply. Account for that.*

cised only on subjects subordinate thereto. And yet to the forms of the understanding all truth must be reduced, that is to be fixed as an object of reflection, and to be rendered *expressible*. And here we have a second test and sign of a truth so affirmed, that it can come forth out of the moulds of the understanding only in the disguise of two contradictory conceptions, each of which is partially true, and the conjunction of both conceptions becomes the representative or *expression* (—the *exponent*) of a truth *beyond* conception and inexpressible. Examples: *before* Abraham WAS, I AM. God is a circle, the centre of which is every where, and the circumference no where. The soul is all in every part." Aids to Reflection, p. 224. n. See also *Church and State*, p. 12. — ED.

* I find the following remarkable passage in p. 301,

May 1. 1830.

FALL OF MAN. — MADNESS. — BROWN AND
DARWIN. — NITROUS OXIDE.

A FALL of some sort or other — the crea-
tion, as it were, of the non-absolute — is the

vol. i., of the richly annotated copy of Mr. Southey's *Life of Wesley*, which Mr. C. bequeathed as his "darling book and the favourite of his library" to its great and honoured author and donor: —

"The coincidence throughout of all these Methodist cases with those of the Magnetists makes me wish for a solution that would apply to all. Now this sense or appearance of a sense of the distant, both in time and space, is common to almost all the *magnetic* patients in Denmark, Germany, France, and North Italy, to many of whom the same or a similar solution could not apply. Likewise, many cases have been recorded at the same time, in different countries, by men who had never heard of each other's names, and where the simultaneity of publication proves the independence of the testimony. And among the Magnetisers and Attesters are to be found names of men, whose competence in respect of integrity and incapability of intentional falsehood is fully equal to that of Wesley, and their competence in respect of physio- and psychological insight and attainments, incomparably greater.

fundamental postulate of the moral history of man. Without this hypothesis, man is un-

Who would dream, indeed, of comparing Wesley with a Cuvier, Hufeland, Blumenbach, Eschenmeyer, Reil, &c.? Were I asked, what *I* think, my answer would be,—that the evidence enforces scepticism and a *non liquet*;—too strong and consentaneous for a candid mind to be satisfied of its falsehood, or its solvibility on the supposition of imposture or casual coincidence;—too fugacious and unfixable to support any theory that supposes the always potential, and, under certain conditions and circumstances, occasionally active, existence of a correspondent faculty in the human soul. And nothing less than such an hypothesis would be adequate to the *satisfactory* explanation of the facts;—though that of a *metastasis* of specific functions of the nervous energy, taken in conjunction with extreme nervous excitement, *plus* some delusion, *plus* some illusion, *plus* some imposition, *plus* some chance and accidental coincidence, might determine the direction in which the scepticism should vibrate. Nine years has the subject of Zoo-magnetism been before me. I have traced it historically, collected a mass of documents in French, German, Italian, and the Latinists of the sixteenth century, have never neglected an opportunity of questioning eye-witnesses, *ex. gr.* Tieck, Treviranus, De Prati, Meyer, and others of literary or medical celebrity, and I remain where I was, and where the first perusal of Klug's work had left me, without having moved an inch backward or

intelligible; with it, every phenomenon is explicable. The mystery itself is too profound for human insight.

Madness is not simply a bodily disease. It is the sleep of the spirit with certain conditions of wakefulness; that is to say, lucid intervals. During this sleep, or recession of the spirit, the lower or bestial states of life rise up into action and prominence. It is an awful thing to be eternally tempted by the perverted senses. The reason may resist — it does resist — for a long time; but too often, at length, it yields for a moment, and the man is mad for ever. An act of the will is, in many instances, precedent to complete insanity. I think it was Bishop Butler, who

forward. The reply of Treviranus, the famous botanist, to me, when he was in London, is worth recording: — ‘Ich habe gesehen was (ich weiss das) ich nicht würde geglaubt haben auf *ihren* erzählung,’ &c. ‘I have seen what I am certain I would not have believed on *your* telling; and in all reason, therefore, I can neither expect nor wish that you should believe on *mine*.’”
— ED.

said, that he was all his life struggling against the devilish suggestions of his senses, which would have maddened him, if he had relaxed the stern wakefulness of his reason for a single moment.

Brown's and Darwin's theories are both ingenious ; but the first will not account for sleep, and the last will not account for death : considerable defects, you must allow.

It is said that every excitation is followed by a commensurate exhaustion. That is not so. The excitation caused by inhaling nitrous oxide is an exception at least ; it leaves no exhaustion on the bursting of the bubble. The operation of this gas is to prevent the decarbonating of the blood ; and, consequently, if taken excessively, it would produce apoplexy. The blood becomes black as ink. The voluptuous sensation attending the inhalation is produced by the compression and resistance.

May 2. 1830.

PLANTS. — INSECTS. — MEN. — DOG. — ANT
AND BEE.

PLANTS exist *in* themselves. Insects *by*, or by means of, themselves. Men, *for* themselves. There is growth only in plants; but there is irritability, or, a better word, instinctivity, in insects.

You may understand by *insect*, life in sections — diffused generally over all the parts.

The dog alone, of all brute animals, has a *στόργη*, or affection *upwards* to man.

The ant and the bee are, I think, much nearer man in the understanding or faculty of adapting means to proximate ends than the elephant.*

* I remember Mr. C. was accustomed to consider the ant as the most intellectual, and the dog as the most affectionate, of the irrational creatures, so far as our present acquaintance with the facts of natural history enables us to judge. — ED.

May 3. 1830.

BLACK COLONEL.

WHAT an excellent character is the black Colonel in Mrs. Bennett's "Beggar Girl!"*

If an inscription be put upon my tomb, it may be that I was an enthusiastic lover of the church; and as enthusiastic a hater of those who have betrayed it, be they who they may.†

* This character was frequently a subject of pleasant description and enlargement with Mr. Coleridge, and he generally passed from it to a high commendation of Miss Austen's novels, as being in their way perfectly genuine and individual productions. — ED.

† This was a strong way of expressing a deep-rooted feeling. A better and a truer character would be, that Coleridge was a lover of the church, and a defender of the faith! This last expression is the utterance of a conviction so profound that it can patiently wait for time to prove its truth. — ED.

May 4. 1830.

HOLLAND AND THE DUTCH.

HOLLAND and the Netherlands ought to be seen once, because no other country is like them. Every thing is artificial. You will be struck with the combinations of vivid greenery, and water, and building; but every thing is so distinct and rememberable, that you would not improve your conception by visiting the country a hundred times over. It is interesting to see a country and a nature *made*, as it were, by man, and to compare it with God's nature. *

* In the summer of 1828, Mr. Coleridge made an excursion with Mr. Wordsworth in Holland, Flanders, and up the Rhine, as far as Bergen. He came back delighted, especially with his stay near Bonn, but with an abiding disgust at the filthy habits of the people. Upon Cologne, in particular, he avenged himself in the two following pieces: —

I.

In Köhln, a town of monks and bones,
And pavements fang'd with murderous stones,

If you go, remark, (indeed you will be forced to do so, in spite of yourself,) remark, I say, the identity (for it is more than proximity) of a disgusting dirtiness in all that concerns the dignity of, and reverence for, the human person; and a persecuting painted cleanliness in every thing connected with property. You must not walk in their gardens; nay, you must hardly look into them.

And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches,
 I counted two and seventy stenches,
 All well defined and genuine stinks!—
 Ye Nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,
 The river Rhine, it is well known,
 Doth wash your city of Cologne;—
 But tell me, Nymphs! what power divine
 Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?

II.

As I am a rhymer,
 And now at least a merry one,
 Mr. Mum's Rudesheimer
 And the church of St. Geryon,
 Are the two things alone
 That deserve to be known
 In the body and soul stinking town of Cologne. — ED.

The Dutch seem very happy and comfortable, certainly; but it is the happiness of *animals*. In vain do you look for the sweet breath of hope and advancement among them.*

In fact, as to their villas and gardens, they are not to be compared to an ordinary London merchant's box.

May 5. 1830.

RELIGION GENTILIZES. — WOMEN AND MEN. — BIBLICAL COMMENTATORS. — WALKERITE CREED.

You may depend upon it, religion is, in its essence, the most gentlemanly thing in the world. It will *alone* gentelize, if unmixed

* “ For every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath.”
Wordsworth.

with cant; and I know nothing else that will, *alone*. Certainly not the army, which is thought to be the grand embellisher of manners.

A woman's head is usually over ears in her heart. Man seems to have been designed for the superior being of the two; but as things are, I think women are generally better creatures than men. They have, taken universally, weaker appetites and weaker intellects, but they have much stronger affections. A man with a bad heart has been sometimes saved by a strong head; but a corrupt woman is lost for ever.

I never could get much information out of the biblical commentators. Cocceius has told me the most; but he, and all of them, have a notable trick of passing *siccissimis pedibus* over the parts which puzzle a man of reflection.

This Walkerite creed * is a miscellany of

* Meaning, I believe, that of the New Jerusalemites,

Calvinism and Quakerism ; but it is hard to understand it.

May 7. 1830.

HORNE TOOKE. — DIVERSIONS OF PURLEY.
— GENDER OF THE SUN IN GERMAN.

HORNE Tooke was pre-eminently a ready-witted man. He had that clearness which is founded on shallowness. He doubted nothing ; and, therefore, gave you all that he himself knew, or meant, with great completeness. His voice was very fine, and his tones exquisitely discriminating. His mind had no progression or developement. All that is worth any thing (and that is but little) in the Diversions of Purley is contained in a short pamphlet-letter which he

or people of the New Church, hereinbefore mentioned.
— ED.

addressed to Mr. Dunning; then it was enlarged to an octavo, but there was not a foot of progression beyond the pamphlet; at last, a quarto volume, I believe, came out; and yet, verily, excepting Morning Chronicle lampoons and political insinuations, there was no addition to the argument of the pamphlet. It shows a base and unpoetical mind to convert so beautiful, so divine, a subject as language into the vehicle or make-weight of political squibs. All that is true in Horne Tooke's book is taken from Lennep, who gave it for so much as it was worth, and never pretended to make a system of it. Tooke affects to explain the origin and whole philosophy of language by what is, in fact, only a mere accident of its history. His abuse of Harris is most shallow and unfair. Harris, in the *Hermes*, was dealing — not very profoundly, it is true, — with the philosophy of language, the moral and metaphysical causes and conditions of it, &c. Horne Tooke, in writing about the formation of words only, thought he was

explaining the philosophy of language, which is a very different thing. In point of fact, he was very shallow in the Gothic dialects. I must say, all that *decantata fabula* about the genders of the sun and moon in German seems to me great stuff. Originally, I apprehend, in the *Platt-Deutsch* of the north of Germany there were only two definite articles — *die* for masculine and feminine, and *das* for neuter. Then it was *die sonne*, in a masculine sense, as we say with the same word as article, *the sun*. Luther, in constructing the *Hoch-Deutsch* (for really his miraculous and providential translation of the Bible was the fundamental act of construction of the literary German), took for his distinct masculine article the *der* of the *Ober-Deutsch*, and thus constituted the three articles of the present High German, *der, die, das*. Naturally, therefore, it would then have been, *der sonne*; but here the analogy of the Greek grammar prevailed, and as *sonne* had the arbitrary feminine termination of the Greek, it was left with its old article *die*, which,

originally including masculine and feminine both, had grown to designate the feminine only. To the best of my recollection, the Minnesingers and all the old poets always use the sun as masculine; and, since Luther's time, the poets feel the awkwardness of the classical gender affixed to the sun so much, that they more commonly introduce Phœbus or some other synonyme instead. I must acknowledge my doubts, whether, upon more accurate investigation, it can be shown that there ever was a nation that considered the sun in itself, and apart from language, as the feminine power. The moon does not so clearly demand a feminine as the sun does a masculine sex; it might be considered negatively or neuter; — yet if the reception of its light from the sun were known, that would have been a good reason for making her feminine, as being the recipient body.

As our *the* was the German *die*, so I believe our *that* stood for *das*, and was used as a neuter definite article.

The *Platt-Deutsch* was a compact language like the English, not admitting much agglutination. The *Ober-Deutsch* was fuller and fonder of agglutinating words together, although it was not so soft in its sounds.

May 8. 1830.

HORNE TOOKE. — JACOBINS.

HORNE Tooke said that his friends might, if they pleased, go as far as Slough, — he should go no farther than Hounslow; but that was no reason why he should not keep them company so far as their roads were the same. The answer is easy. Suppose you know, or suspect, that a man is about to commit a robbery at Slough, though you do not mean to be his accomplice, have you a moral right to walk arm in arm with him to Hounslow, and, by thus giving him your countenance, prevent his being taken up?

The history of all the world tells us, that immoral means will ever intercept good ends.

Enlist the interests of stern morality and religious enthusiasm in the cause of political liberty, as in the time of the old Puritans, and it will be irresistible; but the Jacobins played the whole game of religion, and morals, and domestic happiness into the hands of the aristocrats. Thank God! that they did so. England was saved from civil war by their enormous, their providential, blundering.

Can a politician, a statesman, slight the feelings and the convictions of the whole matronage of his country? The women are as influential upon such national interests as the men.

Horne Tooke was always making a butt of Godwin; who, nevertheless, had that in him which Tooke could never have understood. I saw a good deal of Tooke at one

time : he left upon me the impression of his being a keen, iron man.

May 9. 1830.

PERSIAN AND ARABIC POETRY.—MILESIAN
TALES.

I MUST acknowledge I never could see much merit in the Persian poetry, which I have read in translation. There is not a ray of Imagination in it, and but a glimmering of Fancy. It is, in fact, so far as I know, deficient in truth. Poetry is certainly something more than good sense, but it must be good sense, at all events, just as a palace is more than a house, but it must be a house, at least.

Arabian poetry is a different thing. I cannot help surmising that there is a good deal of Greek fancy in the Arabian Nights' Tales. No doubt we have had a great loss

in the Milesian Tales.* The book of Job is pure Arab poetry of the highest and most antique cast.

* The Milesiacs were so called, because written or composed by Aristides of Miletus, and also because the scene of all or most of them was placed in that rich and luxurious city. Harpocration cites the sixth book of this collection. Nothing, I believe, is now known of the age or history of this Aristides, except what may be inferred from the fact that Lucius Cornelius Sisenna translated the tales into Latin, as we learn from Ovid:—

Junxit Aristides *Milesia crimina* secum —
and afterwards,

Vertit Aristidem Sisenna, nec obfuit illi
Historiæ turpes inseruisse jocos:—

Fasti, ii. 412—443.

and also from the incident mentioned in the *Plutarchian* life of Crassus, that after the defeat at Carrhæ, a copy of the Milesiacs of Aristides was found in the baggage of a Roman officer, and that Surena (who, by the by, if history has not done him injustice, was not a man to be over scrupulous in such a case,) caused the book to be brought into the senate house of Seleucia, and a portion of it read aloud, for the purpose of insulting the Romans, who, even during war, he said, could not abstain from the perusal of such *infamous compositions*, c. 32. The immoral character of these tales, therefore, may be considered pretty clearly established; they were the Decameron and Heptameron of antiquity: but I regret their loss for all that.— ED.

Think of the sublimity, I should rather say the profundity, of that passage in Ezekiel *, “Son of man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest.” I know nothing like it.

May 11. 1830.

SIR T. MONRO.—SIR S. RAFFLES.—
CANNING.

SIR THOMAS MONRO and Sir Stamford Raffles were both great men; but I recognize more genius in the latter, though, I believe, the world says otherwise.

I never found what I call an idea in any speech or writing of ——’s. Those enormously prolix harangues are a proof of weakness in the higher intellectual grasp. Canning had a sense of the beautiful and the good; —— rarely speaks but to abuse, detract, and de-

* Chap. xxxvii. v. 3.

grade. I confine myself to institutions, of course, and do not mean personal detraction. In my judgment, no man can rightly apprehend an abuse till he has first mastered the idea of the use of an institution. How fine, for example, is the idea of the unhired magistracy of England, taking in and linking together the duke to the country gentleman in the primary distribution of justice, or in the preservation of order and execution of law at least throughout the country! Yet ——— never seems to have thought of it for one moment, but as connected with brewers, and barristers, and tyrannical Squire Westerns! From what I saw of Horner, I thought him a superior man, in real intellectual greatness.

Canning flashed such a light around the constitution, that it was difficult to see the ruins of the fabric through it.

May 12. 1830.

SHAKSPEARE. — MILTON. — HOMER.

SHAKSPEARE is the Spinozistic deity — an omnipresent creativeness. Milton is the deity of prescience; he stands *ab extra*, and drives a fiery chariot and four, making the horses feel the iron curb which holds them in. Shakspeare's poetry is characterless; that is, it does not reflect the individual Shakspeare; but John Milton himself is in every line of the *Paradise Lost*. Shakspeare's rhymed verses are excessively condensed, — epigrams with the point every where; but in his blank dramatic verse he is diffused, with a linked sweetness long drawn out. No one can understand Shakspeare's superiority fully until he has ascertained, by comparison, all that which he possessed in common with several other great dramatists of his age, and has then calculated the surplus which is entirely Shakspeare's own. His rhythm is so perfect, that you may be almost sure that you do not

understand the real force of a line, if it does not run well as you read it. The necessary mental pause after every hemistich or imperfect line is always equal to the time that would have been taken in reading the complete verse.

I have no doubt that instead of

——— the twinn'd stones

Upon the number'd beach —

in *Cymbeline* *, it ought to be read thus : —

——— the *grimed* stones

Upon the *umber'd* beach.

So, in *Henry V.* †, instead of

His mountain (or mounting) sire on mountains
standing —

it ought to be read — “ his *monarch* sire,” —
that is, Edward the Third.

I have no doubt whatever that *Homer* is a mere concrete name for the rhapsodies of the *Iliad*. ‡ Of course there was *a* Homer,

* Act i. sc. 7.

† Act ii. sc. 4.

‡ Mr. Coleridge was a decided Wolfian in the Ho-

and twenty besides. I will engage to compile twelve books with characters just as distinct and consistent as those in the Iliad, from the metrical ballads, and other chronicles of England, about Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. I say nothing about moral dignity, but the mere consistency of character. The different qualities were traditional. Tristram is always courteous, Lancelot invincible, and so on. The same might be done with the Spanish romances of the Cid. There is no subjectivity whatever in the Homeric poetry. There is a subjectivity of the poet, as of Milton, who is himself before himself in every thing he writes; and there is a subjectivity of the

meric question, but he had never read a word of the famous Prolegomena, and knew nothing of Wolf's reasoning, but what I told him of it in conversation. Mr. C. informed me, that he adopted the conclusion contained in the text upon the first perusal of Vico's *Scienza Nuova*; "not," he said, "that Vico has reasoned it out with such learning and accuracy as you report of Wolf, but Vico struck out all the leading hints, and I soon filled up the rest out of my own head." — ED.

persona, or dramatic character, as in all Shakspeare's great creations, Hamlet, Lear, &c.

May 14. 1830.

REASON AND UNDERSTANDING.—WORDS
AND NAMES OF THINGS.

UNTIL you have mastered the fundamental difference, in kind, between the reason and the understanding as faculties of the human mind, you cannot escape a thousand difficulties in philosophy. It is pre-eminently the *Gradus ad Philosophiam*.

The general harmony between the operations of the mind and heart, and the words which express them in almost all languages, is wonderful; whilst the endless discrepancies between the names of *things* is very well deserving notice. There are nearly a hundred names in the different German dialects for the alder-tree. I believe many more

remarkable instances are to be found in Arabic. Indeed, you may take a very pregnant and useful distinction between *words* and mere arbitrary *names of things*.

May 15. 1830.

THE TRINITY.—IRVING.

THE Trinity is, 1. the Will; 2. the Reason, or Word; 3. the Love, or Life. As we distinguish these three, so we must unite them in one God. The union must be as transcendant as the distinction.

Mr. Irving's notion is tritheism, — nay, rather in terms, tri-dæmonism. His opinion about the sinfulness of the humanity of our Lord is absurd, if considered in one point of view; for body is not carcase. How can there be a sinful carcase? But what he says is capable of a sounder interpretation. Irving caught many things from me; but he would never attend to any thing which he thought

he could not use in the pulpit. I told him the certain consequence would be, that he would fall into grievous errors. Sometimes he has five or six pages together of the purest eloquence, and then an outbreak of almost madman's babble.*

May 16. 1830.

ABRAHAM. — ISAAC. — JACOB.

How wonderfully beautiful is the delineation of the characters of the three patriarchs in Genesis! To be sure, if ever man could, without impropriety, be called, or supposed to be "the friend of God," Abraham was

* The admiration and sympathy which Mr. Coleridge felt and expressed towards the late Mr. Irving, at his first appearance in London, were great and sincere; and his grief at the deplorable change which followed was in proportion. But, long after the tongues shall have failed and been forgotten, Irving's name will live in the splendid eulogies of his friend. See *Church and State*, p. 180. n. — ED.

that man. We are not surprised that Abimelech and Ephron seem to reverence him so profoundly. He was peaceful, because of his conscious relation to God; in other respects, he takes fire, like an Arab sheikh, at the injuries suffered by Lot, and goes to war with the combined kinglings immediately.

Isaac is, as it were, a faint shadow of his father Abraham. Born in possession of the power and wealth which his father had acquired, he is always peaceful and meditative; and it is curious to observe his timid and almost childish imitation of Abraham's stratagem about his wife.* Isaac does it beforehand, and without any apparent necessity.

Jacob is a regular Jew, and practises all sorts of tricks and wiles, which, according to our modern notions of honour, we cannot approve. But you will observe that all these tricks are confined to matters of prudential

* Gen. xxvi. 6.

arrangement, to worldly success and prosperity (for such, in fact, was the essence of the birthright); and I think we must not exact from men of an imperfectly civilised age the same conduct as to mere temporal and bodily abstinence which we have a right to demand from Christians. Jacob is always careful not to commit any violence; he shudders at bloodshed. See his demeanour after the vengeance taken on the Schemites.* He is the exact compound of the timidity and gentleness of Isaac, and of the underhand craftiness of his mother Rebecca. No man could be a bad man who loved as he loved Rachel. I dare say Laban thought none the worse of Jacob for his plan of making the ewes bring forth ring-straked lambs.

May 17. 1830.

ORIGIN OF ACTS.—LOVE.

IF a man's conduct cannot be ascribed to the angelic, nor to the bestial within him,

* Gen. xxxiv.

what is there left for us to refer it to, but the fiendish? Passion without any appetite is fiendish.

The best way to bring a clever young man, who has become sceptical and unsettled, to reason, is to make him *feel* something in any way. Love, if sincere and unworldly, will, in nine instances out of ten, bring him to a sense and assurance of something real and actual; and that sense alone will make him *think* to a sound purpose, instead of dreaming that he is thinking.

May 18. 1830.

LORD ELDON'S DOCTRINE AS TO GRAMMAR SCHOOLS. — DEMOCRACY.

LORD ELDON'S doctrine, that grammar schools, in the sense of the reign of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth, must necessarily mean

schools for teaching Latin and Greek, is, I think, founded on an insufficient knowledge of the history and literature of the sixteenth century. Ben Jonson uses the term "grammar" without any reference to the learned languages.

It is intolerable when men, who have no other knowledge, have not even a competent understanding of that world in which they are always living, and to which they refer every thing.

Although contemporary events obscure past events in a living man's life, yet as soon as he is dead, and his whole life is a matter of history, one action stands out as conspicuous as another.

A democracy, according to the prescript of pure reason, would, in fact, be a church. There would be focal points in it, but no superior.

May 20. 1830.

THE EUCHARIST. — ST. JOHN, xix. 11. —
GENUINENESS OF BOOKS OF MOSES. —
DIVINITY OF CHRIST. — MOSAIC PRO-
PHECIES.

No doubt, Chrysostom, and the other rhetorical fathers, contributed a good deal, by their rash use of figurative language, to advance the superstitious notion of the eucharist* ; but the beginning had been much earlier. In Clement, indeed, the mystery is treated as it was treated by Saint John and Saint Paul; but in Hermas we see the seeds of the error, and more clearly in Irenæus; and so it went on till the idea was changed into an idol.

The errors of the Sacramentaries, on the

* Mr. Coleridge made these remarks upon my quoting Selden's well known saying (Table Talk), "that transubstantiation was nothing but rhetoric turned into logic."

one hand, and of the Romanists, on the other, are equally great. The first have volatilised the eucharist into a metaphor; the last have condensed it into an idol.

Jeremy Taylor, in his zeal against transubstantiation, contends that the latter part of the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel has no reference to the eucharist. If so, St. John wholly passes over this sacred mystery; for he does not include it in his notice of the last supper. Would not a total silence of this great apostle and evangelist upon this mystery be strange? A mystery, I say; for it *is* a mystery; it is the only mystery in our religious worship. When many of the disciples left our Lord, and apparently on the very ground that this saying was hard, he does not attempt to detain them by any explanation, but simply adds the comment, that his words were spirit. If he had really meant that the eucharist should be a mere commemorative celebration of his death, is it conceivable that he would let these disciples go away

from him upon such a gross misunderstanding? Would he not have said, “ You need not make a difficulty; I only mean so and so ? ”

Arnauld, and the other learned Romanists, are irresistible against the low sacramentary doctrine.

The sacrament of baptism applies itself, and has reference to the faith or conviction, and is, therefore, only to be performed once; — it is the light of man. The sacrament of the eucharist is a symbol of *all* our religion; — it is the life of man. It is commensurate with our will, and we must, therefore, want it continually.

The meaning of the expression, εἰ μὴ ᾗν σοι διδομένον ἄνωθεν, “ except it were given thee *from above*,” in the 19th chapter of St. John, ver. 11., seems to me to have been generally and grossly mistaken. It is commonly understood as importing that Pilaté

could have no power to deliver Jesus to the Jews, unless it had been given him *by God*, which, no doubt, is true; but if that is the meaning, where is the force or connection of the following clause, *διὰ τοῦτο*, “*therefore* he that delivered me unto thee hath the greater sin?” In what respect were the Jews more sinful in delivering Jesus up, *because* Pilate could do nothing except by God’s leave? The explanation of Erasmus and Clarke, and some others, is very dry-footed. I conceive the meaning of our Lord to have been simply this, that Pilate would have had no power or jurisdiction — *ἐξουσίαν* — over him, if it had not been given by the Sanhedrim, the *ἄνω βουλή*, and *therefore* it was that the Jews had the greater sin. There was also this further peculiar baseness and malignity in the conduct of the Jews. The mere assumption of Messiahship, as such, was no crime in the eyes of the Jews; they hated Jesus, because he would not be *their sort* of Messiah; on the other hand, the Romans cared not for his declaration that he was the

Son of God; the crime in *their* eyes was his assuming to be a king. Now, here were the Jews accusing Jesus before the Roman governor of *that* which, in the first place, they knew that Jesus denied in the sense in which they urged it, and which, in the next place, had the charge been true, would have been so far from a crime in their eyes, that the very gospel history itself, as well as all the history to the destruction of Jerusalem, shows it would have been popular with the whole nation. They wished to destroy him, and for that purpose charge him falsely with a crime which yet was no crime in their own eyes, if it had been true; but only so as against the Roman domination, which they hated with all their souls, and against which they were themselves continually conspiring!

Observe, I pray, the manner and sense in which the high-priest understands the plain declaration of our Lord, that he was the Son

of God.* “ I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God,” or “ the Son of the Blessed,” as it is in Mark. Jesus said, “ I am, — and hereafter ye shall see the Son of man (or me) sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven.” Does Caiaphas take this explicit answer as if Jesus meant that he was full of God’s spirit, or was doing his commands, or walking in his ways, in which sense Moses, the prophets, nay, all good men, were and are the sons of God? No, no! He tears his robes in sunder, and cries out, “ He hath spoken blasphemy. What further need have we of witnesses? Behold, now ye have heard his blasphemy.” What blasphemy, I should like to know, unless the assuming to be the “ Son of God ” was assuming to be of the *divine nature*?

One striking proof of the genuineness of the Mosaic books is this, — they contain precise prohibitions, by way of predicting the

* Matt. xxvi. v. 63. Mark, xiv. 61.

consequences of disobedience, — of all those things which David and Solomon actually did, and gloried in doing, — raising cavalry, making a treaty with Egypt, laying up treasure, and polygamising. Now, would such prohibitions have been fabricated in those kings' reigns, or afterwards? Impossible.

The manner of the predictions of Moses is very remarkable. He is like a man standing on an eminence, and addressing people below him, and pointing to things which he can, and they cannot, see. He does not say, You will act in such and such a way, and the consequences will be so and so; but, So and so will take place, *because* you will act in such a way!

May 21. 1830.

TALENT AND GENIUS. — MOTIVES AND
IMPULSES.

TALENT, lying in the understanding, is often inherited ; genius, being the action of reason and imagination, rarely or never.

Motives imply weakness, and the existence of evil and temptation. The angelic nature would act from impulse alone. A due mean of motive and impulse is the only practicable object of our moral philosophy.

May 23. 1830.

CONSTITUTIONAL AND FUNCTIONAL LIFE.
— HYSTERIA. — HYDRO-CARBONIC GAS. —
BITTERS AND TONICS. — SPECIFIC MEDI-
CINES.

It is a great error in physiology not to distinguish between what may be called the

general or fundamental life — the *principium vitæ*, and the functional life — the life in the functions. Organisation must presuppose life as anterior to it: without life, there could not be or remain any organisation; but then there is also *a* life in the organs, or functions, distinct from the other. Thus, a flute presupposes, — demands the existence of a musician as anterior to it, without whom no flute could ever have existed; and yet again, without the instrument there can be no music!

It often happens that, on the one hand, the *principium vitæ*, or constitutional life, may be affected without any, or the least imaginable, affection of the functions; as in inoculation, where one pustule only has appeared, and no other perceptible symptom, and yet this has so entered into the constitution, as to indispose it to infection under the most accumulated and intense contagion; and, on the other hand, hysteria, hydrophobia, and gout will disorder the functions to the

most dreadful degree, and yet often leave the life untouched. In hydrophobia, the mind is quite sound; but the patient feels his muscular and cutaneous life forcibly removed from under the control of his will.

Hysteria may be fitly called *mimosa*, from its counterfeiting so many diseases, — even death itself.

Hydro-carbonic gas produces the most death-like exhaustion, without any previous excitement. I think this gas should be inhaled by way of experiment in cases of hydrophobia.

There is a great difference between bitters and tonics. Where weakness proceeds from excess of irritability, there bitters act beneficially; because all bitters are poisons, and operate by stilling, and depressing, and lethargising the irritability. But where weakness proceeds from the opposite cause

of relaxation, there tonics are good; because they brace up and tighten the loosened string. Bracing is a correct metaphor. Bark goes near to be a combination of a bitter and a tonic; but no perfect medical combination of the two properties is yet known.

The study of specific medicines is too much disregarded now. No doubt, the hunting after specifics is a mark of ignorance and weakness in medicine, yet the neglect of them is proof also of immaturity; for, in fact, all medicines will be found specific in the perfection of the science.

May 25. 1830.

EPISTLES TO THE EPHESIANS AND COLLOSSIANS. — OATHS.

THE Epistle to the Ephesians is evidently a catholic epistle, addressed to the whole of

what might be called St. Paul's diocese. It is the divinest composition of man. It embraces every doctrine of Christianity; — first, those doctrines peculiar to Christianity, and then those precepts common to it with natural religion. The Epistle to the Colossians is the overflowing, as it were, of St. Paul's mind upon the same subject.

The present system of taking oaths is horrible. It is awfully absurd to make a man invoke God's wrath upon himself, if he speaks false; it is, in my judgment, a sin to do so. The Jews' oath is an adjuration by the judge to the witness: "In the name of God, I ask you." There is an express instance of it in the high-priest's adjuring or exorcising Christ by the living God, in the twenty-sixth chapter of Matthew, and you will observe that our Lord answered the appeal.*

* See this instance cited, and the whole history and moral policy of the common system of judicial swearing examined with clearness and good feeling, in Mr. Tyler's late work on Oaths. — ED.

You may depend upon it, the more oath-taking, the more lying, generally among the people.

May 27. 1830.

FLOGGING.

I HAD *one* just flogging. When I was about thirteen, I went to a shoemaker, and begged him to take me as his apprentice. He, being an honest man, immediately took me to Bowyer, who got into a great rage, knocked me down, and even pushed Crispin rudely out of the room. Bowyer asked me why I had made myself such a fool? to which I answered, that I had a great desire to be a shoemaker, and that I hated the thought of being a clergyman. “Why so?” said he. — “Because, to tell you the truth, sir,” said I, “I am an infidel!” For this, without more ado, Bowyer flogged me, — wisely, as I think, — soundly, as I know. Any whining or sermonising would have

gratified my vanity, and confirmed me in my absurdity; as it was, I was laughed at, and got heartily ashamed of my folly.

May 28. 1830.

THE AMERICANS.

I DEEPLY regret the anti-American articles of some of the leading reviews. The Americans regard what is said of them in England a thousand times more than they do any thing said of them in any other country. The Americans are excessively pleased with any kind or favourable expressions, and never forgive or forget any slight or abuse. It would be better for them if they were a trifle thicker-skinned.

The last American war was to us only something to talk or read about; but to the Americans it was the cause of misery in their own homes.

I, for one, do not call the sod under my feet my country. But language, religion, laws, government, blood, — identity in these makes men of one country.

May 29. 1830.

BOOK OF JOB.

THE Book of Job is an Arab poem, antecedent to the Mosaic dispensation. It represents the mind of a good man not enlightened by an actual revelation, but seeking about for one. In no other book is the desire and necessity for a Mediator so intensely expressed. The personality of God, the I AM of the Hebrews, is most vividly impressed on the book, in opposition to pantheism.

? ?

I now think, after many doubts, that the passage *, “I know that my Redeemer liveth,” &c. may fairly be taken as a burst

* Chap. xix. 25, 26.

of determination, a *quasi* prophecy. "I know not *how* this can be; but in spite of all my difficulties, this I *do* know, that I shall be recompensed."

It should be observed, that all the imagery in the speeches of the men is taken from the East, and is no more than a mere representation of the forms of material nature. But when God speaks, the tone is exalted, and almost all the images are taken from Egypt, the crocodile, the war-horse, and so forth. Egypt was then the first monarchy that had a splendid court.

Satan, in the prologue, does not mean the devil, our Diabolus. There is no calumny in his words. He is rather the *circuitor*, the accusing spirit, a dramatic attorney-general. But after the prologue, which was necessary to bring the imagination into a proper state for the dialogue, we hear no more of this Satan.

Warburton's notion, that the Book of Job was of so late a date as Ezra, is wholly groundless. His only reason is this appearance of Satan.

May 30. 1830.

TRANSLATION OF THE PSALMS.

I WISH the Psalms were translated afresh; or, rather, that the present version were revised. Scores of passages are utterly incoherent as they now stand. If the primary visual images had been oftener preserved, the connection and force of the sentences would have been better perceived.*

* Mr. Coleridge, like so many of the elder divines of the Christian church, had an *affectionate* reverence for the moral and evangelical portion of the Book of Psalms. He told me that, after having studied every page of the Bible with the deepest attention, he had found no other part of Scripture come home so closely to his inmost yearnings and necessities. During many of his latter years he used to read ten or twelve verses

May 31. 1830.

ANCIENT MARINER. — UNDINE. — MARTIN.
— PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

MRS. BARBAULD once told me that she admired the Ancient Mariner very much,

every evening, ascertaining (for his knowledge of Hebrew was enough for that) the exact visual image or first radical meaning of every noun substantive; and he repeatedly expressed to me his surprise and pleasure at finding that in nine cases out of ten the bare primary sense, if literally rendered, threw great additional light on the text. He was not disposed to allow the prophetic or allusive character so largely as is done by Horne and others; but he acknowledged it in some instances in the fullest manner. In particular, he rejected the local and temporary reference which has been given to the 110th Psalm, and declared his belief in its deep mystical import with regard to the Messiah. Mr. C. once gave me the following note upon the 22d Psalm written by him, I believe, many years previously, but which, he said, he approved at that time. It will find as appropriate a niche here as any where else:—

“ I am much delighted and instructed by the hypothesis, which I think probable, that our Lord in repeating *Eli, Eli, lama sabacthani*, really recited the whole

but that there were two faults in it, — it was improbable, and had no moral. As for the probability, I owned that that might admit some question; but as to the want of a moral, I told her that in my own judgment the poem had too much; and that the only, or chief fault, if I might say so, was the obtrusion of the moral sentiment so openly on the reader as a principle or cause of action

or a large part of the 22d Psalm. It is impossible to read that psalm without the liveliest feelings of love, gratitude, and sympathy. It is, indeed, a wonderful prophecy, whatever might or might not have been David's notion when he composed it. Whether Christ did audibly repeat the whole or not, it is certain, I think, that he did it mentally, and said aloud what was sufficient to enable his followers to do the same. Even at this day to repeat in the same manner but the first line of a common hymn would be understood as a reference to the whole. Above all, I am thankful for the thought which suggested itself to my mind, whilst I was reading this beautiful psalm, namely, that we should not exclusively think of Christ as the Logos united to human nature, but likewise as a perfect man united to the Logos. This distinction is most important in order to conceive, much more, appropriately to *feel*, the conduct and exertions of Jesus." — ED.

in a work of such pure imagination. It ought to have had no more moral than the Arabian Nights' tale of the merchant's sitting down to eat dates by the side of a well, and throwing the shells aside, and lo! a genie starts up, and says he *must* kill the aforesaid merchant, *because* one of the date shells had, it seems, put out the eye of the genie's son.*

* " There he found, at the foot of a great walnut-tree, a fountain of a very clear running water, and alighting, tied his horse to a branch of a tree, and sitting down by the fountain, took some biscuits and dates out of his portmanteau, and, as he ate his dates, threw the shells about on both sides of him. When he had done eating, being a good Mussulman, he washed his hands, his face, and his feet, and said his prayers. He had not made an end, but was still on his knees, when he saw a genie appear, all white with age, and of a monstrous bulk; who, advancing towards him with a cimetar in his hand, spoke to him in a terrible voice thus:—' Rise up, that I may kill thee with this cimetar as you have killed my son!' and accompanied these words with a frightful cry. The merchant being as much frightened at the hideous shape of the monster as at these threatening words, answered him trembling:—' Alas! my good lord, of what crime can I be guilty towards you that you should take away my life?'—' I will,' replies the genie, ' kill thee, as thou hast killed my son!'—' O heaven!'

I took the thought of "*grinning for joy,*" in that poem, from poor Burnett's * remark to me, when we had climbed to the top of

says the merchant, 'how should I kill your son? I did not know him, nor ever saw him.'—'Did not you sit down when you came hither?' replies the genie. 'Did not you take dates out of your portmanteau, and, as you ate them, did not you throw the shells about on both sides?'—'I did all that you say,' answers the merchant, 'I cannot deny it.'—'If it be so,' replied the genie, 'I tell thee that thou hast killed my son; and the way was thus: when you threw the nutshells about, my son was passing by, and you threw one of them into his eye, which killed him, *therefore* I must kill thee.'—'Ah!' my good lord, pardon me! cried the merchant. —'No pardon,' answers the genie, 'no mercy! Is it not just to kill him that has killed another?'—'I agree to it,' says the merchant; 'but certainly I never killed your son, and if I have, it was unknown to me, and I did it innocently; therefore I beg you to pardon me, and suffer me to live.'—'No, no,' says the genie, persisting in his resolution, 'I must kill thee, since thou hast killed my son;' and then taking the merchant by the arm, threw him with his face upon the ground, and lifted up his cimetar to cut off his head!" — The Merchant and the Genie. First night.—ED.

* A Unitarian preacher, whose name will find its place in the Life of Coleridge. — ED.

Plinlimmon, and were nearly dead with thirst. We could not speak from the constriction, till we found a little puddle under a stone. He said to me, — “ You grinned like an idiot ! ” He had done the same.

Undine is a most exquisite work. It shows the general want of any sense for the fine and the subtle in the public taste, that this romance made no deep impression. Undine’s character, before she receives a soul, is marvellously beautiful. *

* Mr. Coleridge’s admiration of this little romance was unbounded. He read it several times in German, and once in the English translation, made in America, I believe; the latter he thought inadequately done. I think he must have read the English Undine, which I have, published in 1824, by E. Littel, Philadelphia. Mr. C. said there was something in Undine even beyond Scott, — that Scott’s best characters and conceptions were *composed*; by which I understood him to mean that Baillie Nicol Jarvie, for example, was made up of old particulars, and received its individuality from the author’s power of fusion, being in the result an admirable product, as Corinthian brass was said to

It seems to me, that Martin never looks at nature except through bits of stained glass. He is never satisfied with any appearance that is not prodigious. He should endeavour to school his imagination into the apprehension of the true idea of the Beautiful. *

This wood-cut of Slay-good † is admirable,

bé the conflux of the spoils of a city. But Undine, he said, was one and single in projection, and had presented to his imagination, what Scott had never done, an absolutely new idea. — ED.

* Mr. Coleridge said this, after looking at the engravings of Mr. Martin's two pictures of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and the Celestial City, published in the beautiful edition of the Pilgrim's Progress by Messrs. Murray and Major in 1830. I wish Mr. Martin could have heard the poet's lecture: he would have been flattered, and at the same time, I believe, instructed; for in the philosophy of painting Coleridge was a master. — ED.

† P. 350., by S. Mosses from a design by Mr. W. Harvey. "When they came to the place where he was, they found him with one *Feeble-mind* in his hand, whom his servants had brought unto him, having taken him in the way. Now the giant was rifling him, with a purpose, after that, to pick his bones; for he was of the nature of flesh-eaters." — ED.

to be sure; but this new edition of the Pilgrim's Progress is too fine a book for it. It should be much larger, and on sixpenny coarse paper.

The Pilgrim's Progress is composed in the lowest style of English, without slang or false grammar. If you were to polish it, you would at once destroy the reality of the vision. For works of imagination should be written in very plain language; the more purely imaginative they are the more necessary it is to be plain.

This wonderful work is one of the few books which may be read over repeatedly at different times, and each time with a new and a different pleasure. I read it once as a theologian — and let me assure you, that there is great theological acumen in the work — once with devotional feelings — and once as a poet. I could not have believed

beforehand that Calvinism could be painted in such exquisitely delightful colours.*

June 1. 1830.

PRAYER. — CHURCH-SINGING. — HOOKER.
— DREAMS.

THERE are three sorts of prayer :— 1. Public; 2. Domestic; 3. Solitary. Each has its peculiar uses and character. I think the church ought to publish and authorise a directory of forms for the latter two. Yet I fear the execution would be inadequate. There is a great decay of devotional unction

* I find written on a blank leaf of my copy of this edition of the P.'s P. the following note by Mr. C. :—
“ I know of no book, the Bible excepted as above all comparison, which I, according to *my* judgment and experience, could so safely recommend as teaching and enforcing the whole saving truth according to the mind that was in Christ Jesus, as the Pilgrim's Progress. It is, in my conviction, incomparably the best *summa theologiæ evangelicæ* ever produced by a writer not miraculously inspired.” June 14. 1830. — ED.

in the numerous books of prayers put out now-a-days. I really think the hawker was very happy, who blundered New Form of Prayer into New *former* Prayers.*

* "I will add, at the risk of appearing to dwell too long on religious topics, that on this my first introduction to Coleridge he reverted with strong compunction to a sentiment which he had expressed in earlier days upon prayer. In one of his youthful poems, speaking of God, he had said, —

— 'Of whose all-seeing eye
Aught to demand were impotence of mind.'

This sentiment he now so utterly condemned, that, on the contrary, he told me, as his own peculiar opinion, that the act of praying was the very highest energy of which the human heart was capable, praying, that is, with the total concentration of the faculties; and the great mass of worldly men and of learned men, he pronounced absolutely incapable of prayer." *Tait's Magazine*, September, 1834, p. 515.

Mr. Coleridge within two years of his death very solemnly declared to me his conviction upon the same subject. I was sitting by his bedside one afternoon, and he fell, an unusual thing for him, into a long account of many passages of his past life, lamenting some things, condemning others, but complaining withal, though very gently, of the way in which many of his most innocent acts had been cruelly misrepresented. "But I have no difficulty," said he, "in forgiveness; indeed, I know not how to say with sincerity the

I exceedingly regret that our church pays so little attention to the subject of congregational singing. See how it is! In that particular part of the public worship in which, more than in all the rest, the common people might, and ought to, join, — which, by its association with music, is meant to give a fitting vent and expression to the emotions, — in that part we all sing as Jews; or, at best, as mere men, in the abstract, without a Saviour. You know my veneration for the Book of Psalms, or most of it;

clause in the Lord's Prayer, which asks forgiveness *as we forgive*. I feel nothing answering to it in my heart. Neither do I find, or reckon, the most solemn faith in God as a real object, the most arduous act of the reason and will; O no! my dear, it is *to pray, to pray* as God would have us; this is what at times makes me turn cold to my soul. Believe me, to pray with all your heart and strength, with the reason and the will, to believe vividly that God will listen to your voice through Christ, and verily do the thing he pleaseth thereupon — this is the last, the greatest achievement of the Christian's warfare on earth. *Teach us to pray, O Lord!*" And then he burst into a flood of tears, and begged me to pray for him. O what a sight was there! — ED.

but with some half dozen exceptions, the Psalms are surely not adequate vehicles of Christian thanksgiving and joy ! Upon this deficiency in our service, Wesley and Whitfield seized ; and you know it is the hearty congregational singing of Christian hymns which keeps the humbler Methodists together. Luther did as much for the Reformation by his hymns as by his translation of the Bible. In Germany, the hymns are known by heart by every peasant : they advise, they argue from the hymns, and every soul in the church praises God, like a Christian, with words which are natural and yet sacred to his mind. No doubt this defect in our service proceeded from the dread which the English Reformers had of being charged with introducing any thing into the worship of God but the text of Scripture.

Hooker said, — That by looking for that in the Bible which it is impossible that *any book* can have, we lose the benefits which we

might reap from its being the *best* of all books.

You will observe, that even in dreams nothing is fancied without an antecedent *quasi* cause. It could not be otherwise.

June 4. 1830.

JEREMY TAYLOR. — ENGLISH REFORMATION.

TAYLOR'S* was a great and lovely mind; yet how much and injuriously was it per-

* Mr. Coleridge placed Jeremy Taylor amongst the four great geniuses of old English literature. I think he used to reckon Shakspeare and Bacon, Milton and Taylor, four-square, each against each. In mere eloquence, he thought the Bishop without any fellow. He called him Chrysostom. Further, he loved the man, and was anxious to find excuses for some weak parts in his character. But Mr. Coleridge's assent to Taylor's views of many of the fundamental positions of Christianity was very limited; and, indeed, he considered him as the least sound in point of doctrine of any of the old divines, comprehending, within that

verted by his being a favourite and follower of Laud, and by his intensely popish feelings of church authority. His *Liberty of Prophesying* is a work of wonderful eloquence and skill ; but if we believe the argument, what do we come to ? Why to nothing more or less than this, that — so much can be said for every opinion and sect, — so impossible is it to settle any thing by reasoning

designation, the writers to the middle of Charles II.'s reign. He speaks of Taylor in the *Friend* in the following terms :—“ Among the numerous examples with which I might enforce this warning, I refer, not without reluctance, to the most eloquent, and one of the most learned, of our divines ; a rigorist, indeed, concerning the authority of the church, but a latitudinarian in the articles of its faith ; who stretched the latter almost to the advanced posts of Socinianism, and strained the former to a hazardous conformity with the assumptions of the Roman hierarchy.” Vol. ii. p. 108.

I may take this opportunity of stating that a new edition of the *Friend* is in preparation, the text of which will present the numerous corrections made at different times by Mr. Coleridge in his own copy, and will be accompanied by many very interesting notes expressive of his own views and feelings. — ED.

or authority of Scripture,—we must appeal to some positive jurisdiction on earth, *ut sit finis controversarium*. In fact, the whole book is the precise argument used by the Papists to induce men to admit the necessity of a supreme and infallible head of the church on earth. It is one of the works which pre-eminently gives countenance to the saying of Charles or James II., I forget which:—“When you of the Church of England contend with the Catholics, you use the arguments of the Puritans; when you contend with the Puritans, you immediately adopt all the weapons of the Catholics.” Taylor never speaks with the slightest symptom of affection or respect of Luther, Calvin, or any other of the great reformers—at least, not in any of his learned works; but he *saints* every trumpery monk or friar, down to the very latest canonizations by the modern popes. I fear you will think me harsh, when I say that I believe Taylor was, perhaps unconsciously, half a Socinian in heart. Such a strange inconsistency would

not be impossible. The Romish church has produced many such devout Socinians. The cross of Christ is dimly seen in Taylor's works. Compare him in this particular with Donne, and you will feel the difference in a moment. Why is not Donne's volume of sermons reprinted at Oxford?*

In the reign of Edward VI., the Reformers feared to admit almost any thing on human authority alone. They had seen and felt the abuses consequent on the popish theory

* Why not, indeed! It is really quite unaccountable that the sermons of this great divine of the English church should be so little known as they are, even to very literary clergymen of the present day. It might have been expected, that the sermons of the greatest preacher of his age, the admired of Ben Jonson, Selden, and all that splendid band of poets and scholars, would even as curiosities have been reprinted, when works which are curious for nothing are every year sent forth afresh under the most authoritative auspices. Dr. Donne was educated at both Universities, at Hart Hall, Oxford, first, and afterwards at Cambridge, but at what college Walton does not mention. — ED.

of Christianity; and I doubt not they wished and intended to reconstruct the religion and the church, as far as was possible, upon the plan of the primitive ages. But the Puritans pushed this bias to an absolute bibliolatry. They would not put on a corn-plaster without scraping a text over it. Men of learning, however, soon felt that this was wrong in the other extreme, and indeed united itself to the very abuse it seemed to shun. They saw that a knowledge of the Fathers, and of early tradition, was absolutely necessary; and unhappily, in many instances, the excess of the Puritans drove the men of learning into the old popish extreme of denying the Scriptures to be capable of affording a rule of faith without the dogmas of the church. Taylor is a striking instance how far a Protestant might be driven in this direction.

June 6. 1830.

CATHOLICITY. — GNOSIS. — TERTULLIAN. —
ST. JOHN.

IN the first century, catholicity was the test of a book or epistle — whether it were of the Evangelicon or Apostolicon — being canonical. This catholic spirit was opposed to the gnostic or peculiar spirit, — the humour of fantastical interpretation of the old Scriptures into Christian meanings. It is this gnosis, or *knowingness*, which the Apostle says puffeth up, — not *knowledge*, as we translate it. The Epistle of Barnabas, of the genuineness of which I have no sort of doubt, is an example of this gnostic spirit. The Epistle to the Hebrews is the only instance of gnosis in the canon : it was written evidently by some apostolical man before the destruction of the Temple, and probably at Alexandria. For three hundred years, and more, it was not admitted into the canon, especially not by the Latin church, on account of this differ-

ence in it from the other Scriptures. But its merit was so great, and the gnosis in it is so kept within due bounds, that its admirers at last succeeded, especially by affixing St. Paul's name to it, to have it included in the canon; which was first done, I think, by the council of Laodicea in the middle of the fourth century. Fortunately for us it was so.

I beg Tertullian's pardon; but amongst his many *bravuras*, he says something about St. Paul's autograph. Origen expressly declares the reverse.

It is delightful to think, that the beloved apostle was born a Plato. To him was left the almost oracular utterance of the mysteries of the Christian religion*; whilst to St. Paul was committed the task of explanation, de-

* "The imperative and oracular form of the inspired Scripture is the form of reason itself, in all things purely rational and moral." — *Statesman's Manual*, p. 22.

fence, and assertion of all the doctrines, and especially of those metaphysical ones touching the will and grace; for which purpose his active mind, his learned education, and his Greek logic, made him pre-eminently fit.

June 7. 1830.

PRINCIPLES OF A REVIEW. — PARTY-SPIRIT.

NOTWITHSTANDING what you say, I am persuaded that a review would amply succeed even now, which should be started upon a published code of principles, critical, moral, political, and religious; which should announce what sort of books it would review, namely, works of *literature* as contra-distinguished from all that offspring of the press, which in the present age supplies food for the craving caused by the extended ability of reading without any correspondent education of the mind, and which formerly was done by conversation, and which should

really give a fair account of what the author *intended* to do, and in his own words, if possible, and in addition, afford one or two fair specimens of the execution, — itself never descending for one moment to any personality. It should also be provided before the commencement with a dozen powerful articles upon fundamental topics to appear in succession. By such a plan, I raised the sale of the Morning Post from an inconsiderable number to 7000 a day, in the course of one year. You see the great reviewers are now ashamed of reviewing works in the old style, and have taken up essay writing instead. Hence arose such publications as the Literary Gazette, which are set up for the purpose — not a useless one — of advertising new books of all sorts for the circulating libraries. A mean between the two extremes still remains to be taken. I profoundly revere Blanco White; his Doblado's Letters are exquisite; but his Review* was commenced

* The London Review, of which two numbers appeared in 1828, 1829. — ED.

without a single apparent principle to direct it, and with the absurd disclaimer of certain public topics of discussion.

Party men always hate a slightly differing friend more than a downright enemy. I quite calculate on my being one day or other holden in worse repute by many Christians than the Unitarians and open infidels. It must be undergone by every one who loves the truth for its own sake beyond all other things.

Truth is a good dog; but beware of barking too close to the heels of an error, lest you get your brains kicked out.

June 10. 1830.

SOUTHEY'S LIFE OF BUNYAN. — LAUD. —
PURITANS AND CAVALIERS. — PRESBY-
TERIANS, INDEPENDENTS, AND BISHOPS.

SOUTHEY'S Life of Bunyan is beautiful. I wish he had illustrated that mood of mind

which exaggerates, and still more, mistakes, the inward depravation, as in Bunyan, Nelson, and others, by extracts from Baxter's Life of himself. What genuine superstition is exemplified in that bandying of texts and half texts, and demi-semi texts, just as memory happened to suggest them, or chance brought them before Bunyan's mind! His tract, entitled, "Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners *," is a study for a philosopher. Is it not, however, an historical error to call the Puritans dissenters? Before St. Bartholomew's day, they were essentially a part of the church, and had as determined opinions in favour of a church establishment as the bishops themselves.

Laud was not exactly a Papist, to be sure; but he was on the road with the church with him to a point, where declared popery would

* Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners, in a faithful Account of the Life and Death of John Bunyan, &c.

have been inevitable. A wise and vigorous Papist king would very soon, and very justifiably too, in that case, have effected a reconciliation between the churches of Rome and England, when the line of demarcation had become so very faint.

The faults of the Puritans were many; but surely their morality will, in general, bear comparison with that of the Cavaliers after the Restoration.

The Presbyterians hated the Independents much more than they did the bishops, which induced them to co-operate in effecting the Restoration.

The conduct of the bishops towards Charles, whilst at Breda, was wise and constitutional. They knew, however, that when the forms of the constitution were once restored, all their power would revive again as of course.

June 14. 1830.

STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

INTENSE study of the Bible will keep any writer from being *vulgar*, in point of style.

June 15. 1830.

RABELAIS.—SWIFT.—BENTLEY.—BURNET

RABELAIS is a most wonderful writer. Pantagrue is the Reason; Panurge the Understanding, — the pollarded man, the man with every faculty except the reason. I scarcely know an example more illustrative of the distinction between the two. Rabelais had no mode of speaking the truth in those days but in such a form as this; as it was, he was indebted to the King's protection for his life. Some of the commentators talk about his book being all political; there are contemporary politics in it, of course, but

the real scope is much higher and more philosophical. It is in vain to look about for a hidden meaning in all that he has written; you will observe that, after any particularly deep thrust, as the *Papimania* *, for example, Rabelais, as if to break the blow, and to appear unconscious of what he has done, writes a chapter or two of pure buffoonery. He, every now and then, flashes you a glimpse of a real face from his magic lantern, and then buries the whole scene in mist. The morality of the work is of the most refined and exalted kind; as for the manners, to be sure, I cannot say much.

Swift was *anima Rabelaisii habitans in sicco*, — the soul of Rabelais dwelling in a dry place.

Yet Swift was rare. Can any thing beat

* B. iv. c. 48. "Comment Pantagruel descendit en l'Isle de Papimanes." See the five following chapters, especially c. 50.; and note also c. 9. of the fifth book; "Comment nous fut monstré Papegaut à grande difficulté." — ED.

his remark on King William's motto, — *Recepit, non rapuit*, — “that the Receiver was as bad as the Thief?”

The effect of the Tory wits attacking Bentley with such acrimony has been to make them appear a set of shallow and incompetent scholars. Neither Bentley nor Burnet suffered from the hostility of the wits. Burnet's “History of his own Times” is a truly valuable book. His credulity is great, but his simplicity is equally great; and he never deceives you for a moment.

June 25. 1830.

GIOTTO. — PAINTING.

THE fresco paintings by Giotto * and others, in the cemetery at Pisa, are most noble.

* Giotto, or Angiolotto's birth is fixed by Vasari in 1276, but there is some reason to think that he was born a little earlier. Dante, who was his friend, was

Giotto was a contemporary of Dante; and it is a curious question, whether the painters borrowed from the poet, or *vice versâ*. Certainly M. Angelo and Raffael fed their imaginations highly with these grand drawings, especially M. Angelo, who took from them his bold yet graceful lines.

People may say what they please about the gradual improvement of the Arts. It is not true of the substance. The Arts and the Muses both spring forth in the youth of nations, like Minerva from the front of Jupiter, all armed: manual dexterity may, indeed, be improved by practice.

born in 1265. Giotto was the pupil of Cimabue, whom he entirely eclipsed, as Dante testifies in the well-known lines in the Purgatorio:—

“ O vana gloria dell’ umane posse!
 Com’ poco verde in sù la cima dura,
 Se non è giunta dall’ etati grosse!
 Credette Cimabue nella pintura
 Tener lo campo: ed ora ha Giotto il grido,
 Sì che la fama di colui oscura.” — C. xi. v. 91.

His six great frescos in the cemetery at Pisa are upon the sufferings and patience of Job. — ED.

Painting went on in power till, in Raffael, it attained the zenith, and in him too it showed signs of a tendency downwards by another path. The painter began to think of overcoming difficulties. After this the descent was rapid, till sculptors began to work inveterate likenesses of perriwigs in marble, — as see Algarotti's tomb in the cemetery at Pisa, — and painters did nothing but copy, as well as they could, the external face of nature. Now, in this age, we have a sort of reviviscence, — not, I fear, of the power, but of a taste for the power, of the early times.

June 26. 1830.

SENECA.

You may get a motto for every sect in religion, or line of thought in morals or philosophy, from Seneca; but nothing is ever thought *out* by him.

July 2. 1830.

PLATO. — ARISTOTLE.

EVERY man is born an Aristotelian, or a Platonist. I do not think it possible that any one born an Aristotelian can become a Platonist; and I am sure no born Platonist can ever change into an Aristotelian. They are the two classes of men, beside which it is next to impossible to conceive a third. The one considers reason a quality, or attribute; the other considers it a power. I believe that Aristotle never could get to understand what Plato meant by an idea. There is a passage, indeed, in the Eudemian Ethics which looks like an exception; but I doubt not of its being spurious, as that whole work is supposed by some to be. With Plato ideas are constitutive in themselves.*

* Mr. Coleridge said the Eudemian Ethics; but I half suspect he must have meant the Metaphysics, although I do not know that *all* the fourteen books under that title have been considered non-genuine.

Aristotle was, and still is, the sovereign lord of the understanding; — the faculty judging by the senses. He was a conceptualist, and never could raise himself into that higher state, which was natural to Plato, and has been so to others, in which the understanding is distinctly contemplated, and, as it were, looked down upon from the throne of actual ideas, or living, inborn, essential truths.

Yet what a mind was Aristotle's — only

The ἠθικὰ Εὐδῆμεια are not Aristotle's. To what passage in particular, allusion is here made, I cannot exactly say; many might be alleged, but not one seems to express the true Platonic idea, as Mr. Coleridge used to understand it; and as, I believe, he ultimately considered ideas in his own philosophy. Fourteen or fifteen years previously, he seems to have been undecided upon this point. "Whether," he says, "ideas are regulative only, according to Aristotle and Kant, or likewise *constitutive*, and one with the power and life of nature, according to Plato and Plotinus (— ἐν λόγῳ ζωῇ ἦν, καὶ ἡ ζωὴ ἦν τὸ φῶς τῶν ἀνθρώπων —), is the highest problem of philosophy, and not part of its nomenclature." Essay (E) in the Appendix to the *Statesman's Manual*, 1816. — ED.

not the greatest that ever animated the human form! — the parent of science, properly so called, the master of criticism, and the founder or editor of logic! But he confounded science with philosophy, which is an error. Philosophy is the middle state between science, or knowledge, and sophia, or wisdom.

July 4. 1830.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON. — MONEYED INTEREST. — CANNING.

I SOMETIMES fear the Duke of Wellington is too much disposed to imagine, that he can govern a great nation by word of command, in the same way in which he governed a highly disciplined army. He seems to be unaccustomed to, and to despise, the inconsistencies, the weaknesses, the bursts of heroism followed by prostration and cowardice, which invariably characterise all popular efforts.

He forgets that, after all, it is from such efforts that all the great and noble institutions of the world have come; and that, on the other hand, the discipline and organization of armies have been only like the flight of the cannon-ball, the object of which is destruction.*

The stock-jobbing and moneyed interest is so strong in this country, that it has more than once prevailed in our foreign councils over national honour and national justice. The country gentlemen are not slow to join in this influence. Canning felt this very keenly, and said he was unable to contend against the city train-bands.

* Straight forward goes
The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path
Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid,
Shattering that it may reach, and shattering what it
 reaches.

WALLENSTEIN, Part I. act i. sc. 4.

July 6. 1830.

BOURRIENNE.

BOURRIENNE is admirable. He is the French Pepys, — a man with right feelings, but always wishing to participate in what is going on, be it what it may. He has one remark, when comparing Buonaparte with Charlemagne, the substance of which I have attempted to express in “The Friend *,” but which Bourrienne has condensed into a sentence worthy of Tacitus, or Machiavel, or Bacon. It is this; that Charlemagne was above his age, whilst Buonaparte was only above his competitors, but under his age! Bourrienne has done more than any one else to show Buonaparte to the world as he really was, — always contemptible, except when acting a part, and that part not his own.

* Vol. i. Essay 12. p. 133.

July 8. 1830.

JEWS.

THE other day I was what you would call *floored* by a Jew. He passed me several times crying for old clothes in the most nasal and extraordinary tone I ever heard. At last I was so provoked, that I said to him, "Pray, why can't you say 'old clothes' in a plain way as I do now?" The Jew stopped, and looking very gravely at me, said in a clear and even fine accent, "Sir, I can say old clothes as well as you can; but if you had to say so ten times a minute, for an hour together, you would say *Ogh Clo* as I do now;" and so he marched off. I was so confounded with the justice of his retort, that I followed and gave him a shilling, the only one I had.

I have had a good deal to do with Jews in the course of my life, although I never bor-

rowed any money of them. Once I sat in a coach opposite a Jew — a symbol of old clothes' bags—an Isaiah of Hollywell Street. He would close the window; I opened it. He closed it again; upon which, in a very solemn tone, I said to him, "Son of Abraham! thou smellest; son of Isaac! thou art offensive; son of Jacob! thou stinkest foully. See the man in the moon! he is holding his nose at thee at that distance; dost thou think that I, sitting here, can endure it any longer?" My Jew was astounded, opened the window forthwith himself, and said, "he was sorry he did not know before I was so great a gentleman."

July 24. 1830.

THE PAPACY AND THE REFORMATION.—

LEO X.

DURING the middle ages, the papacy was nothing, in fact, but a confederation of the learned men in the west of Europe against

the barbarism and ignorance of the times. The Pope was chief of this confederacy; and so long as he retained that character exclusively, his power was just and irresistible. It was the principal mean of preserving for us and for all posterity all that we now have of the illumination of past ages. But as soon as the Pope made a separation between his character as premier clerk in Christendom and as a secular prince; as soon as he began to squabble for towns and castles; then he at once broke the charm, and gave birth to a revolution. From that moment, those who remained firm to the cause of truth and knowledge became necessary enemies to the Roman See. The great British schoolmen led the way; then Wicliffe rose, Huss, Jerome, and others; — in short, every where, but especially throughout the north of Europe, the breach of feeling and sympathy went on widening, — so that all Germany, England, Scotland, and other countries started like giants out of their sleep at the first blast of Luther's trumpet. In France, one half of

the people — and that the most wealthy and enlightened, — embraced the Reformation. The seeds of it were deeply and widely spread in Spain and in Italy; and as to the latter, if James I. had been an Elizabeth, I have no doubt at all that Venice would have publicly declared itself against Rome. It is a profound question to answer, why it is, that since the middle of the sixteenth century the Reformation has not advanced one step in Europe.

In the time of Leo X. Atheism, or infidelity of some sort, was almost universal in Italy amongst the high dignitaries of the Romish church.

July 27. 1830.

THELWALL.—SWIFT.—STELLA.

JOHN THELWALL had something very good about him. We were once sitting in a beau-

tiful recess in the Quantocks, when I said to him, "Citizen John, this is a fine place to talk treason in!"—"Nay! Citizen Samuel," replied he, "it is rather a place to make a man forget that there is any necessity for treason!"

Thelwall thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it should have come to years of discretion, and be able to choose for itself. I showed him my garden, and told him it was my botanical garden. "How so?" said he, "it is covered with weeds."—"Oh," I replied, "*that* is only because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil towards roses and strawberries."

I think Swift adopted the name of Stella, which is a man's name, with a feminine termination, to denote the mysterious epicene

relation in which poor Miss Johnston stood to him.

July 28. 1830.

INIQUITOUS LEGISLATION.

THAT legislation is iniquitous, which sets law in conflict with the common and unsophisticated feelings of our nature. If I were a clergyman in a smuggling town, I would *not* preach against smuggling. I would not be made a sort of clerical revenue officer. Let the government, which by absurd duties fosters smuggling, prevent it itself, if it can. How could I show my hearers the immorality of going twenty miles in a boat, and honestly buying with their money a keg of brandy, except by a long deduction which they could not understand? But were I in a place where wrecking went on, see if I would preach on any thing else!

July 29. 1830.

SPURZHEIM AND CRANIOLOGY.

SPURZHEIM is a good man, and I like him; but he is dense, and the most ignorant German I ever knew. If he had been content with stating certain remarkable coincidences between the moral qualities and the configuration of the skull, it would have been well; but when he began to map out the cranium dogmatically, he fell into infinite absurdities. You know, that every intellectual act, however you may distinguish it by name in respect of the originating faculties, is truly the act of the entire man; the notion of distinct material organs, therefore, in the brain itself, is plainly absurd. Pressed by this, Spurzheim has, at length, been guilty of some sheer quackery; and ventures to say that he has actually discovered a different material in the different parts or organs of the brain, so that he can tell a piece of benevolence from a bit of destructiveness, and

so forth. Observe, also, that it is constantly found, that so far from there being a concavity in the interior surface of the cranium answering to the convexity apparent on the exterior—the interior is convex too. Dr. Baillie thought there was something in the system, because the notion of the brain being an extendible net helped to explain those cases where the intellect remained after the solid substance of the brain was dissolved in water.*

* “ The very marked, *positive* as well as comparative, magnitude and prominence of the bump, entitled *benevolence* (see Spurzheim’s *map of the human skull*) on the head of the late Mr. John Thurtell, has woefully unsettled the faith of many ardent phrenologists, and strengthened the previous doubts of a still greater number into utter disbelief. On *my* mind this fact (for a *fact* it is) produced the directly contrary effect; and inclined me to suspect, for the first time, that there may be some truth in the Spurzheimian scheme. Whether future craniologists may not see cause to *new-name* this and one or two others of these convex gnomons, is quite a different question. At present, and according to the present use of words, any such change would be premature; and we must be content to say, that Mr. Thurtell’s benevolence was insuffi-

That a greater or less-development of the forepart of the head is generally coincident with more or less of reasoning power, is certain. The line across the forehead, also, denoting musical power, is very common.

August 20. 1830.

FRENCH REVOLUTION, 1830.—CAPTAIN B.
HALL AND THE AMERICANS.

THE French must have greatly improved under the influence of a free and regular government (for such it, in general, has been since the restoration), to have conducted themselves with so much moderation in suc-

ciently modified by the unprotrusive and unindicated convolutes of the brain, that secrete honesty and common sense. The organ of destructiveness was indirectly *potentiated* by the absence or imperfect development of the glands of reason and conscience in this '*unfortunate gentleman.*'" — *Aids to Reflection*, p. 143. n.

cess as they seem to have done, and to be disposed to do.

I must say I cannot see much in Captain B. Hall's account of the Americans, but weaknesses — some of which make me like the Yankees all the better. How much more amiable is the American fidgettiness and anxiety about the opinion of other nations, and especially of the English, than the John Bullism, which affects to despise the sentiments of the rest of the world.*

* “ There exists in England a *gentlemanly* character, a *gentlemanly* feeling very different even from that, which is the most like it,—the character of a well-born Spaniard, and unexampled in the rest of Europe. This feeling *originated* in the fortunate circumstance, that the titles of our English nobility follow the law of their property, and are inherited by the eldest sons only. From this source, under the influences of our constitution and of our astonishing trade, it has diffused itself in different modifications through the whole country. The uniformity of our dress among all classes above that of the day labourer, while it has authorized all ranks to assume the appearance of gentlemen, has at the same time inspired the wish to conform their manners, and still more their ordinary

As to what Captain Hall says about the English loyalty to the person of the King —

actions in social intercourse, to their notions of the gentlemanly; the most commonly received attribute of which character is a certain generosity in trifles. On the other hand, the encroachments of the lower classes on the higher, occasioned and favoured by this resemblance in exteriors, by this absence of any cognizable marks of distinction, have rendered each class more reserved and jealous in their general communion; and, far more than our climate or natural temper, have caused that haughtiness and reserve in our outward demeanour, which is so generally complained of among foreigners. Far be it from me to depreciate the value of this gentlemanly feeling: I respect it under all its forms and varieties, from the House of Commons* to the gentleman in the one shilling gallery. It is always the ornament of virtue, and oftentimes a support; but it is a wretched substitute for it. Its *worth*, as a moral good, is by no means in proportion to its *value* as a social advantage. These observations are not irrelevant: for to the want of reflection that this diffusion of gentlemanly feeling among us is not the growth of our moral excellence, but the effect of various accidental advantages peculiar to England; to our not considering that it is unreasonable and uncharitable to expect the same consequences, where the

* This was written long before the Reform Act. — ED.

I can only say, I feel none of it. I respect the man, while, and only while, the king is translucent through him: I reverence the glass case for the Saint's sake within; except for that, it is to me mere glazier's work, — putty, and glass, and wood.

same causes have not existed to produce them; and lastly, to our proneness to regard the absence of this character (which, as I have before said, does, for the greater part, and in the common apprehension, consist in a certain frankness and generosity in the detail of action) as decisive against the sum total of personal or national worth; we must, I am convinced, attribute a large portion of that conduct, which in many instances has left the inhabitants of countries conquered or appropriated by Great Britain, doubtful, whether the various solid advantages which they have derived from our protection and just government were not bought dearly by the wounds inflicted on their feelings and prejudices, by the contemptuous and insolent demeanour of the English, as individuals." — *Friend*, vol. iii. p. 322.

September 8. 1830.

ENGLISH REFORMATION.

THE fatal error into which the peculiar character of the English Reformation threw our Church, has borne bitter fruit ever since, —I mean that of its clinging to court and state, instead of cultivating the people. The church ought to be a mediator between the people and the government, between the poor and the rich. As it is, I fear the church has let the hearts of the common people be stolen from it. See how differently the Church of Rome — wiser in its generation — has always acted in this particular. For a long time past the Church of England seems to me to have been blighted with prudence, as it is called. I wish with all my heart we had a little zealous imprudence.

September 19. 1830.

DEMOCRACY.—IDEA OF A STATE.—
CHURCH.

It has never yet been seen, or clearly announced, that democracy, as such, is no proper element in the constitution of a state. The idea of a state is undoubtedly a government *ἐκ τῶν ἀρίστων* — an aristocracy. Democracy is the healthful life-blood which circulates through the veins and arteries, which supports the system, but which ought never to appear externally, and as the mere blood itself.

A state, in idea, is the opposite of a church. A state regards classes, and not individuals; and it estimates classes, not by internal merit, but external accidents, as property, birth, &c. But a church does the reverse of this, and disregards all external accidents, and

looks at men as individual persons, allowing no gradation of ranks, but such as greater or less wisdom, learning, and holiness ought to confer. A church is, therefore, in idea, the only pure democracy. The church, so considered, and the state, exclusively of the church, constitute together the idea of a state in its largest sense.

September 20. 1830.

GOVERNMENT.—FRENCH GEND'ARMERIE.

ALL temporal government must rest on a compromise of interests and abstract rights. Who would listen to the county of Bedford, if it were to declare itself disannexed from the British empire, and to set up for itself?

The most desirable thing that can happen to France, with her immense army of gend'armes, is, that the service may at first be-

come very irksome to the men themselves, and ultimately, by not being called into real service, fall into general ridicule, like our trained bands. The evil in France, and throughout Europe, seems now especially to be, the subordination of the legislative power to the direct physical force of the people. The French legislature was weak enough before the late revolution; now it is absolutely powerless, and manifestly depends even for its existence on the will of a popular commander of an irresistible army. There is now in France a daily tendency to reduce the legislative body to a mere deputation from the provinces and towns.

September 21. 1830.

PHILOSOPHY OF YOUNG MEN AT THE
PRESENT DAY.

I DO not know whether I deceive myself, but it seems to me that the young men, who

were my contemporaries, fixed certain principles in their minds, and followed them out to their legitimate consequences, in a way which I rarely witness now. No one seems to have any distinct convictions, right or wrong; the mind is completely at sea, rolling and pitching on the waves of facts and personal experiences. Mr. — is, I suppose, one of the rising young men of the day; yet he went on talking, the other evening, and making remarks with great earnestness, some of which were palpably irreconcilable with each other. He told me that facts gave birth to, and were the absolute ground of, principles; to which I said, that unless he had a principle of selection, he would not have taken notice of those facts upon which he grounded his principle. You must have a lantern in your hand to give light, otherwise all the materials in the world are useless, for you cannot find them, and if you could, you could not arrange them. “But then,” said Mr. —, “*that* principle of selection came from facts!” —

“ To be sure ! ” I replied ; “ but there must have been again an antecedent light to see those antecedent facts. The relapse may be carried in imagination backwards for ever, — but go back as you may, you cannot come to a man without a previous aim or principle.” He then asked me what I had to say to Bacon’s Induction : I told him I had a good deal to say, if need were ; but that it was perhaps enough for the occasion, to remark, that what he was very evidently taking for the Baconian *Induction*, was mere *Deduction* — a very different thing.*

* As far as I can judge, the most complete and masterly thing ever done by Mr. Coleridge in prose, is the analysis and reconciliation of the Platonic and Baconian methods of philosophy, contained in the third volume of the *Friend*, from p. 176. to 216. No edition of the *Novum Organum* should ever be published without a transcript of it. — ED.

September 22. 1830.

THUCYDIDES AND TACITUS.—POETRY.—
MODERN METRE.

THE object of Thucydides was to show the ills resulting to Greece from the separation and conflict of the spirits or elements of democracy and oligarchy. The object of Tacitus was to demonstrate the desperate consequences of the loss of liberty on the minds and hearts of men.

A poet ought not to pick nature's pocket : let him borrow, and so borrow as to repay by the very act of borrowing. Examine nature accurately, but write from recollection ; and trust more to your imagination than to your memory.

Really the metre of some of the modern poems I have read, bears about the same relation to metre properly understood, that

dumb bells do to music ; both are for exercise, and pretty severe too, I think.

Nothing ever left a stain on that gentle creature's mind, which looked upon the degraded men and things around him like moonshine on a dunghill, which shines and takes no pollution. All things are shadows to him, except those which move his affections.

September 23. 1830.

LOGIC.

THERE are two kinds of logic: 1. Syllogistic. 2. Criterional. How any one can by any spinning make out more than ten or a dozen pages about the first, is inconceivable to me ; all those absurd forms of syllogisms are one half pure sophisms, and the other half mere forms of rhetoric.

All syllogistic logic is—1. *Seclusion*; 2. *Inclusion*; 3. *Conclusion*; which answer to the understanding, the experience, and the reason. The first says, this *ought* to be; the second adds, this *is*; and the last pronounces, this *must* be so. The criterional logic, or logic of premisses, is, of course, much the most important; and it has never yet been treated.*

The object of rhetoric is persuasion, — of logic, conviction, — of grammar, significancy. A fourth term is wanting, the rhematic, or logic of sentences.

* Mr. Coleridge's own treatise on Logic is unhappily left imperfect. But the fragment, such as it is, will be presented to the world in the best possible form which the circumstances admit, by Mr. Joseph Henry Green, who, beyond any of Mr. C.'s friends, is intimately acquainted with his principles and ultimate aspirations in philosophy generally, and in psychology in particular. — ED.

September 24. 1830.

VARRO.—SOCRATES.—GREEK PHILOSOPHY.—PLOTINUS.—TERTULLIAN.

WHAT a loss we have had in Varro's mythological and critical works! It is said that the works of Epicurus are probably amongst the Herculanean manuscripts. I do not feel much interest about them, because, by the consent of all antiquity, Lucretius has preserved a complete view of his system. But I regret the loss of the works of the old Stoics, Zeno and others, exceedingly.

Socrates, as such, was only a poetical character to Plato, who worked upon his own ground. The several disciples of Socrates caught some particular points from him, and made systems of philosophy upon them according to their own views. Socrates himself had no system.

I hold all claims set up for Egypt having given birth to the Greek philosophy, to be groundless. It sprang up in Greece itself, and began with physics only. Then it took in the idea of a living cause, and made Pantheism out of the two. Socrates introduced ethics, and taught duties; and then, finally, Plato asserted or re-asserted the idea of a God the maker of the world. The measure of human philosophy was thus full, when Christianity came to add what before was wanting — assurance. After this again, the Neo-Platonists joined Theurgy with philosophy, which ultimately degenerated into magic and mere mysticism.

Plotinus was a man of wonderful ability, and some of the sublimest passages I ever read are in his works.

I was amused the other day with reading in Tertullian, that spirits or demons dilate and contract themselves, and wriggle about like worms — *lumbricis similes*.

September 26. 1830.

SCOTCH AND ENGLISH LAKES.

THE five finest things in Scotland are — 1. Edinburgh; 2. The antechamber of the Fall of Foyers; 3. The view of Loch Lomond from Inch Tavannach, the highest of the islands; 4. The Trosachs; 5. The view of the Hebrides from a point, the name of which I forget. But the intervals between the fine things in Scotland are very dreary; — whereas in Cumberland and Westmorland there is a cabinet of beauties, — each thing being beautiful in itself, and the very passage from one lake, mountain, or valley, to another, is itself a beautiful thing again. The Scotch lakes are so like one another, from their great size, that in a picture you are obliged to read their names; but the English lakes, especially Derwent Water, or rather the whole vale of Keswick, is so re-

memorable, that, after having been once seen, no one ever requires to be told what it is when drawn. This vale is about as large a basin as Loch Lomond; the latter is covered with water; but in the former instance, we have two lakes with a charming river to connect them, and lovely villages at the foot of the mountain, and other habitations, which give an air of life and cheerfulness to the whole place.

The land imagery of the north of Devon is most delightful.

September 27. 1830.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP OPPOSED. — MARRIAGE. — CHARACTERLESSNESS OF WOMEN.

— once said, that he could make nothing of love, except that it was friendship

accidentally combined with desire. Whence I conclude that he was never in love. For what shall we say of the feeling which a man of sensibility has towards his wife with her baby at her breast ! How pure from sensual desire ! yet how different from friendship !

Sympathy constitutes friendship; but in love there is a sort of antipathy, or opposing passion. Each strives to be the other, and both together make up one whole.

Luther has sketched the most beautiful picture of the nature and ends and duties of the wedded life I ever read. St. Paul says it is a great symbol, not mystery, as we translate it.*

“ Most women have no character at all,”

* *Καὶ ἔσονται οἱ δύο εἰς σάρκα μίαν. τὸ μυστήριον τοῦτο μέγα ἐστίν· ἐγὼ δὲ λέγω εἰς Χριστὸν καὶ εἰς τὴν ἐκκλησίαν. Ephes. c. v. 31, 32.*

said Pope *, and meant it for satire. Shakspeare, who knew man and woman much better, saw that it, in fact, was the perfection of woman to be characterless. Every one wishes a Desdemona or Ophelia for a wife,—creatures who, though they may not always understand you, do always feel you, and feel with you.

September 28. 1830.

MENTAL ANARCHY.

WHY need we talk of a fiery hell? If the will, which is the law of our nature, were withdrawn from our memory, fancy, understanding, and reason, no other hell could equal, for a spiritual being, what we should

* “ Nothing so true as what you once let fall —
‘ Most women have no character at all,’ —
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguish’d by black, brown, and
fair.”

Epist. to a Lady, v. 1.

then feel, from the anarchy of our powers. It would be conscious madness—a horrid thought!

October 5. 1830.

EAR AND TASTE FOR MUSIC DIFFERENT.
— ENGLISH LITURGY. — BELGIAN RE-
VOLUTION.

IN politics, what begins in fear usually ends in folly.

An ear for music is a very different thing from a taste for music. I have no ear whatever; I could not sing an air to save my life; but I have the intensest delight in music, and can detect good from bad. Naldi, a good fellow, remarked to me once at a concert, that I did not seem much interested with a piece of Rossini's which had just been performed. I said, it sounded to me like nonsense verses. But I could scarcely con-

tain myself when a thing of Beethoven's followed.

I never distinctly felt the heavenly superiority of the prayers in the English liturgy, till I had attended some kirks in the country parts of Scotland.

I call these strings of school boys or girls which we meet near London — walking advertisements.

The Brussels riot — I cannot bring myself to dignify it with a higher name — is a wretched parody on the last French revolution. Were I King William, I would banish the Belgians, as Coriolanus banishes the Romans in Shakspeare.* It is a wicked rebellion without one just cause.

* “ You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain *with your uncertainty!*

Act iii. sc. 3 .

October 8. 1830.

GALILEO, NEWTON, KEPLER, BACON.

GALILEO was a great genius, and so was Newton; but it would take two or three Galileos and Newtons to make one Kepler.* It is in the order of Providence, that the inventive, generative, constitutive mind — the Kepler — should come first; and then that the patient and collective mind — the Newton — should follow, and elaborate the pregnant queries and illumining guesses of the former. The laws of the planetary system are, in fact, due to Kepler. There is not a more glorious achievement of scientific genius upon record, than Kepler's guesses, prophecies, and ultimate apprehension of the law † of the mean distances of the planets as connected with

* Galileo Galilei was born at Pisa, on the 15th of February, 1564. John Kepler was born at Weil, in the duchy of Wirtemberg, on the 21st of December, 1571. — ED.

† Namely, that the squares of their times vary as the cubes of their distances. — ED.

the periods of their revolutions round the sun. Gravitation, too, he had fully conceived; but, because it seemed inconsistent with some received observations on light, he gave it up, in allegiance, as he says, to Nature. Yet the idea vexed and haunted his mind; "*Vexat me et lacescit,*" are his words, I believe.

We praise Newton's clearness and steadiness. He *was* clear and steady, no doubt, whilst working out, by the help of an admirable geometry, the idea brought forth by another. Newton had his ether, and could not rest in — he could not conceive — the idea of a law. He thought it a physical thing after all. As for his chronology, I believe, those who are most competent to judge, rely on it less and less every day. His lucubrations on Daniel and the Revelations seem to me little less than mere raving.

Personal experiment is necessary, in order to correct our own observation of the experiments which Nature herself makes for us

— I mean, the phenomena of the universe. But then observation is, in turn, wanted to direct and substantiate the course of experiment. Experiments alone cannot advance knowledge, without observation ; they amuse for a time, and then pass off the scene and leave no trace behind them.

Bacon, when like himself — for no man was ever more inconsistent — says, “*Prudens quæstio — dimidium scientiæ est.*”

October 20. 1830.

THE REFORMATION.

AT the Reformation, the first reformers were beset with an almost morbid anxiety not to be considered heretical in point of doctrine. They knew that the Romanists were on the watch to fasten the brand of heresy upon them whenever a fair pretext could be found ; and I have no doubt it was the excess of this fear which at once led to

the burning of Servetus, and also to the thanks offered by all the Protestant churches, to Calvin and the Church of Geneva, for burning him.

November 21. 1830.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

— never makes a figure in quietude. He astounds the vulgar with a certain enormity of exertion; he takes an acre of canvas, on which he scrawls every thing. He thinks aloud; every thing in his mind, good, bad, or indifferent, out it comes; he is like the Newgate gutter, flowing with garbage, dead dogs, and mud. He is pre-eminently a man of many thoughts, with no ideas: hence he is always so lengthy, because he must go through every thing to see any thing.

It is a melancholy thing to live when there is no vision in the land. Where are our statesmen to meet this emergency? I see no

reformer who asks himself the question, *What* is it that I propose to myself to effect in the result?

Is the House of Commons to be re-constructed on the principle of a representation of interests, or of a delegation of men? If on the former, we may, perhaps, see our way; if on the latter, you can never, in reason, stop short of universal suffrage; and in that case, I am sure that women have as good a right to vote as men.*

* In Mr. Coleridge's masterly analysis and confutation of the physiocratic system of the early French revolutionists, in the *Friend*, he has the following passage in the nature of a *reductio ad absurdum*. "Rousseau, indeed, asserts that there is an inalienable sovereignty inherent in every human being possessed of reason; and from this the framers of the Constitution of 1791 deduce, that the people itself is its own sole rightful legislator, and at most dare only recede so far from its right as to delegate to chosen deputies the power of representing and declaring the general will. But this is wholly without proof; for it has been already fully shown, that, according to the principle out of which this consequence is attempted to be drawn, it is not the actual man, but the abstract reason alone, that is the sovereign and rightful lawgiver.

March 20. 1831.

GOVERNMENT. — EARL GREY.

GOVERNMENT is not founded on property, taken merely as such, in the abstract; it is

The confusion of two things so different is so gross an error, that the Constituent Assembly could scarce proceed a step in their declaration of rights, without some glaring inconsistency. Children are excluded from all political power; are they not human beings in whom the faculty of reason resides? Yes! but in *them* the faculty is not yet adequately developed. But are not gross ignorance, inveterate superstition, and the habitual tyranny of passion and sensuality, equally preventives of the development, equally impediments to the rightful exercise, of the reason, as childhood and early youth? Who would not rely on the judgment of a well educated English lad, bred in a virtuous and enlightened family, in preference to that of a brutal Russian, who believes that he can scourge his wooden idol into good humour, or attributes to himself the merit of perpetual prayer, when he has fastened the petitions, which his priest has written for him, on the wings of a windmill? Again: women are likewise excluded; a full half, and that assuredly the most innocent, the most amiable half, of the whole human race is excluded, and this too by a Constitution which boasts to have no other foundations but those of uni-

founded on *unequal* property; the inequality is an essential term in the position. The phrases — higher, middle, and lower classes, with reference to this point of representation — are delusive; no such divisions as classes actually exist in society. There is an indissoluble blending and interfusion of persons from top to bottom; and no man can trace a

versal reason! Is reason, then, an affair of sex? No! but women are commonly in a state of *dependence*, and are not likely to exercise their reason with freedom. Well! and does not this ground of exclusion apply with equal or greater force to the poor, to the infirm, to men in embarrassed circumstances, to all, in short, whose maintenance, be it scanty, or be it ample, depends on the will of others? How far are we to go? Where must we stop? What classes should we admit? Whom must we disfranchise? The objects concerning whom we are to determine these questions, are all human beings, and differenced from each other by *degrees* only, these degrees too oftentimes changing. Yet the principle on which the whole system rests, is that reason is not susceptible of degree. Nothing, therefore, which subsists wholly in degrees, the changes of which do not obey any necessary law, can be objects of pure science, or determinable by mere reason.”—Vol. i. p. 341. ED.

line of separation through them, except such a confessedly unmeaning and unjustifiable line of political empiricism as 10% householders. I cannot discover a ray of principle in the government plan, — not a hint of the effect of the change upon the balance of the estates of the realm, — not a remark on the nature of the constitution of England, and the character of the property of so many millions of its inhabitants. Half the wealth of this country is purely artificial, — existing only in and on the credit given to it by the integrity and honesty of the nation. This property appears, in many instances, a heavy burthen to the numerical majority of the people, and they believe that it causes all their distress: and they are now to have the maintenance of this property committed to their good faith — the lamb to the wolves!

Necker, you remember, asked the people to come and help him against the aristocracy. The people came fast enough at his bidding; but, somehow or other, they would not go

away again when they had done their work. I hope Lord Grey will not see himself or his friends in the woeful case of the conjuror, who, with infinite zeal and pains, called up the devils to do something for him. They came at the word, thronging about him, grinning, and howling, and dancing, and whisking their long tails in diabolic glee; but when they asked him what he wanted of them, the poor wretch, frightened out of his wits, could only stammer forth, — “ I pray you, my friends, be gone down again !” At which the devils, with one voice, replied, —

“ Yes ! yes ! we ’ll go down ! we ’ll go down ! —
 But we ’ll take *you* with us to sink or to drown !”*

* Mr. Coleridge must have been thinking of that “ very pithy and profitable” ballad by the Laureate, wherein is shown how a young man “ would read unlawful books, and how he was punished :” —

“ The *young* man, he began to read
 He knew not what, but he would proceed,
 When there was heard a sound at the door,
 Which as he read on grew more and more.

June 25. 1831.

GOVERNMENT. — POPULAR REPRESENTATION.

THE three great ends which a statesman ought to propose to himself in the government of a nation, are, — 1. Security to pos-

And more and more the knocking grew,
The young man knew not what to do :
But trembling in fear he sat within,
Till the door was broke, and the devil came in.

“ What would'st thou with me ? ” the wicked one
cried ;

But not a word the young man replied ;
Every hair on his head was standing upright,
And his limbs like a palsy shook with affright.

“ What would'st thou with me ? ” cried the author
of ill ;

But the wretched young man was silent still,” &c.

The catastrophe is very terrible, and the moral, though addressed by the poet to young men only, is quite as applicable to old men, as the times show.

“ Henceforth let all young men take heed
How in a conjuror's books they read ! ”

Southey's Minor Poems, vol. iii. p. 92. — ED.

sessors; 2. Facility to acquirers; and, 3. Hope to all.

A nation is the unity of a people. King and parliament are the unity made visible. The king and the peers are as integral portions of this manifested unity as the commons.*

In that imperfect state of society in which our system of representation began, the interests of the country were pretty exactly

* Mr. Coleridge was very fond of quoting George Withers's fine lines:—

“ Let not your king and parliament in *one*,
 Much less apart, mistake themselves for that
 Which is most worthy to be thought upon :
 Nor think *they* are, essentially, The STATE.
 Let them not fancy that th' authority
 And privileges upon them bestown,
 Conferr'd are to set up a majesty,
 A power, or a glory, of their own !
 But let them know, 't was for a deeper life,
 Which they but *represent* —
 That there's on earth a yet auguster thing,
 Veil'd though it be, than parliament and king !”
 — ED.

commensurate with its municipal divisions. The counties, the towns, and the seaports, accurately enough represented the only interests then existing; that is to say, — the landed, the shop-keeping or manufacturing, and the mercantile. But for a century past, at least, this division has become notoriously imperfect, some of the most vital interests of the empire being now totally unconnected with any English localities. Yet now, when the evil and the want are known, we are to abandon the accommodations which the necessity of the case had worked out for itself, and begin again with a rigidly territorial plan of representation! The miserable tendency of all is to destroy our nationality, which consists, in a principal degree, in our representative government, and to convert it into a degrading delegation of the populace. There is no unity for a people but in a representation of national interests; a delegation from the passions or wishes of the individuals themselves is a rope of sand.

Undoubtedly it is a great evil that there should be such an evident discrepancy between the law and the practice of the constitution in the matter of the representation. Such a direct, yet clandestine, contravention of solemn resolutions and established laws is immoral, and greatly injurious to the cause of legal loyalty and general subordination in the minds of the people. But then a statesman should consider that these very contraventions of law in practice point out to him the places in the body politic which need a remodelling of the law. You acknowledge a certain necessity for indirect representation in the present day, and that such representation has been instinctively obtained by means contrary to law; why then do you not approximate the useless law to the useful practice, instead of abandoning both law and practice for a completely new system of your own?



The malignant duplicity and unprincipled tergiversations of the specific Whig news-

papers are to me detestable. I prefer the open endeavours of those publications which seek to destroy the church, and introduce a republic in effect: there is a sort of honesty in *that* which I approve, though I would with joy lay down my life to save my country from the consummation which is so evidently desired by that section of the periodical press.

June 26. 1831.

NAPIER. — BUONAPARTE. — SOUTHEY.

I HAVE been exceedingly impressed with the pernicious precedent of Napier's History of the Peninsular War. It is a specimen of the true French military school; not a thought for the justice of the war, — not a consideration of the damnable and damning iniquity of the French invasion. All is looked at as a mere game of exquisite skill, and the praise is regularly awarded to the most successful player. How perfectly ridiculous is the prostration of Napier's mind, apparently a

powerful one, before the name of Buonaparte ! I declare I know no book more likely to undermine the national sense of right and wrong in matters of foreign interference than this work of Napier's.

If A. has a hundred means of doing a certain thing, and B. has only one or two, is it very wonderful, or does it argue very transcendant superiority, if A. surpasses B. ? Buonaparte was the child of circumstances, which he neither originated nor controlled. He had no chance of preserving his power but by continual warfare. No thought of a wise tranquillization of the shaken elements of France seems ever to have passed through his mind ; and I believe that at no part of his reign could he have survived one year's continued peace. He never had but one obstacle to contend with—physical force ; commonly the least difficult enemy a general, subject to courts-martial and courts of conscience, has to overcome.

Southey's History * is on the right side, and starts from the right point; but he is personally fond of the Spaniards, and in bringing forward their nationality in the prominent manner it deserves, he does not, in my judgment, state with sufficient clearness the truth, that the nationality of the Spaniards was not founded on any just ground of good government or wise laws, but was, in fact, very little more than a rooted antipathy to all strangers as such. In this sense every thing is national in Spain. Even their so called Catholic religion is exclusively national in a genuine Spaniard's mind; he does not regard the religious professions of the Frenchman or Italian at all in the same light with his own.

* Mr. Coleridge said that the conclusion of this great work was the finest specimen of historic eulogy he had ever read in English; — that it was more than a campaign to the duke's fame. — Ed.

July 7. 1831.

PATRONAGE OF THE FINE ARTS. — OLD
WOMEN.

THE darkest despotisms on the Continent have done more for the growth and elevation of the fine arts than the English government. A great musical composer in Germany and Italy is a great man in society, and a real dignity and rank are universally conceded to him. So it is with a sculptor, or painter, or architect. Without this sort of encouragement and patronage such arts as music and painting will never come into great eminence. In this country there is no general reverence for the fine arts; and the sordid spirit of a money-amassing philosophy would meet any proposition for the fostering of art, in a genial and extended sense, with the commercial maxim, — *Laissez faire*. Paganini, indeed, will make a fortune, because he can actually sell the tones of his fiddle at so much a scrape; but Mozart himself might have languished in a garret for any thing that would have been done for him here.

There are three classes into which all the women past seventy that ever I knew were to be divided:— 1. That dear old soul; 2. That old woman; 3. That old witch.

July 24. 1831.

PICTURES.*

OBSERVE the remarkable difference between Claude and Teniers in their power of paint-

* All the following remarks in this section were made at the exhibition of ancient masters at the British Gallery in Pall Mall. The recollection of those two hours has made the rooms of that Institution a melancholy place for me. Mr. Coleridge was in high spirits, and seemed to kindle in his mind at the contemplation of the splendid pictures before him. He did not examine them all by the catalogue, but anchored himself before some three or four great works, telling me that he saw the rest of the Gallery *potentially*. I can yet distinctly recall him, half leaning on his old simple stick, and his hat off in one hand, whilst with the fingers of the other he went on, as was his constant wont, figuring in the air a commentary of small diagrams, wherewith, as he fancied, he could translate to the eye those relations of form and space which his words might fail to convey with clearness to the ear.

ing vacant space. Claude makes his whole landscape a *plenum* : the air is quite as substantial as any other part of the scene. Hence there are no true distances, and every thing presses at once and equally upon the eye. There is something close and almost suffocating in the atmosphere of some of

His admiration for Rubens, showed itself in a sort of joy and brotherly fondness ; he looked as if he would shake hands with his pictures. What the company, which by degrees formed itself round this silver-haired, bright-eyed, music-breathing, old man, took him for, I cannot guess ; there was probably not one there who knew him to be that Ancient Mariner, who held people with his glittering eye, and constrained them, like three years' children, to hear his tale. In the midst of his speech, he turned to the right hand, where stood a very lovely young woman, whose attention he had involuntarily arrested ;—to her, without apparently any consciousness of her being a stranger to him, he addressed many remarks, although I must acknowledge they were couched in a somewhat softer tone, as if he were soliciting her sympathy. He was, verily, a gentle-hearted man at all times ; but I never was in company with him in my life, when the entry of a woman, it mattered not who, did not provoke a dim gush of emotion, which passed like an infant's breath over the mirror of his intellect. — ED.

Claude's sunsets. Never did any one paint air, the thin air, the absolutely apparent vacancy between object and object, so admirably as Teniers. That picture of the Archers * exemplifies this excellence. See the distances between those ugly louts! how perfectly true to the fact!

But oh! what a wonderful picture is that Triumph of Silenus! † It is the very revelry of hell. Every evil passion is there that could in any way be forced into juxtaposition with joyance. Mark the lust, and hard by, the hate. Every part is pregnant with libidinous nature without one spark of the grace of Heaven. The animal is triumphing — not over, but — in the absence, in the non-existence, of the spiritual part of man. I could fancy that Rubens had seen in a vision —

* "Figures shooting at a Target," belonging, I believe, to Lord Bandon. — ED.

† This belongs to Sir Robert Peel. — ED.

All the souls that damned be
Leap up at once in anarchy,
Clap their hands, and dance for glee!

That landscape * on the other side is only less magnificent than dear Sir George Beaumont's, now in the National Gallery. It has the same charm. Rubens does not take for his subjects grand or novel conformations of objects; he has, you see, no precipices, no forests, no frowning castles, — nothing that a poet would take at all times, and a painter take in these times. No; he gets some little ponds, old tumble-down cottages, that ruinous chateau, two or three peasants, a hay-rick, and other such humble images, which looked at in and by themselves convey no pleasure and excite no surprise; but he — and he Peter Paul Rubens alone — handles these every-day ingredients of all common landscapes as they are handled in nature; he throws them into a vast and magnificent

* "Landscape with setting Sun," — Lord Farnborough's picture. — ED.

whole, consisting of heaven and earth and all things therein. He extracts the latent poetry out of these common objects, — that poetry and harmony which every man of genius perceives in the face of nature, and which many men of no genius are taught to perceive and feel after examining such a picture as this. In other landscape painters the scene is confined and as it were imprisoned; — in Rubens the landscape dies a natural death; it fades away into the apparent infinity of space.

So long as Rubens confines himself to space and outward figure — to the mere animal man with animal passions — he is, I may say, a god amongst painters. His satyrs, Silenuses, lions, tigers, and dogs are almost godlike; but the moment he attempts any thing involving or presuming the spiritual, his gods and goddesses, his nymphs and heroes, become beasts, absolute, unmitigated beasts.

The Italian masters differ from the Dutch in this — that in their pictures ages are perfectly ideal. The infant that Raffael's Madonna holds in her arms cannot be guessed of any particular age; it is Humanity in infancy. The babe in the manger in a Dutch painting is a fac-simile of some real new-born bantling; it is just like the little rabbits we fathers have all seen with some dismay at first burst.

Carlo Dolce's representations of our Saviour are pretty, to be sure; but they are too smooth to please me. His Christs are always in sugar-candy.

That is a very odd and funny picture of the Connoisseurs at Rome* by Reynolds.

The more I see of modern pictures, the more I am convinced that the ancient art of

* "Portraits of distinguished Connoisseurs painted at Rome," — belonging to Lord Burlington. — ED.

painting is gone, and something substituted for it,—very pleasing, but different, and different in kind and not in degree only. Portraits by the old masters, — take for example the pock-fritten lady by Cuyp *, — are pictures of men and women: they fill, not merely occupy, a space; they represent individuals, but individuals as types of a species. Modern portraits — a few by Jackson and Owen, perhaps, excepted — give you not the man, not the inward humanity, but merely the external mark, that in which Tom is different from Bill. There is something affected and meretricious in the Snake in the Grass †, and such pictures, by Reynolds.

* I almost forget, but have some recollection that the allusion is to Mr. Heneage Finch's picture of a Lady with a Fan. — ED.

† Sir Robert Peel's. — ED.

July 25. 1831.

CHILLINGWORTH. — SUPERSTITION OF
MALTESE, SICILIANS, AND ITALIANS.

IT is now twenty years since I read Chillingworth's book* ; but certainly it seemed to me that his main position that the mere text of the Bible is the sole and exclusive ground of Christian faith and practice is quite untenable against the Romanists. It entirely destroys the conditions of a church, of an authority residing in a religious community, and all that holy sense of brotherhood which is so sublime and consolatory to a meditative Christian. Had I been a Papist, I should not have wished for a more vanquishable opponent in controversy. I certainly believe Chillingworth to have been in some sense a Socinian. Lord Falkland, his friend, said so in substance. I do not deny his skill in dialectics ;

* " The Religion of Protestants a safe Way to Salvation ; or, an Answer to a Booke entitled ' Mercy and Truth ; or, Charity maintained by Catholicks,' which retends to prove the contrary."

he was more than a match for Knott* to be sure.

I must be bold enough to say, that I do not think that even Hooker puts the idea of a church on the true foundation.

* Socinianism, or some inclination that way, is an old and clinging charge against Chillingworth. On the one hand, it is well known that he subscribed the articles of the church of England, in the usual form on the 20th of July, 1638; and on the other, it is equally certain that within two years immediately previous, he wrote the letter to some unnamed correspondent, beginning "Dear Harry," and printed in all the Lives of Chillingworth, in which letter he sums up his arguments upon the Arian doctrine in this passage:— "In a word, whosoever shall freely and impartially consider of this thing, and how on the other side the ancient fathers' weapons against the Arrians are in a manner only places of Scripture (and these now for the most part discarded as importunate and unconcluding), and how in the argument drawne from the authority of the ancient fathers, they are almost always defendants, and scarce ever opponents, *he shall not choose but confesse, or at least be very inclinable to beleve, that the doctrine of Arrius is eyther a truth, or at least no damnable heresy.*" The truth is, however, that the Socinianism of Chillingworth, such as it may have been, had more reference to the doctrine of the redemption of man than of the being of God.

Edward Knott's real name was Matthias Wilson.—ED.

The superstition of the peasantry and lower orders generally in Malta, Sicily, and Italy exceeds common belief. It is unlike the superstition of Spain, which is a jealous fanaticism, having reference to their catholicism, and always glancing on heresy. The popular superstition of Italy is the offspring of the climate, the old associations, the manners, and the very names of the places. It is pure paganism, undisturbed by any anxiety about orthodoxy, or animosity against heretics. Hence, it is much more good-natured and pleasing to a traveller's feelings, and certainly not a whit less like the true religion of our dear Lord than the gloomy idolatry of the Spaniards.

I well remember, when in Valetta in 1805, asking a boy who waited on me, what a certain procession, then passing, was, and his answering with great quickness, that it was Jesus Christ, *who lives here (sta di casa qui)*, and when he comes out, it is in the shape of a wafer. But, "Eccellenza," said

he, smiling and correcting himself, “ non è Cristiano. ” *

* The following anecdote related by Mr. Coleridge, in April, 1811, was preserved and communicated to me by my brother, I. T. Coleridge:—

“ As I was descending from Mount Ætna with a very lively talkative guide, we passed through a village (I think called) Nicolozzi, when the host happened to be passing through the street. Every one was prostrate; my guide became so; and, not to be singular, I went down also. After resuming our journey, I observed in my guide an unusual seriousness and long silence, which, after many *hums* and *hahs*, was interrupted by a low bow, and leave requested to ask a question. This was of course granted, and the ensuing dialogue took place. Guide. “ Signor, are you then a Christian?” Coleridge. “ I hope so.” G. “ What! are all Englishmen Christians?” C. “ I hope and trust they are.” G. “ What! are you not Turks? Are you not damned eternally?” C. “ I trust not, through Christ.” G. “ What! you believe in Christ then?” C. “ Certainly.” This answer produced another long silence. At length my guide again spoke, still doubting the grand point of my Christianity. G. “ I’m thinking, Signor, what is the difference between you and us, that you are to be certainly damned?” C. “ Nothing very material; nothing that can prevent our both going to heaven, I hope. We believe in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.” G. (interrupting me), “ Oh those damned priests! what liars they are! But (pausing) we can’t do without them; we can’t

July 30. 1831.

ASGILL. — THE FRENCH.

ASGILL was an extraordinary man, and his pamphlet* is invaluable. He undertook to prove that man is literally immortal; or, rather, that any given living man might pro-

go to heaven without them. But tell me, Signor, what *are* the differences?" C. "Why, for instance, we do not worship the Virgin." G. "And why not, Signor?" C. "Because, though holy and pure, we think her still a woman, and, therefore, do not pay her the honour due to God." G. "But do you not worship Jesus, who sits on the right hand of God?" C. "We do." G. "Then why not worship the Virgin, who sits on the left?" C. "I did not know she did. If you can show it me in the Scriptures, I shall readily agree to worship her." "Oh," said my man, with uncommon triumph, and cracking his fingers, "sicuro, Signor! sicuro, Signor!" — ED.

* "An argument proving, that, according to the covenant of eternal life, revealed in the Scriptures, man may be translated from hence, without passing through death, although the human nature of Christ himself could not be thus translated, till he had passed through death." Asgill died in the year 1738, in the King's Bench prison, where he had been a prisoner for debt thirty years. — ED.

bably never die. He complains of the cowardly practice of dying. He was expelled from two Houses of Commons for blasphemy and atheism, as was pretended;—I really suspect because he was a staunch Hanoverian. I expected to find the ravings of an enthusiast, or the sullen snarlings of an infidel; whereas I found the very soul of Swift—an intense half self-deceived humorism. I scarcely remember elsewhere such uncommon skill in logic, such lawyer-like acuteness, and yet such a grasp of common sense. Each of his paragraphs is in itself a whole, and yet a link between the preceding and following; so that the entire series forms one argument, and yet each is a diamond in itself.

Was there ever such a miserable scene as that of the exhibition of the Austrian standards in the French house of peers the other day?* Every other nation but the French

* When the allies were in Paris in 1815, all the Austrian standards were reclaimed. The answer was

would see that it was an exhibition of their own falsehood and cowardice. A man swears that the property intrusted to him is burnt, and then, when he is no longer afraid, produces it, and boasts of the atmosphere of "*honour*," through which the lie did not transpire.

Frenchmen are like grains of gunpowder, —each by itself smutty and contemptible, but mass them together and they are terrible indeed.

that they had been burnt by the soldiers at the Hôtel des Invalides. This was a lie. The Marquis de Semonville confessed with pride that he, knowing of the fraud, had concealed these standards, taken from Mack at Ulm in 1805, in a vault under the Luxemburg palace. "An inviolable asylum," said the Marquis in his speech to the peers, "formed in the vault of this hall has protected this treasure from every search. Vainly, during this long space of time, have the most authoritative researches endeavoured to penetrate the secret. It would have been culpable to reveal it, as long as we were liable to the demands of haughty foreigners. No one in this atmosphere of honour is capable of so great a weakness," &c. — ED.

August 1. 1831.

As there is much beast and some devil in man; so is there some angel and some God in him. The beast and the devil may be conquered, but in this life never destroyed.

I will defy any one to answer the arguments of a St. Simonist, except on the ground of Christianity — its precepts and its assurances.

August 6. 1831.

THE GOOD AND THE TRUE. — ROMISH
RELIGION.

THERE is the love of the good for the good's sake, and the love of the truth for the truth's sake. I have known many, especially women, love the good for the good's sake; but very few, indeed, and scarcely one woman, love the truth for the truth's sake. Yet

without the latter, the former may become, as it has a thousand times been, the source of persecution of the truth,—the pretext and motive of inquisitorial cruelty and party zealotry. To see clearly that the love of the good and the true is ultimately identical—is given only to those who love both sincerely and without any foreign ends.

Look through the whole history of countries professing the Romish religion, and you will uniformly find the leaven of this besetting and accursed principle of action — that the end will sanction any means.

August 8. 1831.

ENGLAND AND HOLLAND.

THE conduct of this country to King William of Holland has been, in my judgment, base and unprincipled beyond any thing in our history since the times of Charles the

Second. Certainly, Holland is one of the most important allies that England has; and we are doing our utmost to subject it, and Portugal, to French influence, or even dominion! Upon my word, the English people, at this moment, are like a man palsied in every part of his body but one, in which one part he is so morbidly sensitive that he cannot bear to have it so much as breathed upon, whilst you may pinch him with a hot forceps elsewhere without his taking any notice of it.

August 8. 1831.

IRON. — GALVANISM. — HEAT.

IRON is the most ductile of all hard metals, and the hardest of all ductile metals. With the exception of nickel, in which it is dimly seen, iron is the only metal in which the magnetic power is visible. Indeed, it is almost impossible to purify nickel of iron.

Galvanism is the union of electricity and magnetism, and, by being continuous, it exhibits an image of life; — I say, an image only: it is life in death.

Heat is the mesothesis or indifference of light and matter.

August 14. 1831.

NATIONAL COLONIAL CHARACTER, AND
NAVAL DISCIPLINE.

THE character of most nations in their colonial dependencies is in an inverse ratio of excellence to their character at home. The best people in the mother-country will generally be the worst in the colonies; the worst at home will be the best abroad. Or, perhaps, I may state it less offensively thus: — The colonists of a well-governed country will degenerate; those of an ill-governed country

will improve. I am now considering the natural tendency of such colonists if left to themselves; of course, a direct act of the legislature of the mother-country will break in upon this. Where this tendency is exemplified, the cause is obvious. In countries well-governed and happily conditioned, none, or very few, but those who are desperate through vice or folly, or who are mere trading adventurers, will be willing to leave their homes and settle in another hemisphere; and of those who do go, the best and worthiest are always striving to acquire the means of leaving the colony, and of returning to their native land. In ill-governed and ill-conditioned countries, on the contrary, the most respectable of the people are willing and anxious to emigrate for the chance of greater security and enlarged freedom; and, if they succeed in obtaining these blessings in almost any degree, they have little inducement, on the average, to wish to abandon their second and better country. Hence, in the former case, the colonists consider themselves as

mere strangers, sojourners, birds of passage, and shift to live from hand to mouth, with little regard to lasting improvement of the place of their temporary commerce; whilst, in the latter case, men feel attached to a community to which they are individually indebted for otherwise unattainable benefits, and for the most part learn to regard it as their abode, and to make themselves as happy and comfortable in it as possible. I believe that the internal condition and character of the English and French West India islands of the last century amply verified this distinction; the Dutch colonists most certainly did, and have always done.

Analogous to this, though not founded on precisely the same principle, is the fact that the severest naval discipline is always found in the ships of the freest nations, and the most lax discipline in the ships of the most oppressed. Hence, the naval discipline of the Americans is the sharpest; then that of

the English* ; then that of the French (I speak as it used to be) ; and on board a Spanish ship, there is no discipline at all.

* This expression needs explanation. It *looks* as if Mr. Coleridge rated the degree of liberty enjoyed by the English, *after* that of the citizens of the United States ; but he meant no such thing. His meaning was, that the form of government of the latter was more democratic, and formally assigned more power to each individual. The Americans, as a nation, had no better friend in England than Coleridge ; he contemplated their growth with interest, and prophesied highly of their destiny, whether under their present or other governments. But he well knew their besetting faults and their peculiar difficulties, and was most deliberately of opinion that the English had, for 130 years last past, possessed a measure of individual freedom and social dignity which had never been equalled, much less surpassed, in any other country ancient or modern. There is a passage in Mr. Coleridge's latest publication (*Church and State*), which clearly expresses his opinion upon this subject :—“ It has been frequently and truly observed, that in England, where the ground-plan, the skeleton, as it were, of the government is a monarchy, at once buttressed and limited by the aristocracy (the assertions of its popular character finding a better support in the harangues and theories of popular men, than in state documents, and the records of clear history), a far greater degree of liberty is, and long has been, enjoyed, than ever existed in the

August 15. 1831.

ENGLAND.—HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.

I CANNOT contain my indignation at the conduct of our government towards Holland.

ostensibly freest, that is, most democratic, commonwealths of ancient or modern times; greater, indeed, and with a more decisive predominance of the spirit of freedom, than the wisest and most philanthropic statesmen of antiquity, or than the great commonwealth's-men,—the stars of that narrow interspace of blue sky between the black clouds of the first and second Charles's reigns—believed compatible, the one with the safety of the state, the other with the interests of morality. Yes! for little less than a century and a half, Englishmen have, collectively and individually, lived and acted with fewer restraints on their free-agency, than the citizens of any known republic, past or present." (p. 120.) Upon which he subjoins the following note:—"It will be thought, perhaps, that the United States of North America should have been excepted. But the identity of stock, language, customs, manners, and laws scarcely allows us to consider this an exception, even though it were quite certain both that it is and that it will continue such. It was at all events a remark worth remembering, which I once heard from a traveller (a prejudiced one, I must

They have undoubtedly forgotten the true and well-recognised policy of this country in regard to Portugal in permitting the war faction in France to take possession of the Tagus, and to bully the Portuguese upon so flimsy — indeed, false — a pretext * ; yet, in this instance, something may be said for them. Miguel is such a wretch, that I acknowledge a sort of morality in leaving him to be cuffed and insulted ; though, of course, this is a poor answer to a statesman who alleges the interest and policy of the country. But, as to the Dutch and King William : the first, as a nation, the most ancient ally, the *alter idem* of England, the best deserving of the cause of freedom and religion and morality

admit), that where every man may take liberties, there is little liberty for any man ; or, that where every man takes liberties, no man can enjoy any." (p. 121.) See also a passage to the like effect in the *Friend*, vol. i. p. 129. — ED.

* Meaning, principally, the whipping, so richly deserved, inflicted on a Frenchman called Bonhomme, for committing a disgusting breach of common decency in the cathedral of Coimbra, during divine service in Passion Week. — ED.

of any people in Europe; and the second, the very best sovereign now in Christendom, with, perhaps, the single exception of the excellent king of Sweden*;—was ever any thing so mean and cowardly as the behaviour of England! The Five Powers have, throughout this conference, been actuated exclusively by a selfish desire to preserve peace—I should rather say, to smother war—at the expense of a most valuable but inferior power. They have over and over again acknowledged the justice of the Dutch claims, and the absurdity of the Belgian pretences; but as the Belgians were also as impudent as they were iniquitous,—as they would not yield *their* point, why then—that peace may be preserved—the Dutch must yield theirs! A foreign prince comes into Belgium, pending these negotiations, and takes an unqualified

* “ Every thing that I have heard or read of this sovereign has contributed to the impression on my mind, that he is a good and a wise man, and worthy to be the king of a virtuous people, the purest specimen of the Gothic race.” — *Church and State*, p. 125. n. — ED.

oath to maintain the Belgian demands:— what could King William or the Dutch do, if they ever thereafter meant to call themselves independent, but resist and resent this outrage to the uttermost? It was a crisis in which every consideration of state became inferior to the strong sense and duty of national honour. When, indeed, the French appear in the field, King William retires. “I now see,” he may say, “that the powers of Europe are determined to abet the Belgians. The justice of such a proceeding I leave to their conscience and the decision of history. It is now no longer a question whether I am tamely to submit to rebels and a usurper; it is no longer a quarrel between Holland and Belgium: it is an alliance of all Europe against Holland,—in which case I yield. I have no desire to sacrifice my people.”

When Leopold said that he was called to “*reign over* four millions of noble Belgians,” I thought the phrase would have been more germane to the matter, if he had said that he

was called to “*rein in* four million restive asses.”

August 20. 1831.

GREATEST HAPPINESS PRINCIPLE. —
HOBBISM.

O. P. Q. in the Morning Chronicle is a clever fellow. He is for the greatest possible happiness for the greatest possible number, and for the longest possible time! So am I; so are you, and every one of us, I will venture to say, round the tea-table. First, however, what does O. P. Q. mean by the word *happiness*? and, secondly, how does he propose to make other persons agree in *his* definition of the term? Don't you see the ridiculous absurdity of setting up *that* as a principle or motive of action, which is, in fact, a necessary and essential instinct of our very nature — an inborn and inextinguishable desire? How

can creatures susceptible of pleasure and pain do otherwise than desire happiness? But, *what* happiness? That is the question. The American savage, in scalping his fallen enemy, pursues *his* happiness naturally and adequately. A Chickasaw, or Pawnee Bentham, or O. P. Q., would necessarily hope for the most frequent opportunities possible of scalping the greatest possible number of savages, for the longest possible time. There is no escaping this absurdity, unless you come back to a standard of reason and duty, imperative upon our merely pleasurable sensations. Oh! but, says O. P. Q., I am for the happiness of *others!* Of others! Are you, indeed? Well, I happen to be one of those *others*, and, so far as I can judge from what you show me of your habits and views, I would rather be excused from your banquet of happiness. *Your* mode of happiness would make *me* miserable. To go about doing as much *good* as possible to as many men as possible, is, indeed, an excellent object for a man to propose to himself; but then, in order

that you may not sacrifice the real good and happiness of others to your particular views, which may be quite different from your neighbour's, you must do *that* good to others, which the reason, common to all, pronounces to be good for all. In this sense your fine maxim is so very true as to be a mere truism.

So you object, with old Hobbes, that I do good actions *for* the pleasure of a good conscience; and so, after all, I am only a refined sensualist! Heaven bless you, and mend your logic! Don't you see that if conscience, which is in its nature a consequence, were thus anticipated and made an antecedent — a party instead of a judge — it would dishonour your draft upon it — it would not pay on demand? Don't you see that, in truth, the very fact of acting with this motive properly and logically destroys all claim upon conscience to give you any pleasure at all?

August 22. 1831.

THE TWO MODES OF POLITICAL ACTION.

THERE are many able and patriotic men in the House of Commons — Sir Robert Inglis, Sir Robert Peel, and some others. But I grieve that they never have the courage or the wisdom — I know not in which the failure is — to take their stand upon duty, and to appeal to all men as men,—to the Good and the True, which exist for *all*, and of which *all* have an apprehension. They always set to work—especially, his great eminence considered, Sir Robert Peel — by addressing themselves to individual interests; the measure will be injurious to the linen-draper, or to the bricklayers; or this clause will bear hard on bobbin-net or poplins, and so forth. Whereas their adversaries — the demagogues — always work on the opposite principle: they always appeal to men as men; and, as you know, the most terrible convulsions in society have been wrought by such phrases as

Rights of Man, Sovereignty of the People, &c. which no one understands, which apply to no one in particular, but to all in general.* The

* “ It is with nations as with individuals. In tranquil moods and peaceable times we are quite *practical*: facts only, and cool common sense are then in fashion. But let the winds of passion swell, and straightway men begin to generalise, to connect by remotest analogies, to express the most universal positions of reason in the most glowing figures of fancy; in short, to feel particular truths and mere facts as poor, cold, narrow, and incommensurate with their feelings.”—*Statesman's Manual*, p. 18.

“ It seems a paradox only to the unthinking, and it is a fact that none but the unread in history will deny, that, in periods of popular tumult and innovation, the more abstract a notion is, the more readily has it been found to combine, the closer has appeared its affinity with the feelings of a people, and with all their immediate impulses to action. At the commencement of the French Revolution, in the remotest villages every tongue was employed in echoing and enforcing the almost geometrical abstractions of the physiocratic politicians and economists. The public roads were crowded with armed enthusiasts, disputing on the inalienable sovereignty of the people, the imprescriptible laws of the pure reason, and the universal constitution, which, as rising out of the nature and rights of man as man, all nations alike were under the obligation of adopting.”—*Statesman's Manual*.

devil works precisely in the same way. He is a very clever fellow; I have no acquaintance with him, but I respect his evident talents. Consistent truth and goodness will assuredly in the end overcome every thing; but inconsistent good can never be a match for consistent evil. Alas! I look in vain for some wise and vigorous man to sound the word Duty in the ears of this generation.

August 24. 1831.

TRUTHS AND MAXIMS.

THE English public is not yet ripe to comprehend the essential difference between the reason and the understanding — between a principle and a maxim — an eternal truth and a mere conclusion generalised from a great number of facts. A man, having seen a million moss roses all red, concludes from his own experience and that of others that all moss roses are red. That is a maxim

with him — the *greatest* amount of his knowledge upon the subject. But it is only true until some gardener has produced a white moss rose, — after which the maxim is good for nothing. Again, suppose Adam watching the sun sinking under the western horizon for the first time; he is seized with gloom and terror, relieved by scarce a ray of hope that he shall ever see the glorious light again. The next evening, when it declines, his hopes are stronger, but still mixed with fear; and even at the end of a thousand years, all that a man can feel is, a hope and an expectation so strong as to preclude anxiety. Now compare this in its highest degree with the assurance which you have that the two sides of any triangle are together greater than the third. This, demonstrated of one triangle, is seen to be eternally true of all imaginable triangles. This is a truth perceived at once by the intuitive reason, independently of experience. It is, and must ever be so, multiply and vary the shapes and sizes of triangles as you may.

It used to be said that four and five *make* nine. Locke says, that four and five *are* nine. Now I say, that four and five *are not* nine, but that they will *make* nine. When I see four objects which will form a square, and five which will form a pentagon, I see that they are two different things; when combined, they will form a third different figure which we call nine. When separate they *are not* it, but will *make* it.

September 11. 1831.

DRAYTON AND DANIEL.

DRAYTON is a sweet poet, and Selden's notes to the early part of the *Polyolbion* are well worth your perusal. Daniel is a superior man; his diction is pre-eminently pure, — of that quality which I believe has always existed somewhere in society. It is just such English, without any alteration, as Wordsworth or Sir George Beaumont

might have spoken or written in the present day.

Yet there are instances of sublimity in Drayton. When deploring the cutting down of some of our old forests, he says, in language which reminds the reader of Lear, written subsequently, and also of several passages in Mr. Wordsworth's poems: —

—— “our trees so hack'd above the ground,
That where their lofty tops the neighbouring countries
crown'd,
Their trunks (like aged folks) now bare and naked
stand,
As for revenge to Heaven each held a wither'd hand.” *

That is very fine.

* Polyol. VII.

“ He (Drayton) was a poet by nature, and carefully improved his talent; one who sedulously laboured to deserve the approbation of such as were capable of appreciating and cared nothing for the censures which others might pass upon him.” ‘ Like me that list,’ he says,

—— ‘ my honest rhymes
Nor care for critics, nor regard the times.’

And though he is not a poet *virum volitare per ora*, nor one of those whose better fortune it is to live in the hearts of their devoted admirers, — yet what he deemed his greatest work will be preserved by its subject;

some of his minor poems have merit enough in their execution to ensure their preservation, and no one who studies poetry as an art will think his time mispent in perusing the whole, if he have any real love for the art he is pursuing. The youth who enters upon that pursuit without a feeling of respect and gratitude for those elder poets, who by their labours have prepared the way for him, is not likely to produce any thing himself that will be held in remembrance by posterity." — *The Doctor, &c.* c. 36. P. I.

I heartily trust that the author or authors, as the case may be, of this singularly thoughtful and diverting book will in due time continue it. Let some people say what they please, there has not been the fellow of it published for many a long day. — ED.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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



