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BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA

By S. T. COLERIDGE

EDITED

WITH HIS AESTHETICAL ESSAYS

BY

J. SHAWCROSS

VOLUME I

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PREFACE

THE aim of the present edition of Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria* is to furnish an accurate reprint of the edition of 1817, with such additional matter as may contribute to a fuller understanding of the text. For this purpose there have been appended, first, a reprint of Coleridge's strictly aesthetical writings; secondly, notes elucidatory of the text; and thirdly, an introductory essay dealing with Coleridge's theory of the imagination.

The only annotated edition of the *Biographia Literaria* hitherto published is the second edition of 1847, edited by Coleridge's daughter and son-in-law, and now long out of print. The notes on the philosophical portion of the text in this edition are very exhaustive, and I have found them of great assistance in preparing my own; but, as a whole, the edition does not meet the needs of the reader of to-day. My own aim has been to provide such a commentary on the text as will prove serviceable both to philosophical and to literary students; and, above all, to furnish adequate references to other passages in Coleridge's published writings on the various topics dealt with in the text, and thus to illustrate the continuity of his opinions, especially as they regard the nature of art and the principles of artistic criticism.

It cannot, I think, be said that Coleridge's philosophy of art has ever received in England the consideration which it deserves. For this neglect many causes might be

suggested: the chief of them are probably the languid interest which attaches to questions of aesthetic, and the prejudice existing with regard to all Coleridge's speculative writings, that they are dearly purchased at the expense of more poetry of the type of *Christabel* or *The Ancient Mariner*. This prejudice is an old one, and has received some countenance from Coleridge himself; but it is not confirmed by the facts of his life, nor, if it were, would it justify the neglect of his actual production.

Another reason is, perhaps, to be found in the fragmentary nature of his aesthetic. This, again, is a defect which attaches to all Coleridge's speculations. But it must be remembered that the very qualities in his genius, to which his writings owe their vitality, were antagonistic to complete and systematic exposition. Coleridge was essentially a teacher, and conscious of a message to his age; and his examination of principles was rarely directed by a purely speculative interest. The search for a criterion of poetry involved him in the wider search for a criterion of life. His theory of the imagination, upon which his whole art-philosophy hinges, was primarily the vindication of a particular attitude to life and reality. This width of vision was fatal to his success as a specialist; but while it vastly increases the general interest of his views, it by no means lessens their value for the artist and the critic.

It is this significance of the imagination, as Coleridge conceived it, which I have endeavoured, in the following introduction, to set forth and explain. In particular I have aimed at tracing the development of the conception in his mind, and at showing that it was a natural growth of his genius, fostered, as every growth must be, by such external influences as it found truly congenial. In this connexion it was impossible to ignore Coleridge's relation to German thought; and I have dealt at some length with his

affinities to Kant and Schelling. But an investigation of the exact amount and nature of his debt to German contemporaries would be a task of but doubtful value or success. Nothing, I believe, is more remarkable with regard to Coleridge than the comparatively early maturity of his ideas, or, as a less favourable judgement may interpret it, their too rapid crystallization. And it is least questionable whether the influence of German thought did not after a certain point tend more to arrest than to stimulate his mental growth.

The student of Coleridge's position in his earlier life is placed at some disadvantage by the paucity of material on which to depend. Until he was nearly forty years of age, Coleridge gave no public expression in writing to his critical or philosophical views. Of his earlier lectures the remains are scanty in the extreme. We are therefore thrown back, for our sources of information, on the private correspondence of these years, the detached utterances of his notebooks, the poems, and the *Biographia Literaria* itself; and even of this material a considerable portion is yet in manuscript. In availing myself of the published sources, I have endeavoured to base my conclusions on the evidence before me, and as far as possible to avoid giving currency to mere conjecture.

My obligations to past and present writers upon Coleridge, and editors of his writings, are too numerous to be recorded in detail here. In the notes and elsewhere I have endeavoured to give full references to my authorities, and these will provide the best evidence of my indebtedness. But to those personal friends who have helped me with advice and criticism I should like to record my thanks, and in particular to my brother-in-law Mr. Ernest de Sélincourt, whose ripe knowledge of the period and sure critical insight I have found of the greatest service throughout, and especially so in dealing with the contro-

versy on poetic diction. It will hardly be necessary to add that for such errors as I have fallen into I am alone and entirely responsible. My acknowledgements are also due to the Trustees of Dr. Williams's Library for kindly allowing me to consult the manuscript of H. C. Robinson's Diaries; while to the readers of the Clarendon Press I am indebted for much valuable assistance in the correction of proofs.

The circumstances leading to the composition of the *Biographia Literaria* could not be fully dealt with in the Introduction itself without too marked a digression from the main theme. I have therefore made them the subject of a Supplementary Note, which will be found appended to the Introduction.

1907.

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INTRODUCTION

I. Early Years.

The autobiographical letters, which Coleridge addressed to his friend Thomas Poole,[1] and meant for no eye but his, have preserved for posterity an invaluable record of his early mental life. They reveal to us the future transcendentalist in surroundings peculiarly fitted to nourish his congenital temper. A fretful, sensitive, and passionate child, Coleridge at all times shunned the companionship of his playmates, and substituted for their pastimes a world of his own creation. To this world, fashioned largely from the *Arabian Nights*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and other works of wonder and fantasy, he attached a livelier faith than to the actual world of his senses. And when his father discoursed to him of the stars, dwelling upon their magnitude and their wondrous motions, he heard the tale 'with a profound delight and admiration' but without the least impulse to question its veracity. 'My mind had been habituated to the *vast*, and I never regarded *my senses* as the criteria of my belief. I regulated all my creeds by my conceptions, not by my sight, even at that age.' Nor did the habit of self-detachment from the actual world, thus early acquired, make of Coleridge a mere day-dreamer, the slave of his fancies: it served, in his own opinion, an educational end of the highest value. 'Should children,' he asks in the same letter, 'be permitted to read romances and relations of giants and magi-

[1] See *Letters of S. T. Coleridge*, edited by E. H. Coleridge, i. 4–21.

cians and genii?' And he answers, 'I have formed my faith in the affirmative. I know no other way of giving the mind a love of the Great and the Whole.' For those (he adds) who are educated through the senses 'seem to want a sense which I possess. . . . The universe to them is but a mass of little things'.[1] It is evident that the attitude of the empiricist, the avowed or actual self-surrender of the mind to the disconnected impressions of sense, was foreign to Coleridge from the first.

In his ninth year Coleridge migrated to Christ's Hospital: and here the same habit of self-abstraction from his visible surroundings enforced itself. In the first impulse of home-sickness, he was absorbed in memories of the scenes from which he was so early doomed to be parted for ever: then, as this yearning gradually abated, the passion for speculation took its place, and he made his first acquaintance with the philosophy of mysticism in the writings of the Neo-platonists.[2] But almost at the same time the world of phenomena claimed his attention. The arrival of his brother Luke in London to study at the London Hospital gave a new direction to his thoughts, and soon he was deep in all the medical literature on which he could lay his hands. Such reading, as we can readily understand, seemed to reveal to him a new interpretation of things, an interpretation which it was so difficult to bring into line with his idealistic speculations that it practically remained unaffected by them. Hence the transition to Voltaire was easy. 'After I had read Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary*, I sported infidel: but my infidel vanity never touched my heart.'[3] Thus early was he awakened to consciousness of that inward discord which it was the task of his life

[1] *Letters*, ib. p. 16.
[2] See Lamb's Essay, *Christ's Hospital five-and-thirty years ago.*
[3] Gillman's *Life of Coleridge*, p. 23.

to explain and to resolve—the discord engendered by the opposing claims of the senses and intellect on the one hand, and of what he here chooses to call *the heart* on the other.

Meantime Coleridge's poetical faculty lay for a long time dormant; for the contributions to Boyer's album were regarded by him as little more than mechanical exercises. Nor could any genuine inspiration be looked for without a previous quickening of his emotional life, sufficiently intense to call for the relief of self-expression. This needful stirring of the heart soon came, however, and from two sources, the poetry of Bowles, and his attachment to Mary Evans; a juxtaposition which need not occasion a smile, if we remember that in Bowles's sonnets Coleridge found the first genuinely unconventional treatment of Nature, the first genuine stimulus to an understanding of her 'perpetual revelation'.

With the exercise of his poetical powers came also the first attempts at an analysis of the nature of poetry. This interest he owed to the judicious training of Boyer, which had also a salutary effect on Coleridge's own artistic methods. From Boyer he learnt 'that poetry, even that of the loftiest, and, seemingly, that of the wildest odes, had a logic of its own as severe as that of science and more difficult, because more subtle, more complex, and dependent on more fugitive causes'.[1] A new and attractive field of inquiry was thus opened out to him: and in the last year of his school-life, and the early ones of his residence at Cambridge, he devoted much speculative energy 'to a solid foundation (of poetical criticism) on which permanently to ground my opinions, in the component faculties of the human mind itself, and their comparative dignity and importance'.[2] These speculations, although they bore

[1] *Biog. Lit.* i. 4.

[2] *Ib.* i. 14.

little fruit at the time, are yet worthy of note; for they show how early the habit was formed in him of applying philosophical principles to his criticism of poetry and art. Especially interesting is it to observe, in view of the later distinction between the fancy and the imagination, that he at this time busied himself with investigations of 'the faculty or source from which the pleasure given by any poem or passage was derived', as a criterion of the merits of the poem in question.[1]

In the years following his matriculation at Cambridge, Coleridge's interests were too many and too diverse to allow of remarkable achievement in any particular direction. Poetry, politics, theology, science, and metaphysics all engaged him in their turn. His predominant interest, especially after the meeting with Southey and the maturing of the scheme of Pantisocracy, lay no doubt in political and social reform—a discouraging atmosphere, as Goethe says, for the poet, and equally so for the philosopher. Yet his unbounded mental activity could embrace all these pursuits. At Cambridge he joined a literary society, wrote essays (unfortunately lost) to vindicate Shakespeare's art, and projected works of literary criticism. Meantime his speculations maintained their twofold character. It is probably in these years that to the study of Plato and the Neo-platonists was added that of Jacob Boehme and other of the Christian mystics: while on Voltaire, in rapid succession, followed Locke, Berkeley, Leibnitz, and Hartley.[2] Of these philosophers the last appears to have influenced him most: and for some years he was an avowed Hartleian, claiming to go even farther than Hartley himself as a necessitarian,[3] inasmuch as he believed 'the corporeality of thought, namely, that it is motion'. To this effect he wrote to Southey in 1794: and

[1] *Biog. Lit.* i. 14. [2] *Ib.* i. 93.
[3] *Letters*, i. 113.

two years later he named his eldest child after this same 'great master of Christian Philosophy'. The power which Hartley's theories thus undoubtedly exercised over him must no doubt, as in the case of Voltaire, be ascribed to Coleridge's inability at this time to test the validity of the premises which they involved, and to the convincing power which (the premises once granted) would lie in the logical coherence of the arguments and the consistency with which the same principle is applied throughout the system. A further attraction lay in the fact that Hartley, with all his materialism, was a profound believer, and that Coleridge at this time was unable to divine the contradiction involved in such a state of mind, which was indeed his own. For never for one moment, when once his early access of infidelity had passed away, did Coleridge waver in his religious faith. 'The arguments (of Dr. Darwin) against the existence of a God and the evidences of revealed religion,' he writes in 1796, 'were such as had startled me at fifteen, but had become the objects of my smile at twenty':[1] and his correspondence with the atheist John Thelwall, before and during the Stowey period, is animated by a deep religious fervour. The claims of his heart and intellect thus became diametrically opposed; but it was impossible that Coleridge should continue to offer an equal allegiance to both. Nor could it be long doubtful on which side the victory would lie. To minds such as his, the vividness of any conscious experience is the measure of its truth: and as the conclusions of his intellect, while they remained intellectually irrefutable, failed to satisfy his spiritual needs, Coleridge was driven to question the trustworthiness of the intellect as a universal guide. This attitude of distrust was fostered by the writings of the Mystics, who gave him

[1] *Letters*, i. 162. Yet it was many years before Coleridge embraced any definite form of doctrine. See *Biog. Lit.* i. 136, l. 30 and note.

'an indistinct, yet stirring and working presentiment, that the products of the more reflective faculty partook of death', and so enabled him 'to skirt, without crossing, the sandy deserts of unbelief'.[1] Hence it is that when, during the years of his retirement at Stowey[2] (the Pantisocratic enthusiasm now dead), he devoted his thoughts to 'the foundations of religion and morals', the doubts which assailed him were directed against the human intellect as an organ of final truths, not against those truths themselves. 'I became convinced,' he writes, 'that the evidence of the doctrines of religion could not, like the truths of abstract science, be wholly independent of the will.' 'If the mere intellect could make no certain discovery of a holy and intelligent first cause, it might yet supply a demonstration that no legitimate argument could be drawn from the intellect against its truth.'[3] It is significant to note that in thus turning the intellect against itself, and causing it to assign bounds to the sphere of its own validity, Coleridge, still a stranger to Kant, is adopting the critical attitude. For Kant he is further preparing himself by his recognition of the importance of the Will, of self-activity, in the attainment of truth—the conviction that a *moral act* is indispensable to bring us into contact with reality. This conviction, if he owed it partly to his training in idealism, was also forced upon him by experiences whose very strength was the testimony of their truth—the experiences of his religious, his moral, and also of his imaginative self, in all of which he was conscious that his will was not merely active, but in a sense even originative.

To the record of his mental state during this period contained in the *Biographia Literaria* may be added the

[1] *Biog. Lit.* i. 98.
[2] Coleridge settled at Nether Stowey on Dec. 30, 1796.
[3] *Biog. Lit.* i. 135.

evidence of the poems which belong to it. These of themselves are sufficient to show us that his professed adherence to the necessitarian doctrines of his day was by no means the genuine conviction of his whole being. The *Religious Musings*, completed before his retirement to Stowey, breathe (in spite of their rhetoric and tentative metaphysics) a spirit of more settled faith than he was to know again for many a year. Not by any process of reasoning, but by a direct intuitional act, the poet feels himself brought into communion with a reality itself emotional, the 'one omnipresent mind' whose 'most holy name is Love'. To this Love the soul must be 'attracted and absorbed'.

> Till by exclusive consciousness of God
> All self-annihilated, it shall make
> God its identity! God all in all!

In later years Coleridge was to assign to this 'exclusive consciousness' a distinct faculty of the soul: what concerns us here is that he regards the attainment of this highest consciousness as consequent upon an act, a volitional effort, in which the finite mind is brought into direct contact with an infinite whose essence, as Love, is itself activity.[1] It is in this faith that he denounces the futile endeavours and the inevitable tendencies of a philosophy which seeks in physical manifestations a complete solution of the questionings of the soul—the attempts of those who (as he wrote in another poem of this period)[2]

[1] *Religious Musings*, ll. 42-4.

[2] *The Destiny of Nations*, pub. 1797, ll. 27 ff. It seems not improbable that Coleridge, both in this poem and in the *Religious Musings*, has in mind (among a mixture of theories) the central notion of Boehme's philosophy, in which he anticipates Schelling—that of self-distinction as the essence of spiritual life. Cp. letter to Thelwall, Dec. 1796, 'I have rather made up my mind that I am a mere apparition, a naked spirit, and that life is, I myself I' (*Letters*, i. 211). No doubt he was also influenced by the Hebrew conception of Deity.

> Within this gross and visible sphere
> Chain down the winged thoughts, scoffing ascent,
> Proud in their meanness: and themselves they cheat
> With noisy emptiness of learned phrase,
> Their subtle fluids, impacts, essences,
> . . . . . .
> Untenanting creation of its God;

and his sense of the inadequacy, if not impiety, of all speculations of the intellect, the 'shapings of the unregenerate mind', is expressed in a letter written at the end of 1796 to Benjamin Flower, 'I found no comfort till it pleased the unimaginable high and lofty one to make my heart more tender in regard of religious feelings. My metaphysical theories lay before me in the hour of anguish as toys by the bedside of a child deadly sick.'[1]

But it was not through his religious, nor his moral feelings alone, that Coleridge received assurance of a reality transcending that of the senses. This sensible world itself, impenetrable as its meaning remained to the mere 'sciential reason', might yet, if viewed under another aspect and by another faculty, confirm the witness of morality and religion. It is of this faculty that Coleridge is thinking when, in the letter to Poole above quoted, he remarks that those educated through the senses 'seem to want a sense which I possess. . . . The universe to them is but a mass of little things'. And with the same thought he writes to Thelwall in the autumn of 1797, 'The universe itself, what but an immense heap of little things? . . . My mind feels as if it ached to behold and know something *great*, something *one* and *indivisible*. And it is only in the faith of that, that rocks or waterfalls, mountains or caverns, give me the sense of sub-

[1] The same expression occurs in one of the manuscript notebooks of this period.

limity or majesty! But in this faith *all things* counterfeit infinity!'[1]

This sense or faculty, for which the finite object counterfeits or symbolizes the infinite, the material part embodies the immaterial whole, is a peculiar possession, a thing 'which others want'. It is in fact, though Coleridge has not yet consciously defined it thus, the imaginative faculty, which, if allied with creative power, makes the poet—which is indeed in a sense creative, wherever it exists. But the imaginative interpretation of nature is not necessarily in all minds the same. It may lead to pantheism. With Coleridge this was impossible because, as we have seen, he placed the exclusive, transcendent consciousness of God above all other forms of consciousness. To him, therefore, the beautiful in nature was necessarily regarded as symbolic of a spiritual reality, but not coexistent with it, nor yet an essential medium to its fruition. It is at best a reflection by which we are aided to a deeper knowledge of the reality: for, as he writes,

> All that meets the bodily sense I deem
> Symbolical, one mighty alphabet
> To infant minds; and we in this low world
> Placed with our backs to bright reality,
> That we might learn with young unwounded ken
> The substance from the shadow.[2]

Thus individual objects, which to the intellect appear merely as parts of an undiscoverable whole, are to the gaze of imaginative faith the symbol of that totality which is its object. Through the medium of phenomena spirit meets spirit; but in that contact the symbol is forgotten,

[1] *Letters*, p. 228. It is interesting to compare Schelling's words in the *Transcendental Idealism* (quoted on p. lxviii.) that 'every single work of art represents Infinity'.

[2] *Destiny of Nations*, ll. 17 ff. A similar figure is found in Goethe, *Faust*, Pt. II, First Monologue: 'So bleibe mir die Sonne stets *im Rücken*,' and ib., 'Am farb'gen *Abglanz* haben wir das Leben.'

the means is discarded in the attainment of the end; or if it still abides in consciousness with the reality which it figures forth, yet its presence is secondary and subordinate. Such a spiritual experience does the poet prophesy for one who, with heart rightly attuned,

> Might lie on fern or withered heath,
> While from the singing lark (that sings unseen
> The minstrelsy that solitude loves best)
> And from the sun, and from the breezy air,
> Sweet influences trembled o'er his frame:
> And he with many feelings, many thoughts,
> Made up a meditative joy, and found
> Religious meanings in the forms of nature:
> Till all his senses gradually wrapt
> In a half-sleep, he dreams of better worlds
> *And dreaming hears thee still, O singing Lark,*
> *That singest like an angel in the clouds!*[1]

The symbol is still present, but now only co-present with the direct consciousness of the ideal.

The symbolic interpretation of nature, and the symbolic use of natural images, was thus a fact and an object of reflection to Coleridge, even before the period of his settlement at Stowey, but we have no evidence that he had before that date assigned a definite faculty to this sphere of mental activity, or named that faculty the imagination. Indeed, a letter to Thelwall, written immediately before the migration to Stowey, seems to preclude such an hypothesis. In this letter he speaks of the imagery of the Scriptures as 'the highest exercise of the *fancy*': yet it is this very imagery which at a later date, in comparing the fancy with imagination, he adduces as an example of the latter power. There can, however, be no doubt that the conception of beauty, as the revelation of spirit through matter, had been fostered in him many years before through the study

[1] *Fears in Solitude*, 1798, ll. 17-27. The italics are of course mine.

of Plato and the Neo-platonists: and his habit of psychological research, influenced by the psychological methods of those days, must have urged him to assign to a definite faculty this particular mode of apprehending objects. But for the choice of the term imagination he had no warranty in the practice of English philosophy: nor did its etymology suggest such an application. Further, it must be borne in mind that Coleridge's speculations in the years previous to the closer intercourse with Wordsworth (which dates from the summer of 1797) were as much concerned with religion and metaphysic as with aesthetic proper. Hence we cannot wonder if his analysis of the poetic faculties proved a long and difficult task.

According to his own account in the *Biographia Literaria*, it was during the recital by Wordsworth of a certain poem[1] that Coleridge first awoke to the sense of a specific quality, which this poem exhibited in a marked degree. He was peculiarly struck by its exhibition of 'the original gift of spreading the tone, the atmosphere, and with it the depth and height of the ideal world, around forms, incidents, and situations of which, for the common view, custom had bedimmed all the lustre, had dried up the sparkle and the dewdrops'.[2] This quality, to whose existence his attention was first drawn in a concrete example of it, Coleridge no sooner felt than he sought to understand. 'Repeated meditations,' he adds, 'led me first to suspect (and a more intimate analysis of the human faculties, their appropriate marks, functions, and effects, matured my conjecture into full conviction) that fancy and imagination were two distinct and widely different faculties, instead of being, according to the general belief, either two

[1] See *Biog. Lit.* i. 58, and note.

[2] *Biog. Lit.* i. p. 59. The definition belongs of course to a later date.

names with one meaning, or, at furthest, the lowest and highest degree of the same power.'[1]

If Coleridge's memory is to be trusted, the birth of this new conviction must be assigned to the year 1796, some eighteen months previous to the time of his real intimacy with Wordsworth. If the intervening period was devoted to this 'more intimate analysis of the human faculties', we may perhaps conclude that when their closer intercourse actually began, the distinction of fancy and imagination had been, to some extent, definitely formulated by Coleridge. Certainly it was his own belief that he, and not Wordsworth or any other, was the originator of the distinction.[2] When once it was made, however, its fuller elaboration and application in the concrete would no doubt form a frequent subject of the daily discussions at Stowey and Alfoxden. But whereas (the *Biographia Literaria* is again our witness) Wordsworth's interest in the distinction regarded chiefly its manifestations in poetry, the object of Coleridge, both then and later, was 'to investigate the seminal principle'. Of these two aspects of the matter, it seems probable that the former only was actually discussed between them. For in their discussions they were guided by a practical rather than a speculative aim: by no less an aim, indeed, than the initiation of a genuine poetry. And the function of such a poetry as they conceived it was to add 'the interest of novelty' to common appearances, not by arbitrarily distorting them into the fashion of an unreal world, but by a treatment of them which, faithful in externals, should yet reveal their underlying significance.

This mutual interpenetration of natural and supernatural was to be achieved in a twofold manner. To Coleridge was assigned the task of attaching a human interest to incidents and agents 'in part at least super-

[1] *Biog. Lit.* i. 60. [2] *Ib.* i. 63.

natural' 'by the dramatic truth of such emotions as would naturally accompany such situations supposing them real';[1] to Wordsworth that of 'directing the mind's attention to the loveliness and wonders of the world before us'. But both tasks demanded the exercise of one and the same faculty. This faculty, whose 'modifying colours' they compared to 'the sudden charm, which accidents of light and shade, which moonlight or sunset diffused over a known and familiar landscape', is none other than the imagination.[2]

The question here naturally suggests itself, to what extent the poems, written in this first period of the poets' intimacy, represent the conscious application of theories definitely formulated. It is indeed obvious that without the actual impulse to creation, the fullest insight into the nature of poetic activity could have helped them but little. Still, the conscious art of the poet must play its part in the most inspired creation, and he will undoubtedly profit by any knowledge which enables him better to direct the forces which he cannot evoke. In the present instance, however, our knowledge of the theoretical standpoint of the two poets at this time is too meagre to enable us to determine how far any of these poems is the conscious embodiment of this or that property of the imagination.[3] But however this may be, we can at least be sure that their practice must have reacted on their subsequent theories. To Coleridge at least the moods of creative exaltation which produced the great poems of this period came as an entirely novel and unique experience; and, if this experience was destined never to be repeated, yet the memory of it must have lived on his mind, and formed not the least engrossing subject of his later speculations.

The most frequent topic, however, of the Stowey days

[1] *Biog. Lit.* i. 64. [2] *Ib.* ii. 5, 6.
[3] See Fenwick note to *Lucy Gray* (*Lyrical Ballads*, 1800).

was doubtless that which provided the main theme of Wordsworth's Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*—his theory of poetic diction. Of this preface Coleridge wrote in 1802, 'It is half a child of my own brain, and arose out of conversations so frequent, that, with few exceptions, we could scarcely either of us, perhaps, positively say which started any particular thought.'[1] Now in the preface, whatever may be implied, there is no definite allusion to the distinction of fancy and imagination.[2] This fact, taken in conjunction with the evidence of the *Biographia Literaria*, justifies the conclusion already drawn, that, while the distinction was acknowledged by both poets at the time of their first intimacy, it was Coleridge who was chiefly concerned with its elaboration.

It is not without purpose that so much stress has been laid upon the actual date of these speculations. Coleridge was now on the eve of his departure to Germany. As yet he was practically a stranger to German literature and thought. Certain of Schiller's dramas, the *Oberon* of Wieland, Voss' *Luise*, and a few other works, comprised the extent of his acquaintanceship. Kant was still 'the utterly unintelligible Emanuel Kant'[3]: Lessing he only knew as a theologian. His conception, therefore, of the imaginative faculty, as it existed previous to his visit to Germany, must have been arrived at entirely independently of German influence.

The surest way, perhaps, of grasping the significance of these investigations is to regard them as typical of Coleridge's whole mental and spiritual attitude at this time. From his poetry we have gathered how abhorrent to his

[1] *Letters*, i. 386.

[2] The distinction is incidentally mentioned in a note to *The Thorn* (*Lyrical Ballads*, 1798), but the definition there given rather tends to show that the question had not been fully thought out by Wordsworth.

[3] *Letters*, i. 203 n.

deeper self were the doctrines to which he felt himself intellectually committed. Hartley's theory of knowledge (according to which the mind is the mere theatre, or at best the passive spectator, of mechanical processes whose results it somehow comes to regard as its own free acts), if not definitely abandoned by Coleridge before his departure for Germany, was yet doomed in his better judgement. To a mind aching to behold 'something one and indivisible' this philosophy, which regards the soul and the universe as a mere conglomeration of particulars, and 'never sees a whole', could not fail, sooner or later, to stand revealed in all its bareness.

It is not improbable that Coleridge, who in his ceaseless researches into the mind's workings was guided by this doctrine of association, should have arrived by this clue at a definite conception of that mode of associating objects (subjectively necessary, but objectively arbitrary and contingent) to which he was to assign the name of fancy. And as long as the theory of association was accepted by him as applicable to the whole range of mental experience, so long would fancy appear an adequate designation for the highest forms of poetic activity. But when Wordsworth's poem was read to him, and he awoke to a sense of its peculiar excellence, Coleridge found himself in the presence of a power and activity which could by no means be adjusted to Hartley's scheme, a mode of apprehension 'not dreamt of in his philosophy'. For here the mind appeared as no mere passive recipient of external impressions, at the mercy of its own contingent and partial experience, but as endowed with an active and creative perception of the reality underlying experience, an insight independent of that experience and inherent in its own nature. Thus to Coleridge, however little explicitly or consciously, the distinction between the imagination and the fancy presented itself as the distinction of two types of

philosophy: even as for Wordsworth it might symbolize the distinction of two kinds of poetry, the poetry of nature and of artifice. But in the facts themselves, in the experiences which set them thinking, their diverse points of view found a common ground. And of these facts the most salient were nature's immutable appeal to man and man's ever-varying response to nature. 'My own conclusions on the subject,' says Coleridge, 'were made more lucid by Mr. Wordsworth by many happy instances drawn from the operation of natural objects on the mind.'[1] From the cast or state of mind, to which such objects make no appeal except as mere objects of experience,[2] through the intermediate stage in which they move us by the suggestion of incidental resemblances, up to the highest mode of their operation, in which they take the impress of human emotion and thought—for the due appreciation of these diverse attitudes of the mind to nature Coleridge was indebted to Wordsworth and Wordsworth's sister, whose eye was ever 'watchful in minutest observance of nature'. The various problems thus forced upon his mind contributed to heighten the general state of spiritual unrest which possessed him on the eve of his departure for Germany. But for a while at least he was able to forget his speculations in the distraction of foreign travel.

II. Germany.

'Our object,' wrote Wordsworth of the projected visit to Germany, 'is to furnish ourselves with a tolerable stock of information in natural science.' But Coleridge anticipated something more valuable. 'A more thorough revolution (he tells us)[3] in my philosophical principles, and a deeper

[1] *Biog. Lit.* i. 64.

[2] A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.—*Peter Bell*, Pt. I.

[3] *Biog. Lit.* i. 137.

insight into my heart, were still wanting'; and it was doubtless the sense of these deficiencies which turned his thoughts to Germany. In August 1798 he writes to Poole, 'I look upon the realization of the German scheme as of great importance to my intellectual activity, and, of course, to my moral happiness.' Whether or not it is to be regretted that Coleridge should ever have become acquainted with German philosophy, is matter of opinion: but it seems at least necessary to insist upon two important facts in connexion with this supposed crisis in his mental life. The first is, that he was a metaphysician long before he studied the German philosophers; and the second, that it was in obedience to, and not in defiance of, his better instincts that he first devoted himself to that study. The first outcome, however, of his sojourn in Germany was a more or less entire abandonment of his speculations. 'Instead of troubling others with my own crude notions . . . I was thenceforward better employed in attempting to store my own head with the wisdom of others.' His earliest efforts, 'after acquiring a tolerable sufficiency in the German language,' were directed towards a grounded knowledge of German philology and literature. For this purpose he studied carefully the elder writers of the language, and their successors up to the period of Lessing. To his actual contemporaries Coleridge seems to have devoted less attention. Goethe, now nearing the height of his fame, was practically neglected by him: even for Schiller his enthusiasm must have been on the wane, for his subsequent translation of *Wallenstein*, as he himself was careful to point out, by no means implied an admiration of this or any other product of the German drama. Lessing's genius, however, Coleridge at once recognized; and he was so far impressed by it that he conceived, and for some time prosecuted with all earnestness, the plan of a biography of the great critic. For this purpose he made an extensive

collection of material and imbibed the spirit of Lessing's critical doctrines. To these doctrines Coleridge's own obligation has—especially as regards Shakespeare—in all probability been overestimated, at least in Lessing's own country. It cannot indeed be doubted that both as a mental discipline and as a training in critical method, the study of Lessing was of the highest value to Coleridge. To some extent Lessing may be said to have carried on the work which Boyer had begun. But all that Coleridge had to learn from Lessing was quickly learnt; and the abandonment of the projected life was probably not more due to vacillation of purpose than to his loss of interest in the subject itself.

Although during his residence in Germany Coleridge was chiefly occupied in the accumulation of material for future use, his mind was not, even then, wholly unexercised in original thought. Indeed, his later letters home show that he could rarely hold himself for long from speculation on his favourite topics. Discussions, too, there were no doubt in plenty. In Göttingen Coleridge argued with the rationalizing Eichorn on Christian evidences, until the latter 'dreaded his arguments and his presence'; and his friends in Germany 'lamented the too abstruse nature of his ordinary speculations'. But as yet, although visions of a *magnum opus* were already floating before his mind, he postponed deliberately any attempt to systematize his theories. At the end of his visit he writes to Josiah Wedgwood, 'I shall have bought thirty pounds worth of books, chiefly metaphysics, and with a view to the one work to which I hope to dedicate in silence the prime of my life.' These books were dispatched to England, to be there perused as opportunity allowed. And the opportunity did not come at once. With the works of the German philosophers, according to the *Biographia Literaria*, Coleridge 'for the greater part became familiar at a far

later period.'[1] Even of Kant no regular study was as yet undertaken. The actual fruits of the visit to Germany were a command of the language and an acquaintance with the nation's genius in its language and literature.

III. Keswick.

Coleridge left Germany in July, 1799. Almost exactly a year later he entered his new home at Keswick and resumed his intimacy with Wordsworth. During the intervening year two tasks had absorbed his energies—the political contributions to the *Morning Post* and the translation of *Wallenstein*. This latter work he describes as a 'soul-wearying labour', and to it in after years he ascribed his inability to finish *Christabel*. Whatever the cause may have been, the vein of poetry which flowed so abundantly at Stowey had now almost run dry. For a long time the efforts to resume *Christabel* proved fruitless, and when at length the impulse came, it was inadequate to the completion of the poem. To this inertness of the poetic faculty was joined a strange indifference to the beauties of nature. In a letter to Josiah Wedgwood (written during a visit to London in 1801) he complains of 'a total inability to associate any but the most languid feelings with the Godlike objects' which had lately surrounded him: and the mood which he here chronicles was of frequent occurrence. The same causes (the chief among them being, doubtless, ill-health and growing domestic discord) which clouded his imagination, drove him to concentrate his whole energies on philosophy. His first task was to reconsider thoroughly his own speculative standpoint: and the result, a definite abandonment of empiricism, whether sceptical or dogmatic. In a series of letters to the same friend (written early in the year 1801) he criticizes severely the philosophy of Locke; and in March

[1] *Biog. Lit.* i. 141.

of the same year he writes to Poole, 'I have not only entirely extricated the notions of time and space, but have overthrown the doctrine of association, as taught by Hartley, and with it all the irreligious metaphysics of modern infidels—especially the doctrine of necessity.'[1] Coleridge's final abandonment of Hartley's system has been attributed to the influence of Kant;[2] but this letter, written as it was when Coleridge was only beginning his serious study of Kant, forbids such a conclusion. It is probable indeed that the conviction which it records had been long maturing in his mind.[3] Even before he left England there had dawned upon him, as we have seen, a certain 'guiding light', in his growing sense of the limitations of the unaided intellect. To this ever deepening insight, the systems of the intellect had themselves contributed, through their evident contradiction of his own experience. For in that experience he had been made conscious that the most genuine apprehension of reality is of the nature of a direct intuitional act, to which thought and emotion are alike indispensable, in which they are indeed inseparably blended. And this consciousness had grown clearer as the years advanced. 'My opinion is,' he writes in March of this year, 'that deep thinking is attainable only by a man of deep feeling; and that all truth is a species of Revelation.' Hence his distrust, now definitely formulated, of any system which ignores the essential

[1] *Letters*, i. 348.

[2] See Note to *Letters*, i. 351. Leslie Stephen grounds his conclusion on the (unprinted) letters to Josiah Wedgwood, in which Coleridge 'still sticks to Hartley and the Association doctrine'. Apparently, then, Coleridge's final emancipation was the result of that spell of 'most intense study' during the early days of March (*Letters*, i. 348).

[3] As early as 1796, he had publicly expressed his sense of the inadequacy of the 'mechanical philosophy'. See foot-note to lines contributed to Southey's *Joan of Arc* (quoted in Cottle's *Early Recollections of S. T. Coleridge*, ii. 242).

activity of the mind in experience. 'Newton' (to quote from the same letter) 'was a mere materialist. *Mind* in his system is always *passive*—a lazy looker-on at an external world. If the mind be not *passive*, if it be indeed made in God's image, and that too in the sublimest sense the image of the Creator, there is ground for suspicion that any system built on the passiveness of the mind must be false as a system.'[1] Thus Coleridge, largely if not entirely by the force of independent thinking, has reached a mental attitude in sympathy with the critical philosophy and its developments.

Coleridge's speculations in these years produced no direct fruit in published writings, but their scope and character is indicated in his correspondence. The most arduous seem to have been concerned with the nature of poetry. His project, mentioned to Davy in 1801, of writing 'an essay concerning Poetry, and the pleasures to be derived from it, which would supersede all the books of morals, and all the books of metaphysics too', reveals the importance attached by him to the fact of poetic inspiration as a datum of philosophy. The subject-matter of the essay is defined as 'the affinities of the feelings with words and ideas'.[2] And again, 'my most serious occupation is a metaphysical investigation of the laws by which our feelings form affinities with each other and with words.'

Of these investigations the results may be found scattered here and there throughout his writing; they were never sufficiently unified to be embodied in a single system. Not the least engrossing of them (to judge by the direction of his thoughts at this time, and the fact of his constant intercourse with Wordsworth) must have been the distinction of fancy and imagination. This, which had originally

[1] *Letters*, i. 353. [2] *Ib.* i. 347.

suggested itself as a distinction of poetic qualities, must by this time have come to have a deeper meaning for Coleridge. His growing conviction that insight into truth is essentially dependent upon the will and the emotions which mould the will, and are themselves moulded by it, would here find a ready application. For whereas the activity of fancy is practically independent of the artist's emotional state, it is only under the stress of emotion that the imagination can exercise its interpretative power.

Of Coleridge's speculations at this time, however, any account must of necessity be incomplete, dependent as it is on the detached utterances of poems and letters. From a public expression of his views he was withheld no less by diffidence than by lack of initiative. 'I solemnly assure you,' he writes of these meditations to Poole[1], 'that you and Wordsworth are the only men on earth to whom I would have uttered a word on this subject.' To this method of self-communication one advantage at least attaches—that not the opinions only, but the experiences from which they sprang, are revealed as otherwise they could not be. And of Coleridge we learn that his deepest philosophy was drawn not from the speculations of other men, but from the teaching of life, the inevitable conclusions forced on him by his own experience, bodily, mental, and spiritual, in his intercourse with men and in the companionship of Nature. It was from his own deep craving for love, as the one condition of real living, that he won his conviction of the vivifying power of emotion—a conviction soon extended beyond the sphere of personal relations. 'Life,' he writes to T. Wedgwood, 'is limitless sensation': (and the context shows us that the word is used in no merely physiological sense) . . . 'Feelings die by flowing into the mould of the intellect, becoming ideas.'

[1] *Letters*, i. 35a.

Hence the inadequacy of the theory of mechanical association. 'How flat, how wretched,' he writes to Southey in 1803, 'is Hartley's solution of the phenomena (of memory). Believe *me*, Southey, a metaphysical solution that does not tell you something in the heart is grievously to be suspected as apocryphal. I almost think that ideas never recall ideas, as far as they are ideas, any more than leaves in a forest create each other's motion—the breeze it is that runs through them—it is the soul, the state of feeling.'[1]

By the word 'idea' in this passage Coleridge evidently understands not merely general notions, but any form of mental image or impression. And in this detachment of the ideas from all participation of feeling, and consequent solution of the principle of their coherence, he sees the work of the abstracting intellect, which seeks to construct from this congeries of detached particulars an organic experience, but in fact creates merely a world of lifeless forms, unconnected and devoid of motive power. Such a world is, indeed, a 'work of fancy'; but it is fancy exercised unconsciously and unwillingly. And as to these fantastic deliverances of the mere 'dry intellect' Coleridge opposed that fuller insight of heart and mind which alone could be fruitful of a true philosophy, so in the region of artistic creation he contrasted the cold and arbitrary combinations of fancy with the 'living educts' of the imagination. Of this contrast a striking illustration is given in a letter to Sotheby (September, 1802), where Coleridge compares the Greeks with the Hebrews in their idealization of nature. 'To the Greeks,' he writes, 'all natural objects were dead, mere hollow statues: but there was a goddess or goddessling included in each. In the Hebrew poetry you find none of this poor stuff, as poor in genuine imagination as it is mean in intellect. At best

[1] *Letters*, i. 428.

it is but fancy or the aggregating faculty of the mind, not imagination, or the modifying and coadunating faculty. This the Hebrew poets appear to me to have possessed above all others, and next to them the English. In the Hebrew poets, each thing has a life of its own, and yet they are all our life. In God they live and move and have their being: not *had*, as the cold system of Newtonian theology represents, but *have*.'[1]

In this projection of his inmost being into the forms and appearances of nature lies, according to Coleridge, the secret of the poet's insight. 'A poet's heart and intellect should be combined, intimately combined and unified with the great appearances of nature' (so we read in the same letter). And the condition of such union is passion in the poet—where by passion is understood not mere undetermined feeling, but the deepest stirring of the whole nature, emotion tempered by thought, thought vitalized by emotion. And Coleridge goes on to say that Bowles (his now fallen idol) 'has no native passion, because he is not a thinker'. For it is the characteristic of poetic feelings that they,

> Like the flexuous boughs
> Of mighty oaks, yield homage to the gale,
> Toss in the strong winds, drive before the gust,
> Themselves one giddy storm of fluttering leaves;
> Yet all the while, self-limited, remain
> Equally near the fixed and parent trunk
> Of truth in nature—in the howling blast
> As in the calm that stills the aspen grove.[2]

Thus the activity of the imagination depends on an inherent relationship between nature and the human soul, a relationship apprehended by a vision at once emotional and intellectual. But this insight is granted to a few only: to the mass of humanity nature still remains the 'inanimate

[1] *Letters*, i. 405.
[2] From poem addressed 'to M. Betham, from a stranger'. *Letters*, ib.

cold world'. What, then, are the preconditions in subject and object of that insight?

In spite of his intense love of nature and joy in her ('a joy which I think no cares nor pains could eat out of my soul'), Coleridge is never, even in the time of his warmest enthusiasm, in danger of nature-worship: his idealization is far removed from idolization. From this he was withheld by the faith which had now grown a necessity of his spiritual life, the faith in a supreme Being with whom a direct personal communion was possible.[1] Nature, therefore, though proceeding from a common spiritual source, is subordinate in dignity to the human soul. In interpreting her beauty, man is not prostrating himself before an outward glory, but reading the symbols of his inner life, presented by virtue of the mysterious analogy of matter and spirit in the forms of a sensible world. This world has a double significance: as real, it tells of itself alone, but as ideal, it mirrors forth our manifold spiritual experience. Yet these ideal meanings are not arbitrarily imposed by the fancy of man: they exist already, they are but waiting to be read.

But to the possibility of their interpretation there are, on the side of the subject, limiting conditions. To the majority of mankind the actual remains always actual, objects are nothing but objects: the meagreness of an emotional life exhausted in transient and particular interests provides no key to the symbolic aspects of nature. And even where such insight exists, it is in constant danger of

[1] Not that the supreme Being was conceived by him as a Person in the sense in which the Unitarians then conceived he Deity—'a distinct Jehovah tricked out in the *anthropomorphic* attributes of time and successive thoughts' (Letter to Estlin, Dec. 1802). It is probably in repudiation of this conception that Coleridge writes to M. Coates (Dec. 1803) that the article of faith 'nearest to his heart' is 'the absolute impersonality of the Deity'. *Letters*, i. 444.

being thwarted and enfeebled, if not wholly destroyed. For all influences which chain the mind in the prison-house of actuality (such are the cares of the world, physical ill-being, and the tyranny of the senses) deprive the imagination of its motive power, and render it, even in the presence of surroundings the most stimulative, wholly passive and impotent.

For attributing these or kindred views to Coleridge the weightiest evidence lies perhaps in the most characteristic poem of this period, the 'Dejection,' which was written in April of the year 1802. In this poem (in which, as in not many of Coleridge's, the lyric and the philosophic note is blended with consummate art) Coleridge laments his own experience and finds in it the type of a great spiritual truth. He feels that he has lost his 'shaping spirit of Imagination', and that henceforth he must be content with the prose of life, the investigation of the actual and the natural, considered strictly as such. For the spiritual in himself, if it be not dead, is yet lost to consciousness, and without it he lacks the key to the spiritual in nature.[1] To such a pass has he been brought by the deadening force of private affliction, ill-health and other materializing influences,[2] all which, if not explicitly referred to in the personal lament, are yet implied in the reflections with which it is entwined:—

There was a time, when, tho' my path was rough,
The youth within me dallied with distress,

[1] Cp. letter to Godwin of March 1801, 'The poet is dead in me. My imagination . . . lies like the cold snuff on the circular rim of a candlestick';—and to Southey, 'All my poetic genius . . . is gone,' July 1802. *Letters*, i. 388.

[2] See *Letters*, i. 388, where he attributes his 'exceedingly severe metaphysical speculations . . . partly to ill health, and partly to private afflictions': and Allsopp, *Letters and Conversations of S. T. Coleridge*, ii. 136, 'My eloquence was most commonly exerted by the desire of running away and hiding myself from my personal feelings.'

And all misfortunes seemed but as the stuff,
Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness.
For Hope grew round me like the climbing vine,
And fruits and foliage, not my own, seemed mine.
But now afflictions bow me to the earth:
Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth:
But O! each visitation
Suspends what Nature gave me at my birth,
My shaping spirit of Imagination!
For not to think of what I needs must feel,
But to be still and patient, all I can,
And haply by abstruse research to steal
From my own nature all the natural man,
This was my sole resource, my only plan:
Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
And now is almost grown the habit of my soul.

In nothing does this loss of imaginative power exhibit itself more clearly than in the languor of his feelings in face of the beauties of nature. Even as he writes, he is gazing with indifference at the glories of the sunset:—

And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye!
And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
That give away their motion to the stars:
Those stars that glide behind them and between,
Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen!
Yon crescent moon, as fixed as if it grew
In its own cloudless star-less lake of blue,
A boat becalmed, thy own sweet sky-canoe!
I see them all, how excellently fair!
I see, not *feel*, how beautiful they are.

And the cause of this apathy, as he feels, lies within himself—it springs from his own 'wan and heartless mood':—

My genial spirits fail:
And what can these avail
To lift the smothering weight from off my breast?
It were a vain endeavour
That I should gaze for ever
On that green light that lingers in the west:
I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.

To his contemplative mood this mournful experience appears as emblematic of a profound truth. Nature reflects, but cannot determine, the emotional life: she but echoes the voice of the heart, and when the heart is untouched she too will remain mute:—

> O Wordsworth, we receive but what we give,
> And in our life alone doth Nature live![1]
> Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
> And would we ought behold of higher worth
> Than that inanimate cold world *allowed*
> To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
> Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
> A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
> Enveloping the earth!
> And from the soul itself thus must be sent
> A sweet and powerful voice, of its own birth,
> Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

What then is the precondition of this activity of the imagination, of that gift of insight which is so sparingly bestowed? To this question, too, his own experience supplies the answer:—

> O pure in heart, thou need'st not ask of me
> *What* this strong music in the soul may be
> What and wherein it doth exist,
> This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
> This beautiful and beauty-making Power?
> Joy, blameless Poet! Joy, that ne'er was given
> Save to the pure, and in their purest hour.

But this joy, which is indispensable to the perception of

[1] Cp. the lines written at Elbingerode in 1799:—

> I had found
> That grandest scenes have but imperfect charms
> Where the eye vainly wanders, nor beholds
> One spot with which the heart associates
> Holy remembrances of child or friend, &c.

In these lines Coleridge is still an associationist. See the 'Essays on the Principles of Genial Criticism,' *Biog. Lit.* vol. ii, for his refutation of this theory of our delight in natural forms.

beauty, must not be confounded with the gaiety of transient moods. The sorrowful mood, as well as the cheerful, may find a response in nature. The joy which Coleridge speaks of is rather the permanent serenity underlying the changing affections of a soul which has either resolved, or has never known, the strife of opposing elements.[1] This inward harmony of sense and spirit reflects itself in the outward forms of nature; but that harmony once lost, the vision which was its symbol also disappears; or, if it persist, it is now dissevered from the emotion which first engendered it. Thus only those who have both felt and seen the beauty of nature, may afterwards see yet not feel it; to the 'poor loveless, ever-anxious crowd,' even the sight of it is for ever denied.

In the apprehension of beauty, therefore, the soul projects itself into the outward forms of nature, and invests them with its own life. But it would be an unjustifiable conclusion that beauty is, in Coleridge's opinion, wholly subjective, an arbitrary creation of the mind. This 'beautiful and beauty-making power' is not, in its choice of symbols, entirely free. It is confined to specific forms for the expression of a specific ideal content. And thus arises the question: what is the ground of this sympathy between the natural symbol and the interpretative mind?

To this question one answer inevitably suggests itself. The symbol, and the mind that interprets it, must partake in a common spiritual life. The imaginative interpretation of nature is a heightened consciousness, though still only a mediate consciousness of the presence of that life. It is

[1] Cp. Gillman's *Life*, p. 178, 'Happiness—the state of that person who in order to enjoy his nature in the highest manifestation of conscious *feeling*, has no need of doing wrong, and who in order to do right, is under no necessity of abstaining from judgment.' This is also Schiller's definition of the 'schöne Seele'. In 1804 Coleridge wrote, 'I know not—I have forgotten—what the *joy* is of which the heart is full.'

to such a spiritual experience that the passage from the 'Lines before Sunrise' gives expression (lines inspired, as Coleridge affirmed, by the solemnity of the Scafell scenery):—

O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou still present to the bodily sense
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.
Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we knew not we were listening to it,
Thou the meantime wert blending with my thought,
Ay, with my life and life's own secret joy.[1]

Here we have recorded the same process of ascent through the symbol to the symbolized reality, to which the poems of an earlier period bear witness. But Coleridge does not conceive of the imagination as establishing our knowledge of that reality; it only illuminates a knowledge already gained, and gained, as we shall see, through other channels and in other ways.

The relationship of the symbol to the object which it symbolizes may, indeed, be variously conceived. It may have only the *subjective* validity of a purely accidental association, which points to nothing deeper: this is the symbolism of the fancy. Or the relationship may be objective indeed, but yet mechanical and external—the thing created standing for the creator: this is the symbolism of the intellect. Finally, the symbol, while remaining distinct from the thing symbolized, is yet in some mysterious way interpenetrated by its being, and partakes of its reality. Such symbolism is the work of imagination, and an example of it is found in the poetry of the Hebrews, in which 'all objects have a life of their own, and yet partake of our life. In God . . . they have their being'. And the capacity for such interpretation of

[1] Written Sept. 1802. The poem is an adaptation of Frederika Brun's 'Hymn on Mt. Blanc', but it is none the less original.

nature resides not merely in our whole self, emotional and intellectual, but is dependent on a right condition of that self, and is thus the outcome and expression of a will rationally determined—the reason in nature responding to the reason in man.

If the attempt to gather from Coleridge's poems and correspondence of these years a definite idea of his mental attitude has seemed unnecessarily prolix, some excuse may be found in the especial interest which attaches to this period of his life, as that of his first introduction to German Philosophy—or rather, to one German philosopher in particular. It was early in the year 1801 that the intellect of Kant first took hold of him, as he significantly expresses it, with 'giant hands'. To Kant his obligations (as he was never tired of asserting) were far greater than to any other of Kant's countrymen: to him alone could he be said to assume in any degree the attitude of pupil to master. Yet even to Kant his debt on the whole seems to have been more formal than material—to have resided rather in the scientific statement of convictions previously attained than in the acquisition of new truths. It was impossible, indeed, that Coleridge should acquiesce in the reservations of the critical philosophy. To charge Kant with insincerity in their regard (as in the *Biographia Literaria* he does) was no doubt a wide misapprehension: yet it shows how difficult it was for Coleridge to understand why Kant drew his line where he chose to draw it, and how little Coleridge was himself prepared to accept such a limitation.

In nothing does this appear more clearly than in the distinction of Reason and Understanding. This distinction, as elaborated by Kant, must have been hailed by Coleridge with especial joy; for it gave a rational basis to a presentiment of much earlier date. From the mystics Coleridge had learned that 'the products of the mere

reflective faculty partook of death';[1] and this, in effect, is what Kant says in the *Critique of Pure Reason.* But he was far from committing himself to Kant's system as a whole. That the intellect was competent to deal with phenomena only, and with these as merely interconnected parts of a whole never realized,—this view would meet with ready assent from Coleridge, conscious as he was that to the eyes of the majority of mankind the universe appeared 'merely a mass of little things'; but when Kant spoke of the phenomenal world, with which alone the understanding is concerned, as an alien material whose ultimate source is impenetrable to any function of consciousness, Coleridge must have withheld his assent. The divorce of subject and object, spirit and nature (even in the modified sense that we can have no absolute assurance of their unity), could not but appear to him a contradiction of his deepest intuitions. Thus while agreeing with Kant that the mere intellect cannot grasp the supersensuous, he could not follow him in asserting that the supersensuous cannot be given in experience. The facts of his own conscious life told another tale: and the task still remained for him, of constructing a philosophy with which these facts were in harmony.

All that we can know (says Kant) is the world of phenomena. Hence the Ideas of Reason (God, freedom, and immortality) can never be objects of Knowledge. Moreover, even by reason itself these Ideas are not grasped as realities—they remain regulative ideas, hypotheses essential indeed to our construction of experience, yet still hypotheses. But to Coleridge the Ideas are realities: and what he chooses to call the Reason is the organ of our insight into them.

Kant's distrust of the world of sense has its counterpart

[1] *Biog. Lit.* i. 98.

in his distrust of the emotional side of our nature, which, while it leads him to purge the moral consciousness of all elements of inclination, renders it impossible for him to do full justice to the testimony of aesthetic experience. He could not, consistently with his analysis of experience and the human mind, assign a high value to the deliverances of the imagination. If the emotional tinge in moral and religious enthusiasm invalidates their purity, so the imaginative interpretation of nature is more liable to error than the purely scientific. In seeming to pierce to the truth of things, it is in fact creating, out of a world already subjective, one more subjective still. Doubtless Kant would fain have seen, in the sense of certitude which such experiences bring, a pledge of the ultimate unity of sense and spirit: but this would have been to abandon his fundamental position. Thus while he analyses the characteristics of aesthetic consciousness with extraordinary sympathy and power of insight, he is obliged to deny to it the most significant characteristic of all—that of objectivity. But the faith in this objectivity was a prime article of Coleridge's poetic, and therefore of his philosophic, creed.

It is evident, then, that Coleridge's conception of the imagination was not fundamentally affected by his study of Kant. Yet in one direction it was probably enlarged by that study. Hitherto Coleridge had thought of this faculty as a distinct poetic faculty, a gift granted in large measure only to a few minds, and perhaps entirely denied to some. But in Kant he found assigned to it a universal function in the construction of experience—that of mediating between the data of sense and the forms of the understanding. And Kant's analysis of the strictly aesthetic activity of the imagination is based on his conception of this universal function: for, according to him, it is the recognition of the harmony of the faculties of know-

ledge in view of any particular object that constitutes our aesthetic consciousness of that object. Thus Coleridge, however little he might agree with Kant's account of either of these functions, was yet led from this time to regard the faculty in a twofold aspect—as the common property of all minds, and also, in its highest potency, as the gift of a few.

In the distinction of fancy and imagination, it is unlikely that Coleridge was helped much by his study of the critical philosophy. For the ground of that distinction (that the deliverances of fancy are subjective, those of the imagination objective) could not be conceded by Kant.[1] For him the freedom of the imagination in its highest form of activity is formal only, its creations are arbitrary and contingent: it can tell us nothing of the real nature of things.[2] And this for the reason that, as regards the material of its intuitions, it is passive and dependent; determined from without, not determining from within. Thus, like the intellect, it combines the particulars of sense merely as particulars, and not by the bond of an underlying unity, to which indeed it can never penetrate. But the unifying power, which Coleridge assigns to the faculty, springs from this very penetration, which itself exists only in virtue of the common spiritual nature of the human mind and the universe which it contemplates. And the free creativeness of the imagination embraces the material, as well as the form of its objects; or, conversely, the imagination is creative in virtue of the sensuous, not merely of the intelligent within itself. And thus we are brought again to the root of Coleridge's difference with Kant—his denial of the essential passivity of our sensible and emotional nature.

It is not, however, to be assumed that Coleridge from

[1] See p. lvii *infra*.

[2] Thus where Kant regards beauty as a symbol of the moral order, it is a formal symbol only.

the first adopted this critical attitude towards Kant, or definitely formulated his grounds of difference. For a time at least he seems to have lain entirely under the spell of Kant's intellect, and, especially in the sphere of aesthetic, to have adopted Kant's phraseology, his distinctions and definitions, without clearly asking himself how far they were in accordance with his own metaphysical convictions. But his utterances at a later date show where the fundamental diversity lay:[1] and meantime, even while immersed in the study of Kant, he was pursuing independently the reflections more intimate to his genius.

Thus it is that he continues to hold fast to his belief in the creative power of the imagination. In January, 1804, shortly before the close of this period of his life, he writes to a friend that the imagination, in the highest sense of the word, is 'a dim analogue of creation, not all that we can believe, but all that we can conceive of creation'.[2] What Coleridge meant precisely by these words, it is perhaps useless to conjecture, but written as they were before any close study of Fichte and Schelling, their anticipation of the final definition of the faculty in the *Biographia Literaria* is at least significant and noteworthy.[3] For his theory of the imagination, as he held it in these earlier years, was assuredly the growth of his own mind.

During the years at Keswick Coleridge consoled himself in his inactivity by planning the execution of important works. Besides the essay 'Concerning Poetry, and the Pleasures to be derived from it,' we hear in 1803 of an *Organum vere organum*, or, 'An Instrument of practical

[1] Cp. letter to Green, Dec. 1817, 'I reject Kant's Stoic principle,' &c. (*Letters*, ii. 681): and manuscript note in Green's copy of Kant's *Rechtlehre*, 'I do not believe that love is a mere "Sache der Empfindung"'.

[2] *Letters*, ii. 450.

[3] The primary Imagination is a repetition in the finite mind of the eternal act of creation in the Infinite I AM. *Biog. Lit.* i. 202.

Reasoning in the business of real life,' a title expanded later into 'Consolations and Comforts from the exercise and right application of the Reason, the Imagination, and the Moral Feeling, especially addressed to those in sickness, adversity, or distress of mind, from speculative gloom, &c.' Whether this work (whose title anticipates the prospectus of *The Friend*) would have thrown light on his conception of the imagination, must be left to conjecture: for he left England with his schemes unrealized. But the title suggests that his chief interest lay not in the direction of pure aesthetic, and is characteristic of a mind which could not devote itself exclusively to any special department of knowledge, and remain indifferent to its wider, above all to its human, significance. In the same year, 1803, a letter to Godwin alludes to a yet more ambitious work, which subject is nothing less than 'the omne scibile, what we are and how we become what we are—so as to solve the two grand problems how, being acted upon, we shall act'. But the execution of these tasks, problematic, perhaps, in itself, received a definite check in the visit to Malta, which Coleridge undertook in the spring of 1804.

IV. Malta.

Coleridge remained abroad for something more than two years. It was a dark period in his life. The bodily maladies, to escape which had been a primary motive of his visit to Malta, pursued him even there, and were aggravated by the growing sense of domestic trouble and personal isolation. In Malta he threw himself into public affairs, becoming first the private secretary to Sir Robert Ball and afterwards public secretary in the island. The duties imposed by these offices were heavy, and left him little leisure for more congenial tasks. But his note-books show us that in his spare moments he was busy with the abstrusest psychological problems. His chief studies were

probably still in Kant. With Fichte's writings he had made some acquaintance before he left Malta;[1] but of Schelling he probably made no serious study until a later date. Among the intellectual gains of these years is to be reckoned a deeper insight into the nature of the fine arts, of which, as he declared, he learned more during the three months at Rome than he would have acquired in England in twenty years. Religious questions, too, must have occupied him deeply. Shortly after his return to England we find that he has fully accepted the Trinitarian position.[2] To give to this creed a philosophical expression, or at least to demonstrate its harmony with a true philosophy, became afterwards his most absorbing task.

V. Lectures and 'The Friend'.

On his return to England, Coleridge seems at first to have settled down as assistant to Stuart. But he found journalism less to his taste than ever; and being in pressing need of money, he turned his thoughts to lecturing. Already in 1806 he contemplated delivering a course of lectures at the Royal Institution, on the subject of 'Taste', but they were not actually given till the winter of 1807–8, and the title finally chosen was not 'Taste', but the 'Principles of Poetry'. Of these lectures only the scantiest record has been preserved in the notes taken by Crabb Robinson.[3] This is the more to be regretted, seeing that, according to Coleridge, the opinions they embodied were substantially the same as those of the lectures of 1812, delivered after Coleridge had become acquainted with Schlegel's lectures.[4] In a letter to

[1] Already in 1804 he speaks of the affinities between Fichte and himself. *Anima Poetae*, p. 106.

[2] Cottle, *Remin.* 314–25.

[3] *Diary, &c.* 1872, vol. i. p. 140.

[4] *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature*, delivered 1808, pub. 1809. See note to *Biog. Lit.* i. 21 f. n.

Mrs. Clarkson, Crabb Robinson speaks of Coleridge as having 'adopted in all respects the German doctrines'. What these doctrines may have been is not stated; but no doubt Coleridge drew largely on Kant's analysis of beauty. Thus Robinson speaks of him as 'working in Kant's admirable definition of the Naiv'.[1]

In the autumn of 1808 Coleridge took up his abode in Grasmere, where he was soon busy planning the publication of *The Friend*. Of this work Dorothy Wordsworth wrote, 'I have little doubt that it will be well executed if his health does not fail him; but on that score ... I have many fears.' These fears were unhappily only too well-founded. Of the subjects proposed for discussion in the Prospectus, that which has most value for our purpose, 'The principles common to the Fine Arts,' was never dealt with. Moreover the aim of the publication, as the title indicates, was didactic rather than speculative,[2] and we should look in vain for a definite statement of aesthetic or philosophic doctrine. The influence of Kant is evident throughout; but the distinction of reason and understanding is extended by Coleridge in accordance with his own preconceptions. Reason is the supreme faculty, the organ of the highest and the most certain knowledge. The ultimate ground of this certainty lies, it is true, in our moral being,[3] but its significance is not therefore merely ethical; for the ideas of reason have speculative, as well as practical, validity.[4]

[1] See letter printed in Sara Coleridge's edition of the *Notes and Lectures on Shakespeare*, Appendix.

[2] See *Biog. Lit.* ch. x., and notes.

[3] Reason and conscience are practically identified in *The Friend*. Conscience '*commands* us to attribute *Reality* and actual *Existence*, to those Ideas, and those only, without which the conscience itself would be baseless and contradictory'. And Reason is itself called 'the Mother of Conscience, of Language, of Tears and of Smiles'. *The Friend*, Nos. 5 and 9. Cp. *The Excursion*, iv. 236.

[4] Coleridge condemned the rigid distinction of practical and speculative reason as 'arbitrary, and a hypostasizing of mere

It is much to be regretted that these conclusions were not applied in *The Friend* to a philosophy of art. Coleridge's theory of the imagination, however, is illuminated by a passage descriptive of genius.[1] Of this power it is the peculiar characteristic 'to find no contradiction in the union of old and new': 'to carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood'; 'to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances which every day for perhaps forty years have rendered familiar.' The virtue here assigned to genius is, in effect, that imaginative interpretation of things which suggests but never discloses the mysterious ground of their being. And the distinction of genius and talent, made in the same passage, is analogous to the former one of imagination and fancy. For in genius we see 'the marks of a mind that feels the riddle of the world, and may help to solve it'; but talent (like fancy) is powerless to bring us closer to the truth of things.

While *The Friend* abounds in the fruits of Kant's teaching, there is nothing in it which we are justified in ascribing to the influence of the German idealists. Yet Coleridge must by this period have become familiar with their writings. The following year (1810), which saw him back in London, marks the commencement of his intimacy with Crabb Robinson; and on the occasion of one of their earliest meetings,[2] Coleridge delivered his sentiments on Kant and post-Kantean philosophy. While of Kant himself he spoke in terms of the warmest approbation and gratitude, Fichte and Schelling were both convicted of

logical entities' (marginal note in Tenneman's *Geschichte der Philosophie*, directed against the post-Kanteans). In estimating Coleridge's debt to Kant, his previous acquaintance with the Cambridge Platonists must be taken into account. See note to *Biog. Lit.* i. 109.

[1] See *Biog. Lit.* i. 59, where this passage is quoted.

[2] Nov. 15, 1810.

error where they had departed from Kant's teaching. At another meeting and many subsequent ones, there was much discussion of religious questions; and later Crabb Robinson records that he is 'altogether unable to reconcile his (C.'s) metaphysical and empirico-religious opinions'.[1]

This same year 1810 gave birth to a fragmentary 'Essay on Taste', in which the resemblance to Kant's treatment of the subject shows how far Coleridge was from an independent standpoint in aesthetic. That he left the essay in an unfinished state possibly bears witness to the same fact. During the ensuing years his occupation as a lecturer on literature, and his study of German idealism (particularly of Fichte, Schelling, and Jean Paul), must have stimulated his interest in questions of aesthetic, and led him to probe more deeply the real significance of imaginative experience. Meantime the old distinction of fancy and imagination is still exercising his thoughts. Fancy is described to C. Robinson, in 1810, as 'the arbitrary bringing together of things that lie remote, and forming them into a unity'; it 'acts by a sort of juxtaposition'. The imagination, 'on the other hand, under excitement, generates and produces a form of its own.'[2] To unify and to create are thus conceived as its most characteristic powers.

At the end of 1811 Coleridge, resuming his rôle of lecturer, delivered lectures on Shakespeare and Milton, 'in illustration of the Principles of Poetry,' &c. Unfortunately, the fragmentary record of these lectures contributes little to a definite knowledge of Coleridge's theory. In the fourth lecture[3] Coleridge speaks of the imagination as one of the three essential qualities of the poet, the other two being the power of association[4] and sensibility. His

[1] C. Robinson, *Diary, &c.*, Dec. 11, 1811.

[2] *Ib.*, Nov. 15, 1810.

[3] See the record of these lectures in T. Ashe's *Lectures, &c. of S. T. Coleridge*, p. 57 (Bohn's Library).

[4] Crabb Robinson reported on these lectures in the *Times*

further discussion of these qualities is not preserved; but from the fact that Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* is analysed in illustration of them, and with our knowledge of Coleridge's tendency to almost verbal repetition, the inference seems justified that the substance of his remarks in the lecture is embodied in chapter xi of the *Biographia Literaria*. In this chapter we read that the mere faithful reproduction of natural appearances does not of itself mark the poet: that images drawn from nature become proofs of original genius only in respect of the transformation which they undergo under the action of the poetic spirit. This transformation is variously effected. 'They are modified by a predominant passion; or by associated thoughts and images awakened by that passion; or when they have the effect of reducing multitude to unity, or succession to an instant; or lastly, when a human or intellectual life is transferred to them from the poet's own spirit,

Which shoots its being thro' earth, sea, and air.

Of these various kinds of imagery, that is the most characteristic of poetic genius which 'moulds and colours itself to the circumstances, passion or character, foremost in the mind'. The imagination, then, (for it is this faculty, evidently, which Coleridge has in view,) attains its highest potency when transfusing into the outward forms which it contemplates the emotional life which determines its activity. It is thus the same process which years before Coleridge had poetically depicted in *Dejection*, and which in a letter of the same period he had characterized as

He wrote that the lecturer's 'great object appears to be to exhibit in poetry the principles of moral wisdom, and the laws of our intellectual nature which form the basis of social existence'. His impression of Coleridge was of a man who on all occasions '*really thinks and feels for himself*'. (The italics are mine.)

'a dim analogue of creation'. The conception of this analogy, then tentatively expressed, must in the intervening years have grown in definiteness and significance, as Coleridge pushed forward to an idealistic solution of the problem of knowledge.

In the next year two other courses of lectures were given, the only record of which is preserved in C. Robinson's *Diary*. But Robinson gives only general impressions. His allusion to the 'very German character of the lectures'[1] need not be construed as implying that Coleridge was merely adopting German views. Indeed, Robinson elsewhere records how a German friend of his, who attended the lectures, was struck with the similarity between Coleridge and German authors whom (as Robinson adds) Coleridge had never read.[2]

Of a series of lectures delivered in Bristol on similar topics in 1813, the best thing we know is that C. Leslie, the painter, carried away from them 'a much more distinct and satisfactory view of the nature and ends of poetry' than he had possessed before. A better fate awaited a series of essays 'On the principles of sound criticism', which have been preserved in Felix Farley's *Journal* for 1814. Of these essays Coleridge himself thought most highly, and towards the end of his life he expressed his regret that he had lost sight of them. Like all his writings on aesthetic, however, they are fragmentary and tentative. The distinctions and definitions of Kant's *Critique of Judgement* are illustrated and applied with appreciative insight, but there is no genuine advance beyond Kant's standpoint. Moreover, they come to an end without accomplishing their real purpose. This purpose was to furnish the critic with irrefutable principles of criticism, based upon the laws which govern the artist's

[1] C. Robinson, *Diary, &c.*, May 26, 1812.
[2] *Ib.*, Nov. 4, 1811

activity and upon the essential nature of the beautiful. But Coleridge never teaches us how to turn our knowledge of these things to practical account, by actually converting these metaphysical or psychological truths into effective instruments of criticism. Yet much as the incompleteness of these essays is to be regretted, we must not on that account underrate their significance. By the only method which could command assent (the appeal to incontrovertible principles) they exposed the unreasonableness of the prevailing individualism in questions of taste, and of the mistaken theories on which it leaned. They thus represent the first attempt to express philosophically the new spirit of artistic and literary criticism. The first attempt, that is, in writing; for in his lectures Coleridge's object had been the same.[1]

The lamentable breach with Wordsworth, which occurred at the end of 1810, brought with it a long lapse in the intercourse of the two poets. This is the more to be regretted from the fact that during these years the same problems were engaging the minds of both. For Wordsworth was busy preparing the new edition of his poems, and elaborating the principles of classification which he afterwards discussed in his preface. In various conversations with Crabb Robinson he discoursed upon these principles, and in especial upon the distinction of fancy and imagination. To these expositions Crabb Robinson proved an attentive, but not always an enlightened listener. 'Neither now' (he writes in 1816) 'nor in reading the preface' (to the new edition) 'have I been able to comprehend his ideas concerning the poetic imagination.' Elsewhere, however, he

[1] See Payne Collier's *Diary*, 1811. 'He means very soon, to give a series of lectures . . . mainly upon Poetry, with a view to erect some standard by which all poets may be measured and ranked . . . . He thought something of this kind was much needed, in order to settle people's notions of what was, or was not, good poetry, and who was, or was not, a good poet.'

remarks that 'Wordsworth represents much, as, unknown to him, the German philosophers have done, that by the imagination the mere fact is exhibited in its connection with infinity'.[1] But Wordsworth's views would doubtless have largely gained in clearness, could he have maintained his exchange of ideas with Coleridge on a distinction which their intercourse had originated in years long past. To Robinson at least it seemed that Coleridge's own exposition of the subject had the effect of greatly illuminating 'Wordsworth's obscure discrimination'.[2]

VI. The 'Biographia Literaria'.

In April 1816, after years of wandering, Coleridge found what proved to be a lasting home under the Gillmans' roof at Highgate. In December of the same year a visit was paid to him by Crabb Robinson, to whom Coleridge spoke of his memoirs, then about to appear, and gave the account of imagination and fancy alluded to above. Of fancy he spoke 'as not holding that place in a chart of the mind which imagination holds'; 'and which' (the *Diary* adds) 'he has in his Lay Sermon so admirably described.'[3]

The 'Lay Sermon' here alluded to is that published in 1816 under the title of *The Statesman's Manual*, and 'the memoirs' are the two volumes of the *Biographia Literaria* which appeared in July of the following year, some twenty months after it was first placed in the printer's hands. In the 'Lay Sermon' the discussion of the imagination is quite incidental to the main subject: it is the *Biographia Literaria*

[1] Compare e. g. Jean Paul (*Vorschule der Aesthetik*, ii. 7): 'Die Phantasie macht alle Teile zu Ganzen'.

[2] *Diary, &c.*, Sept. 10, 1816; *ib.*, Dec. 26, 1816. Fancy is defined as 'memory without judgment'.

[3] See Supplementary Note for a fuller account of the genesis of the *Biographia Literaria*.

which contains Coleridge's first and last genuine attempt to expound his conception of its nature.

The variety of motives which gave rise to the *Biographia Literaria* reveals itself in the miscellaneous character of the work. Intended in the first instance as a preface to the *Sibylline Leaves*, it grew into a literary autobiography which itself came to demand a preface. This preface itself outgrew its purposed limits, and was incorporated in the whole work, which was finally issued in two parts —the autobiography (two vols.) and the poems.[1] Originally, no doubt, Coleridge's motive in writing the preface was to explain and justify his own style and practice in poetry. To this end it was necessary that he should state clearly the points on which he took exception to Wordsworth's theory. All this, however, seemed to involve an examination of the nature of poetry and the poetic faculty: and this in its turn suggested, if it did not demand, a radical inquiry into the preconditions of knowledge in general. To Coleridge, as we have seen, the distinction of fancy and imagination was a distinction of equal import for philosophy and for poetry. But having thus been led to a consideration of fundamental problems, there was danger that he would pursue them for their own sake; especially when the occasion was afforded him of attacking his old bugbear, the mechanical philosophy. This uncertainty of aim is illustrated in a letter of July 1815.[1] After writing that he has given 'a full account (raisonné) of the controversy concerning Wordsworth's poems and theory,' he adds, 'I have elaborated a disquisition on the powers of association and the generic difference between the fancy and the imagination. . . . One long passage I did not (wholly) insert, but I certainly extended and elaborated with a view to your perusal, as laying the foundation-stone of

[1] Letters to Dr. Brabant, printed in *Westm. Review*, April and July 1870.

the constructive or dynamic philosophy, as opposed to the merely mechanic.' Coleridge's vagueness of language leaves it uncertain to what part of the work he is here referring; but it seems not unlikely that the passage which he elaborated, but did not insert, was the missing portion of the chapter 'On the imagination, or esemplastic power'.

In the opening page of the work itself, Coleridge anticipates the charge of a personal motive in writing. 'The narration' (he writes) 'has been used chiefly for the purpose of giving continuity to the work, in part for the reflections suggested to me by particular events: but still more as introductory to a statement of my principles in Politics, Religion, and Philosophy, and the application of the rules, deduced from philosophical principles, to poetry and criticism.' But it cannot be said that the narrative portion of the book, detached and fragmentary as it is, really fulfils this introductory purpose, or relieves the student from the task of reconstructing, from this and other sources, the gradual development of Coleridge's opinions to the point which they had now attained. Indeed, as Coleridge admits, the very narrative itself was made to serve three distinct ends, each of which was an obstacle to the fulfilment of the other two.

But enough has been said of the miscellaneous character of the *Biographia Literaria*. It remains to consider what definite contribution to Coleridge's theory of the imagination it actually contains. Unfortunately, it is not easy in a work of this kind, to distinguish the record of opinions arrived at in the past from the statement of those now first clearly adopted. Indeed, our knowledge of Coleridge's earlier views is partly based upon this very book, although happily we have other sources of corroboration. The development of these views may here be briefly recapitulated.

In tracing the origin of the theory in Coleridge's mind, we saw how his early doubts as to the validity of the mechanical explanation of knowledge, if they did not originate in, were yet confirmed by, the testimony of the imagination in its poetic function. Its power to reveal a new aspect of things, and compel our faith in its revelation, naturally suggested a new attitude to the problem of knowledge. For although on the one hand the mind in its poetic interpretation of outward forms is limited and determined by the nature of those forms, yet it is equally free and creative in respect of them, in so far as it invests them with a being and a life which as mere objects of the senses they do not possess. Moreover, the basis of this activity being the desire for self-expression (not of the individual merely, but of the universal self), the fitness of the external world to be the vehicle of such expression pointed to its participation in a common reality with the self which it reflected. But the fact that the imagination is a restricted gift rendered it impossible to regard it as universally active in the process of knowledge.

At this point Coleridge became acquainted with Kant's works and found in his account of the mind a definite place assigned to the imagination as an indispensable factor in the attainment of knowledge. For since the understanding, as a purely intellectual faculty, was incapable of reaching the manifold of sense, it was necessary to call in the services of the imagination, which in virtue of its twofold nature presents that manifold in a form suitable for its subsumption under the categories. The imagination as thus operative is not a mere faculty of images: still less is it the faculty of poetic invention: its peculiar characteristic lies in the power of figurative synthesis, or of delineating the forms of things in general. Moreover, in performing this function it is subject to the laws of the understanding: its procedure, therefore, contributes nothing to our

knowledge of the origin of phenomena. But for this very reason of its conformity to the understanding, its deliverances are objective, that is, valid for all thinking beings: and are in this respect to be distinguished from the creations of its reproductive activity, which as subject to empirical conditions (the laws of association) have merely individual and contingent validity. Finally, in the aesthetic judgement, the imagination, though still receiving its law from the understanding, is yet so far free, that its activity is determined not by the necessity of a particular cognition, but by its own character as an organ of knowledge in general.

Kant thus distinguishes three functions or activities of the imagination: as reproductive, in which it is subject to empirical conditions; as productive, in which it acts spontaneously and determines phenomena instead of being determined by them, but yet in accordance with a law of the understanding; and as aesthetic, when it attains its highest degree of freedom in respect of the object, which it regards as material for a possible, not an actual and impending, act of cognition.

For the first and last of these functions Coleridge had already found a name and a description. To Kant's reproductive imagination corresponds the fancy. To the imagination as poetic Coleridge assigns, as we have seen, a far greater dignity and significance than Kant could possibly allow it. For in Kant's view even the highest activity of the imagination (its symbolical interpretation of beauty) has no warranty in the supersensuous ground of things. Meanwhile the second of these three functions, to Kant by far the most important (as a universal factor in knowledge), presented Coleridge with fresh matter for reflection. Here, too, it was impossible for him to stop short with Kant. That insight into reality which characterized the imagination in its highest potency must also

adhere to it in its universal use. The fact that the poet, in impressing his conscious self upon the world of objects, seemed to penetrate to the core of their being, might at least suggest the explanation of all knowledge as founded on a similar self-recognition of the subject in the object, and indicate the imagination as the organ of this recognition.

From Kant, however, Coleridge received no justification for such an hypothesis, though a suggestion might have been furnished in the unity of apperception as the basic principle of all acts of knowledge. On passing to the study of Fichte, he found a development of Kantean doctrine for which he had only a qualified approval. 'By commencing with an act, instead of a thing or substance . . ., Fichte supplied the idea of a system truly metaphysical, and of a metaphysique truly systematic (i.e. having its spring and principle within itself). But this fundamental idea he overlaid with a heavy mass of mere notions. . . . Thus his theory degenerates into a crude egoismus, a boastful and hyperstoic hostility to Nature, as lifeless, godless, and altogether unholy.'[1] It is not difficult to understand how little such a conception of nature would be welcome to Coleridge. Nor could the account of the imagination in Fichte's system commend itself to him. For having no external foundation for its activity, this faculty is consumed in the perpetual endeavour to outstrip the limits of self, in a restless self-torture which issues in unsubstantial mockeries of creation.[2] Such a conclusion, however much it might appeal to certain moods in Coleridge as in us all, was certainly inimical to the faith which never wholly deserted him—the belief in a Spirit which

[1] *Biog. Lit.* i. 101–2.

[2] Fichte, *Grundlage der gesammten Wissenschaftslehre* (*Werke*, 1845), i. 214–16: 'Imagination is a power that sways to and fro between determination and non-determination, between finite and infinite.'

spoke directly to the soul of man, but also revealed itself mediately through the forms of nature.

How far Coleridge's endeavours to find a philosophical expression for this faith had brought him when first his study of Schelling began, is a matter which cannot be accurately determined; nor what those 'genial coincidences' may have been, to which he alludes in the *Biographia Literaria*. The large verbal borrowings from Schelling in the course of the 'deduction of the imagination' suggest that when he began to write he had accepted Schelling's account of the faculty, or at least found his own conclusions happily expressed therein.[1] Of these excerpts by far the greater number are taken from the *Transcendental Idealism*;[2] it is, therefore, the account of the imagination presented in this work which concerns us here.

Now to the imagination Schelling daringly assigns a function of high, indeed of the highest, dignity and importance. It is proclaimed as the organ of truth, and of truth not as the artist only, but as the philosopher apprehends it. And the quality, which makes it thus their common instrument, is the power of reconciling opposites in virtue of their inner unity; of discovering the ground of harmony between apparent contradictories. Such a reconciliation is demanded by transcendental philosophy. For the task of this philosophy is to discover *in consciousness itself* an explanation of the apparent contradiction involved in the fact, that the self or subject is conceived as both active and passive as regards the object, as both determining it and determined by it. Such a solution can take only one form: the recognition, namely, that these apparently opposed and unrelated activities are really but a twofold aspect of the same activity, that the power which determines is also the power which is determined. As

[1] See *Biog. Lit.*, note to i. 95, l. 21.
[2] Published 1804.

the transcendental philosopher starts from the fact of consciousness, it is in consciousness itself that he must discover the original and prototype of this activity. And this he finds in the act of pure self-consciousness, in which the subject becomes its own object, and subject and object are therefore identical. Now from its very nature the apprehension of this pure self-consciousness, or pure activity returning upon itself, cannot be other than immediate and intuitive. Moreover, as reflecting the ultimate ground of all knowledge, it is productive and an act of the same power, whereby that ultimate principle is reflected objectively in the work of art. In either case the reflective or productive power is the imagination.

But the imagination, in this its highest potency, is itself identical in kind, though not in degree, with that very activity which it contemplates and reflects. For the original act whereby pure intelligence (the Absolute or Urselbst, as Schelling calls it) objectifies and limits itself in order to contemplate itself in its limitation, is an act of imagination, and indeed the primary act, an act which is subsequently repeated in the experience of every individual mind, in becoming conscious of an external world. This degree of imagination is common to all thinking beings. But as we rise in the scale of self-knowledge, the faculty reaches a higher intensity and is confined proportionately in extent, till in its highest power it pertains only to a chosen few. In the ordinary consciousness, imagination renders possible the distinction of self from a world of objects; in the philosopher it is the power of contemplating inwardly the ground of this distinction, and so overcoming it; and in the artist of giving to the reconciling principle an outward and objective expression. Hence the superiority of art to all other modes of the revelation of truth.

'Philosophy starts with an infinite division of two opposed activities; but the same division is at the root of

every aesthetic production, and is completely resolved by every individual representation of art. What is then that marvellous faculty by which, according to the assertion of the philosopher, an infinite contradiction is resolved in the productive intuition? . . . That productive faculty is the same which enables art to compass the impossible, to resolve an infinite contradiction in a finite product. It is the poetic faculty, which in its first power is the original intuition, and contrariwise, it is only the productive intuition reasserting itself in the highest power, that we call the poetic faculty. It is one and the same power which is active in both, the sole power whereby we are able to think and comprehend what is contradictory—namely, the imagination.'[1]

In attributing to the imagination the function in consciousness of reconciling opposites and so underlying all acts of knowledge, Schelling is but developing the conception of Kant, according to which the faculty mediates between the understanding and the senses. But to Kant this reconciling power implied no community of nature between the self and its object; the knowledge to which it contributed was valid only for the self from which it drew its unifying principle. When, however, the imagination is conceived as recognizing the inherent interdependence of subject and object (as complementary aspects of a single reality), its dignity is immeasurably raised. How far such a function can be legitimately attributed to such a faculty, is another question. It should, however, be remembered, that the German word (Einbildungskraft[2]) does not etymologically imply the power of dealing with images as sensuous representations, but merely the power of immediate apprehension in general, and therefore its application to an act of pure intelligence would not present the same difficulty

[1] *Transc. Ideal.* (*Werke*, 1858), I. iii. 626.

[2] From eins=one: whereas the 'ein' in 'Einbildungskraft' has an adverbial force, as in the phrase, 'ich bilde es mir ein'. Bilden=to shape or create in its widest sense.

as in the case of the word 'imagination'. It was no doubt because he felt this difficulty that Coleridge coined the term 'esemplastic power', a term which he apparently owed to his erroneous translation of the word 'Einbildungskraft', as signifying 'the unifying power'.[1] But in spite of his false etymology Coleridge rightly apprehended the agreement of Schelling's conception, in its cardinal features, with his own; to unify and so to create is, in the view of both writers, the characteristic function of the imagination. And of this unification the principle is found in the self, conceived not abstractly but as the whole nature of man, or all that is essential to that nature. Thought and feeling, in their original identity, demand expression through an organ which itself partakes of both.

To Schelling's conception it has been objected, that in constituting the imagination the peculiar organ of philosophy, he countenances the claim of every visionary to a respectful hearing, be his system never so wild and fantastic. But this is to misinterpret his meaning, and to fall into the common error of confounding fancy with imagination. If the faculty of imagination be not equally active in all men, its activity is none the less independent of the idiosyncrasies of the individual, its witness is none the less a witness of universal validity. By calling it the organ of philosophy, Schelling means that philosophy must start from a fundamental experience, and that it is the imagination which renders this fundamental experience possible. And to Schelling this ultimate fact of experience appeared to be given, inwardly, in what he called the intellectual intuition, and outwardly, in the products of art. These, he asserted, were intuitions of truth which demanded universal acceptance.

But at the same time Schelling acknowledged that of these facts one at least (the object of intellectual intuition) could not be made universally conscious. He therefore started from a datum which it was not in the power of all men to realize. No appeal to a universal spiritual faculty was here possible. All that lay open to him was to point to the creations of art, as the guarantee and evidence (evidence made visible to all) of that ultimate ground of all knowledge and being which the philosopher alone could directly contemplate.

Now, that poetry and philosophy, if their message be true, must be founded on the same spiritual experience, Coleridge would have readily acknowledged; indeed, it was the truth for which he had been contending throughout his life. To this truth, moreover, his own mental history bore witness; for he was conscious that the same impulse lay at the root of his poetic and speculative creation, the impulse to give again that which he had felt and known. By his own confession in later years, it was the same 'spirit of power' which had stirred him throughout—

> A matron now, of sober mien,
> Yet radiant still and with no earthly sheen,
> Whom as a faery child my childhood woo'd
> Even in my dawn of youth—Philosophy;
> Tho' then, unconscious of herself, pardie,
> She bore no other name than Poesy.[1]

And his description of his poetic manner, given in that 'dawn of youth' which he here recalls, shows that he was conscious of his inclination to confuse these kindred modes of communicating truth.[2] It was the conviction that in either case the whole self must be active in the appre-

[1] *The Garden of Boccaccio.*

[2] Letter to Thelwall: 'I seldom feel without thinking, or think without feeling. . . . My philosophical opinions are blended with or deduced from my feelings,' &c. *Letters*, p. 196.

hension of reality, which in the first instance opened his eyes to the error of the empiricists in their one-sided interpretation of a partial aspect of things. And it was to a poet (to *the* poet of the age) that he looked for a final confutation of this false philosophy. In Wordsworth's *Excursion* he had anticipated 'the first genuine philosophic poem',[1] which in its conclusion was to have emphasized the message of which the age stood most in need. This message was none other than 'the necessity of a general revolution in the modes of developing and disciplining the human life by the substitution of life and intelligence . . . for the philosophy of mechanism, which, in everything that is most worthy of the human intellect, strikes *Death*, and cheats itself by mistaking clear images for distinct conceptions, and which idly demands conceptions where intuitions alone are adequate to the truth. In short, facts elevated into theory, theory into laws, and laws into living and intelligent powers, true idealism necessarily perfecting itself in realism, and realism refining itself into idealism.'

This task, however, Wordsworth had shown no inclination to undertake; and the sense that it was still waiting to be accomplished was present with Coleridge, when he was composing his literary life. And here the 'genial coincidence' of his opinions with those of Schelling stood him in good stead. For at this time at least he seems to have believed that in the transcendental philosophy was exemplified this process of 'true idealism perfecting itself in realism, and realism refining itself into idealism', and this through intuitions as 'alone adequate to the majesty of truth'. Hence it was that he incorporated into his book so much of Schelling's doctrines as suited his immediate purpose, without perhaps reflecting on their ultimate implications. A brief analysis of the relevant

[1] *Letters*, p. 649.

portions of the *Biographia Literaria* will show this more clearly.

After introducing, in chapter iv, the distinction of imagination and fancy, Coleridge proceeds to investigate it psychologically. He begins with an historical discussion of the theory of association, and compares Aristotle's theory with that of Hartley; the inadequacy of the 'mechanical theory' is then exposed, and the true nature of association explained. Having thus cleared the ground, Coleridge next purposed to show 'by what influences of the choice and judgement the associative power becomes either memory or fancy, and to appropriate the remaining offices of the mind to the reason and the imagination'. But this promise of a psychological treatment of the distinction is not fulfilled : indeed we hear little more of the fancy until, in the final summing up, it is defined side by side, or rather in contrast, with the imagination. After some intervening chapters of general or biographical interest, Coleridge advances to the statement of his system, from which he proposes 'to deduce the memory with all the other functions of intelligence', but which, as a matter of fact, he views in connexion with one faculty only—the imagination. In a series of theses he discovers the final principle of knowledge as 'the identity of subject and object' in 'the Sum, or I Am', which 'is a subject which becomes a subject by the act of constructing itself objectively to itself; but which never is an object except for itself, and only so far as by the same act it becomes a subject'. Originally, however, it is not an object, but 'an absolute subject for which all, itself included, may become an object'. It must, therefore, be an act. Thus it follows that consciousness in its various phases is but a self-development of absolute spirit or intelligence. This process of self-development Coleridge asks us to conceive 'under the idea of an indestructible power with two counteracting forces,

which by a metaphor borrowed from astronomy, we may call the centrifugal and centripetal forces'. Such a power he 'assumes for his present purpose, in order to deduce from it a faculty the generation, agency, and application of which form the contents of the ensuing chapter'.

This faculty is the imagination or esemplastic power. But the promised deduction is cut short by the timely or untimely letter of warning from Coleridge's fictitious friend. The chapter on the imagination, 'which cannot, when it is printed, amount to so little as an hundred pages,' was laid aside, and we are left with the mere conclusion, which is framed in the following words:—

'The imagination, then, I consider either as primary or secondary. The primary imagination I hold to be the living power and prime agent of all human perception, and as a repetition in the finite mind of the eternal act of creation in the infinite I Am. The secondary I consider as an echo of the former, coexisting with the conscious will, yet still as identical with the primary in the kind of its agency, and differing only in degree and in the manner of its operation. It dissolves, diffuses, and dissipates in order to recreate: or, where this process is rendered impossible, yet still, at all events, it struggles to idealize and to unify. It is essentially *vital* even as all objects (as objects) are essentially fixed and dead.'[1]

The distinction here drawn is evidently between the imagination as universally active in consciousness (creative in that it externalizes the world of objects by opposing it to the self) and the same faculty in a heightened power as creative in a poetic sense. In the first case our exercise of the power is unconscious: in the second the will directs, though it does not determine, the activity of the imagination. The imagination of the ordinary man is capable only of detaching the world of experience from the self and contemplating it in its detachment; but the philosopher

[1] *Biog. Lit.* i. 202.

penetrates to the underlying harmony and gives it concrete expression. The ordinary consciousness, with no principle of unification, sees the universe as a mass of particulars: only the poet can depict this whole as reflected in the individual parts. It is in this sense (as Coleridge had written many years before) that to the poet 'each thing has a life of its own, and yet they have all our life'.[1] And a similar contrast is present to Schelling when he writes that 'through the objective world as a whole, but never through a single object in it, an Infinite is represented: whereas every single work of art represents Infinity'.[2]

With the definition of fancy which now follows we are already familiar. 'Fancy has no other counters to play with but fixities and definites. The fancy is indeed no other than a mode of memory emancipated from the order of time and space; and blended with and modified by that empirical phenomenon of the will which we express by the word choice. But equally with the ordinary memory it must receive its materials all ready-made from the laws of association.'[3] This distinction, which in its essentials Coleridge made so long before, need not be long dwelt upon here. As connected by the fancy, objects are viewed in their limitations and particularity; they are 'fixed and dead' in the sense that their connexion is mechanical and not organic. The law, indeed, which governs it is derived from the mind itself, but the links are supplied by the individual properties of the objects. Fancy is, in fact, the faculty of mere images or impressions, as imagination is the faculty of intuitions. It is in this sense that Coleridge sees in their opposition an emblem of the wider contrast between the mechanical philosophy and the dynamic, the false and the true.

[1] In 1802 (*Letters*, p. 405). See also *supra*, p. xl.
[2] *Werke*, i. 627. [3] *Biog. Lit.* ib.

But with all this we have nothing of the promised 'deduction' of the imagination, still less that of the memory and other 'functions of intelligence'. The definition of fancy is founded, apparently, on the psychological discussion of the earlier chapters, not on the theory of knowledge propounded later on. As to the imagination, it seems at first sight, from the close coincidence of Coleridge's statement with that of Schelling, that he had accepted Schelling's system wholesale and with it his account of that faculty. But the sudden termination of the argument, and the unsatisfactory vagueness of the final summary, in which he does not really commit himself to Schelling's position, suggest that that position was not in fact his own. And this suggestion is confirmed by other evidence.

That Coleridge's attitude from the first to Schelling's philosophy was by no means one of unqualified approval, we have already seen. But in the *Transcendental Idealism* which he studied at a time when he was deeply engaged in aesthetic problems, he found a peculiar attraction. Here for the first time the significance of 'the vision and the faculty divine' seemed to be adequately realized. At first it appeared to Coleridge that he had met with a systematized statement of his own convictions, the metaphysic of poetry of which he was in search. But he was soon to find that the supposed concurrence did not exist—that the Transcendentalism of Schelling in fact elevated the imagination at the expense of other and more important factors in our spiritual consciousness.

No doubt the feature most unsatisfactory to Coleridge in the *Transcendental Idealism* and in Schelling's philosophy in general was its vague conception of the ultimate ground of reality. For Schelling's absolute, which is prior to and behind self-consciousness, from which self-consciousness originates, is conceived as mere self-less identity or total indifference, of which all that can be said is that it

is neither subject nor object, but the mere negation of both.[1] From such an abstract principle, it is evident, no living bond of union can be derived to hold together the complementary elements in self-consciousness when it is mysteriously generated: hence subject and object, intelligence and nature, appear as parallel lines of co-ordinate value, connected by a merely logical necessity. In such a system there was clearly no place for the God of Coleridge's faith, as a Spirit to whom self-consciousness is essential, a Being 'in whom supreme reason and a most holy will are one with an infinite power'.[2] Thus it is that in his own account in the *Biographia Literaria* Coleridge is all the time striving to identify Schelling's 'intellectual intuition' of subject and object in their absolute identity with the religious intuition, the direct consciousness of God.

But this, of course, involves him in contradictions. For the power of intellectual intuition, the philosophic imagination is, as Schelling conceived, a gift confined to a favoured few, not a state of being in which all can, by moral effort, raise themselves: his philosophy cannot therefore take the form of a moral appeal. And here Coleridge, so long as his thoughts are concerned primarily with the imagination and its deduction, is inclined to follow him. The solution of the problem is to discover 'for whom and to whom the philosophical intuition is possible'. For 'there is a philosophic no less than a poetic genius, which is differenced from the highest perfection of talent, not by degree, but by kind'. If, however, this intuition of the supersensuous is none other than the consciousness of God, it must

[1] In later years Schelling sought to reconcile his system with the idea of a personal God; but with doubtful success. See the *Philosophische Untersuchungen über das Wesen der menschlichen Freiheit* (1809), and Coleridge's marginal comments thereon (*Biog. Lit.*, 2nd Edition, Vol. I, Appendix). See also Professor Watson, *Schelling's Transcendental Idealism*.

[2] *Confession of Faith*, 1818.

evidently be regarded as a spiritual condition accessible to all: and in that case its organ must be in a faculty essential to the spiritual constitution of man.

This common organ of spiritual insight Coleridge had long ago recognized and designated. Its name is *reason* and its objects are not as Kant conceived them, regulative merely, but constitutive; it brings us, that is to say, into direct contact with supersensuous reality. This point of view, as we saw, Coleridge had already adopted in *The Friend* of 1809; and on his conception of the reason, as subsequently developed, hinges his whole attempt to reconcile religion and philosophy. For it is the *same* faculty which, as intuitive, grasps the highest truths, and which, as speculative, develops them philosophically. In its speculative direction reason may be regarded as a peculiar gift; but as intuitive it is the highest function of our spiritual nature, man's most glorious prerogative. For an intuition which is at once purely spiritual and yet not common to mankind is a manifest contradiction; and the philosopher who imagines that he is brought into contact with the true ground of all knowledge is really contemplating, as in the case of Schelling's Absolute, the arid abstractions of the speculative intellect. The 'philosophic imagination' does not, in fact, exist for Coleridge; or at least it means to him something very different from the conception of Schelling. And it is significant that in his final definition, in the *Biographia Literaria*, Coleridge does not commit himself to that conception. The 'secondary imagination' is, in all its characteristics, essentially a faculty of mediate vision; and its medium is the sensible world. In this respect the creations of the artist differ from the systems of the philosopher; if the power of embodying the ideal in sensible forms be granted only to a few, yet the capacity to appreciate the concrete embodiment is regarded as universal in man. Only in this sphere can the imagina-

tion claim authoritative utterance. Its purely inward direction is, therefore, an impossibility, and the attempt so to apply it but a form of self-deception.

Thus Schelling's spiritual intuition of a spiritual reality becomes the *merely* intellectual apprehension of a bare abstraction; and nature, deprived of its animating principle, is opposed to intelligence in an absolute antithesis, of which each term precludes and yet necessitates the other. The materialistic implications of such a conception were bound, sooner or later, to reveal themselves to Coleridge. In later years he wrote of the *Transcendental Idealism*: 'The more I reflect, the more convinced I am of the gross materialism of the whole system!'[1] The same conviction led him, in 1818, to class Schelling with Spinoza among the Pantheists; and this because 'the inevitable result of all consequent reasoning in which the intellect refuses to acknowledge a higher or deeper ground than it can itself supply—and weens to possess within itself the centre of its own system—is Pantheism'.[2] In all this Coleridge is but giving definite expression to the implicit convictions of his early years, the same convictions which had weaned him from the empirically-grounded dogmas of Locke and Hartley. The nature of 'this deeper or higher ground of things' had gradually become clearer to him, and at the very time when he was writing the *Biographia Literaria* a more exact characterization of the higher functions of intelligence was also engaging his thoughts, the outcome of which was embodied in *The Statesman's Manual*, published in 1817.

In this, the first Lay Sermon, Coleridge is championing the same cause as in the *Biographia Literaria*, but in another field. His foe is still the spirit of materialism, dominating an age in which 'faith is either to be buried in the dead letter,

[1] Marginal note on Schelling's *Briefe über Dogmatismus und Criticismus* (*Biog. Lit.*, 2nd Edition, Appendix).
[2] *The Friend*, Coleridge's Works, ed. Shedd., ii. 470.

or its name and honours usurped by the counterfeit products of the mechanical understanding'; and here again the distinction between the false religion and the true is typified in the distinction of fancy and imagination. For while the understanding 'in the blindness of its self-complacency' is content with allegories, which are nothing more than 'the translation of abstract notions into a picture-language'; religion, 'the consideration of the individual, as it exists and has its being in the universal,' has need of *symbols* for its expression. But the faculty of symbols is none other than the imagination, 'the reconciling and mediatory power, which incorporates the reason in images of the sense, and organizes, as it were, the fluxes of the sense by the permanent and self-circling energies of the reason.' To reason, therefore, the organ of 'the intuition and the immediate spiritual consciousness of God', imagination is related as interpreting in the light of that consciousness the symbolism of the visible world. For of the symbol it is further characteristic 'that it always partakes of the reality which it renders intelligible: and while it enunciates the whole, abides itself as a living part in that unity of which it is the representative'. The symbols of imagination, in fact, are no tokens arbitrarily selected, but the spontaneous expression of the infinite mind in whose being it mysteriously shares.

Thus the imaginative attitude towards nature is indispensable to a true insight into her meaning, and this equally to the poet, the theologian, and the philosopher. For a science which is based on the observations of the mere understanding can give at best 'a knowledge of superficies without substance', a mere classification of phenomena, which regards the unity of things in their *limits* only. But true natural philosophy 'is comprised in the study of the science and language of symbols', which apprehends its objects 'as an actual and essential part of

that, the whole of which it represents', and sees in the silent and unconscious processes of nature 'the same power as that of reason—the same power in a lower dignity, and therefore a symbol established in the truth of things'. Thus the vital unity which the poet reads in the outward manifestations of nature, her apparently chance combinations of movement, form, and colour, the philosopher finds in her inward processes and organization; and in either case the unifying principle is the same. As the poet identifies his emotional self with nature, so the philosopher contemplates in the world of natural law the outward expression of man's rational life; for 'that which we find in ourselves is (*gradu mutato*) the sum and substance of all our knowledge'. The explanation, again, of this intimate sympathy and correspondence is for poet and philosopher the same: to both it appears as 'a mystery of which God is the only solution—God the one before all and of all, and through all!'[1]

It is thus evident in what sense, and what sense alone, Coleridge can consistently regard the imagination as the organ of philosophy. It is not the power of intellectual intuition (if by that we mean direct spiritual vision) but the faculty of the true apprehension of things sensible as the data and material of philosophical reflection: and herein lies the connecting link of poetry and philosophy. In poetry all effective speculation must begin, for experience must alway be interpreted in the light of an undemonstrable premise: and well for the philosopher, Coleridge would say, to whom imagination, and not fancy, supplies that premise; whose system, like the poet's ideal world, is constructed on 'the heaven descended' 'Know thyself', and on the intuition that in that knowledge he will find a key to the meaning of the universe. 'The genuine naturalist is dramatic poet in his own line.'[1]

[1] First *Lay Sermon*. Appendix B.

Enough has been said to show that Coleridge's failure to complete his deduction of the imagination is not merely another instance of his habitual lethargy of purpose. How he would have completed it in accordance with his more mature convictions is a question not admitting of solution, for the attempt was never resumed. We are left with his definition of the primary imagination as 'an echo of the primary act of creation', and of the secondary as a more highly potentialized form of the primary: and the meaning of this figurative language we have to unravel as we may. But of the primary act of creation, as Coleridge conceived it, we know that if it is an act of self-distinction, the subject of it is not to be conceived like Schelling's absolute as a dead identity, but as a spirit of life and love. 'Existence is an eternal and infinite self-rejoicing, self-loving, with a joy unfathomable, with a love all comprehensive.'[1] It is, then, an analogous impulse which we are to look for in the activity of the human imagination, whether, in its primary form, it unconsciously draws all experience into relation with the self; or, in its secondary form, reflects that self more perfectly in an ideal world. The justice of this conception, as regards the artistic creation, will readily be conceded. If there is one motive common to all genuine poetic impulse, it is surely the desire to objectify, and in this object to know and love, all that in the individual experience has seemed worthy of detachment from the fleeting personal life. It is at least possible that such was Coleridge's meaning, both in the *Biographia Literaria*, and when, years before, he had spoken of the imagination 'as a dim analogue of creation'.

It cannot be said that for that other purpose which Coleridge had in view (the establishment of fundamental principles of criticism) the metaphysical disquisition of the first volume does all that was anticipated of it. At least it

[1] Essay XI of *The Friend* (1818).

is true that Coleridge himself makes no direct application of the conclusions at which he had arrived.[1] For the poetical criticism of the second part is based, not on the deductions of the metaphysician, but on the intuitive insight of the poet: and its author owes nothing to Schelling's system or another's, but everything to the teaching of his own inward experience, long ripened into settled convictions. Thus we find that his preliminary analysis of the poetic faculty in the early chapters of Volume II adds little to our knowledge of his philosophy of art. Much of it is, in all probability, a *résumé* of the matter of earlier lectures. Hence it would be unprofitable for our purpose to consider, in detail, his exposition of the faults and virtues of Wordsworth's theory and practice in poetry. One passage, however, is instructive. In justifying the choice of rustic life in his poems, Wordsworth had spoken of the passions as 'incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of Nature'. To this Coleridge replies, that in the absence of a definite mental and moral condition, innate or acquired, natural forms must remain indifferent, or worse than indifferent, to those that dwell among them; and that 'the ancient mountains with all their terrors, and all their glories, are pictures to the blind, and music to the deaf'.[2] Nor is it without reason that he introduces this criticism: to him, indeed, it seems to illustrate 'the point where all the lines of difference converge as to their common source and centre'. For he regards the influence of nature as among those accidents which 'poetry, as poetry, must avoid and exclude'; and

[1] This, however, no doubt in part arises from (as it is an illustration of) the difficulty, if not impossibility, of applying philosophical theories of art to the criticism of any particular work of art—a fact to which Schiller draws attention in reference to Schelling's own art-philosophy (*Schiller's Correspondence with Goethe*, ed. Cotta, No. 834).

[2] So in 1803 (*Anima Poetae*, p. 28) he writes:—'A curious, and more than curious fact, that when the country does not benefit, it depraves.'

his protest is at once against a view of poetry which admits such accidents among its proper subjects, and a view of nature which regards her influence, not as an incidental circumstance, but as something essential to the growth of a complete and representative character. That Coleridge himself believed this view of nature to be Wordsworth's own, is hardly to be credited of him. But he was undoubtedly alive to the danger of a mistaken interpretation on the part of others, of the language in which Wordsworth's attitude to nature found expression; an interpretation which, if it did not identify nature with the object of man's highest spiritual needs, might yet hold her capable of supplying the full, if not the only, means to their satisfaction. But such an interpretation, which would find its psychological correlative in the elevation of imagination to the supreme place among the faculties, Coleridge could not but regard as a complete reversal of the true order of things.[1]

VII. The Essay 'On Poesy or Art'.

In the year 1818, the necessity of delivering a fresh course of lectures gave a new impulse to Coleridge's waning interest in problems of aesthetic. Of these lectures (the subject, as announced in the prospectus, is 'Shakespeare and Poetic Literature') but a scanty record has been

[1] Cp. *Aids to Reflection* (Bohn's ed., p. 271), where Coleridge distinguishes Wordsworth's *language* from his sense or purpose in the well-known lines

> A sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused, &c.

In a letter to Allsop, referring to this passage in the *Biog. Lit.*, Coleridge speaks as if to interpret Wordsworth pantheistically were not to misinterpret. One prefers, however, to believe that Coleridge's real opinion is that expressed in the *Aids to Reflection*. Yet from *Anima Poetae* (p. 35) we see that as early as 1803 Coleridge was not in entire sympathy with Wordsworth on this question.

left. In H. N. Coleridge's reproduction of the course in the *Literary Remains*[1] there occurs under Lecture XIII an essay 'On Poesy or Art' which, whether it actually formed part of the course or not, must have been composed about the same period. This essay contains Coleridge's maturest utterance on the subject, though it bears the fragmentary and tentative character of all his speculation in the region of pure aesthetic. Coleridge's language is here again largely the language of Schelling;[2] and here, again, as in the *Biographia Literaria*, the point of divergence from Schelling is not clearly indicated, and must be gathered from other sources. The main object of the essay is to define the relation of the true artist to nature. 'If the artist copies the mere nature, the *natura naturata*' (we read), 'what idle rivalry! . . . Believe me, you must master the essence, the *natura naturans*, which presupposes a bond between nature in the higher sense and the soul of man.' And Coleridge thus explains the nature of this bond. 'The wisdom in nature is distinguished from that in man by the co-instantaneity of the plan and the execution; the thought and the plan are one, or are given at once; but there is no reflex act, and hence there is no moral responsibility. In man there is reflexion, freedom, and choice; he is therefore the head of the visible creation. In the objects of nature are presented, as in a mirror, all the possible elements, steps, and processes of intellect antecedent to self-consciousness, and therefore to full development of the intelligential act.' Hence there arises an analogy between the processes of nature and intelligence, which it is the business of the poet (in the widest sense) to interpret; for 'so to place these images, totalized, and fitted to the limits

[1] Reprinted by T. Ashe (*Lectures, &c.*), pp. 169–487.

[2] Coleridge's debt in this Essay to Schelling's *Über das Verhältniss der bildenden Künste zur Natur* is dealt with in the Appendix to *Notes and Lectures on Shakespeare*, edited by Sara Coleridge, 1849. See notes to present edition.

of the human mind, as to elicit from and to superinduce upon the forms themselves the moral reflexions to which they approximate, to make the external internal, the internal external, to make nature thought and thought nature—this is the mystery of genius in the fine arts'. In every work of art 'the conscious is so impressed upon the unconscious as to appear in it. . . . He who combines the two is the man of genius; and for that reason he must partake of both. Hence there is in genius itself an unconscious activity; nay, that is the genius in the man of genius'.

'But in order to read the symbol accurately, the artist must first be familiar with the thing symbolized. He must therefore absent himself for a season from her (nature), in order that his own spirit, which has the same ground with nature, may learn her unspoken language in its radicals, before he approaches to her endless composition of them.' Thus only is he fitted for the true interpretation of nature, which consists not in copying the external form, but in revealing 'that which is active through form and figure, and discourses to us by symbols—the *Naturgeist* or spirit of nature, as we unconsciously imitate those whom we love'.

This conception of the essence of art, so far as it is here made clear, is certainly in close accord with that of Schelling. For 'Art' (says Schelling, in the "Transcendental Idealism") 'announces perpetually and for ever anew that which philosophy cannot externally present, the unconscious in action and creation and its original identity with the conscious.' . . . 'What we call nature is a poem, which lies sealed up in a secret and marvellous writing . . .' As to the philosopher, so to the artist, nature is but 'the ideal world appearing under constant limitations, or the imperfect reflection of a world which exists not outside but in himself'.[1] But Schelling's point of view in the *Transcen-*

[1] Already in 1804 Coleridge had written: 'In looking at Objects of Nature while I am thinking, as at yonder moon dim-

dental Idealism is, in its implications, pantheistic and materialist, whereas that of Coleridge is avowedly theistic. The question therefore arises, How are we to reconcile the language of this essay, which represents the spirit of man as 'one in its radicals with nature', with Coleridge's theism, which regards the divine being as wholly prior, and irrelative to the existence of the universe (not, as in Schelling's view, dependent on that universe for its existence as a self), and man as participating in that being? Now, if the self-consciousness in man is to be reflected in the unconscious life of nature, it is evident that it must be, in its essence, one with that life. And to this point of view Coleridge seems at first sight to incline. Thus he defines self-consciousness as the state in which life and intelligence, ascending from the plant upwards, becomes a new *kind* through the difference of *degree*, and not by essential opposition.[1] This is also Schelling's standpoint, and it is consistent with his conception of nature as the necessary correlative of intelligence. This view Coleridge, as we saw, attempted in the *Biographia Literaria* to adapt to his theistic conceptions, but without success. And his verdict on that attempt, that it was not 'fully thought out', probably applies with equal force to the essay which we are considering. Coleridge has not clearly answered the question 'in what sense we can speak of "natura naturans"' and

glimmering through the dewy window-pane, I seem rather to be seeking, as it were *asking* for, a symbolical language for something within me that already and for ever exists, than observing anything new. Even when the latter is the case, yet still I have always an obscure feeling as if that new phenomena were the dim awaking of a forgotten or hidden truth of my inner nature' (*Anima Poetae*, p. 136). And elsewhere he wrote (Gillman, *Life of Coleridge*, p. 309): 'From my very childhood I have been accustomed to abstract and as it were unrealize whatever of more than common interest my eyes dwelt upon, and then by a sort of transfusion and transmission of my consciousness to identify myself with the object.'

[1] Letter to Wordsworth, 1815 (*Letters*, ii. 649).

of the bond existing between it and the soul, if we regard on the one hand the divine source of the universe, and on the other the 'rational and responsible soul of man', as equally indifferent to and distinct from that universe itself. For the sense of this distinction was already strong in Coleridge's mind, and it became stronger as he grew older. But the difficulties which it raises were never satisfactorily solved.[1] In Coleridge's later speculations the sphere and functions of art are considered less and less, and the imaginative interpretation of nature is never dealt with in the light of his maturer insight.

Not, indeed, that this 'irrelativeness' of the universe to its divine origin precludes its symbolic character. On the contrary, as we have seen, the analogy, of which existence is undeniable, between the sensible and spiritual worlds, is a mystery 'of which God alone is the only solution—God the one before all, and of all, and through all!'[2] And as a mystery (Coleridge would add) it is incapable of further definition in the language of the understanding. All that really concerns us here to remember is that the participation of the universe in the divine life is neither to be conceived as an identity with that life nor as an essential condition of it. Similarly, man's essential characteristic, as a self-conscious spirit, is equally independent of his natural existence, and equally distinct from that existence, seeing that it derives immediately from its spiritual source.[3] Yet neither does this preclude our regarding man, the individual, as the apex and crowning result of the process of nature, the concentrated expression of the purpose towards which she tends. What man is and

[1] Cp. *Essay on Life.* [2] First *Lay Sermon*, App. B.
[3] First *Lay Sermon*, App. B. Cp. Schiller's lines:

Willst du das Höchste und Beste? Die Pflanze kann es dir lehren,
Was sie willenlos ist, sei du es willens, das ist's.

See also Coleridge's *Essay on Life.*

realizes self-consciously (as a moral being) nature is and realizes unconsciously. Hence nature symbolizes the spiritual life of man, but cannot originate it. 'What the plant is by an act not its own and unconsciously—that thou must make thyself to become.' And of this unconscious symbolism of nature the man of artistic genius is the best interpreter. Both in virtue of his supreme self-knowledge and of his peculiar power of sympathy and intercommunion with nature, his is the mind best fitted to penetrate her hidden meaning, to understand her mute appeal, and to make it intelligible to others; and thus to aid nature in the revelation of her spiritual source. 'To you alone,' writes Coleridge to Allston in 1815, 'does it seem to have been given to know what nature is—not the dead shapes, the outward letter, but nature revealing itself in the phenomena, or rather attempting to reveal itself. Now the power of producing the true ideals is no other, in my belief, than to take the will for the deed. The great artist does that which nature would do, if only the disturbing forces were abstracted.'[1] The entire elimination, indeed, of these 'disturbing forces' is, even to the artist, impossible; but its capacities of matter as a medium of spiritual expression are realized in the genuine work of art as they are not realized in nature itself. And to this end the conscious and unconscious activities in the artist work together. The unconscious (the genius in the man of genius) is, in effect, his spontaneous sympathy with the hidden purpose of things: the conscious is the self-controlled expression of that purpose in individual forms. And the harmony of conscious with unconscious (the

[1] Cp. Goethe, *Gespräche mit Eckermann*, 1828: 'The artist who aims at achieving anything great must be capable . . . of raising the inferior, real nature to the height of his own spirit, and making that actual which, in the phenomenal world, either from inherent weakness or outward obstacle, has remained mere intention.'

adequacy of execution to intention) constitutes the great artist and the perfect work.

VIII. Later Years.

The lectures of 1818 embody Coleridge's last definite utterance on the nature of the poetic faculty, even if they do not represent his final point of view. From the first, as we have seen, his interest in the imagination was dominated by the purpose which inspired all his serious speculation, the purpose of establishing right principles of thought and action; and this primarily by the elucidation of the essential nature of human consciousness, and the distinction of its various constituents, or rather, modes of activity, in respect of their value and authority as instruments of truth. And as with increasing age his sense of aloofness from external things grew stronger, and his inward life gained in vividness and depth, he realized more and more the paramount importance of emphasizing and appealing to the purely spiritual consciousness as a common possession of all men. Thus imagination, as the faculty of mediate vision, is thrust into the background, while reason, the faculty of direct access to truth, claims a more exclusive attention. Aesthetic experience is subordinated to the experience in which the intuitions of reason find their surest witness, the 'testifying state' of conscience. This, of course, implies no change of attitude in Coleridge, for the significance of the moral consciousness had been among his earliest convictions: but it was in part a result of his own peculiar experience that the need for emphasizing this conviction grew stronger with the ripening years. To follow out in detail the conclusions to which Coleridge was led by this altered direction of thought, would exceed the scope of this introduction. Their main feature is strikingly illustrated

in the little *Essay of Faith*, which belongs to the later period of his life. In this it is the conscience, and the deliverances of conscience, which are represented, not merely as common, like the impressions of sense, to all thinking beings, but as the precondition of all experience. The individual, that is, first comes to consciousness of himself in the sense of his relation, as a personal will, to universal reason, which is apprehended as the obligation to bring the first into harmony with the second. The primary act of self-consciousness is not the consciousness of opposition to a world of objects, but to a larger spiritual self; and its formula is no longer 'I am', but rather 'I must'. 'The becoming conscious of a conscience is an act in and by which we take upon ourselves an allegiance, and consequently the obligation of fealty.'[1] 'It is likewise the commencement of experience, and the *result* of all other experience. In other words, conscience, in this, its simplest form, must be supposed in order to consciousness, that is, to human consciousness.'

In thus emphasizing the priority of the moral to all other forms of experience, Coleridge does no more than proclaim a lifelong conviction. It is true that to this conviction he had sometimes (as in the disquisition of the *Biographia Literaria*) failed to attach due weight. But this, as we have seen, was one of the direct causes of the breaking-down in the chain of arguments by which he sought to establish the true nature of the imagination. For the distinguishing characteristic of that faculty, as from the first conceived by Coleridge, had been its power of interpreting the world of experience as a manifestation of a spiritual principle. And the possibility of such an

[1] With this compare and contrast Schelling (*Werke*, i. 395): 'Only in *willing* is the mind directly conscious of its own activity, and the act of volition is the highest condition of self-consciousness.'

insight was dependent upon a previous spiritual experience of which it was the symbol and guarantee.

The imagination thus appears as essentially allied to the moral consciousness; and art is the visible symbol of this relationship. For the imagination, as creative artistically, does but seek to give outward expression to the harmony of the personal and divine will, which conscience enjoins, or to the discord between them, which conscience condemns. This thought is characteristically expressed by Coleridge in commenting on a passage in an early work by Schelling, where it is asserted that the conception of a moral power outside of and above the world of sense is destructive of the aesthetic attitude towards that world. '*Der Gedanke, mich der Welt entgegenzusetzen* (the thought of opposing myself to the world), not only *hat nichts Grosses für mich* (contains nothing elevating for me), but seems mere pot-valiant nonsense, without the idea of a moral power extrinsic to and above the world. . . . How much more sublime and, in other points of view, how infinitely more beautiful, is the Hebrew idea of the world as at enmity with God, and of the continual warfare which calls forth every energy, both of act and endurance, from the necessary vividness of worldly impressions, and the sensuous dimness of faith in the first struggles! Were the impulses and impresses from the faith in God equally vivid, then indeed all combat must cease, and we should have Hallelujahs for tragedies and statues.'[1] This is, perhaps, the fullest expression which Coleridge has left of the main point of difference between himself and Schelling, and it is much to be regretted that the conception of the function of art which it indicates was never more fully developed by him.

A few concluding remarks are suggested by Coleridge's

[1] Marginal Note to Schelling's *Phil. Briefe über Dogmatismus u. Kriticismus* (printed *Biog. Lit.*, 2nd Edition, Vol. I, Appendix).

use of the term 'faculty'. It is, perhaps, natural to conclude that because this term was so much on his lips he consciously committed himself to all the implications of the so-called 'faculty-psychology'; and no doubt his loose mode of speaking of the reason, the understanding, or the imagination, as alone active in this or that kind of knowledge or apprehension, lends countenance to such a conclusion. It is necessary, therefore, to realize, first, that Coleridge did not believe in any such detached activity of the various faculties, as a physiological or psychological fact.[1] Secondly, that although he could conceive of the mind as limiting itself, by its own free act, to a partial aspect of reality and to a partial self-activity, he saw that such an act, where it was not consciously recognized as an act of limitation, might be a fruitful source of error. 'As every faculty,' he wrote in 1818, 'with even the minutest organ of our nature, owes its whole reality and comprehensibility to an existence incomprehensible and groundless, because the ground of all comprehension; not without the union of all that is essential in all the functions of our spirit, not without an emotion tranquil from its very intensity, shall we worthily contemplate in the magnitude and integrity of the world that life-ebullient stream which breaks through every momentary embankment, again, indeed, and evermore to embank itself, but within no banks to stagnate and be imprisoned.' And the distinction of reason and understanding, of imagination and fancy, is not the distinction of more or less perfect instruments of knowledge, existing in mysterious detachment from one another, but of a more or less complete activity of the self by which these faculties are informed.[2] This activity is reason in the highest sense of the word, 'the integral spirit of the regenerated man.' Without its presence reason

[1] Cp. *Table Talk*, July 29, 1830.
[2] *The Friend*. Coleridge's Work, ed. Shedd., II.

itself becomes understanding, and imagination degenerates into fancy, 'whose objects are essentially fixed and dead'.[1]

In thus insisting on the solidarity of the higher functions of intelligence, Coleridge is protesting at once against a philosophy which makes intellect the measure of all things, and a religion which divorces itself from reason and imagination. The vague emotionalism of the evangelist, with its distrust of philosophy and art, seemed no less than the dogmatism of the rationalist or materialist, a denial of fundamental facts of spiritual experience. In his reaction against these partial attitudes to truth there might seem a danger that Coleridge should have been forced into an attitude equally partial: that he should have constructed a religion of the beautiful, and made the imagination its supreme interpreter. But the same insight which detected the inadequacy of the views that he attacked protected Coleridge from a like one-sidedness in his own. The means to human salvation must, he saw, be a common possession of humanity. Its attainment must demand the exercise, not of this or that isolated faculty, but of the real and undivided self, whose presence or absence in the operations of the various faculties renders them either fruitful or barren of truth.

The recognition of this vital fact it is which constitutes the philosophical significance of Coleridge's theory of imagination, and especially of his distinction of imagination from fancy. But his theory is equally significant in the narrower domain of art and artistic criticism, though the want of system and completeness in its presentation may make the student apt to underrate its significance.

For by his lifelong vindication of the truth, that the activity of imagination is determined subjectively by the laws of our common reason, and objectively by the truth of

[1] See *The Statesman's Manual*, Appendix C (Bohn's Library, p. 313).

things, and thus differs essentially from the accidental and seemingly capricious[1] combinations of fancy, Coleridge rendered an invaluable service to the cause of criticism, both in his own day and for all time. The anarchy of taste which followed the shattering of the old idols was even a more dangerous enemy to art than they had been. The critics of Coleridge's day, having emancipated themselves from the 'classical' tradition, were forced by a natural reaction into the opposite extreme of lawlessness. While, on the other hand, they tended to regard every work of art as something entirely peculiar and *generis sui*, unrelated and self-complete: on the other they looked upon their *personal* likes and dislikes as carrying their own authority, and therefore as adequate criteria of appreciation. For the irresponsible dogmatism of such a standpoint Coleridge substituted a truly critical criticism—that is, a criticism based on principles whose ground is our common nature, whose organ is 'universal reason, the true common sense of mankind'.

It is instructive in this connexion to compare Coleridge's aesthetic position with that of German romanticism, which finds its most characteristic exposition in the writings of Friedrich von Schlegel. From Schlegel's *Discourse of Poetry* (1800) we learn that 'as every man has his own nature and his own love, so does he carry his own poetry in himself'; and further, 'the opinion of every man (as regards poetry) is true and good, in so far as it is itself poetry.' Finally, we read further on that 'it is the beginning of all poetry to abolish the laws and methods of the rationally proceeding reason, and to plunge us once more into the ravishing confusions of fantasy, the original chaos of human nature'.[2]

[1] Not that the operations of fancy are actually lawless: they are *individually* necessary, but *universally* they are contingent.

[2] See Tomaschek, *Schiller u. die Wissenschaft.* Compare with this Coleridge's aphorism of 1804 (*Anima Poetae*, p. 96):

Here we have, indeed, the culminating expression of the anarchy of revolt, and nothing could illustrate better the wide difference between the principles of English and German romanticism than a comparison of Coleridge's attitude with that of Schlegel. If, indeed, we would seek a true parallel to Coleridge among German contemporaries, we must seek it neither in the Schlegels, nor Fichte, nor yet in Schelling, but rather in the poet Schiller.[1] The conviction around which Schiller's aesthetic theories centred, and which brought him into antagonism with the doctrinaire of the romantic school, is the same which (as we saw) lay nearest also to Coleridge's heart: the conviction that 'no kind of imagination can be called truly artistic, save such as proceeds according to objective and universally valid laws'. And Coleridge's teacher had been Schiller's also. On Kantean foundations they had builded, each after his own fashion; and if, in completeness and consistency, Coleridge's achievement cannot compare with that of Schiller's, yet, viewed in relation to the public which he addressed, it is, perhaps, of even greater significance. Not, indeed, that its significance is historical merely. Coleridge's message is not one which any age is likely to find irrelevant or superfluous: and the critic or artist who runs counter to its spirit will do so at his own peril.

'Idly talk they who speak of poets as indulgers of fancy, imagination, superstition, &c. They are the bridlers by delight, the purifiers; they that combine all these with reason and order —the true protoplasts—Gods of Love who tame the chaos.'

[1] Coleridge had no doubt made some acquaintance with Schiller's principal aesthetical works; but I cannot discover evidence of a real familiarity with the leading ideas of Schiller's aesthetic.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE ON THE GENESIS AND PURPOSE OF THE *BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA*

THE genesis of the *Biographia Literaria* is a matter of some obscurity, but the following facts may help to illuminate it. In March, 1815, Coleridge wrote to Cottle[1] that he had 'collected his scattered and manuscript poems, sufficient to make one volume'. He spoke nothing, however, of a preface. But in May of the same year, in a letter to Wordsworth, he remarks incidentally, 'I have only to finish a preface, which I shall have done in two, or at farthest three days.' What the contents of this preface may have been (whether critical, or autobiographical, or both) cannot be determined; but in it lay the germ of the *Biographia*.

This is the first stage. Two months later, we find Coleridge writing to Dr. Brabant that he has been kept to his study by the necessity of enlarging what originally was intended 'as a preface to an "Autobiographia Literaria, Sketches of my Literary Life and Opinions", so far as poetry and poetical criticisms are concerned.' From this it appears that the original preface was either conceived as a literary autobiography, or very soon took that form: and that this biography itself came to demand a preface. In extending this preface Coleridge's object was to include 'a full account (raisonné) of the controversy concerning Wordsworth's poems and theory', and some part at least of 'a disquisition on the powers of association . . . and on the generic difference between the Fancy and the Imagination'.[2] But the preface, thus augmented, proved too long to serve as a preface, and had to be incorporated

[1] Cottle, *Rem.*, p. 387. [2] See *Westm. Review*, Apr. 1870.

in the whole work. In August, 1815, the first instalment of manuscript was sent to the printers (Messrs. John Evans and Co., of Bristol), who had agreed to publish one volume of autobiographical matter, and one of poetry. But while the printing was in progress, Coleridge, misled, as he says, by his printer's assurances, continued to write and write until he had prepared more matter than a single volume could hold.[1]

In October he tells Stuart that he has sent the manuscript of the *Life* and the poems to the printer, and is turning to other tasks. But no final arrangement as to the form of publication was reached until April of the next year (1816), when it was agreed to publish the work in three volumes, the *Biographia* to make two.[2] Soon afterwards, however, a dispute arose between Coleridge and his printers, which lasted for many months, and eventually resulted in his transferring the whole of the printed matter to Messrs. Gale and Fenner, of London.[3] Meantime fresh causes of delay arose. The second volume was not yet long enough, and its completion was interrupted by differences with the new publishers. On September 22, 1816, Coleridge writes, 'I will commence next week with the matter which I have been forced by the blunder and false assurance of the printer to add to the literary *Life*, in order to render the volumes of something like the same size.' This fresh matter (which is contained in Vol. II, Chapter xxii) consisted of an appreciation of Wordsworth's poetry, which was thus severed by more than a year from the chapters dealing with the theory of poetic diction. As the second

[1] See the *Life*, p. 212, footnote. Mr. Dykes Campbell bases his conclusions on some unprinted letters which I have not seen.

[2] *Life*, p. 223.

[3] *Ib.*, p. 227. The actual transfer did not take place till May, 1817, but the negotiations with the London publishers were already going on in the summer of 1816. See *Lippincott's Mag.*, June, 1874 ('Some Unpublished Letters of S. T. Coleridge').

volume was still too small, it was at first proposed to 'fill the gap' with the newly-finished *Zapolya*: but finally the German letters were chosen, 'as in every respect more appropriate.'[1] To these were added the 'Critique on Bertram', which had already appeared in five numbers of the *Courier* (Aug. 29 and Sept. 7, 9, 10, and 11, 1816); a concluding chapter was appended, a few introductory pages prefixed; and thus, in the late summer of 1817,[2] the *Biographia Literaria* finally struggled into life.

The circumstances of its production are thus sufficient to explain why the *Biographia Literaria* should be the 'immethodical miscellany' which Coleridge himself styles it. Further, we must remember that at the time of its composition Coleridge's health and spirits had sunk to their lowest ebb. Even if there was any definite project in his mind, he was hardly in a fit state to carry it out. Yet among the various motives and 'states of mind' which are expressed in the miscellaneous character of the book one motive was, I believe, especially predominant—the desire, on Coleridge's part, to state clearly, and defend adequately, his own poetic creed. This purpose is more or less evident throughout the work, and to this it owes what unity it can be said to possess. It is with this end in view that, in the autobiographical portion of the book, he describes the growth of his own literary convictions; that, in the philosophical, he seeks to refer them to first principles; and that, in the criticism of Wordsworth's poetry and poetic theory, he emphasizes the differences which, as he imagines, exist between Wordsworth and himself. Regarded in this light, even Satyrane's letters and the 'Critique on Bertram' are not wholly out of place; for they illustrate the continuity of his opinions.

[1] *Lippincott's Mag.*, ib.

[2] The actual month was July, not March, as Mr. Dykes Campbell, by an unusual oversight, states.

This desire on Coleridge's part was both just and natural. More than fifteen years had elapsed since Wordsworth had expounded his theory of poetry. The views then made public were in great measure the fruit of long and frequent discussions with Coleridge; but, as they stand in the *Preface*, they by no means wholly coincided with Coleridge's own opinions. When the third edition of the *Lyrical Ballads* appeared in 1802, Coleridge felt it necessary to remove the current impression that the language of the *Preface* represented his own standpoint as well as Wordsworth's. This purpose he effected privately, in letters written to his friends[1]; and publicly he proposed to effect it also, by stating at large, in a volume of selections from contemporary poets, his views on the true nature of poetry. Of this project he writes to Southey in 1802, 'Of course, Darwin and Wordsworth having given each a defence of their mode of poetry, and a disquisition on the nature and essence of poetry in general, I shall necessarily be led rather deeper.' But the project came to nothing, and Coleridge remained content, for fourteen years, to circulate his views in private, or at best through the medium of lectures. Meanwhile, however, the need for their expression had not decreased, but had grown tenfold more imperative. For not only had critics and public continued to include Coleridge, as a matter of course, in their estimate of Wordsworth's poetry and theories, but Wordsworth's own meaning had been grossly misunderstood, and often enough as wilfully misinterpreted. 'This slang' (of affected simplicity and meanness of thought and diction) 'has gone on for fourteen or fifteen years against us,' writes Coleridge in 1813, '*and really deserves to be exposed.*'[2] And he felt no doubt that all things pointed to him as the right person to undertake the task. Yet

[1] See note to *Biog. Lit.*, vol. ii, p. 7, l. 34.
[2] *Letters*, p. 607. The italics are mine.

(and the fact is characteristic) it was not until he had gathered up energy enough to prepare a new edition of his poems, that he was led, half incidentally, to prepare the long-needed vindication.

There is thus no doubt that Coleridge had sufficiency of motives for his desire to enlighten the public as to his conception of the real nature and functions of poetry. But the question still suggests itself, how far the actual tone and spirit of the critique is explained or justified by these motives. It cannot indeed be fairly contended that Coleridge's criticisms, considered as criticisms of the views explicitly laid down in the *Preface*, are wholly unjust or beside the mark. In the attempt to state his position philosophically, Wordsworth was undoubtedly betrayed into fallacies, and it was right that these fallacies should be exposed, the more so that they bore the authority of Wordsworth's name. But while Coleridge was thus rendering an important service to the public, there lay open to him the opportunity of rendering a service more important still; and that was, of making clear the real purpose which Wordsworth had at heart in writing his *Preface*. That Coleridge has accomplished this task in his critique, the most sympathetic reader will hardly be prepared to admit. Here and there, indeed, he has indicated Wordsworth's true position;[1] but he has not made it the basis of his criticism. Yet this he might have done without neglecting the errors into which Wordsworth undoubtedly did fall; and these would then have appeared in their true light, not as contradictions of Wordsworth's unconscious practice, but as the results of an imperfect self-analysis. Coleridge's failure to make this use of this opportunity is to be re-

[1] Cp. e.g. *Biog. Lit.* ii, pp. 28 and 69. It is worthy of notice that Coleridge nowhere in his criticism of the *Preface* upholds the position which it is the object of the *Preface* to overthrow—viz., that there should exist a distinct poetic *vocabulary*.

gretted ; not only because it contributed to the general misunderstanding of Wordsworth's position, but also because it raises the suspicion that Coleridge wrote under the influence of personal feelings, of a mind embittered by estrangement and misinterpretation.[1] Something at least must have occurred to pervert Coleridge's vision, if he could really believe that in his criticisms in the *Biographia Literaria* he was serving Wordsworth's cause (and this cause was his own also) to the best of his ability. And he does appear to have been fully contented with what he had written. 'I have done my duty to myself and to the public,' he writes to a friend,[2] 'in, as I believe, completely subverting the theory, and proving that the poet never acted upon it except in particular instances, which are the blots upon his poetry.' So Coleridge judged, and judged no doubt honestly. Others, however, will feel that the claims of the public would have been more fully satisfied had they been set right, once for all, as to Wordsworth's aim: and Coleridge's duty to himself more adequately realized, if he had been instrumental in rendering this service to his friend.

In the same letter Coleridge anticipates Wordsworth's displeasure at the criticisms of his theory and poetry. In this, at any rate, he judged rightly. To Crabb Robinson Wordsworth confided that 'the *Biographia Literaria* had given him no pleasure. The praise he considered extravagant, and the censure inconsiderate'.[3] Yet many of the passages, which Coleridge had singled out for censure, Wordsworth afterwards altered, in deference, no doubt, to the views expressed by Coleridge. The changes thus

[1] Cp. Crabb Robinson, *Diary, &c.*, Dec. 21, 1822: 'Of Wordsworth I believe Coleridge judges under personal feelings of unkindness.'

[2] 'Unpublished Letters of S. T. Coleridge,' *Westm. Review*, April and July, 1870.

[3] Crabb Robinson, *Diary, &c.*, Dec. 4, 1817.

introduced are, in the opinions of the best critics, for the most part infelicitous, and detrimental to the whole effect of the poems in which they occur. In this fact we may be inclined to see at once a sign that Coleridge was wrong in criticizing the passages adversely, and that Wordsworth, in altering them, did so against his better judgement. But it certainly does not prove that Wordsworth's conception of poetry was a juster one than Coleridge's. For the altered passages illustrate a principle which both poets equally upheld. They fail, that is, not because they substitute for prosaic language a diction remote from prose, but because they embody a less poetic content, and spring from a less inspired mood. And the truth which they thus exemplify is that the distinction of real importance for poet and critic must be conceived as a distinction of *origin*; that it is, in Coleridge's own language, the distinction of 'form as proceeding from shape as superinduced'.[1] Had Coleridge duly emphasized his unanimity with Wordsworth on this fundamental principle, he could have afforded to pass more lightly over their real or imagined points of difference.

EDITIONS

The edition of 1817, of which the present is a complete reprint, was the only one published in England during Coleridge's lifetime. A second edition, with appendices and annotations, was prepared by H. N. Coleridge, and after his death completed by his wife, with the addition of a lengthy apologetic introduction. This edition appeared in 1847. A third, based upon that of 1817, was published in Bohn's Standard Library in 1866, and has been reprinted frequently; and a fourth edition (based apparently on the second) appeared in Messrs. Dent's

[1] See the Essay 'On Poesy or Art'.

Everyman's Library in 1905. In America editions were published in 1817 (simultaneously with the English edition), in 1834, and in 1843.

The original edition (besides numerous misprints, more or less obvious) contains many peculiarities of spelling, which can hardly be laid at the printer's door. Neither this orthography, nor the frequent use of italics and capitals, has been strictly respected by later editors. But they are all characteristic of Coleridge, and as such deserve to be retained. At times, however, it has been difficult to discriminate between the printer's errors and Coleridge's idiosyncrasies.

Biographia Literaria

BY

S. T. COLERIDGE, Esq.

BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA;

OR

Biographical Sketches

OF

MY LITERARY LIFE

AND

OPINIONS.

By S. T. COLERIDGE, Esq.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

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1817.

BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA:

OR,

Biographical Sketches

OF MY

LITERARY LIFE AND OPINIONS.

So wenig er auch bestimmt seyn mag, andere zu belehren, so wünscht er doch sich denen mitzutheilen, die er sich gleichgesinnt weiss oder hofft, deren Anzahl aber in der Breite der Welt zerstreut ist: er wünscht sein Verhältniss zu den ältesten Freunden dadurch wieder anzuknüpfen, mit neuen es fortzusetzen, und in der letzten Generation sich wieder andere für seine übrige Lebenszeit zu gewinnen. Er wünscht der Jugend die Umwege zu ersparen, auf denen er sich selbst verirrte.

(Goethe.)

TRANSLATION. Little call as he may have to instruct others, he wishes nevertheless to open out his heart to such as he either knows or hopes to be of like mind with himself, but who are widely scattered in the world: he wishes to knit anew his connexions with his oldest friends, to continue those recently formed, and to win other friends among the rising generation for the remaining course of his life. He wishes to spare the young those circuitous paths, on which he himself had lost his way.

BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA

CHAPTER I

The motives of the present work—Reception of the Author's first publication—The discipline of his taste at school—The effect of contemporary writers on youthful minds—Bowles's sonnets—Comparison between the Poets before and since Mr. Pope.

IT has been my lot to have had my name introduced, both in conversation, and in print, more frequently than I find it easy to explain, whether I consider the fewness, unimportance, and limited circulation of my writings, or the retirement and distance in which I have lived, both from the literary and political world. Most often it has been connected with some charge which I could not acknowledge, or some principle which I had never entertained. Nevertheless, had I had no other motive or incitement, the reader would not have been troubled with this exculpation. What my additional purposes were, will be seen in the following pages. It will be found, that the least of what I have written concerns myself personally. I have used the narration chiefly for the purpose of giving a continuity to the work, in part for the sake of the miscellaneous reflections suggested to me by particular events, but still more as introductory to the statement of my principles in Politics, Religion, and Philosophy, and an application of the rules, deduced from philosophical principles, to poetry and criticism. But of the objects, which I proposed to myself, it was not the least important to effect, as far as possible, a settlement of the long continued controversy concerning the true nature of poetic diction; and at the same time to define with the utmost impartiality the real *poetic* character

of the poet, by whose writings this controversy was first kindled, and has been since fuelled and fanned.

In 1794, when I had barely passed the verge of manhood, I published a small volume of juvenile poems. They were received with a degree of favor, which, young as I was, I well know was bestowed on them not so much for any positive merit, as because they were considered buds of hope, and promises of better works to come. The critics of that day, the most flattering equally with the severest, concurred in objecting to them obscurity, a general turgidness of diction, and a profusion of new coined double epithets *. The first is the fault which a writer is the least able to detect in his own compositions : and my mind was not then sufficiently disciplined to receive the authority of others, as a substitute for my own conviction. Satisfied that the thoughts, such as they were, could not have been

The authority of Milton and Shakespeare may be usefully pointed out to young authors. In the Comus, and other early Poems of Milton there is a superfluity of double epithets ; while in the Paradise Lost we find very few, in the Paradise Regained scarce any. The same remark holds almost equally true of the Love's Labour's Lost, Romeo and Juliet, Venus and Adonis, and Lucrece, compared with the Lear, Macbeth, Othello, and Hamlet of our great Dramatist. The rule for the admission of double epithets seems to be this : either that they should be already denizens of our Language, such as blood-stained, terror-stricken, self-applauding: or when a new epithet, or one found in books only, is hazarded, that it, at least, be one word, not two words made one by mere virtue of the printer's hyphen. A language which, like the English, is almost without cases, is indeed in its very genius unfitted for compounds. If a writer, every time a compounded word suggests itself to him, would seek for some other mode of expressing the same sense, the chances are always greatly in favor of his finding a better word. "Tanquam scopulum sic vites insolens verbum," is the wise advice of Cæsar to the Roman Orators, and the precept applies with double force to the writers in our own language. But it must not be forgotten, that the same Cæsar wrote a grammatical treatise for the purpose of reforming the ordinary language by bringing it to a greater accordance with the principles of Logic or universal Grammar.

expressed otherwise, or at least more perspicuously, I forgot to enquire, whether the thoughts themselves did not demand a degree of attention unsuitable to the nature and objects of poetry. This remark however applies chiefly, though not exclusively, to the *Religious Musings*. The remainder of the charge I admitted to its full extent, and not without sincere acknowledgments both to my private and public censors for their friendly admonitions. In the after editions, I pruned the double epithets with no sparing hand, and used my best efforts to tame the swell and glitter both of thought and diction; though in truth, these parasite plants of youthful poetry had insinuated themselves into my longer poems with such intricacy of union, that I was often obliged to omit disentangling the weed, from the fear of snapping the flower. From that period to the date of the present work I have published nothing, with my name, which could by any possibility have come before the board of anonymous criticism. Even the three or four poems, printed with the works of a friend, as far as they were censured at all, were charged with the same or similar defects, though I am persuaded not with equal justice: with an EXCESS OF ORNAMENT, in addition to STRAINED AND ELABORATE DICTION. (*Vide the criticisms on the* "Ancient Mariner" *in the Monthly and Critical Reviews of the first volume of the Lyrical Ballads.*) May I be permitted to add, that, even at the early period of my juvenile poems, I saw and admitted the superiority of an austerer and more natural style, with an insight not less clear, than I at present possess. My judgement was stronger, than were my powers of realizing its dictates; and the faults of my language, though indeed partly owing to a wrong choice of subjects, and the desire of giving a poetic colouring to abstract and metaphysical truths, in which a new world then seemed to open upon me, did yet, in part likewise, originate in unfeigned diffidence of my own comparative talent.—During several years of my

youth and early manhood, I reverenced those, who had reintroduced the manly simplicity of the Greek, and of our own elder poets, with such enthusiasm as made the hope seem presumptuous of writing successfully in the same style. Perhaps a similar process has happened to others; but my earliest poems were marked by an ease and simplicity, which I have studied, perhaps with inferior success, to impress on my later compositions.

At school I enjoyed the inestimable advantage of a very sensible, though at the same time a very severe master. He * early moulded my taste to the preference of Demosthenes to Cicero, of Homer and Theocritus to Virgil, and again of Virgil to Ovid. He habituated me to compare Lucretius, (in such extracts as I then read) Terence, and above all the chaster poems of Catullus, not only with the Roman poets of the, so called, silver and brazen ages; but with even those of the Augustan era: and on grounds of plain sense and universal logic to see and assert the superiority of the former in the truth and nativeness, both of their thoughts and diction. At the same time that we were studying the Greek Tragic Poets, he made us read Shakespeare and Milton as lessons: and they were the lessons too, which required most time and trouble to *bring up*, so as to escape his censure. I learnt from him, that Poetry, even that of the loftiest and, seemingly, that of the wildest odes, had a logic of its own, as severe as that of science; and more difficult, because more subtle, more complex, and dependent on more, and more fugitive causes. In the truly great poets, he would say, there is a reason assignable, not only for every word, but for the position of every word; and I well remember that, availing himself of the synonimes to the Homer of Didymus, he made us attempt to show, with regard to each, *why* it would not

* The Rev. James Bowyer, many years Head Master of the Grammar School, Christ's Hospital.

have answered the same purpose; and *wherein* consisted the peculiar fitness of the word in the original text.

In our own English compositions, (at least for the last three years of our school education,) he showed no mercy to phrase, metaphor, or image, unsupported by a sound sense, or where the same sense might have been conveyed with equal force and dignity in plainer words. Lute, harp, and lyre, muse, muses, and inspirations, Pegasus, Parnassus, and Hippocrene were all an abomination to him. In fancy I can almost hear him now, exclaiming "*Harp? Harp? Lyre? Pen and ink, boy, you mean! Muse, boy, Muse? Your Nurse's daughter, you mean! Pierian spring? Oh aye! the cloister-pump, I suppose!*" Nay, certain introductions, similes, and examples, were placed by name on a list of interdiction. Among the similes, there was, I remember, that of the Manchineel fruit, as suiting equally well with too many subjects; in which however it yielded the palm at once to the example of Alexander and Clytus, which was equally good and apt, whatever might be the theme. Was it ambition? Alexander and Clytus!—Flattery? Alexander and Clytus!—Anger? Drunkenness? Pride? Friendship? Ingratitude? Late repentance? Still, still Alexander and Clytus! At length, the praises of agriculture having been exemplified in the sagacious observation, that, had Alexander been holding the plough, he would not have run his friend Clytus through with a spear, this tried and serviceable old friend was banished by public edict in secula seculorum. I have sometimes ventured to think, that a list of this kind, or an index expurgatorius of certain well known and ever returning phrases, both introductory, and transitional, including a large assortment of modest egoisms, and flattering illeisms, &c., &c., might be hung up in our law-courts, and both houses of parliament, with great advantage to the public, as an important saving of national time, an incalculable relief to his Majesty's ministers,

but above all, as insuring the thanks of country attornies, and their clients, who have private bills to carry through the house.

Be this as it may, there was one custom of our master's, which I cannot pass over in silence, because I think it imitable and worthy of imitation. He would often permit our exercises, under some pretext of want of time, to accumulate, till each lad had four or five to be looked over. Then placing the whole number *abreast* on his desk, he would ask the writer, why this or that sentence might not have found as appropriate a place under this or that other thesis: and if no satisfying answer could be returned, and two faults of the same kind were found in one exercise, the irrevocable verdict followed, the exercise was torn up, and another on the same subject to be produced, in addition to the tasks of the day. The reader will, I trust, excuse this tribute of recollection to a man, whose severities, even now, not seldom furnish the dreams, by which the blind fancy would fain interpret to the mind the painful sensations of distempered sleep; but neither lessen nor dim the deep sense of my moral and intellectual obligations. He sent us to the University excellent Latin and Greek scholars, and tolerable Hebraists. Yet our classical knowledge was the least of the good gifts, which we derived from his zealous and conscientious tutorage. He is now gone to his final reward, full of years, and full of honors, even of those honors, which were dearest to his heart, as gratefully bestowed by that school, and still binding him to the interests of that school, in which he had been himself educated, and to which during his whole life he was a dedicated thing.

From causes, which this is not the place to investigate, no models of past times, however perfect, can have the same vivid effect on the youthful mind, as the productions of contemporary genius. The Discipline, my mind had undergone, "Ne falleretur rotundo sono et versuum cursu, con-

cinnis et floribus; sed ut inspiceret quidnam subesset, quæ sedes, quod firmamentum, quis fundus verbis; an figuræ essent mera ornatura et orationis fucus; vel sanguinis e materiæ ipsius corde effluentis rubor quidam nativus et incalescentia genuina;" removed all obstacles to the appreciation of excellence in style without diminishing my delight. That I was thus prepared for the perusal of Mr. Bowles's sonnets and earlier poems, at once increased *their* influence, and *my* enthusiasm. The great works of past ages seem to a young man things of another race, in respect to which his faculties must remain passive and submiss, even as to the stars and mountains. But the writings of a contemporary, perhaps not many years older than himself, surrounded by the same circumstances, and disciplined by the same manners, possess a *reality* for him, and inspire an actual friendship as of a man for a man. His very admiration is the wind which fans and feeds his hope. The poems themselves assume the properties of flesh and blood. To recite, to extol, to contend for them is but the payment of a debt due to one, who exists to receive it.

There are indeed modes of teaching which have produced, and are producing, youths of a very different stamp; modes of teaching, in comparison with which we have been called on to despise our great public schools, and universities

> "in whose halls are hung
> Armoury of the invincible knights of old"—

modes, by which children are to be metamorphosed into prodigies. And prodigies with a vengeance have I known thus produced! Prodigies of self-conceit, shallowness, arrogance, and infidelity! Instead of storing the memory, during the period when the memory is the predominant faculty, with facts for the after exercise of the judgement; and instead of awakening by the noblest models the fond and

unmixed LOVE and ADMIRATION, which is the natural and graceful temper of early youth; *these* nurselings of improved pedagogy are taught to dispute and decide; to suspect all, but their own and their lecturer's wisdom; and to hold nothing sacred from their contempt, but their own contemptible arrogance: boy-graduates in all the technicals, and in all the dirty passions and impudence of anonymous criticism. To such dispositions alone can the admonition of Pliny be requisite, "Neque enim debet operibus ejus obesse, quod vivit. An si inter eos, quos nunquam vidimus, floruisset, non solum libros ejus, verum etiam imagines conquireremus, ejusdem nunc honor præsentis, et gratia quasi satietate languescit? At hoc pravum, malignumque est, non admirari hominem admiratione dignissimum, quia videre, complecti, nec laudare tantum, verum etiam amare contingit." *Plin. Epist. Lib.* I.

I had just entered on my seventeenth year, when the sonnets of Mr. Bowles, twenty in number, and just then published in a quarto pamphlet, were first made known and presented to me, by a schoolfellow who had quitted us for the University, and who, during the whole time that he was in our first form (or in our school language a GRECIAN,) had been my patron and protector. I refer to Dr. Middleton, the truly learned, and every way excellent Bishop of Calcutta:

"Qui laudibus amplis
Ingenium celebrare meum, calamumque solebat,
Calcar agens animo validum. Non omnia terræ
Obruta; vivit amor, vivit dolor; ora negatur
Dulcia conspicere; at flere et meminisse * relictum est."
Petr. Ep., Lib. I, Ep. I.

* I am most happy to have the necessity of informing the reader that, since this passage was written, the report of Dr. Middleton's death on his voyage to India has been proved erroneous. He lives and long may he live; for I dare prophecy, that with his life only will his exertions for the temporal and spiritual welfare of his fellow men be limited.

It was a double pleasure to me, and still remains a tender recollection, that I should have received from a friend so revered the first knowledge of a poet, by whose works, year after year, I was so enthusiastically delighted and inspired. My earliest acquaintances will not have forgotten the undisciplined eagerness and impetuous zeal, with which I laboured to make proselytes, not only of my companions, but of all with whom I conversed, of whatever rank, and in whatever place. As my school finances did not permit me to purchase copies, I made, within less than a year and a half, more than forty transcriptions, as the best presents I could offer to those, who had in any way won my regard. And with almost equal delight did I receive the three or four following publications of the same author.

Though I have seen and known enough of mankind to be well aware, that I shall perhaps stand alone in my creed, and that it will be well, if I subject myself to no worse charge than that of singularity; I am not therefore deterred from avowing, that I regard, and ever have regarded the obligations of intellect among the most sacred of the claims of gratitude. A valuable thought, or a particular train of thoughts, gives me additional pleasure, when I can safely refer and attribute it to the conversation or correspondence of another. My obligations to Mr. Bowles were indeed important, and for radical good. At a very premature age, even before my fifteenth year, I had bewildered myself in metaphysicks, and in theological controversy. Nothing else pleased me. History, and particular facts, lost all interest in my mind. Poetry (though for a school-boy of that age, I was above par in English versification, and had already produced two or three compositions which, I may venture to say, without reference to my age, were somewhat above mediocrity, and which had gained me more credit than the sound, good sense of my old master was at all pleased with,) poetry itself, yea, novels and romances, became insipid to

me. In my friendless wanderings on our *leave-days**, (for I was an orphan, and had scarcely any connections in London,) highly was I delighted, if any passenger, especially if he were drest in black, would enter into conversation with me. For I soon found the means of directing it to my favorite subjects

> "Of providence, fore-knowledge, will, and fate,
> Fix'd fate, free will, fore-knowledge absolute,
> And found no end in wandering mazes lost."

This preposterous pursuit was, beyond doubt, injurious both to my natural powers, and to the progress of my education. It would perhaps have been destructive, had it been continued; but from this I was auspiciously withdrawn, partly indeed by an accidental introduction to an amiable family, chiefly however, by the genial influence of a style of poetry, so tender and yet so manly, so natural and real, and yet so dignified and harmonious, as the sonnets &c. of Mr. Bowles! Well were it for me, perhaps, had I never relapsed into the same mental disease; if I had continued to pluck the flower and reap the harvest from the cultivated surface, instead of delving in the unwholesome quicksilver mines of metaphysic depths. But if in after time I have sought a refuge from bodily pain and mismanaged sensibility in abstruse researches, which exercised the strength and subtlety of the understanding without awakening the feelings of the heart; still there was a long and blessed interval, during which my natural faculties were allowed to expand, and my original tendencies to develope themselves: my fancy, and the love of nature, and the sense of beauty in forms and sounds.

The second advantage, which I owe to my early perusal, and admiration of these poems, (to which let me add,

* The Christ's Hospital phrase, not for holidays altogether, but for those on which the boys are permitted to go beyond the precincts of the school.

though known to me at a somewhat later period, the Lewsdon Hill of Mr. CROW) bears more immediately on my present subject. Among those with whom I conversed, there were, of course, very many who had formed their taste, and their notions of poetry, from the writings of Mr. Pope and his followers: or to speak more generally, in that school of French poetry, condensed and invigorated by English understanding, which had predominated from the last century. I was not blind to the merits of this school, yet as from inexperience of the world, and consequent want of sympathy with the general subjects of these poems, they gave me little pleasure, I doubtless undervalued the *kind*, and with the presumption of youth withheld from its masters the legitimate name of poets. I saw that the excellence of this kind consisted in just and acute observations on men and manners in an artificial state of society, as its matter and substance: and in the logic of wit, conveyed in smooth and strong epigrammatic couplets, as its *form*. Even when the subject was addressed to the fancy, or the intellect, as in the Rape of the Lock, or the Essay on Man; nay, when it was a consecutive narration, as in that astonishing product of matchless talent and ingenuity, Pope's Translation of the Iliad; still a *point* was looked for at the end of each second line, and the whole was as it were a sorites, or, if I may exchange a logical for a grammatical metaphor, a *conjunction disjunctive*, of epigrams. Meantime the matter and diction seemed to me characterized not so much by poetic thoughts, as by thoughts *translated* into the language of poetry. On this last point, I had occasion to render my own thoughts gradually more and more plain to myself, by frequent amicable disputes concerning Darwin's BOTANIC GARDEN, which, for some years, was greatly extolled, not only by the *reading* public in general, but even by those, whose genius and natural robustness of understanding enabled them afterwards to act foremost in dissipating these

"painted mists" that occasionally rise from the marshes at the foot of Parnassus. During my first Cambridge vacation, I assisted a friend in a contribution for a literary society in Devonshire: and in this I remember to have compared Darwin's work to the Russian palace of ice, glittering, cold and transitory. In the same essay too, I assigned sundry reasons, chiefly drawn from a comparison of passages in the Latin poets with the original Greek, from which they were borrowed, for the preference of Collins' odes to those of Gray; and of the simile in Shakespeare

> "How like a younker or a prodigal,
> The skarfed bark puts from her native bay,
> Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
> How like the prodigal doth she return,
> With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
> Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!"

to the imitation in the Bard;

> "Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
> While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
> In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
> YOUTH at the prow and PLEASURE at the helm;
> Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
> That hush'd in grim repose, expects its evening prey."

(In which, by the bye, the words "realm" and "sway" are rhymes dearly purchased.) I preferred the original on the ground, that in the imitation it depended wholly on the compositor's putting, or not putting, a *small Capital*, both in this, and in many other passages of the same poet, whether the words should be personifications, or mere abstractions. I mention this, because, in referring various lines in Gray to their original in Shakespeare and Milton; and in the clear perception how completely all the propriety was lost in the transfer; I was, at that early period, led to a conjecture, which, many years afterwards was recalled to me from the same thought having been started in conversation, but

far more ably, and developed more fully, by Mr. Wordsworth; namely, that this style of poetry, which I have characterised above, as translations of prose thoughts into poetic language, had been kept up by, if it did not wholly arise from, the custom of writing Latin verses, and the great importance attached to these exercises, in our public schools. Whatever might have been the case in the fifteenth century, when the use of the Latin tongue was so general among learned men, that Erasmus is said to have forgotten his native language; yet in the present day it is not to be supposed, that a youth can *think* in Latin, or that he can have any other reliance on the force or fitness of his phrases, but the authority of the writer from whence he has adopted them. Consequently he must first prepare his thoughts, and then pick out, from Virgil, Horace, Ovid, or perhaps more compendiously from his * Gradus, halves and quarters of lines, in which to embody them.

I never object to a certain degree of disputatiousness in a young man from the age of seventeen to that of four or five and twenty, provided I find him always arguing on one side of the question. The controversies, occasioned by my unfeigned zeal for the honor of a favorite contemporary, then known to me only by his works, were of great advantage in the formation and establishment of my taste and critical opinions. In my defence of the lines running into each other, instead of closing at each couplet, and of natural language, neither bookish, nor vulgar, neither redolent of

* In the Nutricia of Politian there occurs this line :

"Pura coloratos interstrepit unda lapillos."

Casting my eye on a University prize-poem, I met this line :

"Lactea purpureos interstrepit unda lapillos."

Now look out in the Gradus for *Purus*, and you find as the first synonime, *lacteus ;* for *coloratus*, and the first synonime is *purpureus*. I mention this by way of elucidating one of the most ordinary processes in the *ferrumination* of these centos.

the lamp, nor of the kennel, such as *I will remember thee*; instead of the same thought tricked up in the rag-fair finery of

"———Thy image on her wing
Before my FANCY'S eye shall MEMORY bring,"

I had continually to adduce the metre and diction of the Greek Poets from Homer to Theocritus inclusive; and still more of our elder English poets from Chaucer to Milton. Nor was this all. But as it was my constant reply to authorities brought against me from later poets of great name, that no authority could avail in opposition to TRUTH, NATURE, LOGIC, and the LAWS of UNIVERSAL GRAMMAR; actuated too by my former passion for metaphysical investigations; I labored at a solid foundation, on which permanently to ground my opinions, in the component faculties of the human mind itself, and their comparative dignity and importance. According to the faculty or source, from which the pleasure given by any poem or passage was derived, I estimated the merit of such poem or passage. As the result of all my reading and meditation, I abstracted two critical aphorisms, deeming them to comprise the conditions and criteria of poetic style; first, that not the poem which we have *read*, but that to which we *return*, with the greatest pleasure, possesses the genuine power, and claims the name of *essential poetry*. Second, that whatever lines can be translated into other words of the same language, without diminution of their significance, either in sense, or association, or in any worthy feeling, are so far vicious in their diction. Be it however observed, that I excluded from the list of worthy feelings, the pleasure derived from mere novelty in the reader, and the desire of exciting wonderment at his powers in the author. Oftentimes since then, in perusing French tragedies, I have fancied two marks of admiration at the end of each line, as hieroglyphics of the author's own admiration at his own cleverness. Our genuine admiration of a great

poet is a continuous *under-current* of feeling; it is everywhere present, but seldom anywhere as a separate excitement. I was wont boldly to affirm, that it would be scarcely more difficult to push a stone out from the pyramids with the bare hand, than to alter a word, or the position of a word, in Milton or Shakespeare, (in their most important works at least,) without making the author say something else, or something worse, than he does say. One great distinction, I appeared to myself to see plainly, between, even the characteristic faults of our elder poets, and the false beauty of the moderns. In the former, from DONNE to COWLEY, we find the most fantastic out-of-the-way thoughts, but in the most pure and genuine mother English; in the latter, the most obvious thoughts, in language the most fantastic and arbitrary. Our faulty elder poets sacrificed the passion and passionate flow of poetry, to the subtleties of intellect, and to the starts of wit; the moderns to the glare and glitter of a perpetual, yet broken and heterogeneous imagery, or rather to an amphibious something, made up, half of image, and half of abstract * meaning. The one sacrificed the heart to the head; the other both heart and head to point and drapery.

The reader must make himself acquainted with the general style of composition that was at that time deemed poetry, in order to understand and account for the effect produced on me by the SONNETS, the MONODY at MATLOCK, and the HOPE, of Mr. Bowles; for it is peculiar to original genius to become less and less *striking*, in proportion to its success in improving the taste and judgement of its contemporaries. The poems of WEST, indeed, had the merit of chaste and manly diction, but they were cold, and, if I

* I remember a ludicrous instance in the poem of a young tradesman:

> "No more will I endure love's pleasing pain,
> Or round my *heart's leg* tie his galling chain."

may so express it, only *dead-coloured;* while in the best of Warton's there is a stiffness, which too often gives them the appearance of imitations from the Greek. Whatever relation therefore of cause or impulse Percy's collection of Ballads may bear to the most *popular* poems of the present day; yet in the more sustained and elevated style, of the then living poets, Bowles and Cowper * were, to the best of my knowledge, the first who combined natural thoughts with natural diction; the first who reconciléd the heart with the head.

It is true, as I have before mentioned, that from diffidence in my own powers, I for a short time adopted a laborious and florid diction, which I myself deemed, if not absolutely vicious, yet of very inferior worth. Gradually, however, my practice conformed to my better judgement; and the compositions of my twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth years (*ex. gr.* the shorter blank verse poems, the lines, which are now adopted in the introductory part of the VISION in the present collection, in Mr. Southey's Joan of Arc, 2nd book, 1st edition, and the Tragedy of REMORSE) are not more below my present ideal in respect of the general tissue of the style than those of the latest date. Their faults were at least a remnant of the former leaven, and among the many who have done me the honor of putting my poems in the same class with those of my betters, the one or two, who have pre-

* Cowper's Task was published some time before the Sonnets of Mr. Bowles; but I was not familiar with it till many years afterwards. The vein of satire which runs through that excellent poem, together with the sombre hue of its religious opinions, would probably, *at that time*, have prevented its laying any strong hold on my affections. The love of nature seems to have led Thompson to a chearful religion; and a gloomy religion to have led Cowper to a love of nature. The one would carry his fellow-men along with him into nature; the other flies to nature from his fellow-men. In chastity of diction however, and the harmony of blank verse, Cowper leaves Thompson immeasurably below him; yet still I feel the latter to have been the *born poet.*

tended to bring examples of affected simplicity from my volume, have been able to adduce but one instance, and that out of a copy of verses half ludicrous, half splenetic, which I intended, and had myself characterized, as *sermoni propriora*.

Every reform, however necessary, will by weak minds be carried to an excess, that itself will need reforming. The reader will excuse me for noticing, that I myself was the first to expose *risu honesto* the three sins of poetry, one or the other of which is the most likely to beset a young writer. So long ago as the publication of the second number of the monthly magazine, under the name of NEHEMIAH HIGGINBOTTOM, I contributed three sonnets, the first of which had for its object to excite a good-natured laugh at the spirit of *doleful egotism*, and at the recurrence of favorite phrases, with the double defect of being at once trite and licentious. The second, on low, creeping language and thoughts, under the pretence of *simplicity*. And the third, the phrases of which were borrowed entirely from my own poems, on the indiscriminate use of elaborate and swelling language and imagery. The reader will find them in the note * below, and

* SONNET I.

PENSIVE at eve, on the *hard* world I mused,
And *my poor* heart was sad; so at the MOON
I gazed, and sighed, and sighed; for ah how soon
Eve saddens into night! mine eyes perused
With tearful vacancy the *dampy* grass
That wept and glitter'd in the *paly* ray:
And I *did pause me* on my lonely way
And *mused me* on the *wretched ones* that pass
O'er the bleak heath of sorrow. But alas!
Most of *myself* I thought! when it befel,
That the *soothe* spirit of the *breezy* wood
Breath'd in mine ear: "All this is very well,
But much of ONE thing, is for NO thing good."
Oh *my poor heart's* INEXPLICABLE SWELL!

SONNET II.

OH I do love thee, meek SIMPLICITY!
For of thy lays the lulling simpleness
Goes to my heart, and soothes each small distress,
Distress tho' small, yet haply great to me.

will I trust regard them as reprinted for biographical purposes, and not for their poetic merits. So general at that time, and so decided was the opinion concerning the

'Tis true on Lady Fortune's gentlest pad
I amble on; and yet I know not why
So sad I am! but should a friend and I
Frown, pout and part, then I am *very* sad.
And then with sonnets and with sympathy
My dreamy bosom's mystic woes I pall;
Now of my false friend plaining plaintively,
Now raving at mankind in general;
But whether sad or fierce, 'tis simple all,
All very simple, meek SIMPLICITY!

SONNET III.

AND this reft house is that, the which he built,
Lamented Jack! and here his malt he pil'd,
Cautious in vain! these rats, that squeak so wild,
Squeak not unconscious of their father's guilt.
Did he not see her gleaming thro' the glade!
Belike 'twas she, the maiden all forlorn.
What tho' she milk no cow with crumpled horn,
Yet, *aye* she haunts the dale where *erst* she stray'd:
And *aye*, beside her stalks her amorous knight!
Still on his thighs their wonted brogues are worn,
And thro' those brogues, still tatter'd and betorn,
His hindward charms gleam an unearthly white.
Ah! thus thro' broken clouds at night's high Noon
Peeps in fair fragments forth the full-orb'd harvest-moon!

The following anecdote will not be wholly out of place here, and may perhaps amuse the reader. An amateur performer in verse expressed to a common friend a strong desire to be introduced to me, but hesitated in accepting my friend's immediate offer, on the score that "he was, he must acknowledge, the author of a confounded severe epigram on my *ancient mariner*, which had given me great pain." I assured my friend that, if the epigram was a good one, it would only increase my desire to become acquainted with the author, and begg'd to hear it recited: when, to my no less surprise than amusement, it proved to be one which I had myself some time before written and inserted in the Morning Post.

To the author of the Ancient Mariner.

Your poem must eternal be,
Dear sir! it cannot fail,
For 'tis incomprehensible,
And without head or tail.

characteristic vices of my style, that a celebrated physician (now, alas! no more) speaking of me in other respects with his usual kindness to a gentleman, who was about to meet me at a dinner party, could not however resist giving him a hint not to mention the "*House that Jack built*" in my presence, for "that I was *as sore as a boil* about that sonnet;" he not knowing, that I was myself the author of it.

CHAPTER II

Supposed irritability of men of Genius—Brought to the test of facts—Causes and Occasions of the charge—Its Injustice.

I HAVE often thought, that it would be neither uninstructive nor unamusing to analyze, and bring forward into distinct consciousness, that complex feeling, with which readers in general take part against the author, in favor of the critic; and the readiness with which they apply to *all* poets the old sarcasm of Horace upon the scribblers of his time: "Genus irritabile vatum." A debility and dimness of the imaginative power, and a consequent necessity of reliance on the immediate impressions of the senses, do, we well know, render the mind liable to superstition and fanaticism. Having a deficient portion of internal and proper warmth, minds of this class seek in the crowd *circum fana* for a warmth in common, which they do not possess singly. Cold and phlegmatic in their own nature, like damp hay, they heat and inflame by co-acervation; or like bees they become restless and irritable through the increased temperature of collected multitudes. Hence the German word for fanaticism, (such at least was its original import,) is derived from the swarming of bees, namely, Schwärmen, Schwärmerei. The passion being in an inverse proportion to the insight, *that* the more vivid, as *this* the less distinct; anger is the inevitable consequence. The ab-

sense of all foundation within their own minds for that, which they yet believe both true and indispensable for their safety and happiness, cannot but produce an uneasy state of feeling, an involuntary sense of fear from which nature has no means of rescuing herself but by anger. Experience informs us that the first defence of weak minds is to recriminate.

> "There's no Philosopher but sees,
> That rage and fear are one disease,
> Tho' that may burn, and this may freeze,
> They're both alike the ague."
>
> MAD OX.

But where the ideas are vivid, and there exists an endless power of combining and modifying them, the feelings and affections blend more easily and intimately with these ideal creations than with the objects of the senses; the mind is affected by thoughts, rather than by things; and only then feels the requisite interest even for the most important events and accidents, when by means of meditation they have passed into *thoughts*. The sanity of the mind is between superstition with fanaticism on the one hand, and enthusiasm with indifference and a diseased slowness to action on the other. For the conceptions of the mind may be so vivid and adequate, as to preclude that impulse to the realizing of them, which is strongest and most restless in those, who possess more than mere *talent*, (or the faculty of appropriating and applying the knowledge of others,) yet still want something of the creative, and self-sufficing power of absolute *Genius*. For this reason therefore, they are men of *commanding* genius. While the former rest content between thought and reality, as it were in an intermundium of which their own living spirit supplies the *substance*, and their imagination the ever-varying *form*; the latter must impress their preconceptions on the world without, in order to present them back to their own view with the satisfying degree of clearness, distinctness, and individuality. These

in tranquil times are formed to exhibit a perfect poem in palace, or temple, or landscape-garden; or a tale of romance in canals that join sea with sea, or in walls of rock, which, shouldering back the billows, imitate the power, and supply the benevolence of nature to sheltered navies; or in aqueducts that, arching the wide vale from mountain to mountain, give a Palmyra to the desert. But alas! in times of tumult they are the men destined to come forth as the shaping spirit of Ruin, to destroy the wisdom of ages in order to substitute the fancies of a day, and to change kings and kingdoms, as the wind shifts and shapes the clouds.* The records of biography seem to confirm this theory. The men of the greatest genius, as far as we can judge from their own works or from the accounts of their contemporaries, appear to have been of calm and tranquil temper in all that related to themselves. In the inward assurance of permanent fame, they seem to have been either indifferent or resigned, with regard to immediate reputation. Through all the works of Chaucer there reigns a chearfulness, a manly hilarity, which makes it almost impossible to doubt a correspondent habit of feeling in the author himself. Shakespeare's evenness and sweetness of temper were almost proverbial in his own age. That this did not arise from ignorance of his own comparative greatness, we have abundant proof in his Sonnets, which could scarcely have been known to Mr. Pope,†

* "Of old things all are over old,
Of good things none are good enough:—
We'll show that we can help to frame
A world of other stuff.

I too will have my kings, that take
From me the sign of life and death:
Kingdoms shall shift about, like clouds,
Obedient to my breath."

WORDSWORTH'S ROB ROY.

† Mr. Pope was under the common error of his age, an error far from being sufficiently exploded even at the present day. It consists (as I explained at large, and proved in detail in my

when he asserted, that our great bard "grew immortal in his own despite." Speaking of one whom he had celebrated, and contrasting the duration of his works with that of his personal existence, Shakespeare adds:

"Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Tho' I once gone to all the world must die;
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And *tongues to be* your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead:
You still shall live, such virtue hath my pen,
Where breath most breathes, e'en in the mouth of men."

SONNET 81st.

I have taken the first that occurred; but Shakespeare's readiness to praise his rivals, ore pleno, and the confidence

public lectures,) in mistaking for the *essentials* of the Greek stage certain rules, which the wise poets imposed upon themselves, in order to render all the remaining parts of the drama consistent with those, that had been forced upon them by circumstances independent of their will; out of which circumstances the drama itself arose. The circumstances in the time of Shakespeare, which it was equally out of his power to alter, were different, and such as, in my opinion, allowed a far wider sphere, and a deeper and more human interest. Critics are too apt to forget, that *rules* are but means to an end; consequently, where the ends are different, the rules must be likewise so. We must have ascertained what the end *is*, before we can determine what the rules *ought* to be. Judging under this impression, I did not hesitate to declare my full conviction, that the consummate judgement of Shakespeare, not only in the general construction, but in all the *detail*, of his dramas, impressed me with greater wonder, than even the might of his genius, or the depth of his philosophy. The substance of these lectures I hope soon to publish; and it is but a debt of justice to myself and my friends to notice, that the first course of lectures, which differed from the following courses only, by occasionally varying the illustrations of the same thoughts, was addressed to very numerous, and I need not add, respectable audiences at the royal institution, before Mr. Schlegel gave his lectures on the same subjects at Vienna.

of his own equality with those whom he deemed most worthy of his praise, are alike manifested in the 86th Sonnet.

"Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the praise of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb, the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost,
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence!
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter, that enfeebled mine."

In Spenser, indeed, we trace a mind constitutionally tender, delicate, and, in comparison with his three great compeers, I had almost said, *effeminate*; and this additionally saddened by the unjust persecution of Burleigh, and the severe calamities, which overwhelmed his latter days. These causes have diffused over all his compositions "a melancholy grace," and have drawn forth occasional strains, the more pathetic from their gentleness. But no where do we find the least trace of irritability, and still less of quarrelsome or affected contempt of his censurers.

The same calmness, and even greater self-possession, may be affirmed of Milton, as far as his poems, and poetic character are concerned. He reserved his anger for the enemies of religion, freedom, and his country. My mind is not capable of forming a more august conception, than arises from the contemplation of this great man in his latter days: poor, sick, old, blind, slandered, persecuted,

"Darkness before, and danger's voice behind,—"

in an age in which he was as little understood by the party,

for whom, as by that, *against* whom he had contended; and among men before whom he strode so far as to *dwarf* himself by the distance; yet still listening to the music of his own thoughts, or if additionally cheered, yet cheered only by the prophetic faith of two or three solitary individuals, he did nevertheless

——"Argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bore up and steer'd
Right onward."

From others only do we derive our knowledge that Milton, in his latter day, had his scorners and detractors; and even in his day of youth and hope, that he had enemies would have been unknown to us, had they not been likewise the enemies of his country.

I am well aware, that in advanced stages of literature, when there exist many and excellent models, a high degree of talent, combined with taste and judgement, and employed in works of imagination, will acquire for a man the *name* of a great genius; though even that *analogon* of genius, which, in certain states of society, may even render his writings more popular than the absolute reality could have done, would be sought for in vain in the mind and temper of the author himself. Yet even in instances of this kind, a close examination will often detect, that the irritability, which has been attributed to the author's *genius* as its cause, did really originate in an ill conformation of body, obtuse pain, or constitutional defect of pleasurable sensation. What is charged to the *author*, belongs to the *man*, who would probably have been still more impatient, but for the humanizing influences of the very pursuit, which yet bears the blame of his irritability.

How then are we to explain the easy credence generally given to this charge, if the charge itself be not, as I have endeavoured to show, supported by experience? This

seems to me of no very difficult solution. In whatever country literature is widely diffused, there will be many who mistake an intense desire to possess the reputation of poetic genius, for the actual powers, and original tendencies which constitute it. But men, whose dearest wishes are fixed on objects wholly out of their own power, become in all cases more or less impatient and prone to anger. Besides, though it may be paradoxical to assert, that a man can know one thing and believe the opposite, yet assuredly a vain person may have so habitually indulged the wish, and persevered in the attempt, to appear what he is not, as to become himself one of his own proselytes. Still, as this counterfeit and artificial persuasion must differ, even in the person's own feelings, from a real sense of inward power, what can be more natural, than that this difference should betray itself in suspicious and jealous irritability? Even as the flowery sod, which covers a hollow, may be often detected by its shaking and trembling.

But, alas! the multitude of books and the general diffusion of literature, have produced other and more lamentable effects in the world of letters, and such as are abundant to explain, though by no means to justify, the contempt with which the best grounded complaints of injured genius are rejected as frivolous, or entertained as matter of merriment. In the days of Chaucer and Gower, our language might (with due allowance for the imperfections of a simile) be compared to a wilderness of vocal reeds, from which the favorites only of Pan or Apollo could construct even the rude Syrinx; and from this the *constructors* alone could elicit strains of music. But now, partly by the labours of successive poets, and in part by the more artificial state of society and social intercourse, language, mechanized as it were into a barrel-organ, supplies at once both instrument and tune. Thus even the deaf may play, so as to delight the many. Sometimes (for it is with similes, as it is with jests at a wine table,

one is sure to suggest another) I have attempted to illustrate the present state of our language, in its relation to literature, by a press-room of larger and smaller stereotype pieces, which, in the present Anglo-Gallican fashion of unconnected, epigrammatic periods, it requires but an ordinary portion of ingenuity to vary indefinitely, and yet still produce something, which, if *not* sense, will be so like it as to do as well. Perhaps better; for it spares the reader the trouble of thinking; prevents vacancy, while it indulges indolence; and secures the memory from all danger of an intellectual plethora. Hence of all trades, literature at present demands the least talent or information; and, of all modes of literature, the manufacturing of poems. The difference indeed between these and the works of genius is not less than between an egg and an egg-shell; yet at a distance they both look alike. Now it is no less remarkable than true, with how little examination works of polite literature are commonly perused, not only by the mass of readers, but by men of first rate ability, till some accident or chance * discussion

* In the course of one of my Lectures, I had occasion to point out the almost faultless position and choice of words, in Mr. Pope's *original* compositions, particularly in his Satires and moral Essays, for the purpose of comparing them with his translation of Homer, which I do not stand alone in regarding as the main source of our pseudo-poetic diction. And this, by the bye, is an additional confirmation of a remark made I believe, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, that next to the man who forms and elevates the taste of the public, he that corrupts it, is commonly the greatest genius. Among other passages, I analyzed sentence by sentence, and almost word by word, the popular lines,

"As when the moon, resplendent lamp of light, &c."

much in the same way as has been since done, in an excellent article on Chalmers's British Poets in the Quarterly Review. The impression on the audience in general was sudden and evident: and a number of enlightened and highly educated persons, who at different times afterwards addressed me on the subject, expressed their wonder, that truth so obvious

have roused their attention, and put them on their guard. And hence individuals below mediocrity not less in natural power than in acquired knowledge; nay, bunglers that had failed in the lowest mechanic crafts, and whose presumption is in due proportion to their want of sense and sensibility; men, who being first scribblers from idleness and ignorance, next become libellers from envy and malevolence; have been able to drive a successful trade in the employment of the booksellers, nay, have raised themselves into temporary name and reputation with the public at large, by that most powerful of all adulation, the appeal to the bad and malignant passions of mankind.* But as it is the nature of scorn,

should not have struck them *before;* but at the same time acknowledged (so much had they been accustomed, in reading poetry, to receive pleasure from the separate images and phrases successively, without asking themselves whether the collective meaning was sense or nonsense) that they might in all probability have read the same passage again twenty times with undiminished admiration, and without once reflecting, that "ἄστρα φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ σελήνην φαίνετ' ἀριπρεπέα" (i. e. the stars around, or near the full moon, shine pre-eminently bright) conveys a just and happy image of a moonlight sky: while it is difficult to determine whether, in the lines,

> "Around *her throne* the vivid planets *roll*,
> And stars *unnumber'd gild* the *glowing pole*,"

the sense or the diction be the more absurd. My answer was; that, though I had derived peculiar advantages from my school discipline, and though my *general* theory of poetry was the same then as now, I had yet experienced the same sensations myself, and felt almost as if I had been newly couched, when, by Mr. Wordsworth's conversation, I had been induced to re-examine with impartial strictness Gray's celebrated elegy. I had long before detected the defects in "the Bard"; but "the Elegy" I had considered as proof against all fair attacks; and to this day I cannot read either without delight, and a portion of enthusiasm. At all events, whatever pleasure I may have lost by the clearer perception of the faults in certain passages, has been more than repaid to me by the additional delight with which I read the remainder.

* Especially "in this AGE OF PERSONALITY, this age of literary and political GOSSIPING, when the meanest insects are wor-

envy, and all malignant propensities to require a quick change of objects, such writers are sure, sooner or later, to awake from their dream of vanity to disappointment and neglect with embittered and envenomed feelings. Even during their short-lived success, sensible in spite of themselves on what a shifting foundation it rests, they resent the mere refusal of praise, as a robbery, and at the justest censures kindle at once into violent and undisciplined abuse; till the acute disease changing into chronical, the more deadly as the less violent, they become the fit instruments of literary detraction, and moral slander. They are then no longer to be questioned without exposing the complainant to ridicule, because, forsooth, they are *anonymous* critics, and authorized

shipped with a sort of Egyptian superstition, if only the brainless head be atoned for by the sting of personal malignity in the tail! When the most vapid satires have become the objects of a keen public interest, purely from the number of contemporary characters named in the patch-work notes, (which possess, however, the comparative merit of being more poetical than the text,) and because, to increase the stimulus, the author has sagaciously left his own name for whispers and conjectures! In an age, when even sermons are published with a double appendix stuffed with *names*—in a generation so transformed from the characteristic reserve of Britons, that from the ephemeral sheet of a London newspaper, to the everlasting Scotch Professorial Quarto, almost every publication exhibits or flatters the epidemic distemper; that the very "last year's rebuses" in the Ladies Diary, are answered in a serious elegy "*on my father's death*," with the name and habitat of the elegiac Oedipus subscribed; and "*other ingenious solutions were likewise given*" to the said *rebuses*—not as heretofore by Crito, Philander, A, B, Y, &c., but by fifty or sixty plain English surnames at full length with their several places of abode! In an age, when a bashful *Philalethes*, or *Phileleutheros* is as rare on the title pages, and among the signatures, of our magazines, as a real name used to be in the days of our shy and notice-shunning grandfathers! When (more exquisite than all) I see an EPIC POEM (spirits of Maro and Mæonides, make ready to welcome your new compeer!) advertised with the special recommendation that the said EPIC POEM contains more than a hundred names of *living* persons."—FRIEND No. 10.

as "synodical individuals" * to speak of themselves plurali majestatico! As if literature formed a caste, like that of the PARAS in Hindostan, who, however maltreated, must not dare to deem themselves wronged! As if that, which in all other cases adds a deeper dye to slander, the circumstance of its being anonymous, here acted only to make the slanderer inviolable! Thus, in *part*, from the accidental tempers of individuals (men of undoubted talent, but not men of genius) tempers rendered yet more irritable by their desire to *appear* men of genius; but still more effectively by the excesses of the mere *counterfeits* both of talent and genius; the number too being so incomparably greater of those who are *thought* to be, than of those who really *are* men of real genius; and in part from the natural, but not therefore the less partial and unjust distinction, made by the public itself between *literary* and all other property;—I believe the prejudice to have arisen, which considers an unusual irascibility concerning the reception of its products as characteristic of genius. It might correct the moral feelings of a numerous class of readers, to suppose a Review set on foot, the object of which should be to criticise all the chief works presented to the public by our ribbon-weavers, calico-printers, cabinet-makers, and china-manufacturers; a Review conducted in the same spirit, and which should take the same freedom with personal character, as our literary journals. They would scarcely, I think, deny their belief, not only that the "genus irritabile" would be found to include many other *species* besides that of bards; but that the irritability of *trade* would soon reduce the resentment of *poets* into mere shadow-fights (σκιομαχίας) in the comparison. Or is wealth the only rational object of human interest? Or even if this were admitted, has the poet no property in his works? Or is it a rare, or culpable case, that he who serves at the altar of the muses, should be com-

* A phrase of Andrew Marvel's.

pelled to derive his maintenance from the altar, when too he has perhaps deliberately abandoned the fairest prospects of rank and opulence in order to devote himself, an entire and undistracted man, to the instruction or refinement of his fellow-citizens? Or, should we pass by all higher objects and motives, all disinterested benevolence, and even that ambition of lasting praise which is at once the crutch and ornament, which at once supports and betrays, the infirmity of human virtue; is the character and property of the man, who labours for our intellectual pleasures, less entitled to a share of our fellow feeling, than that of the wine-merchant or milliner? Sensibility indeed, both quick and deep, is not only a characteristic feature, but may be deemed a component part, of genius. But it is not less an essential mark of true genius, that its sensibility is excited by any other cause more powerfully than by its own personal interests; for this plain reason, that the man of genius lives most in the ideal world, in which the present is still constituted by the future or the past; and because his feelings have been habitually associated with thoughts and images, to the number, clearness, and vivacity of which the sensation of *self* is always in an inverse proportion. And yet, should he perchance have occasion to repel some false charge, or to rectify some erroneous censure, nothing is more common than for the many to mistake the general liveliness of his manner and language, *whatever* is the subject, for the effects of peculiar irritation from its accidental relation to himself.*

* This is one instance among many of deception, by the telling the half of a fact, and omitting the other half, when it is from their mutual counteraction and neutralization, that the *whole* truth arises, as a tertium aliquid different from either. Thus in Dryden's famous line, "Great wit" (which here means genius) "to madness sure is near allied." Now as far as the profound sensibility, which is doubtless *one* of the components of genius, were alone considered, single and unbalanced, it might be fairly described as exposing the individual to a greater chance of mental derangement; but then a more than usual rapidity of

For myself, if from my own feelings, or from the less suspicious test of the observations of others, I had been made aware of any literary testiness or jealousy; I trust, that I should have been, however, neither silly nor arrogant enough to have burthened the imperfection on GENIUS. But an experience (and I should not need documents in abundance to prove my words, if I added) a tried experience of twenty years, has taught me, that the original sin of my character consists in a careless indifference to public opinion, and to the attacks of those who influence it; that praise and admiration have become yearly less and less desirable, except as marks of sympathy; nay that it is difficult and distressing to me, to think with any interest even about the sale and profit of my works, important as, in my present circumstances, such considerations must needs be. Yet it never occurred to me to believe or fancy, that the quantum of intellectual power bestowed on me by nature or education was in any way connected with this habit of my feelings; or that it needed any other parents or fosterers than constitutional indolence, aggravated into languor by ill-health; the accumulating embarrassments of procrastination; the mental cowardice, which is the inseparable companion of procrastination, and which makes us anxious to think and converse on any thing rather than on what concerns ourselves; in fine, all those close vexations, whether chargeable on my faults or my fortunes, which leave me but little grief to spare for evils comparatively distant and alien.

association, a more than usual power of passing from thought to thought, and image to image, is a component equally essential; and in the due modification of each by the other the GENIUS itself consists; so that it would be just as fair to describe the earth, as in imminent danger of exorbitating, or of falling into the sun, according as the assertor of the absurdity *confined* his attention either to the projectile or to the attractive force exclusively.

Indignation at literary wrongs I leave to men born under happier stars. I cannot *afford it.* But so far from condemning those who can, I deem it a writer's duty, and think it creditable to his heart, to feel and express a resentment proportioned to the grossness of the provocation, and the importance of the object. There is no profession on earth, which requires an attention so early, so long, or so unintermitting as that of poetry; and indeed as that of literary composition in general, if it be such as at all satisfies the demands both of taste and of sound logic. How difficult and delicate a task even the mere mechanism of verse is, may be conjectured from the failure of those, who have attempted poetry late in life. Where then a man has, from his earliest youth, devoted his whole being to an object, which by the admission of all civilized nations in all ages is honorable as a pursuit, and glorious as an attainment; what of all that relates to himself and his family, if only we accept his moral character, can have fairer claims to his protection, or more authorize acts of self-defence, than the elaborate products of his intellect and intellectual industry? Prudence itself would command us to *show*, even if defect or diversion of natural sensibility had prevented us from *feeling*, a due interest and qualified anxiety for the offspring and representatives of our nobler being. I know it, alas! by woeful experience! I have laid too many eggs in the hot sands of this wilderness, the world, with ostrich carelessness and ostrich oblivion. The greater part indeed have been trod under foot, and are forgotten; but yet no small number have crept forth into life, some to furnish feathers for the caps of others, and still more to plume the shafts in the quivers of my enemies, of them that unprovoked have lain in wait against my soul.

"Sic vos, non vobis, mellificatis, apes!"

An instance in confirmation of the Note, p. 26, occurs to me as I am correcting this sheet, with the FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS open before me. Mr. Seward first traces Fletcher's lines;

> " More foul diseases than e'er yet the hot
> Sun bred thro' his burnings, while the dog
> Pursues the raging lion, throwing the fog
> And deadly vapour from his angry breath,
> Filling the lower world with plague and death.—"

To Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar,

> " The rampant lion hunts he fast
> With dogs of noisome breath;
> Whose baleful barking brings, in haste,
> Pyne, plagues, and dreary death!"

He then takes occasion to introduce Homer's simile of the sight of Achilles' shield to Priam compared with the Dog Star, literally thus—

" For this indeed is most splendid, but it was made an evil sign, and brings many a consuming disease to wretched mortals." Nothing can be more simple as a description, or more accurate as a simile; which, (says Mr. S.) is thus *finely* translated by Mr. Pope:

> " Terrific Glory! for his burning breath
> Taints the *red* air with fevers, plagues, and death!"

Now here (not to mention the tremendous bombast) the *Dog Star*, so called, is turned into a *real* Dog, a very odd Dog, a Fire, Fever, Plague, and death-breathing, *red*-air-tainting Dog: and the whole *visual* likeness is lost, while the likeness in the *effects* is rendered absurd by the exaggeration. In Spenser and Fletcher the thought is justifiable; for the images are at least consistent, and it was the intention of the writers to mark the seasons by this allegory of visualized *Puns*.

CHAPTER III

The author's obligations to critics, and the probable occasion—Principles of modern criticism—Mr. Southey's works and character.

To anonymous critics in reviews, magazines, and news-journals of various name and rank, and to satirists with or without a name in verse or prose, or in verse-text aided by prose-comment, I do seriously believe and profess, that I owe full two thirds of whatever reputation and publicity I happen to possess. For when the name of an individual has occurred so frequently, in so many works, for so great a length of time, the readers of these works (which with a shelf or two of BEAUTIES, ELEGANT EXTRACTS and ANAS, form nine-tenths of the reading of the reading public*) cannot

* For as to the devotees of the circulating libraries, I dare not compliment their *pass-time*, or rather *kill-time*, with the name of *reading*. Call it rather a sort of beggarly day-dreaming, during which the mind of the dreamer furnishes for itself nothing but laziness, and a little mawkish sensibility; while the whole *materiel* and imagery of the dose is supplied *ab extra* by a sort of mental *camera obscura* manufactured at the printing office, which *pro tempore* fixes, reflects, and transmits the moving phantasms of one man's delirium, so as to people the barrenness of a hundred other brains afflicted with the same trance or suspension of all common sense and all definite purpose. We should therefore transfer this species of *amusement* (if indeed those can be said to retire *a musis*, who were never in their company, or relaxation be attributable to those, whose bows are never bent) from the genus, *reading*, to that comprehensive class characterized by the power of reconciling the two contrary yet co-existing propensities of human nature, namely, indulgence of sloth, and hatred of vacancy. In addition to novels and tales of chivalry in prose or rhyme, (by which last I mean neither rhythm nor metre),this genus comprises as its species, gaming, swinging, or swaying on a chair or gate; spitting over a bridge; smoking; snuff-taking; tête-à-tête quarrels after dinner between husband and wife; conning word by word all the advertisements of a daily newspaper in a public house on a rainy day, &c. &c. &c.

but be familiar with the name, without distinctly remembering whether it was introduced for an eulogy or for censure. And this becomes the more likely, if (as I believe) the habit of perusing periodical works may be properly added to Averrhoe's * catalogue of ANTI-MNEMONICS, or weakeners of the memory. But where this has not been the case, yet the reader will be apt to suspect, that there must be something more than usually strong and extensive in a reputation, that could either require or stand so merciless and long-continued a cannonading. Without any feeling of *anger* therefore (for which indeed, on my own account, I have no pretext) I may yet be allowed to express some degree of *surprize*, that, after having run the critical gauntlet for a certain class of faults which I *had*, nothing having come before the judgement-seat in the interim, I should, year after year, quarter after quarter, month after month (not to mention sundry petty periodicals of still quicker revolution, "or weekly or diurnal") have been, for at least 17 years consecutively dragged forth by them into the foremost ranks of the *proscribed*, and forced to abide the brunt of abuse, for faults directly opposite, and which I certainly had not. How shall I explain this?

Whatever may have been the case with others, I certainly cannot attribute this persecution to personal dislike, or to envy, or to feelings of vindictive animosity. Not to the former, for with the exception of a very few who are my

* Ex gr. Pediculos e capillis excerptos in arenam jacere incontusos: eating of unripe fruit; gazing on the clouds, and (in genere) on moveable things suspended in the air; riding among a multitude of camels; frequent laughter; listening to a series of jests and humorous anecdotes, as when (so to modernize the learned Saracen's meaning) one man's droll story of an Irishman inevitably occasions another's droll story of a Scotchman, which again, by the same sort of conjunction disjunctive, leads to some étouderie of a Welshman, and that again to some sly hit of a Yorkshireman; the habit of reading tombstones in church-yards, &c. By the bye, this catalogue, strange as it may appear, is not insusceptible of a sound psychological commentary.

intimate friends, and were so before they were known as authors, I have had little other acquaintance with literary characters, than what may be implied in an accidental introduction, or casual meeting in a mixt company. And, as far as words and looks can be trusted, I must believe that, even in these instances, I had excited no unfriendly disposition*. Neither by letter, or in conversation, have I ever

* Some years ago, a gentleman, the chief writer and conductor of a celebrated review, distinguished by its hostility to Mr. Southey, spent a day or two at Keswick. That he was, without diminution on this account, treated with every hospitable attention by Mr. Southey and myself, I trust I need not say. But one thing I may venture to notice; that at no period of my life do I remember to have received so many, and such high coloured compliments in so short a space of time. He was likewise circumstantially informed by what series of accidents it had happened, that Mr. Wordsworth, Mr. Southey, and I had become neighbours; and how utterly unfounded was the supposition, that we considered ourselves, as belonging to any common school, but that of good sense confirmed by the long-established models of the best times of Greece, Rome, Italy, and England; and still more groundless the notion, that Mr. Southey (for as to myself I have published so little, and that little of so little importance, as to make it ludicrous to mention my name at all) could have been concerned in the formation of a poetic sect with Mr. Wordsworth, when so many of his works had been published not only previously to any acquaintance between them; but before Mr. Wordsworth himself had written anything but in a diction ornate, and uniformly sustained; when too the slightest examination will make it evident, that between those and the after writings of Mr. Southey, there exists no other difference than that of a progressive degree of excellence from progressive developement of power, and progressive facility from habit and increase of experience. Yet among the first articles which this man wrote after his return from Keswick, we were characterized as "the School of whining and hypochondriacal poets that haunt the Lakes." In reply to a letter from the same gentleman, in which he had asked me, whether I was in earnest in preferring the style of Hooker to that of Dr. Johnson; and Jeremy Taylor to Burke; I stated, somewhat at large, the comparative excellences and defects, which characterized our best prose writers, from the reformation, to the first half of Charles 2nd; and that of those who had flourished during the present reign, and the preceding one. About twelve months afterwards, a review appeared on the

had dispute or controversy beyond the common social interchange of opinions. Nay, where I had reason to suppose my convictions fundamentally different, it has been my habit, and I may add, the impulse of my nature, to assign the grounds of my belief, rather than the belief itself; and not to express dissent, till I could establish some points of complete sympathy, some grounds common to both sides, from which to commence its explanation.

Still less can I place these attacks to the charge of envy. The few pages which I have published, are of too distant a date; and the extent of their sale a proof too conclusive against their having been popular at any time; to render

same subject, in the concluding paragraph of which the reviewer asserts, that his chief motive for entering into the discussion was to separate a rational and qualified admiration of our elder writers, from the indiscriminate enthusiasm of a recent school, who praised what they did not understand, and caricatured what they were unable to imitate. And, that no doubt might be left concerning the persons alluded to, the writer annexes the names of Miss BAILIE, W. SOUTHEY, WORDSWORTH and COLERIDGE. For that which follows, I have only hearsay evidence; but yet such as demands my belief; viz. that on being questioned concerning this apparently wanton attack, more especially with regard to Miss Bailie, the writer had stated as his motives, that this lady, when at Edinburgh had declined a proposal of introducing him to her; that Mr. Southey had written against him; and Mr. Wordsworth had talked contemptuously of him; but that as to *Coleridge*, he had noticed him merely because the names of Southey and Wordsworth and Coleridge always went together. But if it were worth while to mix together, as ingredients, half the anecdotes which I either myself know to be true, or which I have received from men incapable of intentional falsehood, concerning the characters, qualifications, and motives of our anonymous critics, whose decisions are oracles for our reading public, I might safely borrow the words of the apocryphal Daniel, "*Give me leave*, O SOVEREIGN PUBLIC, *and I shall slay this dragon without sword or staff.*" For the compound would be as the "Pitch, and fat, and hair which Daniel took, and did seethe them together, and made lumps thereof, and put into the dragon's mouth, and so the dragon burst in sunder; and Daniel said, 'Lo, THESE ARE THE GODS YE WORSHIP.'"

probable, I had almost said possible, the excitement of envy on *their* account; and the man who should envy me on any *other*, verily he must be *envy-mad*!

Lastly, with as little semblance of reason, could I suspect any animosity towards me from vindictive feelings as the cause. I have before said, that my acquaintance with literary men has been limited and distant; and that I have had neither dispute nor controversy. From my first entrance into life, I have, with few and short intervals, lived either abroad or in retirement. My different essays on subjects of national interest, published at different times, first in the Morning Post and then in the Courier, with my courses of lectures on the principles of criticism as applied to Shakespeare and Milton, constitute my whole publicity; the only occasions on which I *could* offend any member of the republic of letters. With one solitary exception in which my words were first misstated and then wantonly applied to an individual, I could never learn, that I had excited the displeasure of any among my literary contemporaries. Having announced my intention to give a course of lectures on the characteristic merits and defects of English poetry in its different æras; first, from Chaucer to Milton; second, from Dryden inclusive to Thompson; and third, from Cowper to the present day; I changed my plan, and confined my disquisition to the two former æras, that I might furnish no possible pretext for the unthinking to misconstrue, or the malignant to misapply my words, and having stampt their own meaning on them, to pass them as current coin in the marts of garrulity or detraction.

Praises of the unworthy are felt by ardent minds as robberies of the deserving; and it is too true, and too frequent, that Bacon, Harrington, Machiavel, and Spinosa, are *not* read, because Hume, Condillac, and Voltaire *are*. But in promiscuous company no prudent man will oppugn the merits of a contemporary in his own supposed depart-

ment; contenting himself with praising in his turn those whom *he* deems excellent. If I should ever deem it my duty at all to oppose the pretensions of individuals, I would oppose them in books which could be weighed and answered, in which I could evolve the whole of my reasons and feelings, with their requisite limits and modifications; not in irrecoverable conversation, where however strong the reasons might be, the feelings that prompted them would assuredly be attributed by some one or other to envy and discontent. Besides I well know, and I trust, have acted on that knowledge, that it must be the ignorant and injudicious who extol the unworthy; and the eulogies of critics without taste or judgement are the natural reward of authors without feeling or genius. "Sint unicuique sua præmia."

How then, dismissing, as I do, these three causes, am I to account for attacks, the long continuance and inveteracy of which it would require all three to explain? The solution may seem to have been given, or at least suggested, in a note to a preceding page. *I was in habits of intimacy with Mr. Wordsworth and Mr. Southey!* This, however, transfers, rather than removes the difficulty. Be it, that, by an unconscionable extension of the old adage, "noscitur a socio," my literary friends are never under the water-fall of criticism, but I must be wet through with the spray; yet how came the torrent to descend upon *them?*

First then, with regard to Mr. Southey. I well remember the general reception of his earlier publications: viz. the poems published with Mr. Lovell under the names of Moschus and Bion; the two volumes of poems under his own name, and the Joan of Arc. The censures of the critics by profession are extant, and may be easily referred to:— careless lines, inequality in the merit of the different poems, and (in the lighter works) a predilection for the strange and whimsical; in short, such faults as might have been anticipated in a young and rapid writer, were indeed sufficiently

enforced. Nor was there at that time wanting a party spirit to aggravate the defects of a poet, who with all the courage of uncorrupted youth had avowed his zeal for a cause, which he deemed that of liberty, and his abhorrence of oppression by whatever name consecrated. But it was as little objected by others, as dreamt of by the poet himself, that he *preferred* careless and prosaic lines on rule and of forethought, or indeed that he pretended to any other art or theory of poetic diction, besides that which we may all learn from Horace, Quinctilian, the admirable dialogue de Causis Corruptae Eloquentiæ, or Strada's Prolusions; if indeed natural good sense and the early study of the best models in his own language had not infused the same maxims more securely, and, if I may venture the expression, more vitally. All that could have been fairly deduced was, that in his taste and estimation of writers Mr. Southey agreed far more with Warton, than with Johnson. Nor do I mean to deny, that at all times Mr. Southey was of the same mind with Sir Philip Sidney in preferring an excellent ballad in the *humblest* style of poetry to twenty indifferent poems that strutted in the *highest*. And by what have his works, published since then, been characterized, each more strikingly than the preceding, but by greater splendor, a deeper pathos, profounder reflections, and a more sustained dignity of language and of metre? Distant may the period be, but whenever the time shall come, when all his works shall be collected by some editor worthy to be his biographer, I trust that an excerpta of all the passages, in which his writings, name, and character have been attacked, from the pamphlets and periodical works of the last twenty years, may be an accompaniment. Yet that it would prove medicinal in after times I dare not hope; for as long as there are readers to be delighted with calumny, there will be found reviewers to calumniate. And such readers will become in all probability more numerous, in proportion as a still greater

diffusion of literature shall produce an increase of sciolists, and sciolism bring with it petulance and presumption. In times of old, books were as religious oracles; as literature advanced, they next became venerable preceptors; they then descended to the rank of instructive friends; and, as their numbers increased, they sunk still lower to that of entertaining companions; and at present they seem degraded into culprits to hold up their hands at the bar of every self-elected, yet not the less peremptory, judge, who chuses to write from humour or interest, from enmity or arrogance, and to abide the decision (in the words of Jeremy Taylor) "of him that reads in malice, or him that reads after dinner."

The same gradual retrograde movement may be traced, in the relation which the authors themselves have assumed towards their readers. From the lofty address of Bacon: "these are the meditations of Francis of Verulam, which that posterity should be possessed of, he deemed *their* interest:" or from dedication to Monarch or Pontiff, in which the honor given was asserted in equipoise to the patronage acknowleged; from Pindar's

——— ἐπ' ἄλλοι-
-σι δ' ἄλλοι μεγάλοι. τὸ δ' ἔσχατον κορυ-
φοῦται βασιλεῦσι. μηκέτι
πάπταινε πόρσιον.
εἴη σέ τε τοῦτον
ὑψοῦ χρόνον πατεῖν, ἐμέ
τε τοσσάδε νικαφόροις
ὁμιλεῖν, πρόφαντον σοφίᾳ καθ' Ἕλ-
-λανας ἐόντα παντᾷ.—OLYMP. OD. I.

there was a gradual sinking in the etiquette or allowed style of pretension.

Poets and Philosophers, rendered diffident by their very number, addressed themselves to "*learned* readers;" then, aimed to conciliate the graces of "the *candid* reader;" till, the critic still rising as the author sunk, the amateurs of

literature collectively were erected into a municipality of judges, and addressed as THE TOWN! And now, finally, all men being supposed able to read, and all readers able to judge, the multitudinous PUBLIC, shaped into personal unity by the magic of abstraction, sits nominal despot on the throne of criticism. But, alas! as in other despotisms, it but echoes the decisions of its invisible ministers, whose intellectual claims to the guardianship of the muses seem, for the greater part, analogous to the physical qualifications which adapt their oriental brethren for the superintendence of the Harem. Thus it is said, that St. Nepomuc was installed the guardian of bridges, because he had fallen over one, and sunk out of sight; thus too St. Cecilia is said to have been first propitiated by musicians, because, having failed in her own attempts, she had taken a dislike to the art, and all its successful professors. But I shall probably have occasion hereafter to deliver my convictions more at large concerning this state of things, and its influences on taste, genius, and morality.

In the "Thalaba," the "Madoc," and still more evidently in the unique * "Cid," in the "Kehama," and, as last, so best, the "Don Roderick"; Southey has given abundant proof, "se cogitâsse quâm sit magnum dare aliquid in manus hominum, nec persuadere sibi posse, non sæpe tractandum quod placere et semper et omnibus cupiat." Plin. Ep., Lib. 7, Ep. 17. But on the other hand, I guess, that Mr. Southey was quite unable to comprehend, wherein could consist the crime

* I have ventured to call it "unique;" not only because I know no work of the kind in our language (if we except a few chapters of the old translation of Froissart) none, which uniting the charms of romance and history, keeps the imagination so constantly on the wing, and yet leaves so much for after reflection; but likewise, and chiefly, because it is a compilation which, in the various excellencies of translation, selection, and arrangement, required and proves greater genius in the compiler, as living in the present state of society, than in the original composers.

or mischief of printing half a dozen or more playful poems; or to speak more generally, compositions which would be enjoyed or passed over, according as the taste and humour of the reader might chance to be; provided they contained nothing immoral. In the present age "perituræ parcere chartæ" is emphatically an unreasonable demand. The merest trifle, he ever sent abroad, had tenfold better claims to its ink and paper, than all the silly criticisms, which prove no more, than that the critic was not one of those, for whom the trifle was written; and than all the grave exhortations to a greater reverence for the public. As if the passive page of a book, by having an epigram or doggrel tale impressed on it, instantly assumed at once loco-motive power and a sort of ubiquity, so as to flutter and buz in the ear of the public to the sore annoyance of the said mysterious personage. But what gives an additional and more ludicrous absurdity to these lamentations is the curious fact, that if in a volume of poetry the critic should find poem or passage which he deems more especially worthless, he is sure to select and reprint it in the review; by which, on his own grounds, he wastes as much more paper than the author, as the copies of a fashionable review are more numerous than those of the original book; in some, and those the most prominent instances, as ten thousand to five hundred. I know nothing that surpasses the vileness of deciding on the merits of a poet or painter, (not by characteristic defects; for where there is genius, *these* always point to his characteristic *beauties*; but) by accidental failures or faulty passages; except the impudence of defending it, as the proper duty, and most instructive part, of criticism. Omit or pass slightly over the expression, grace, and grouping of Raphael's *figures*; but ridicule in *detail* the knitting-needles and broom-twigs, that are to represent trees in his back grounds; and never let him hear the last of his *galli-pots*! Admit that the Allegro and Penseroso of Milton are not

without merit; but repay yourself for this concession, by reprinting at length the *two poems on the University Carrier!* As a fair specimen of his Sonnets, quote "*A Book was writ of late called Tetrachordon;*" and, as characteristic of his rhythm and metre, cite his literal translation of the first and second psalm! In order to justify yourself, you need only assert, that had you dwelt chiefly on the beauties and excellencies of the poet, the admiration of these might seduce the attention of future writers from the objects of their love and wonder, to an imitation of the few poems and passages in which the poet was most unlike himself.

But till reviews are conducted on far other principles, and with far other motives; till in the place of arbitrary dictation and petulant sneers, the reviewers support their decisions by reference to fixed canons of criticism, previously established and deduced from the nature of man; reflecting minds will pronounce it arrogance in them thus to announce themselves to men of letters, as the guides of their taste and judgement. To the purchaser and mere reader it is, at all events, an injustice. He who tells me that there are *defects* in a new work, tells me nothing which I should not have taken for granted without his information. But he, who points out and elucidates the *beauties* of an original work, does indeed give me interesting information, such as experience would not have authorized me in anticipating. And as to compositions which the authors themselves announce with "Hæc ipsi novimus esse nihil," why should we judge by a different rule two printed works, only because the one author was alive, and the other in his grave? What literary man has not regretted the prudery of Spratt in refusing to let his friend Cowley appear in his slippers and dressing gown? I am not perhaps the only one who has derived an innocent amusement from the riddles, conundrums, tri-syllable lines, &c., &c., of Swift and his correspondents, in hours of languor, when to have read his more finished works would have been

useless to myself, and, in some sort, an act of injustice to the author. But I am at a loss to conceive by what perversity of judgement, these relaxations of his genius could be employed to diminish his fame as the writer of "Gulliver's Travels," and the "Tale of a Tub." Had Mr. Southey written twice as many poems of inferior merit, or partial interest, as have enlivened the journals of the day, they would have added to his honor with good and wise men, not merely or principally as proving the versatility of his talents, but as evidences of the purity of that mind, which even in its levities never wrote a line, which it need regret on any moral account.

I have in imagination transferred to the future biographer the duty of contrasting Southey's fixed and well-earned fame, with the abuse and indefatigable hostility of his anonymous critics from his early youth to his ripest manhood. But I cannot think so ill of human nature as not to believe, that these critics have already taken shame to themselves, whether they consider the object of their abuse in his moral or his literary character. For reflect but on the variety and extent of his acquirements! He stands second to no man, either as an historian or as a bibliographer; and when I regard him as a popular essayist, (for the articles of his composition in the reviews are for the greater part essays on subjects of deep or curious interest rather than criticisms on particular works *) I look in vain for any writer, who has conveyed so much information, from so many and such recondite sources, with so many just and original reflections, in a style so lively and poignant, yet so uniformly classical and perspicuous; no one in short who has combined so much wisdom with so much wit; so much truth and knowledge with so much life and fancy. His

* See the articles on Methodism, in the Quarterly Review: the small volume on the New System of Education, &c.

prose is always intelligible and always entertaining. In poetry he has attempted almost every species of composition known before, and he has added new ones ; and if we except the highest lyric, (in which how few, how very few even of the greatest minds have been fortunate) he has attempted every species successfully : from the political song of the day, thrown off in the playful overflow of honest joy and patriotic exultation, to the wild ballad*; from epistolary ease and graceful narrative, to the austere and impetuous moral declamation ; from the pastoral claims and wild streaming lights of the "Thalaba," in which sentiment and imagery have given permanence even to the excitement of curiosity ; and from the full blaze of the "Kehama," (a gallery of finished pictures in one splendid fancy piece, in which, notwithstanding, the moral grandeur rises gradually above the brilliance of the colouring and the boldness and novelty of the machinery) to the more sober beauties of the "Madoc"; and lastly, from the Madoc to his "Roderic," in which, retaining all his former excellencies of a poet eminently inventive and picturesque, he has surpassed himself in language and metre, in the construction of the whole, and in the splendour of particular passages.

Here then shall I conclude ? No ! The characters of the deceased, like the encomia on tombstones, as they are described with religious tenderness, so are they read, with allowing sympathy indeed, but yet with rational deduction. There are men, who deserve a higher record ; men with whose characters it is the interest of their contemporaries, no less than that of posterity, to be made acquainted ; while it is yet possible for impartial censure, and even for quick-sighted envy, to cross-examine the tale without offence to the courtesies of humanity ; and while the eulogist detected in exaggeration or falsehood must pay the full penalty of his

* See the incomparable "Return to Moscow" and the "Old Woman of Berkeley."

baseness in the contempt which brands the convicted flatterer. Publicly has Mr. Southey been reviled by men, who, (as I would fain hope for the honor of human nature) hurled fire-brands against a figure of their own imagination, publicly have his talents been depreciated, his principles denounced; as publicly do I therefore, who have known him intimately, deem it my duty to leave recorded, that it is SOUTHEY'S almost unexampled felicity, to possess the best gifts of talent and genius free from all their characteristic defects. To those who remember the state of our public schools and universities some twenty years past, it will appear no ordinary praise in any man to have passed from innocence into virtue, not only free from all vicious habit, but unstained by one act of intemperance, or the degradations akin to intemperance. That scheme of head, heart, and habitual demeanour, which in his early manhood, and first controversial writings, Milton, claiming the privilege of self-defence, asserts of himself, and challenges his calumniators to disprove; this will his school-mates, his fellow-collegians, and his maturer friends, with a confidence proportioned to the intimacy of their knowledge, bear witness to, as again realized in the life of Robert Southey. But still more striking to those, who by biography or by their own experience are familiar with the general habits of genius, will appear the poet's matchless industry and perseverance in his pursuits; the worthiness and dignity of those pursuits; his generous submission to tasks of transitory interest, or such as *his* genius alone could make otherwise; and that having thus more than satisfied the claims of affection or prudence, he should yet have made for himself time and power, to achieve more, and in more various departments than almost any other writer has done, though employed wholly on subjects of his own choice and ambition. But as Southey possesses, and is not possessed by, his genius, even so is he master even of his virtues. The

regular and methodical tenor of his daily labours, which would be deemed rare in the most mechanical pursuits, and might be envied by the mere man of business, loses all semblance of formality in the dignified simplicity of his manners, in the spring and healthful chearfulness of his spirits. Always employed, his friends find him always at leisure. No less punctual in trifles, than stedfast in the performance of highest duties, he inflicts none of those small pains and discomforts which irregular men scatter about them, and which in the aggregate so often become formidable obstacles both to happiness and utility; while on the contrary he bestows all the pleasures, and inspires all that ease of mind on those around him or connected with him, which perfect consistency, and (if such a word might be framed) absolute *reliability*, equally in small as in great concerns, cannot but inspire and bestow: when this too is softened without being weakened by kindness and gentleness. I know few men who so well deserve the character which an antient attributes to Marcus Cato, namely, that he was likest virtue, in as much as he seemed to act aright, not in obedience to any law or outward motive, but by the necessity of a happy nature, which could not act otherwise. As son, brother, husband, father, master, friend, he moves with firm yet light steps, alike unostentatious, and alike exemplary. As a writer, he has uniformly made his talents subservient to the best interests of humanity, of public virtue, and domestic piety; his cause has ever been the cause of pure religion and of liberty, of national independence and of national illumination. When future critics shall weigh out his guerdon of praise and censure, it will be Southey the poet only, that will supply them with the scanty materials for the latter. They will likewise not fail to record, that as no man was ever a more constant friend, never had poet more friends and honorers among the good of all parties; and that quacks in education,

quacks in politics, and quacks in criticism were his only enemies *.

* It is not easy to estimate the effects which the example of a young man as highly distinguished for strict purity of disposition and conduct, as for intellectual power and literary acquirements, may produce on those of the same age with himself, especially on those of similar pursuits and congenial minds. For many years, my opportunities of intercourse with Mr. Southey have been rare, and at long intervals; but I dwell with unabated pleasure on the strong and sudden, yet I trust not fleeting, influence, which my moral being underwent on my acquaintance with him at Oxford, whither I had gone at the commencement of our Cambridge vacation on a visit to an old school-fellow. Not indeed on my moral or religious principles, for *they* had never been contaminated; but in awakening the sense of the duty and dignity of making my actions accord with those principles, both in word and deed. The irregularities only not universal among the young men of my standing, which I always *knew* to be *wrong*, I then learned to feel as *degrading*; learnt to know that an opposite conduct, which was at that time considered by us as the easy virtue of cold and selfish prudence, might originate in the noblest emotions, in views the most disinterested and imaginative. It is not however from grateful recollections only, that I have been impelled thus to leave these my deliberate sentiments on record; but in some sense as a debt of justice to the man, whose name has been so often connected with mine for evil to which he is a stranger. As a specimen I subjoin part of a note, from "the Beauties of the Anti-jacobin," in which, having previously informed the public that I had been dishonour'd at Cambridge for preaching Deism, at a time when, for my youthful ardour in defence of Christianity, I was decried as a bigot by the proselytes of French Phi-(or to speak more truly, Psi-) losophy, the writer concludes with these words; "since this time he has left his native country, commenced citizen of the world, *left his poor children fatherless, and his wife destitute. Ex his disce his friends*, LAMB *and* SOUTHEY." With severest truth it may be asserted, that it would not be easy to select two men more exemplary in their domestic affections than those whose names were thus printed at full length as in the same rank of morals with a denounced infidel and fugitive, who had left his children *fatherless and his wife destitute!* Is it surprising, that many good men remained longer than perhaps they otherwise would have done, adverse to a party, which encouraged and openly rewarded the authors of such atrocious calumnies? "Qualis es, nescio; sed per quales agis, scio et doleo."

CHAPTER IV

The lyrical ballads with the preface—Mr. Wordsworth's earlier poems—On fancy and imagination—The investigation of the distinction important to the fine arts.

I HAVE wandered far from the object in view, but as I fancied to myself readers who would respect the feelings that had tempted me from the main road; so I dare calculate on not a few, who will warmly sympathize with them. At present it will be sufficient for my purpose, if I have proved, that Mr. Southey's writings no more than my own furnished the original occasion to this fiction of a *new school* of poetry, and to the clamors against its supposed founders and proselytes.

As little do I believe that "Mr. WORDSWORTH'S Lyrical Ballads" were in *themselves* the cause. I speak exclusively of the two volumes so entitled. A careful and repeated examination of these confirms me in the belief, that the omission of less than an hundred lines would have precluded nine-tenths of the criticism on this work. I hazard this declaration, however, on the supposition, that the reader has taken it up, as he would have done any other collection of poems purporting to derive their subjects or interests from the incidents of domestic or ordinary life, intermingled with higher strains of meditation which the poet utters in his own person and character; with the proviso, that they were perused without knowledge of, or reference to, the author's peculiar opinions, and that the reader had not had his attention previously directed to those peculiarities. In these, as was actually the case with Mr. Southey's earlier works, the lines and passages which might have offended the general taste, would have been considered as mere inequalities, and attributed to inattention, not to perversity of judgement. The men of business who had passed their lives

chiefly in cities, and who might therefore be expected to derive the highest pleasure from acute notices of men and manners conveyed in easy, yet correct and pointed language; and all those who, reading but little poetry, are most stimulated with that species of it, which seems most distant from prose, would probably have passed by the volume altogether. Others more catholic in their taste, and yet habituated to be most pleased when most excited, would have contented themselves with deciding, that the author had been successful in proportion to the elevation of his style and subject. Not a few perhaps, might by their admiration of "the lines written near Tintern Abbey," those "left upon a Seat under a Yew Tree," the "old Cumberland beggar," and "Ruth," have been gradually led to peruse with kindred feeling the "Brothers," the "Hart leap well," and whatever other poems in that collection may be described as holding a middle place between those written in the highest and those in the humblest style; as for instance between the "Tintern Abbey," and "the Thorn," or the "Simon Lee." Should their taste submit to no further change, and still remain unreconciled to the colloquial phrases, or the imitations of them, that are, more or less, scattered through the class last mentioned; yet even from the small number of the latter, they would have deemed them but an inconsiderable subtraction from the merit of the whole work; or, what is sometimes not unpleasing in the publication of a new writer, as serving to ascertain the natural tendency, and consequently the proper direction of the author's genius.

In the critical remarks, therefore, prefixed and annexed to the "Lyrical Ballads," I believe that we may safely rest, as the true origin of the unexampled opposition which Mr. Wordsworth's writings have been since doomed to encounter. The humbler passages in the poems themselves were dwelt on and cited to justify the rejection of the theory. What in and for themselves would have been either forgotten

or forgiven as imperfections, or at least comparative failures, provoked direct hostility when announced as intentional, as the result of choice after full deliberation. Thus the poems, admitted by *all* as excellent, joined with those which had pleased the far *greater* number, though they formed two-thirds of the whole work, instead of being deemed (as in all right they should have been, even if we take for granted that the reader judged aright) an atonement for the few exceptions, gave wind and fuel to the animosity against both the poems and the poet. In all perplexity there is a portion of fear, which predisposes the mind to anger. Not able to deny that the author possessed both genius and a powerful intellect, they felt *very positive*, but were not *quite certain*, that he might not be in the right, and they themselves in the wrong; an unquiet state of mind, which seeks alleviation by quarrelling with the occasion of it, and by wondering at the perverseness of the man, who had written a long and argumentative essay to persuade them, that

"Fair is foul, and foul is fair;"

in other words, that they had been all their lives admiring without judgement, and were now about to censure without reason*.

* In opinions of long continuance, and in which we have never before been molested by a single doubt, to be suddenly *convinced* of an *error*, is almost like being *convicted* of a fault. There is a state of mind, which is the direct antithesis of that, which takes place when we *make a bull*. *The bull* namely consists in the bringing together two incompatible thoughts, with the *sensation*, but without the *sense*, of their connection. The psychological condition, or that which constitutes the possibility of this state, being such disproportionate vividness of two distant thoughts, as extinguishes or obscures the consciousness of the intermediate images or conceptions, or wholly abstracts the attention from them. Thus in the well known bull, "*I was a fine child, but they changed me;*" the first conception expressed in the word "*I*," is that of personal identity—*Ego contemplans:* the second expressed in the word "*me*," is the visual image or object by which the mind represents to itself

That this conjecture is not wide from the mark, I am induced to believe from the noticeable fact, which I can state on my own knowledge, that the same general censure should have been grounded by almost every different person on some different poem. Among those, whose candour and judgement I estimate highly, I distinctly remember six who expressed their objections to the "Lyrical Ballads" almost in the same words, and altogether to the same purport, at the same time admitting, that several of the poems had given them great pleasure; and, strange as it might seem, the composition which one cited as execrable, another quoted as his favorite. I am indeed convinced in my own mind, that could the same experiment have been tried with these volumes, as was made in the well known story of the picture, the result would have been the same; the parts which had been covered by the number of the black spots on the one day, would be found equally *albo* lapide notatæ on the succeeding.

its past condition, or rather, its personal identity under the form in which it imagined itself previously to have existed,—*Ego contemplatus*. Now the change of one visual image for another involves in itself no absurdity, and becomes absurd only by its immediate juxta-position with the first thought, which is rendered possible by the whole attention being successively absorbed in each singly, so as not to notice the interjacent notion, "changed," which by its incongruity with the first thought, "*I*," constitutes the bull. Add only, that this process is facilitated by the circumstance of the words "*I*" and "*me*," being sometimes equivalent, and sometimes having a distinct meaning; sometimes, namely, signifying the act of self-consciousness, sometimes the external image in and by which the mind represents that act to itself, the result and symbol of its individuality. Now suppose the direct contrary state, and you will have a distinct sense of the connection between two conceptions, without that *sensation* of such connection which is supplied by habit. The man *feels* as if he were standing on his head, though he cannot but *see*, that he is truly standing on his feet. This, as a painful sensation, will of course have a tendency to associate itself with the person who occasions it; even as persons, who have been by painful means restored from derangement, are known to feel an involuntary dislike towards their physician.

However this may be, it is assuredly hard and unjust to fix the attention on a few separate and insulated poems with as much aversion, as if they had been so many plague-spots on the whole work, instead of passing them over in silence, as so much blank paper, or leaves of a bookseller's catalogue; especially, as no one pretends to have found any immorality or indelicacy; and the poems, therefore, at the worst, could only be regarded as so many light or inferior coins in a roleau of gold, not as so much alloy in a weight of bullion. A friend whose *talents* I hold in the highest respect, but whose *judgement* and strong sound sense I have had almost continued occasion to *revere*, making the usual complaints to me concerning both the style and subjects of Mr. Wordsworth's minor poems; I admitted that there were some few of the tales and incidents, in which I could not myself find a sufficient cause for their having been recorded in metre. I mentioned the "Alice Fell" as an instance; "nay," replied my friend with more than usual quickness of manner, "I cannot agree with you *there*! that, I own, *does* seem to me a remarkably pleasing poem." In the "Lyrical Ballads," (for my experience does not enable me to extend the remark equally unqualified to the two subsequent volumes,) I have heard at different times, and from different individuals every single poem *extolled* and *reprobated*, with the exception of those of loftier kind, which as was before observed, seem to have won universal praise. This fact of itself would have made me diffident in my censures, had not a still stronger ground been furnished by the strange contrast of the heat and long continuance of the opposition, with the nature of the faults stated as justifying it. The seductive faults, the dulcia vitia of Cowley, Marini, or Darwin might reasonably be thought capable of corrupting the public judgement for half a century, and require a twenty years' war, campaign after campaign, in order to dethrone the usurper and re-establish the legiti-

mate taste. But that a downright simpleness, under the affectation of simplicity, prosaic words in feeble metre, silly thoughts in childish phrases, and a preference of mean, degrading, or at best trivial associations and characters, should succeed in forming a school of imitators, a company of almost *religious* admirers, and this too among young men of ardent minds, liberal education, and not

"with academic laurels unbestowed;"

and that this bare and bald *counterfeit* of poetry, which is characterized as *below* criticism, should for nearly twenty years have well-nigh *engrossed* criticism, as the main, if not the only, *butt* of review, magazine, pamphlet, poem, and paragraph;—this is indeed matter of wonder! Of yet greater is it, that the contest should still continue as * undecided as that between Bacchus and the frogs in Aristophanes;

* Without however the apprehensions attributed to the *Pagan* reformer of the poetic republic. If we may judge from the preface to the recent collection of his poems, Mr. W. would have answered with Xanthias—

σὺ δ' οὐκ ἔδεισας τὸν ψόφον τῶν ῥημάτων,
καὶ τὰς ἀπειλάς; ΞΑΝ. οὐ μὰ Δί', οὐδ' ἐφρόντισα.

And here let me dare hint to the authors of the numerous parodies, and pretended imitations of Mr. Wordsworth's style, that at once to conceal and convey wit and wisdom in the semblance of folly and dulness, as is done in the Clowns and Fools, nay even in the Dogberry, of our Shakespeare, is doubtless a proof of genius, or at all events of satiric talent; but that the attempt to ridicule a silly and childish poem, by writing another still sillier and still more childish, can only prove (if it prove any thing at all) that the parodist is a still greater blockhead than the original writer, and, what is far worse a *malignant* coxcomb to boot. The talent for mimicry seems strongest where the human race are most degraded. The poor, naked, half human savages of New Holland were found excellent mimics: and, in civilized society, minds of the very lowest stamp alone satirize by *copying*. At least the difference, which must blend with and balance the likeness, in order to constitute a just imitation, existing here merely in caricature, detracts from the libeller's heart, without adding an iota to the credit of his understanding.

when the former descended to the realms of the departed to bring back the spirit of old and genuine poesy.—

X. βρεκεκεκὲξ, κοὰξ, κοάξ.

Δ. ἀλλ' ἐξόλοισθ' αὐτῷ κοάξ.
οὐδὲν γάρ ἐστ' ἄλλ' ἢ κοάξ.
οἰμώζετ'· οὐ γάρ μοι μέλει.

X. ἀλλὰ μὴν κεκραξόμεσθά
γ', ὁπόσον ἡ φάρυγξ ἂν ἡμῶν
χανδάνῃ, δι' ἡμέρας,
βρεκεκεκὲξ, κοὰξ, κοάξ!

Δ. τούτῳ γὰρ οὐ νικήσετε.

X. οὐδὲ μὴν ἡμᾶς σὺ πάντως.

Δ. οὐδὲ μὴν ὑμεῖς γε δή μ'
οὐδέποτε. κεκράξομαι γὰρ,
κἂν με δέῃ, δι' ἡμέρας,
ἕως ἂν ὑμῶν ἐπικρατήσω τοῦ κοάξ!

X. βρεκεκεκὲξ, ΚΟΑΞ, ΚΟΑΞ!

During the last year of my residence at Cambridge, I became acquainted with Mr. Wordsworth's first publication entitled "Descriptive Sketches"; and seldom, if ever, was the emergence of an original poetic genius above the literary horizon more evidently announced. In the form, style, and manner of the whole poem, and in the structure of the particular lines and periods, there is an harshness and acerbity connected and combined with words and images all a-glow, which might recall those products of the vegetable world, where gorgeous blossoms rise out of the hard and thorny rind and shell, within which the rich fruit was elaborating. The language was not only peculiar and strong, but at times knotty and contorted, as by its own impatient strength; while the novelty and struggling crowd of images, acting in conjunction with the difficulties of the style, demanded always a greater closeness of attention, than poetry, (at all events, than descriptive poetry) has a right to claim. It not seldom therefore justified the complaint of obscurity. In the fol-

lowing extract I have sometimes fancied, that I saw an emblem of the poem itself, and of the author's genius as it was then displayed.

"'Tis storm; and hid in mist from hour to hour,
All day the floods a deepening murmur pour;
The sky is veiled, and every cheerful sight:
Dark is the region as with coming night;
And yet what frequent bursts of overpowering light!
Triumphant on the bosom of the storm,
Glances the fire-clad eagle's wheeling form;
Eastward, in long perspective glittering, shine
The wood-crowned cliffs that o'er the lake recline;
Wide o'er the Alps a hundred streams unfold,
At once to pillars turn'd that flame with gold;
Behind his sail the peasant strives to shun
The West, that burns like one dilated sun,
Where in a mighty crucible expire
The mountains, glowing hot, like coals of fire."

The poetic PSYCHE, in its process to full developement, undergoes as many changes as its Greek name-sake, the butterfly *. And it is remarkable how soon genius clears and purifies itself from the faults and errors of its earliest products; faults which, in its earliest compositions, are the more obtrusive and confluent, because as heterogeneous elements, which had only a temporary use, they constitute the very *ferment*, by which themselves are carried off. Or we may compare them to some diseases, which must work on the humours, and be thrown out on the surface, in order

* The fact, that in Greek Psyche is the common name for the soul, and the butterfly, is thus alluded to in the following stanzas from an unpublished poem of the author:

"The butterfly the ancient Grecians made
The soul's fair emblem, and its only name—
But of the soul, escaped the slavish trade
Of mortal life! For in this earthly frame
Our's is the reptile's lot, much toil, much blame,
Manifold motions making little speed,
And to deform and kill the things, whereon we feed."

S. T. C.

to secure the patient from their future recurrence. I was in my twenty-fourth year, when I had the happiness of knowing Mr. Wordsworth personally, and while memory lasts, I shall hardly forget the sudden effect produced on my mind, by his recitation of a manuscript poem, which still remains unpublished, but of which the stanza, and tone of style, were the same as those of the "Female Vagrant," as originally printed in the first volume of the "Lyrical Ballads." There was here no mark of strained thought, or forced diction, no crowd or turbulence of imagery; and, as the poet hath himself well described in his lines "on re-visiting the Wye," manly reflection, and human associations had given both variety, and an additional interest to natural objects, which in the passion and appetite of the first love they had seemed to him neither to need or permit. The occasional obscurities, which had risen from an imperfect controul over the resources of his native language, had almost wholly disappeared, together with that worse defect of arbitrary and illogical phrases, at once hackneyed, and fantastic, which hold so distinguished a place in the *technique* of ordinary poetry, and will, more or less, alloy the earlier poems of the truest genius, unless the attention has been specifically directed to their worthlessness and incongruity*. I did not

* Mr. Wordsworth, even in his two earliest, "the Evening Walk and the Descriptive Sketches," is more free from this latter defect than most of the young poets his contemporaries. It may however be exemplified, together with the harsh and obscure construction, in which he more often offended, in the following lines:—

> "'Mid stormy vapours ever driving by,
> Where ospreys, cormorants, and herons cry;
> Where hardly given the hopeless waste to cheer,
> Denied the bread of life, the foodful ear,
> Dwindles the pear on autumn's latest spray,
> And *apple sickens* pale in summer's ray;
> *Ev'n here content has fixed her smiling reign*
> *With independence, child of high disdain.*"

I hope, I need not say, that I have quoted these lines for no

perceive anything particular in the mere style of the poem alluded to during its recitation, except indeed such difference as was not separable from the thought and manner; and the Spenserian stanza, which always, more or less, recalls to the reader's mind Spenser's own style, would doubtless have authorized, in my then opinion, a more frequent descent to the phrases of ordinary life, than could without an ill effect have been hazarded in the heroic couplet. It was not however the freedom from false taste, whether as to common defects, or to those more properly his own, which made so unusual an impression on my feelings immediately, and subsequently on my judgement. It was the union of deep feeling with profound thought; the fine balance of truth in observing, with the imaginative faculty in modifying the objects observed; and above all the original gift of spreading the tone, the *atmosphere*, and with it the depth and height of the ideal world around forms, incidents, and situations, of which, for the common view, custom had bedimmed all the lustre, had dried up the sparkle and the dew drops. "To find no contradiction in the union of old and new; to contemplate the ANCIENT of days and all his works with feelings as fresh, as if all had then sprang forth at the first creative fiat; characterizes the mind that feels the riddle of the world, and may help to unravel it. To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood; to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances, which every day for perhaps forty years had rendered familiar;

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

this is the character and privilege of genius, and one of the marks which distinguish genius from talents. And therefore

other purpose than to make my meaning fully understood. It is to be regretted that Mr. Wordsworth has not republished these two poems entire.

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

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

In poems, equally as in philosophic disquisitions, genius produces the strongest impressions of novelty, while it rescues the most admitted truths from the impotence caused by the very circumstance of their universal admission. Truths of all others the most awful and mysterious, yet being at the same time of universal interest, are too often considered as *so* true, that they lose all the life and efficiency of truth, and lie bed-ridden in the dormitory of the soul, side by side with the most despised and exploded errors."— THE FRIEND *, p. 76, No. 5.

This excellence, which in all Mr. Wordsworth's writings is more or less predominant, and which constitutes the character of his mind, I no sooner felt, than I sought to understand. Repeated meditations led me first to suspect, (and a more intimate analysis of the human faculties, their appropriate marks, functions, and effects matured my conjecture into full conviction,) that fancy and imagination were two distinct and widely different faculties, instead of being, according to the general belief, either two names

* As "the Friend" was printed on stampt sheets, and sent only by the post to a very limited number of subscribers, the author has felt less objection to quote from it, though a work of his own. To the public at large indeed it is the same as a volume in manuscript.

with one meaning, or, at furthest, the lower and higher degree of one and the same power. It is not, I own, easy to conceive a more opposite translation of the Greek *Phantasia* than the Latin Imaginatio; but it is equally true that in all societies there exists an instinct of growth, a certain collective, unconscious good sense working progressively to desynonymize * those words originally of the same meaning, which the conflux of dialects had supplied to the more homogeneous languages, as the Greek and German: and which the same cause, joined with accidents of translation from original works of different countries, occasion in mixt languages like our own. The first and most important point to be proved is, that two conceptions perfectly distinct are confused under one and the same

* This is effected either by giving to the one word a general, and to the other an exclusive use; as "to put on the back" and "to indorse;" or by an actual distinction of meanings, as "naturalist," and "physician;" or by difference of relation, as "I" and "Me" (each of which the rustics of our different provinces still use in all the cases singular of the first personal pronoun). Even the mere difference, or corruption, in the *pronunciation* of the same word, if it have become general, will produce a new word with a distinct signification; thus "property" and "propriety;" the latter of which, even to the time of Charles II. was the *written* word for all the senses of both. Thus too "mister" and "master," both hasty pronunciations of the same word "magister," "mistress," and "miss," "if" and "give," &c. &c. There is a sort of *minim immortal* among the animalcula infusoria which has not naturally either birth, or death, absolute beginning, or absolute end: for at a certain period a small point appears on its back, which deepens and lengthens till the creature divides into two, and the same process recommences in each of the halves now become integral. This may be a fanciful, but it is by no means a bad emblem of the formation of words, and may facilitate the conception, how immense a nomenclature may be organized from a few simple sounds by rational beings in a social state. For each new application, or excitement of the same sound, will call forth a different sensation, which cannot but affect the pronunciation. The after recollection of the sound, without the same vivid sensation, will modify it still further; till at length all trace of the original likeness is worn away.

word, and (this done) to appropriate that word exclusively to one meaning, and the synonyme (should there be one) to the other. But if (as will be often the case in the arts and sciences) no synonyme exists, we must either invent or borrow a word. In the present instance the appropriation has already begun, and been legitimated in the derivative adjective: Milton had a highly *imaginative*, Cowley a very *fanciful* mind. If therefore I should succeed in establishing the actual existences of two faculties generally different, the nomenclature would be at once determined. To the faculty by which I had characterized Milton, we should confine the term *imagination*; while the other would be contradistinguished as *fancy*. Now were it once fully ascertained, that this division is no less grounded in nature, than that of delirium from mania, or Otway's

"Lutes, lobsters, seas of milk, and ships of amber,"

from Shakespear's

"What! have his daughters brought him to this pass?"

or from the preceding apostrophe to the elements; the theory of the fine arts, and of poetry in particular, could not, I thought, but derive some additional and important light. It would in its immediate effects furnish a torch of guidance to the philosophical critic; and ultimately to the poet himself. In energetic minds, truth soon changes by domestication into power; and from directing in the discrimination and appraisal of the product, becomes influencive in the production. To admire on principle, is the only way to imitate without loss of originality.

It has been already hinted, that metaphysics and psychology have long been my hobby-horse. But to have a hobby-horse, and to be vain of it, are so commonly found together, that they pass almost for the same. I trust therefore, that there will be more good humour than contempt, in the smile with which the reader chastises my self-com-

placency, if I confess myself uncertain, whether the satisfaction from the perception of a truth new to myself may not have been rendered more poignant by the conceit, that it would be equally so to the public. There was a time, certainly, in which I took some little credit to myself, in the belief that I had been the first of my countrymen, who had pointed out the diverse meaning of which the two terms were capable, and analyzed the faculties to which they should be appropriated. Mr. W. Taylor's recent volume of synonymes I have not yet seen *; but his specification of

* I ought to have added, with the exception of a single sheet which I accidentally met with at the printer's. Even from this scanty specimen, I found it impossible to doubt the talent, or not to admire the ingenuity of the author. That his distinctions were for the greater part unsatisfactory to *my* mind, proves nothing against their accuracy; but it may possibly be serviceable to him, in case of a second edition, if I take this opportunity of suggesting the query; whether he may not have been occasionally misled, by having assumed, as to me he appeared to have done, the non-existence of *any* absolute synonymes in our language? Now I cannot but think, that there are many which remain for our posterity to distinguish and appropriate, and which I regard as so much reversionary wealth in our mother-tongue. When two distinct meanings are confounded under one or more words, (and such must be the case, as sure as our knowledge is progressive and of course imperfect) erroneous consequences will be drawn, and what is true in one sense of the word will be affirmed as true in toto. Men of research, startled by the consequences, seek in the things themselves (whether in or out of the mind) for a knowledge of the fact, and having discovered the difference, remove the equivocation either by the substitution of a new word, or by the appropriation of one of the two or more words, that had before been used promiscuously. When this distinction has been so naturalized and of such general currency that the language itself does as it were *think* for us (like the sliding rule which is the mechanic's safe substitute for arithmetical knowledge) we then say, that it is evident to *common sense*. Common sense, therefore, differs in different ages. What was born and christened in the schools passes by degrees into the world at large, and becomes the property of the market and the tea-table. At least I can discover no other meaning of the term, *common sense*, if it is to convey any specific difference from sense and judgement in genere, and where it is not used scholastically for the *universal reason*.

the terms in question has been clearly shown to be both insufficient and erroneous by Mr. Wordsworth in the Preface added to the late collection of his "Lyrical Ballads and other poems." The explanation which Mr. Wordsworth has himself given will be found to differ from mine, chiefly perhaps, as our objects are different. It could scarcely indeed happen otherwise, from the advantage I have enjoyed of frequent conversation with him on a subject to which a poem of his own first directed my attention, and my conclusions concerning which, he had made more lucid to myself by many happy instances drawn from the operation of natural objects on the mind. But it was Mr. Wordsworth's purpose to consider the influences of fancy and imagination as they are manifested in poetry, and from the different effects to conclude their diversity in kind; while it is my object to investigate the seminal principle, and then from the kind to deduce the degree. My friend has drawn a masterly sketch of the branches with their *poetic* fruitage. I wish to add the trunk, and even the roots as far as they lift themselves above ground, and are visible to the naked eye of our common consciousness.

Yet even in this attempt I am aware, that I shall be obliged to draw more largely on the reader's attention, than so immethodical a miscellany can authorize; when in such a work (the *Ecclesiastical Polity*) of such a mind as Hooker's, the judicious author, though no less admirable for the perspicuity than for the port and dignity of his language; and though he wrote for men of learning in a learned age; saw nevertheless occasion to anticipate and guard against

Thus in the reign of Charles II. the philosophic world was called to arms by the moral sophisms of Hobbs, and the ablest writers exerted themselves in the detection of an error, which a school-boy would now be able to confute by the mere recollection, that *compulsion* and *obligation* conveyed two ideas perfectly disparate, and that what appertained to the one, had been falsely transferred to the other by a mere confusion of terms.

"complaints of obscurity," as often as he was about to trace his subject "to the highest well-spring and fountain." Which, (continues he) "because men are not accustomed to, the pains we take are more needful a great deal, than acceptable; and the matters we handle, seem by reason of newness (till the mind grow better acquainted with them) dark and intricate." I would gladly therefore spare both myself and others this labor, if I knew how without it to present an intelligible statement of my poetic creed; not as my *opinions*, which weigh for nothing, but as deductions from established premises conveyed in such a form, as is calculated either to effect a fundamental conviction, or to receive a fundamental confutation. If I may dare once more adopt the words of Hooker, "they, unto whom we shall seem tedious, are in no wise injured by us, because it is in their own hands to spare that labor, which they are not willing to endure." Those at least, let me be permitted to add, who have taken so much pains to render me ridiculous for a perversion of taste, and have supported the charge by attributing strange notions to me on no other authority than their own conjectures, owe it to themselves as well as to me not to refuse their attention to my own statement of the theory, which I *do* acknowledge; or shrink from the trouble of examining the grounds on which I rest it, or the arguments which I offer in its justification.

CHAPTER V

On the law of association—Its history traced from Aristotle to Hartley.

THERE have been men in all ages, who have been impelled as by an instinct to propose their own nature as a problem, and who devote their attempts to its solution. The first step was to construct a table of distinctions, which they seem to have formed on the principle of the absence or

presence of the WILL. Our various sensations, perceptions, and movements were classed as active or passive, or as media partaking of both. A still finer distinction was soon established between the voluntary and the spontaneous. In our perceptions we seem to ourselves merely passive to an external power, whether as a mirror reflecting the landscape, or as a blank canvas on which some unknown hand paints it. For it is worthy of notice, that the latter, or the system of idealism may be traced to sources equally remote with the former, or materialism ; and Berkeley can boast an ancestry at least as venerable as Gassendi or Hobbs. These conjectures, however, concerning the mode in which our perceptions originated, could not alter the natural difference of *things* and *thoughts*. In the former, the cause appeared wholly external, while in the latter, sometimes our will interfered as the producing or determining cause, and sometimes our nature seemed to act by a mechanism of its own, without any conscious effort of the will, or even against it. Our inward experiences were thus arranged in three separate classes, the passive sense, or what the school-men call the merely receptive quality of the mind ; the voluntary ; and the spontaneous, which holds the middle place between both. But it is not in human nature to meditate on any mode of action, without enquiring after the law that governs it ; and in the explanation of the spontaneous movements of our being, the metaphysician took the lead of the anatomist and natural philosopher. In Egypt, Palestine, Greece, and India the analysis of the mind had reached its noon and manhood, while experimental research was still in its dawn and infancy. For many, very many centuries, it has been difficult to advance a new truth, or even a new error, in the philosophy of the intellect or morals. With regard, however, to the laws that direct the spontaneous movements of thought and the principle of their intellectual mechanism there exists, it has been asserted, an important exception most honor-

able to the moderns, and in the merit of which our own country claims the largest share. Sir James Mackintosh, (who amid the variety of his talents and attainments is not of less repute for the depth and accuracy of his philosophical enquiries than for the eloquence with which he is said to render their most difficult results perspicuous, and the driest attractive,) affirmed in the lectures, delivered by him in Lincoln's Inn Hall, that the law of association as established in the contemporaneity of the original impressions, formed the basis of all true psychology; and any ontological or metaphysical science, not contained in such (i. e. empirical) psychology, was but a web of abstractions and generalizations. Of this prolific truth, of this great fundamental law, he declared HOBBS to have been the original *discoverer*, while its full application to the whole intellectual system we owed to David Hartley; who stood in the same relation to Hobbs as Newton to Kepler; the law of association being that to the mind, which gravitation is to matter.

Of the former clause in this assertion, as it respects the comparative merits of the ancient metaphysicians, including their commentators, the school-men, and of the modern French and British philosophers from Hobbs to Hume, Hartley, and Condillac, this is not the place to speak. So wide indeed is the chasm between this gentleman's philosophical creed and mine, that so far from being able to join hands, we could scarcely make our voices intelligible to each other: and to *bridge* it over, would require more time, skill, and power than I believe myself to possess. But the latter clause involves for the greater part a mere question of fact and history, and the accuracy of the statement is to be tried by documents rather than reasoning.

First, then, I deny Hobbs's claim in toto: for he had been anticipated by Des Cartes, whose work "De Methodo," preceded Hobbs's "De Natura Humana," by more than a year. But what is of much more importance, Hobbs builds

nothing on the principle which he had announced. He does not even announce it, as differing in any respect from the general laws of material motion and impact: nor was it, indeed, possible for him so to do, compatibly with his system, which was exclusively material and mechanical. Far otherwise is it with Des Cartes; greatly as he too in his after writings (and still more egregiously his followers De la Forge, and others) obscured the truth by their attempts to explain it on the theory of nervous fluids, and material configurations. But, in his interesting work, "De Methodo," Des Cartes relates the circumstance which first led him to meditate on this subject, and which since then has been often noticed and employed as an instance and illustration of the law. A child who with its eyes bandaged had lost several of his fingers by amputation, continued to complain for many days successively of pains, now in this joint and now in that, of the very fingers which had been cut off. Des Cartes was led by this incident to reflect on the uncertainty with which we attribute any particular place to any inward pain or uneasiness, and proceeded after long consideration to establish it as a general law; that contemporaneous impressions, whether images or sensations, recal each other mechanically. On this principle, as a ground work, he built up the whole system of human language, as one continued process of association. He showed in what sense not only general terms, but generic images (under the name of abstract ideas) actually existed, and in what consists their nature and power. As one word may become the general exponent of many, so by association a simple image may represent a whole class. But in truth Hobbs himself makes no claims to any discovery, and introduces this law of association, or (in his own language) discursûs mentalis, as an admitted fact, in the *solution* alone of which, this by causes purely physiological, he arrogates any originality. His system is briefly this; whenever the senses are impinged on by external objects,

whether by the rays of light reflected from them, or by effluxes of their finer particles, there results a correspondent motion of the innermost and subtlest organs. This motion constitutes a *representation*, and there remains an *impression* of the same, or a certain disposition to repeat the same motion. Whenever we feel several objects at the same time, the *impressions* that are left, (or in the language of Mr. Hume, the *ideas*,) are linked together. Whenever therefore any one of the movements, which constitute a complex impression, is renewed through the senses, the others succeed mechanically. It follows of necessity therefore that Hobbs as well as Hartley and all others who derive association from the connection and interdependence of the supposed matter, the movements of which constitute our thoughts, *must* have reduced all its forms to the one law of time. But even the merit of announcing this law with philosophic precision cannot be fairly conceded to him. For the objects of any two ideas * need not have co-existed in the same sensation

* I here use the word "idea" in Mr. Hume's sense on account of its general currency amongst the English metaphysicians; though against my own judgement, for I believe that the vague use of this word has been the cause of much error and more confusion. The word, ἰδέα, in its original sense as used by Pindar, Aristophanes, and in the Gospel of St. Matthew, represented the visual abstraction of a distant object, when we see the whole without distinguishing its parts. Plato adopted it as a technical term, and as the antithesis to εἴδωλα, or sensuous images; the transient and perishable emblems, or mental words, of ideas. The ideas themselves he considered as mysterious powers, living, seminal, formative, and exempt from time. In this sense the word became the property of the Platonic school; and it seldom occurs in Aristotle, without some such phrase annexed to it, as according to Plato, or as Plato says. Our English writers to the end of Charles 2nd's reign, or somewhat later, employed it either in the original sense, or platonically, or in a sense nearly correspondent to our present use of the substantive, Ideal, always however opposing it, more or less, to image, whether of present or absent objects. The reader will not be displeased with the following interesting exemplification from Bishop Jeremy Taylor. "St. Lewis the King sent Ivo Bishop of Chartres on an embassy,

in order to become mutually associable. The same result will follow when one only of the two ideas has been represented by the senses, and the other by the memory.

Long however before either Hobbs or Des Cartes the law of association had been defined, and its important functions set forth by Melanchthon, Ammerbach, and Ludovicus Vives; more especially by the last. Phantasia, it is to be noticed, is employed by Vives to express the mental power of comprehension, or the *active* function of the mind; and imaginatio for the receptivity (vis receptiva) of impressions, or for the *passive* perception. The power of combination he appropriates to the former: "quæ singula et simpliciter acceperat imaginatio, ea conjungit et disjungit phantasia." And the law by which the thoughts are spontaneously presented follows thus; "quæ simul sunt a phantasia comprehensa, si alterutrum occurrat, solet secum alterum repræsentare." To time therefore he subordinates all the other exciting causes of association. The soul proceeds "a causa ad effectum, ab hoc ad instrumentum, a parte ad totum;" thence to the place, from place to person, and

and he told, that he met a grave and stately matron on the way with a censer of fire in one hand, and a vessel of water in the other; and observing her to have a melancholy, religious, and phantastic deportment and look, he asked her what those symbols meant, and what she meant to do with her fire and water; she answered, my purpose is with the fire to burn paradise, and with my water to quench the flames of hell, that men may serve God purely for the love of God. But we rarely meet with such spirits which love virtue so metaphysically as *to abstract her from all sensible compositions, and love the purity of the idea.*" Des Cartes having introduced into his philosophy the fanciful hypothesis of *material ideas*, or certain configurations of the brain, which were as so many moulds to the influxes of the external world; Mr. Locke adopted the term, but extended its signification to whatever is the immediate object of the mind's attention or consciousness. Mr. Hume, distinguishing those representations which are accompanied with a sense of a present object, from those reproduced by the mind itself, designated the former by *impressions*, and confined the word *idea* to the latter.

from this to whatever preceded or followed, all as being parts of a total impression, each of which may recal the other. The apparent springs "Saltus vel transitus etiam longissimos," he explains by the same thought having been a component part of two or more total impressions. Thus "ex Scipione venio in cogitationem potentiæ Turcicæ, propter victorias ejus in eâ parte Asiæ in qua regnabat Antiochus."

But from Vives I pass at once to the source of his doctrines, and (as far as we can judge from the remains yet extant of Greek philosophy) as to the first, so to the fullest and most perfect enunciation of the associative principle, viz. to the writings of Aristotle; and of these in particular to the books "De Anima," "De Memoria," and that which is entitled in the old translations "Parva Naturalia." In as much as later writers have either deviated from, or added to his doctrines, they appear to me to have introduced either error or groundless supposition.

In the first place it is to be observed, that Aristotle's positions on this subject are unmixed with fiction. The wise Stagyrite speaks of no successive particles propagating motion like billiard balls, (as Hobbs); nor of nervous or animal spirits, where inanimate and irrational solids are thawed down, and distilled, or filtrated by ascension, into living and intelligent fluids, that etch and re-etch engravings on the brain, (as the followers of Des Cartes, and the humoral pathologists in general); nor of an oscillating ether which was to effect the same service for the nerves of the brain considered as solid fibres, as the animal spirits perform for them under the notion of hollow tubes (as *Hartley* teaches)— nor finally, (with yet more recent dreamers) of chemical compositions by elective affinity, or of an electric light at once the immediate object and the ultimate organ of inward vision, which rises to the brain like an Aurora Borealis, and there disporting in various shapes (as the balance of plus and minus, or negative and positive, is destroyed or re-established)

images out both past and present. Aristotle delivers a just *theory* without pretending to an *hypothesis*; or in other words a comprehensive survey of the different facts, and of their relations to each other without *supposition*, i.e. a fact *placed under* a number of facts, as their common support and explanation; though in the majority of instances these hypotheses or suppositions better deserve the name of ὑποποιήσεις, or *suffictions*. He uses indeed the word κινήσεις, to express what we call representations or ideas, but he carefully distinguishes them from material motion, designating the latter always by annexing the words ἐν τόπῳ, or κατὰ τόπον. On the contrary, in his treatise "De Anima," he excludes place and motion from all the operations of thought, whether representations or volitions, as attributes utterly and absurdly heterogeneous.

The *general law* of association, or, more accurately, the *common condition* under which all exciting causes act, and in which they may be generalized, according to Aristotle is this. Ideas by having been together acquire a power of recalling each other; or every partial representation awakes the total representation of which it had been a part. In the practical determination of this common principle to particular recollections, he admits five agents or occasioning causes: 1st, connection in time, whether simultaneous, preceding, or successive; 2nd, vicinity or connection in space; 3rd, interdependence or necessary connection, as cause and effect; 4th, likeness; and 5th, contrast. As an additional solution of the occasional seeming chasms in the continuity of reproduction he proves, that movements or ideas possessing one or the other of these five characters had passed through the mind as intermediate links, sufficiently clear to recall other parts of the same total impressions with which they had co-existed, though not vivid enough to excite that degree of attention which is requisite for distinct recollection, or as we may aptly express it, *after-consciousness*. In asso-

ciation then consists the whole mechanism of the reproduction of impressions, in the Aristotelian Psychology. It is the universal law of the *passive* fancy and *mechanical* memory; that which supplies to all other faculties their objects, to all thought the elements of its materials.

In consulting the excellent commentary of St. Thomas Aquinas on the Parva Naturalia of Aristotle, I was struck at once with its close resemblance to Hume's Essay on association. The main thoughts were the same in both, the *order* of the thoughts was the same, and even the illustrations differed only by Hume's occasional substitution of more modern examples. I mentioned the circumstance to several of my literary acquaintances, who admitted the closeness of the resemblance, and that it seemed too great to be explained by mere coincidence; but they thought it improbable that Hume should have held the pages of the angelic Doctor worth turning over. But some time after Mr. Payne, of the King's mews, shewed Sir James Mackintosh some odd volumes of St. Thomas Aquinas, partly perhaps from having heard that Sir James (then Mr.) Mackintosh had in his lectures passed a high encomium on this canonized philosopher, but chiefly from the fact, that the volumes had belonged to Mr. Hume, and had here and there marginal marks and notes of reference in his own hand writing. Among these volumes was that which contains the *Parva Naturalia*, in the old Latin version, swathed and swaddled in the commentary afore mentioned!

It remains then for me, first to state wherein Hartley differs from Aristotle; then, to exhibit the grounds of my conviction, that he differed only to err; and next as the result, to shew, by what influences of the choice and judgement the associative power becomes either memory or fancy; and, in conclusion, to appropriate the remaining offices of the mind to the reason, and the imagination. With my best efforts to be as perspicuous as the nature of language will

permit on such a subject, I earnestly solicit the good wishes and friendly patience of my readers, while I thus go "sounding on my dim and perilous way."

CHAPTER VI

That Hartley's system, as far as it differs from that of Aristotle, is neither tenable in theory, nor founded in facts.

OF Hartley's hypothetical vibrations in his hypothetical oscillating ether of the nerves, which is the first and most obvious distinction between his system and that of Aristotle, I shall say little. This, with all other similar attempts to render *that* an object of the sight which has no relation to sight, has been already sufficiently exposed by the younger Reimarus, Maasse, &c., as outraging the very axioms of mechanics in a scheme, the merit of which consists in its being mechanical. Whether any other philosophy be possible, but the mechanical; and again, whether the mechanical system can have any claim to be called philosophy; are questions for another place. It is, however, certain, that as long as we deny the former, and affirm the latter, we must bewilder ourselves, whenever we would pierce into the *adyta* of causation; and all that laborious conjecture can do, is to fill up the gaps of fancy. Under that despotism of the eye (the emancipation from which Pythagoras by his *numeral*, and Plato by his *musical* symbols, and both by geometric discipline, aimed at, as the first προπαιδευτικον of the mind)—under this strong sensuous influence, we are restless because invisible things are not the objects of vision; and metaphysical systems, for the most part, become popular, not for their truth, but in proportion as they attribute to causes a susceptibility of being *seen*, if only our visual organs were sufficiently powerful.

From a hundred possible confutations let one suffice. According to this system the idea or vibration *a* from the

external object A becomes associable with the idea or vibration *m* from the external object M, because the oscillation *a* propagated itself so as to re-produce the oscillation *m*. But the original impression from M was essentially different from the impression A: unless therefore different causes may produce the same effect, the vibration *a* could never produce the vibration *m*: and this therefore could never be the means, by which *a* and *m* are associated. To understand this, the attentive reader need only be reminded, that the ideas are themselves, in Hartley's system, nothing more than their appropriate configurative vibrations. It is a mere delusion of the fancy to conceive the pre-existence of the ideas, in any chain of association, as so many differently coloured billiard-balls in contact, so that when an object, the billiard-stick, strikes the first or white ball, the same motion propagates itself through the red, green, blue, and black, and sets the whole in motion. No! we must suppose the very same force, which *constitutes* the white ball, to *constitute* the red or black; or the idea of a circle to *constitute* the idea of a triangle; which is impossible.

But it may be said, that by the sensations from the objects A and M, the nerves have acquired a disposition to the vibrations *a* and *m*, and therefore *a* need only be repeated in order to re-produce *m*. Now we will grant, for a moment, the possibility of such a disposition in a material nerve, which yet seems scarcely less absurd than to say, that a weather-cock had acquired a *habit* of turning to the east, from the wind having been so long in that quarter: for if it be replied, that we must take in the circumstance of *life*, what then becomes of the mechanical philosophy? And what is the *nerve*, but the flint which the wag placed in the pot as the first ingredient of his stone-broth, requiring only salt, turnips, and mutton, for the remainder! But if we waive this, and pre-suppose the actual existence of such a disposition; two cases are possible. Either, every idea

has its own nerve and correspondent oscillation, or this is not the case. If the latter be the truth, we should gain nothing by these dispositions; for then, every nerve having several dispositions, when the motion of any other nerve is propagated into it, there will be no ground or cause present, why exactly the oscillation *m* should arise, rather than any other to which it was equally pre-disposed. But if we take the former, and let every idea have a nerve of its own, then every nerve must be capable of propagating its motion into many other nerves; and again, there is no reason assignable, why the vibration *m* should arise, rather than any other ad libitum.

It is fashionable to smile at Hartley's vibrations and vibratiuncles; and his work has been re-edited by Priestley, with the omission of the *material* hypothesis. But Hartley was too great a man, too coherent a thinker, for this to have been done, either consistently or to any wise purpose. For all other parts of his system, as far as they are peculiar to that system, once removed from their mechanical basis, not only lose their main support, but the very motive which led to their adoption. Thus the principle of *contemporaneity*, which Aristotle had made the common *condition* of all the laws of association, Hartley was constrained to represent as being itself the sole *law*. For to what law can the action of *material* atoms be subject, but that of proximity in *place?* And to what law can their *motions* be subjected, but that of *time?* Again, from this results inevitably, that the will, the reason, the judgement, and the understanding, instead of being the determining causes of association, must needs be represented as its *creatures*, and among its mechanical *effects*. Conceive, for instance, a broad stream, winding through a mountainous country with an indefinite number of currents, varying and running into each other according as the gusts chance to blow from the opening of the mountains. The temporary union of several currents in one, so as to form

the main current of the moment, would present an accurate image of Hartley's theory of the will.

Had this been really the case, the consequence would have been, that our whole life would be divided between the despotism of outward impressions, and that of senseless and passive memory. Take his law in its highest abstraction and most philosophical form, viz. that every partial representation recalls the total representation of which it was a part; and the law becomes nugatory, were it only for its universality. In practice it would indeed be mere lawlessness. Consider, how immense must be the sphere of a total impression from the top of St. Paul's church; and how rapid and continuous the series of such total impressions. If therefore we suppose the absence of all interference of the will, reason, and judgement, one or other of two consequences must result. Either the ideas, (or relics of such impression,) will exactly imitate the order of the impression itself, which would be absolute *delirium*: or any one part of that impression might recall any other part, and (as from the law of continuity, there must exist in every total impression, some one or more parts, which are components of some other following total impression, and so on ad. infinitum) *any* part of *any* impression might recall *any* part of any *other*, without a cause present to determine *what* it should be. For to bring in the will, or reason, as causes of their own cause, that is, as at once causes and effects, can satisfy those only who, in their pretended evidences of a God, having first demanded organization, as the sole cause and ground of intellect, will then coolly demand the pre-existence of intellect, as the cause and ground-work of organization. There is in truth but one state to which this theory applies at all, namely, that of complete light-headedness; and even to this it applies but partially, because the will and reason are perhaps never wholly suspended.

A case of this kind occurred in a Catholic town in Germany a year or two before my arrival at Göttingen, and had not then ceased to be a frequent subject of conversation. A young woman of four or five and twenty, who could neither read nor write, was seized with a nervous fever; during which, according to the asseverations of all the priests and monks of the neighbourhood, she became *possessed*, and, as it appeared, by a very learned devil. She continued incessantly talking Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, in very pompous tones and with most distinct enunciation. This possession was rendered more probable by the known fact, that she was or had been a heretic. Voltaire humorously advises the devil to decline all acquaintance with medical men; and it would have been more to his reputation, if he had taken this advice in the present instance. The case had attracted the particular attention of a young physician, and by his statement, many eminent physiologists and psychologists visited the town, and cross-examined the case on the spot. Sheets full of her ravings were taken down from her own mouth, and were found to consist of sentences, coherent and intelligible each for itself, but with little or no connection with each other. Of the Hebrew, a small portion only could be traced to the Bible; the remainder seemed to be in the rabbinical dialect. All trick or conspiracy was out of the question. Not only had the young woman ever been a harmless, simple creature; but she was evidently labouring under a nervous fever. In the town, in which she had been resident for many years as a servant in different families, no solution presented itself. The young physician, however, determined to trace her past life step by step; for the patient herself was incapable of returning a rational answer. He at length succeeded in discovering the place, where her parents had lived: travelled thither, found *them* dead, but an uncle surviving; and from him learnt, that the patient had been charitably taken by an old Protestant pastor at nine years

old, and had remained with him some years, even till the old man's death. Of this pastor the uncle knew nothing, but that he was a very good man. With great difficulty, and after much search, our young medical philosopher discovered a niece of the pastor's, who had lived with him as his housekeeper, and had inherited his effects. She remembered the girl; related, that her venerable uncle had been too indulgent, and could not bear to hear the girl scolded; that she was willing to have kept her, but that, after her patron's death, the girl herself refused to stay. Anxious enquiries were then, of course, made concerning the pastor's habits; and the solution of the phenomenon was soon obtained. For it appeared, that it had been the old man's custom, for years, to walk up and down a passage of his house into which the kitchen door opened, and to read to himself with a loud voice, out of his favorite books. A considerable number of these were still in the niece's possession. She added, that he was a very learned man and a great Hebraist. Among the books were found a collection of rabbinical writings, together with several of the Greek and Latin fathers; and the physician succeeded in identifying so many passages with those taken down at the young woman's bedside, that no doubt could remain in any rational mind concerning the true origin of the impressions made on her nervous system.

This authenticated case furnishes both proof and instance, that reliques of sensation may exist for an indefinite time in a latent state, in the very same order in which they were originally impressed; and as we cannot rationally suppose the feverish state of the brain to act in any other way than as a stimulus, this fact (and it would not be difficult to adduce several of the same kind) contributes to make it even probable, that all thoughts are in themselves imperishable; and, that if the intelligent faculty should be rendered more comprehensive, it would require only a different and appor-

tioned organization, *the body celestial* instead of *the body terrestrial*, to bring before every human soul the collective experience of its whole past existence. And this, this, perchance, is the dread book of judgement, in whose mysterious hieroglyphics every idle word is recorded! Yea, in the very nature of a living spirit, it may be more possible that heaven and earth should pass away, than that a single act, a single thought, should be loosened or lost from that living chain of causes, to all whose links, conscious or unconscious, the free-will, our only absolute *self*, is co-extensive and co-present. But not now dare I longer discourse of this, waiting for a loftier mood, and a nobler subject, warned from within and from without, that it is profanation to speak of these mysteries * *τοῖς μηδὲ φαντασθεῖσιν, ὡς καλὸν τὸ τῆς δικαιοσύνης καὶ σωφροσύνης πρόσωπον καὶ ὡς οὔτε ἕσπερος οὔτε ἑῷος οὕτω καλά. Τὸ γὰρ ὁρῶν πρὸς τὸ ὁρώμενον συγγενὲς καὶ ὁμοῖον ποιησάμενον δεῖ ἐπιβάλλειν τῇ θέᾳ. οὐ γὰρ ἂν πώποτε εἶδεν ὀφθαλμὸς ἥλιον, ἡλιοειδὴς μὴ γεγενημένος· οὐδὲ τὸ καλὸν ἂν ἴδοι ψυχὴ, μὴ καλὴ γενομένη.*—PLOTINUS.

CHAPTER VII

Of the necessary consequences of the Hartleian theory—Of the original mistake or equivocation which procured admission for the theory—Memoria Technica.

WE will pass by the utter incompatibility of such a law (if law it may be called, which would itself be the slave of chances)

* "To those to whose imagination it has never been presented, how beautiful is the countenance of justice and wisdom; and that neither the morning nor the evening star are so fair. For in order to direct the view aright, it behoves that the beholder should have made himself congenerous and similar to the object beheld. Never could the eye have beheld the sun, had not its own essence been soliform," (*i. e. pre-configured to light by a similarity of essence with that of light*) "neither can a soul not beautiful attain to an intuition of beauty."

with even that *appearance* of rationality forced upon us by the outward phænomena of human conduct, abstracted from our own consciousness. We will agree to forget this for the moment, in order to fix our attention on that subordination of final to efficient causes in the human being, which flows of necessity from the assumption, that the will and, with the will, all acts of thought and attention are parts and products of this blind mechanism, instead of being distinct powers, whose function it is to controul, determine, and modify the phantasmal chaos of association. The soul becomes a mere ens logicum ; for, as a real separable being, it would be more worthless and ludicrous than the Grimalkins in the Cat-harpsichord, described in the Spectator. For these did form a part of the process ; but, in Hartley's scheme, the soul is present only to be pinched or *stroked*, while the very squeals or purring are produced by an agency wholly independent and alien. It involves all the difficulties, all the incomprehensibility (if it be not indeed, ὡς ἔμοιγε δοκεῖ, the absurdity), of intercommunion between substances that have no one property in common, without any of the convenient consequences that bribed the judgement to the admission of the *dualistic* hypothesis. Accordingly, this 'caput mortuum' of the Hartleian process has been rejected by his followers, and the consciousness considered as a *result*, as a *tune*, the common product of the breeze and the harp : though this again is the mere remotion of one absurdity to make way for another, equally preposterous. For what is harmony but a mode of relation, the very *esse* of which is *percipi* ? An ens rationale, which pre-supposes the power, that by perceiving creates it ? The razor's edge becomes a saw to the armed vision ; and the delicious melodies of Purcell or Cimarosa might be disjointed stammerings to a hearer, whose partition of time should be a thousand times subtler than ours. But this obstacle too let us imagine ourselves to have surmounted, and "at one bound high overleap

all bound!" Yet according to this hypothesis the disquisition, to which I am at present soliciting the reader's attention, may be as truly said to be written by Saint Paul's church, as by *me:* for it is the mere motion of my muscles and nerves; and these again are set in motion from external causes equally passive, which external causes stand themselves in interdependent connection with every thing that exists or has existed. Thus the whole universe co-operates to produce the minutest stroke of every letter, save only that I myself, and I alone, have nothing to do with it, but merely the causeless and *effectless* beholding of it when it is done. Yet scarcely can it be called a beholding; for it is neither an act nor an effect; but an impossible creation of a *something-nothing* out of its very contrary! It is the mere quick-silver plating behind a looking-glass; and in this alone consists the poor worthless I! The sum total of my moral and intellectual intercourse, dissolved into its elements, is reduced to *extension, motion, degrees of velocity*, and those diminished *copies* of configurative motion, which form what we call notions, and notions of notions. Of such philosophy well might Butler say—

> "The metaphysic's but a puppet motion
> That goes with screws, the notion of a notion;
> The copy of a copy and lame draught
> Unnaturally taken from a thought:
> That counterfeits all pantomimic tricks,
> And turns the eyes, like an old crucifix;
> That counterchanges whatsoe'er it calls
> B' another name, and makes it true or false;
> Turns truth to falsehood, falsehood into truth,
> By virtue of the Babylonian's tooth."
>
> MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

The inventor of the watch, if this doctrine be true, did not in reality invent it; he only looked on, while the blind causes, the only true artists, were unfolding themselves. So must it have been too with my friend ALLSTON, when he

sketched his picture of the dead man revived by the bones of the prophet Elijah. So must it have been with Mr. SOUTHEY and LORD BYRON, when the one *fancied* himself composing his "RODERICK," and the other his "CHILDE HAROLD." The same must hold good of all systems of philosophy; of all arts, governments, wars by sea and by land; in short, of all things that ever have been or that ever will be produced. For, according to this system, it is not the affections and passions that are at work, in as far as they are *sensations* or *thoughts*. We only *fancy*, that we act from rational resolves, or prudent motives, or from impulses of anger, love, or generosity. In all these cases the real agent is a *something-nothing-every-thing*, which does all of which we know, and knows nothing of all that itself does.

The existence of an infinite spirit, of an intelligent and holy will, must, on this system, be mere articulated motions of the air. For as the function of the human understanding is no other than merely (to appear to itself) to combine and to apply the phænomena of the association; and as these derive all their reality from the primary sensations; and the sensations again all *their* reality from the impressions ab extra; a God not visible, audible, or tangible, can exist only in the sounds and letters that form his name and attributes. If in *ourselves* there be no such faculties as those of the will, and the scientific reason, we must either have an *innate* idea of them, which would overthrow the whole system; or we can have no idea at all. The process, by which Hume degraded the notion of cause and effect into a blind product of delusion and habit, into the mere sensation of *proceeding* life (nisus vitalis) associated with the images of the memory; this same process must be repeated to the equal degradation of every *fundamental* idea in ethics or theology.

Far, very far am I from burthening with the odium of these consequences the moral characters of those who first

formed, or have since adopted the system! It is most noticeable of the excellent and pious Hartley, that, in the proofs of the existence and attributes of God, with which his second volume commences, he makes no reference to the principle or results of the first. Nay, he assumes, as his foundations, ideas which, if we embrace the doctrines of his first volume, can exist no where but in the vibrations of the ethereal medium common to the nerves and to the atmosphere. Indeed the whole of the second volume is, with the fewest possible exceptions, independent of his peculiar system. So true is it, that the faith, which saves and sanctifies, is a collective energy, a total act of the whole moral being; that its living sensorium is in the *heart;* and that no errors of the understanding can be morally arraigned unless they have proceeded from the heart.—But whether they be such, no man can be certain in the case of another, scarcely perhaps even in his own. Hence it follows by inevitable consequence, that man may perchance determine *what* is an heresy; but God only can know, *who* is a heretic. It does not, however, by any means follow that opinions fundamentally false are harmless. An hundred causes may coexist to form one complex antidote. Yet the sting of the adder remains venomous, though there are many who have taken up the evil thing; and it hurted them not! Some indeed there seem to have been, in an unfortunate neighbour-nation at least, who have embraced this system with a full view of all its moral and religious consequences; some—

" ——— who deem themselves most free,
When they within this gross and visible sphere
Chain down the winged thought, scoffing ascent,
Proud in their meanness; and themselves they cheat
With noisy emptiness of learned phrase,
Their subtle fluids, impacts, essences,
Self-working tools, uncaus'd effects, and all
Those blind omniscients, those Almighty slaves,
Untenanting Creation of its God!"

Such men need discipline, not argument; they must be made better men, before they can become wiser.

The attention will be more profitably employed in attempting to discover and expose the paralogisms, by the magic of which such a faith could find admission into minds framed for a nobler creed. These, it appears to me, may be all reduced to one sophism as their common genus; the mistaking the *conditions* of a thing for its *causes* and *essence;* and the process, by which we arrive at the knowledge of a faculty, for the faculty itself. The air I breathe is the *condition* of my life, not its cause. We could never have learnt that we had eyes but by the process of seeing; yet having seen we know that the eyes must have pre-existed in order to render the process of sight possible. Let us cross-examine Hartley's scheme under the guidance of this distinction; and we shall discover, that contemporaneity, (Leibnitz's *Lex Continui,*) is the *limit and condition* of the laws of mind, itself being rather a law of matter, at least of phænomena considered as material. At the utmost, it is to *thought* the same, as the law of gravitation is to loco-motion. In every voluntary movement we first counteract gravitation, in order to avail ourselves of it. It must exist, that there may be a something to be counteracted, and which, by its re-action, may aid the force that is exerted to resist it. Let us consider what we do when we leap. We first resist the gravitating power by an act purely voluntary, and then by another act, voluntary in part, we yield to it in order to light on the spot, which we had previously proposed to ourselves. Now let a man watch his mind while he is composing; or, to take a still more common case, while he is trying to recollect a name; and he will find the process completely analogous. Most of my readers will have observed a small water-insect on the surface of rivulets, which throws a cinque-spotted shadow fringed with prismatic colours on the sunny bottom of the brook; and will have noticed, how the

little animal *wins* its way up against the stream, by alternate pulses of active and passive motion, now resisting the current, and now yielding to it in order to gather strength and a momentary *fulcrum* for a further propulsion. This is no unapt emblem of the mind's self-experience in the act of thinking. There are evidently two powers at work, which relatively to each other are active and passive; and this is not possible without an intermediate faculty, which is at once both active and passive. (In philosophical language, we must denominate this intermediate faculty in all its degrees and determinations, the IMAGINATION. But, in common language, and especially on the subject of poetry, we appropriate the name to a superior degree of the faculty, joined to a superior voluntary controul over it.)

Contemporaneity, then, being the common condition of all the laws of association, and a component-element in all the materia subjecta, the parts of which are to be associated, must needs be co-present with all. Nothing, therefore, can be more easy than to pass off on an incautious mind this constant companion of each, for the essential substance of all. But if we appeal to our own consciousness, we shall find that even time itself, as the *cause* of a *particular* act of association, is distinct from contemporaneity, as the *condition* of *all* association. Seeing a mackerel, it may happen, that I immediately think of gooseberries, because I at the same time ate mackerel with gooseberries as the sauce. The first syllable of the latter word, being that which had co-existed with the image of the bird so called, I may then think of a goose. In the next moment the image of a swan may arise before me, though I had never seen the two birds together. In the two former instances, I am conscious that their co-existence in *time* was the circumstance, that enabled me to recollect them; and equally conscious am I that the latter was recalled to me by the joint operation of likeness and contrast. So it is with *cause* and *effect*; so too with

order. So I am able to distinguish whether it was proximity in time, or continuity in space, that occasioned me to recall B. on the mention of A. They cannot be indeed *separated* from contemporaneity; for that would be to separate them from the mind itself. The act of consciousness is indeed identical with *time* considered in its essence. (I mean *time* per se, as contra-distinguished from our *notion* of time; for this is always blended with the idea of space, which, as the *contrary* of time, is therefore its *measure.*) Nevertheless the accident of seeing two objects at the same moment acts as a distinguishable cause from that of having seen them at the same place: and the true practical general law of association is this; that whatever makes certain parts of a total impression more vivid or distinct than the rest, will determine the mind to recall these in preference to others equally linked together by the common condition of contemporaneity, or (what I deem a more appropriate and philosophical term) of *continuity.* But the will itself by confining and intensifying* the attention may arbitrarily give vividness or distinctness to any object whatsoever; and from hence we may deduce the uselessness, if not the absurdity, of certain recent schemes which *promise* an artificial *memory,* but which in reality can only produce a confusion and debasement of the *fancy.* Sound logic, as the habitual subordination of the individual to the species, and of the species to the genus; philosophical knowledge of facts under

* I am aware, that this word occurs neither in Johnson's Dictionary or in any classical writer. But the word, "*to intend,*" which Newton and others before him employ in this sense, is now so completely appropriated to another meaning, that I could not use it without ambiguity: while to paraphrase the sense, as by *render intense,* would often break up the sentence and destroy that harmony of the position of the words with the logical position of the thoughts, which is a beauty in all composition, and more especially desirable in a close philosophical investigation. I have therefore hazarded the word, *intensify:* though, I confess, it sounds uncouth to my own ear.

the relation of cause and effect; a chearful and communicative temper disposing us to notice the similarities and contrasts of things, that we may be able to illustrate the one by the other; a quiet conscience; a condition free from anxieties; sound health, and above all (as far as relates to passive remembrance) a healthy digestion; *these* are the best, these are the only ARTS OF MEMORY.

CHAPTER VIII

The system of DUALISM *introduced by Des Cartes—Refined first by Spinoza and afterwards by Leibnitz into the doctrine of Harmonia præstabilita — Hylozoism — Materialism — Neither of these systems, or any possible theory of association, supplies or supersedes a theory of perception, or explains the formation of the associable.*

To the best of my knowledge Des Cartes was the first philosopher, who introduced the absolute and essential heterogeneity of the soul as intelligence, and the body as matter. The assumption, and the form of speaking have remained, though the denial of all other properties to matter but that of extension, on which denial the whole system of dualism is grounded, has been long exploded. For since impenetrability is intelligible only as a mode of resistance; its admission places the essence of *matter* in an act or power, which it possesses in common with *spirit;* and body and spirit are therefore no longer absolutely heterogeneous, but *may* without any *absurdity* be supposed to be different modes, or degrees in perfection, of a common substratum. To this possibility, however, it was not the fashion to advert. The soul was a *thinking* substance; and body a *space-filling* substance. Yet the apparent action of each on the other pressed heavy on the philosopher on the one hand; and no less heavily on the other hand pressed the evident truth, that the law of causality holds only between homogeneous things, i. e.

things having some common property; and cannot extend from one world into another, its opposite. A close analysis evinced it to be no less absurd than the question whether a man's affection for his wife, lay North-east, or South-west of the love he bore towards his child. Leibnitz's doctrine of a pre-established harmony, which he certainly borrowed from Spinoza, who had himself taken the hint from Des Cartes's animal machines, was in its *common* interpretation too strange to survive the inventor—too repugnant to our *common sense*; (which is not indeed entitled to a judicial voice in the courts of scientific philosophy, but whose whispers still exert a strong secret influence.) Even Wolf, the admirer and illustrious systematizer of the Leibnitzian doctrine, contents himself with defending the possibility of the idea, but does not adopt it as a part of the edifice.

The hypothesis of Hylozoism on the other side, is the death of all rational physiology, and indeed of all physical science; for that requires a limitation of terms, and cannot consist with the arbitrary power of multiplying attributes by occult qualities. Besides, it answers no purpose; unless, indeed, a difficulty can be solved by multiplying it, or that we can acquire a clearer notion of our soul, by being told that we have a million souls, and that every atom of our bodies has a soul of its own. Far more prudent is it to admit the difficulty once for all, and then let it lie at rest. There is a sediment indeed at the bottom of the vessel, but all the water above it is clear and transparent. The Hylozoist only shakes it up, and renders the whole turbid.

But it is not either the nature of man, or the duty of the philosopher to despair concerning any important problem until, as in the squaring of the circle, the impossibility of a solution has been demonstrated. How the *esse*, assumed as originally distinct from the *scire*, can ever unite itself with it; how *being* can transform itself into a *knowing*, becomes conceivable on one only condition; namely, if it can be

shown that the *vis representativa*, or the Sentient, is itself a species of being; i.e. either as a property or attribute, or as an hypostasis or self subsistence. The former is, indeed, the assumption of materialism; a system which could not but be patronized by the philosopher, if only it actually performed what it promises. But how any affection from without can metamorphose itself into perception or will, the materialist has hitherto left, not only as incomprehensible as he found it, but has aggravated it into a comprehensible absurdity. For, grant that an object from without could act upon the conscious *self*, as on a consubstantial object; yet such an affection could only engender something homogeneous with itself. Motion could only propagate motion. Matter has no *Inward*. We remove one surface, but to meet with another. We can but divide a particle into particles; and each atom comprehends in itself the properties of the material universe. Let any reflecting mind make the experiment of explaining to itself the evidence of our sensuous intuitions, from the hypothesis that in any given perception there is a something which has been communicated to it by an impact, or an impression ab extra. In the first place, by the impact on the percepient, or ens representans, not the object itself, but only its action or effect, will pass into the same. Not the iron tongue, but its vibrations, pass into the metal of the bell. Now in our immediate perception it is not the mere power or act of the object, but the object itself, which is immediately present. We might indeed attempt to explain this result by a chain of *deductions* and *conclusions*; but that, first, the very faculty of deducing and concluding would equally demand an explanation; and secondly, that there exists in fact no such intermediation by logical notions, such as those of cause and effect. It is the object itself, not the product of a syllogism, which is present to our consciousness. Or would we explain this supervention of the object to the sensation, by a productive

faculty set in motion by an impulse; still the transition, into the percepient, of the object itself, from which the impulse proceeded, assumes a power that can permeate and wholly possess the soul,

> "And like a God by spiritual art,
> Be all in all, and all in every part."
>
> COWLEY.

And how came the *percipient* here? And what is become of the wonder-promising MATTER, that was to perform all these marvels by force of mere figure, weight and motion? The most consistent proceeding of the dogmatic materialist is to fall back into the common rank of *soul-and-bodyists*; to affect the mysterious, and declare the whole process a revelation *given*, and not to be *understood*, which it would be prophane to examine too closely. "Datur non intelligitur." But a revelation unconfirmed by miracles, and a faith not commanded by the conscience, a philosopher may venture to pass by, without suspecting himself of any irreligious tendency.

Thus, as materialism has been generally taught, it is utterly unintelligible, and owes all its proselytes to the propensity so common among men, to mistake distinct images for clear conceptions; and vice versa, to reject as inconceivable whatever from its own nature is unimaginable. But as soon as it becomes intelligible, it ceases to be materialism. In order to explain *thinking*, as a material phænomenon, it is necessary to refine matter into a mere modification of intelligence, with the two-fold function of *appearing* and *perceiving*. Even so did Priestley in his controversy with Price! He stript matter of all its material properties; substituted spiritual powers; and when we expected to find a body, behold! we had nothing but its ghost! the apparition of a defunct substance!

I shall not dilate further on this subject; because it will, (if God grant health and permission), be treated of at large

and systematically in a work, which I have many years been preparing, on the PRODUCTIVE LOGOS human and divine; with, and as the introduction to, a full commentary on the Gospel of St. John. To make myself intelligible as far as my present subject requires, it will be sufficient briefly to observe.—1. That all association demands and presupposes the existence of the thoughts and images to be associated.—2. The hypothesis of an external world exactly correspondent to those images or modifications of our own being, which alone, (according to this system), we actually behold, is as thorough idealism as Berkeley's, inasmuch as it equally, (perhaps, in a more perfect degree,) removes all reality and immediateness of perception, and places us in a dream world of phantoms and spectres, the inexplicable swarm and equivocal generation of motions in our own brains. —3. That this hypothesis neither involves the explanation, nor precludes the necessity, of a mechanism and co-adequate forces in the percepient, which at the more than magic touch of the impulse from without is to create anew for itself the correspondent object. The formation of a copy is not solved by the mere pre-existence of an original; the copyist of Raphael's Transfiguration must repeat more or less perfectly the process of Raphael. It would be easy to explain a thought from the image on the retina, and that from the geometry of light, if this very light did not present the very same difficulty. We might as rationally chant the Brahmin creed of the tortoise that supported the bear, that supported the elephant, that supported the world, to the tune of "This is the house that Jack built." The *sic Deo placitum est* we all admit as the sufficient cause, and the divine goodness as the sufficient reason; but an answer to the whence? and why? is no answer to the how? which alone is the physiologist's concern. It is a mere sophisma pigrum, and (as Bacon hath said) the arrogance of pusillanimity, which lifts up the idol of a mortal's fancy and commands us

to fall down and worship it, as a work of divine wisdom, an ancile or palladium fallen from heaven. By the very same argument the supporters of the Ptolemaic system might have rebuffed the Newtonian, and pointing to the sky with self-complacent* grin have appealed to *common sense*, whether the sun did not move and the earth stand still.

CHAPTER IX

Is philosophy possible as a science, and what are its conditions?—Giordano Bruno—Literary aristocracy, or the existence of a tacit compact among the learned as a privileged order—The author's obligations to the Mystics;—to Immanuel Kant—The difference between the letter and the spirit of Kant's writings, and a vindication of prudence in the teaching of philosophy—Fichte's attempt to complete the critical system—Its partial success and ultimate failure—Obligations to Schelling; and among English writers to Saumarez.

AFTER I had successively studied in the schools of Locke, Berkeley, Leibnitz, and Hartley, and could find in neither of them an abiding place for my reason, I began to ask myself; is a system of philosophy, as different from mere history and historic classification, possible? If possible, what are its necessary conditions? I was for a while disposed to answer the first question in the negative, and to admit that the sole practicable employment for the human mind was to observe, to collect, and to classify. But I soon felt, that human nature itself fought up against this wilful resignation of intellect; and as soon did I find, that the scheme taken with all its consequences and cleared of all inconsistencies, was not less impracticable than contra-natural. Assume in its full extent the position, *nihil in intellectu quod non prius in sensu*, without Leibnitz's qualifying *præter ipsum intellectum*, and in the same sense, in which the position was understood by Hartley and Condillac: and what Hume had demonstratively deduced from this concession con-

* "And Coxcombs vanquish Berkeley with a grin." *Pope.*

cerning cause and effect, will apply with equal and crushing force to all the * other eleven categorical forms, and the logical functions corresponding to them. How can we make bricks without straw? or build without cement? We learn all things indeed by *occasion* of experience; but the very facts so learnt force us inward on the antecedents, that must be pre-supposed in order to render experience itself possible. The first book of Locke's Essays, (if the supposed error, which it labors to subvert, be not a mere thing of straw, an absurdity which no man ever did, or indeed ever could, believe,) is formed on a σόφισμα ἑτεροζητήσεως, and involves the old mistake of *Cum hoc: ergo, propter hoc.*

The term, Philosophy, defines itself as an affectionate seeking after the truth; but Truth is the correlative of Being. This again is no way conceivable, but by assuming as a postulate, that both are *ab initio*, identical and coinherent; that intelligence and being are reciprocally each other's substrate. I presumed that this was a possible conception, (*i.e.* that it involved no logical inconsonance,) from the length of time during which the scholastic definition of the *Supreme Being*, as "actus purissimus sine ulla potentialitate," was received in the schools of Theology, both by the Pontifician and the Reformed divines. The early study of Plato and Plotinus, with the commentaries and the THEOLOGIA PLATONICA of the illustrious Florentine; of Proclus, and Gemistius Pletho; and at a later period of the "De Immenso et Innumerabili," and the "*De la causa, principio ed uno*," of the philosopher of Nola, who could boast of a Sir Philip Sidney and Fulke Greville among his patrons, and whom the idolaters of Rome burnt as an atheist in the

* Videlicet; quantity, quality, relation, and mode, each consisting of three subdivisions. Vide Kritik der reinen Vernunft, pp. 95 and 106. See too the judicious remarks on Locke and Hume.

year 1660; had all contributed to prepare my mind for the reception and welcoming of the "Cogito quia sum, et sum quia Cogito"; a philosophy of seeming hardihood, but certainly the most ancient, and therefore presumptively the most natural.

Why need I be afraid? Say rather how dare I be ashamed of the Teutonic theosophist, Jacob Behmen? Many indeed, and gross were his delusions; and such as furnish frequent and ample occasion for the triumph of the learned over the poor ignorant *shoemaker*, who had dared think for himself. But while we remember that these delusions were such, as might be anticipated from his utter want of all intellectual discipline, and from his ignorance of rational psychology, let it not be forgotten that the latter defect he had in common with the most learned theologians of his age. Neither with books, nor with book-learned men was he conversant. A meek and shy quietist, his intellectual powers were never stimulated into fev'rous energy by crowds of proselytes, or by the ambition of proselytizing. JACOB BEHMEN was an enthusiast, in the strictest sense, as not merely distinguished, but as contra-distinguished, from a fanatic. While I in part translate the following observations from a contemporary writer of the Continent, let me be permitted to premise, that I might have transcribed the substance from memoranda of my own, which were written many years before his pamphlet was given to the world; and that I prefer another's words to my own, partly as a tribute due to priority of publication; but still more from the pleasure of sympathy in a case where *coincidence* only was possible.

Whoever is acquainted with the history of philosophy, during the two or three last centuries, cannot but admit, that there appears to have existed a sort of secret and tacit compact among the learned, not to pass beyond a certain limit in speculative science. The privilege of free thought, so highly extolled, has at no time been held valid in actual practice,

except within this limit; and not a single stride beyond it has ever been ventured without bringing obloquy on the transgressor. The few men of genius among the learned class, who actually did overstep this boundary, anxiously avoided the appearance of having so done. Therefore the true depth of science, and the penetration to the inmost centre, from which all the lines of knowledge diverge to their ever distant circumference, was abandoned to the illiterate and the simple, whom unstilled yearning, and an original ebulliency of spirit, had urged to the investigation of the indwelling and living ground of all things. These, then, because their names had never been inrolled in the guilds of the learned, were persecuted by the registered livery-men as interlopers on their rights and priviledges. All without distinction were branded as fanatics and phantasts; not only those, whose wild and exorbitant imaginations had actually engendered only extravagant and grotesque phantasms, and whose productions were, for the most part, poor copies and gross caricatures of genuine inspiration; but the truly inspired likewise, the originals themselves. And this for no other reason, but because they were the *unlearned*, men of humble and obscure occupations. When, and from whom among the literati by profession, have we ever heard the divine doxology repeated, "I thank thee, O Father! Lord of Heaven and Earth! because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." No; the haughty priests of learning not only banished from the schools and marts of science all who had dared draw living waters from the *fountain*, but drove them out of the very temple, which mean time "*the buyers, and sellers, and money-changers*" were suffered to make "*a den of thieves.*"

And yet it would not be easy to discover any substantial ground for this contemptuous pride in those literati, who have most distinguished themselves by their scorn of BEHMEN,

DE THOYRAS, GEORGE FOX, etc.; unless it be, that *they* could write orthographically, make smooth periods, and had the fashions of authorship almost literally *at their fingers' ends*, while the latter, in simplicity of soul, made their words immediate echoes of their feelings. Hence the frequency of those phrases among them, which have been mistaken for pretences to immediate inspiration; as for instance, "*it was delivered unto me;*" "*I strove not to speak;*" "*I said, I will be silent;*" "*but the word was in my heart as a burning fire;*" "*and I could not forbear.*" Hence too the unwillingness to give offence; hence the foresight, and the dread of the clamours, which would be raised against them, so frequently avowed in the writings of these men, and expressed, as was natural, in the words of the only book, with which they were familiar. "Woe is me that I am become a man of strife, and a man of contention,—I love peace: the souls of men are dear unto me: yet because I seek for Light every one of them doth curse me!" O! it requires deeper feeling, and a stronger imagination, than belong to most of those, to whom reasoning and fluent expression have been as a trade learnt in boyhood, to conceive with what *might*, with what inward *strivings* and *commotion*, the perception of a new and vital TRUTH takes possession of an uneducated man of genius. His meditations are almost inevitably employed on the eternal, or the everlasting; for "*the world is not his friend, nor the world's law.*" Need we then be surprised, that, under an excitement at once so strong and so unusual, the man's body should sympathize with the struggles of his mind; or that he should at times be so far deluded, as to mistake the tumultuous sensations of his nerves, and the co-existing spectres of his fancy, as parts or symbols of the truths which were opening on him? It has indeed been plausibly observed, that in order to derive any advantage, or to collect any intelligible meaning, from the writings of these ignorant mystics, the reader must bring with

him a spirit and judgement superior to that of the writers themselves:

"And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere seek?"
PARADISE REGAINED.

—A sophism, which I fully agree with Warburton, is unworthy of Milton; how much more so of the awful person, in whose mouth he has placed it? One assertion I will venture to make, as suggested by my own experience, that there exist folios on the human understanding, and the nature of man, which would have a far juster claim to their high rank and celebrity, if in the whole huge volume there could be found as much fulness of heart and intellect, as burst forth in many a simple page of GEORGE FOX, JACOB BEHMEN, and even of Behmen's commentator, the pious and fervid WILLIAM LAW.

The feeling of gratitude, which I cherish towards these men, has caused me to digress further than I had foreseen or proposed; but to have passed them over in an historical sketch of my literary life and opinions, would have seemed to me like the denial of a debt, the concealment of a boon. For the writings of these mystics acted in no slight degree to prevent my mind from being imprisoned within the outline of any single dogmatic system. They contributed to keep alive the *heart* in the *head*; gave me an indistinct, yet stirring and working presentiment, that all the products of the mere *reflective* faculty partook of DEATH, and were as the rattling twigs and sprays in winter, into which a sap was yet to be propelled from some root to which I had not penetrated, if they were to afford my soul either food or shelter. If they were too often a moving cloud of smoke to me by day, yet they were always a pillar of fire throughout the night, during my wanderings through the wilderness of doubt, and enabled me to skirt, without crossing, the sandy deserts of utter unbelief. That the system is capable of being converted into an irreligious PANTHEISM, I well know.

The ETHICS of SPINOZA, may, or may not, be an instance. But at no time could I believe, that *in itself* and *essentially* it is incompatible with religion, natural or revealed: and now I am most thoroughly persuaded of the contrary. The writings of the illustrious sage of Königsberg, the founder of the Critical Philosophy, more than any other work, at once invigorated and disciplined my understanding. The originality, the depth, and the compression of the thoughts; the novelty and subtlety, yet solidity and importance of the distinctions; the adamantine chain of the logic; and I will venture to add (paradox as it will appear to those who have taken their notion of IMMANUEL KANT from Reviewers and Frenchmen) the *clearness* and *evidence*, of the "CRITIQUE OF THE PURE REASON;" of the "JUDGEMENT;" of the "METAPHYSICAL ELEMENTS OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY;" and of his "RELIGION WITHIN THE BOUNDS OF PURE REASON," took possession of me as with a giant's hand. After fifteen years' familiarity with them, I still read these and all his other productions with undiminished delight and increasing admiration. The few passages that remained obscure to me, after due efforts of thought, (as the chapter on *original apperception*,) and the apparent contradictions which occur, I soon found were hints and insinuations referring to ideas, which KANT either did not think it prudent to avow, or which he considered as consistently *left behind* in a pure analysis, not of human nature in toto, but of the speculative intellect alone. Here therefore he was constrained to commence at the point of *reflection*, or natural consciousness: while in his *moral* system he was permitted to assume a higher ground (the autonomy of the will) as a POSTULATE deducible from the unconditional command, or (in the technical language of his school) the categorical imperative, of the conscience. He had been in imminent danger of persecution during the reign of the late king of Prussia, that strange

compound of lawless debauchery and priest-ridden superstition: and it is probable that he had little inclination, in his old age, to act over again the fortunes, and hair-breadth escapes of Wolf. The expulsion of the first among Kant's disciples, who attempted to complete his system, from the university of Jena, with the confiscation and prohibition of the obnoxious work by the joint efforts of the courts of Saxony and Hanover, supplied experimental proof, that the venerable old man's caution was not groundless. In spite therefore of his own declarations, I could never believe, that it was possible for him to have meant no more by his *Noumenon*, or THING IN ITSELF, than his mere words express; or that in his own conception he confined the whole *plastic* power to the forms of the intellect, leaving for the external cause, for the *materiale* of our sensations, a matter without form, which is doubtless inconceivable. I entertained doubts likewise, whether in his own mind he even laid *all* the stress, which he appears to do, on the moral postulates.

An IDEA, in the *highest* sense of that word, cannot be conveyed but by a *symbol;* and, except in geometry, all symbols of necessity involve an apparent contradiction. Φώνησε συνετοῖσιν: and for those who could not pierce through this symbolic husk, his writings were not intended. Questions which cannot be fully answered without exposing the respondent to personal danger, are not entitled to a fair answer; and yet to say this openly, would in many cases furnish the very advantage which the adversary is insidiously seeking after. Veracity does not consist in *saying*, but in the intention of *communicating*, truth; and the philosopher who cannot utter the whole truth without conveying falsehood, and at the same time, perhaps, exciting the most malignant passions, is constrained to express himself either *mythically* or equivocally. When Kant therefore was importuned to settle the disputes of his commentators himself, by declaring what he meant, how could he decline the

honours of martyrdom with less offence, than by simply replying, "I meant what I said, and at the age of near four-score, I have something else, and more important to do, than to write a commentary on my own works."

FICHTE's Wissenschaftslehre, or *Lore* of Ultimate Science, was to add the key-stone of the arch: and by commencing with an *act*, instead of a *thing* or *substance*, Fichte assuredly gave the first mortal blow to Spinozism, as taught by Spinoza himself; and supplied the *idea* of a system truly metaphysical, and of a *metaphysique* truly systematic: (i.e. having its spring and principle within itself). But this fundamental idea he overbuilt with a heavy mass of mere *notions*, and psychological acts of arbitrary reflection. Thus his theory degenerated into a crude * egoismus, a boastful

* The following burlesque on the Fichtean Egoismus may, perhaps, be amusing to the few who have studied the system, and to those who are unacquainted with it, may convey as tolerable a likeness of Fichte's idealism as can be expected from an avowed caricature.

The categorical imperative, or the annunciation of the new Teutonic God, 'ΕΓΩΕΝΚΑΙΠΑΝ: a dithyrambic Ode, by QUERKOPF VON KLUBSTICK, Grammarian, and Subrector in Gymnasio * * *

"Eu! Dei vices gerens, ipse Divus,
(*Speak English, Friend!*) the God Imperativus,
Here on this market-cross aloud I cry:
I, I, I! I itself I!
The form and the substance, the what and the why,
The when and the where, and the low and the high,
The inside and outside, the earth and the sky,
I, you, and he, and he, you and I,
All souls and all bodies are I itself I!
All I itself I!
(Fools! a truce with this starting!)
All my I! all my I!
He's a heretic dog who but adds Betty Martin!
Thus cried the God with high imperial tone:
In robe of stiffest state, that scoff'd at beauty,
A pronoun-verb imperative he shone—
Then substantive and plural-singular grown
He thus spake on! Behold in I alone
(For ethics boast a syntax of their own)

and hyperstoic hostility to NATURE, as lifeless, godless, and altogether unholy: while his *religion* consisted in the assumption of a mere ORDO ORDINANS, which we were permitted *exotericé* to call GOD; and his *ethics* in an ascetic, and almost monkish, mortification of the natural passions and desires.

In Schelling's "NATUR-PHILOSOPHIE," and the "SYSTEM DES TRANSCENDENTALEN IDEALISMUS," I first found a genial coincidence with much that I had toiled out for myself, and a powerful assistance in what I had yet to do.

I have introduced this statement, as appropriate to the narrative nature of this sketch; yet rather in reference to the work which I have announced in a preceding page, than to my present subject. It would be but a mere act of justice to myself, were I to warn my future 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. In this instance, as in the dramatic lectures of Schlegel to which I have before alluded, from the same motive of self-defence against the charge of plagiarism, 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 single page of the German Philosopher; and I might indeed affirm with truth, before the more important works of Schelling had been written, or

> Or if in ye, yet as I doth depute ye,
> In O! I, you, the vocative of duty!
> I of the world's whole Lexicon the root!
> Of the whole universe of touch, sound, sight
> The genitive and ablative to boot:
> The accusative of wrong, the nom'native of right,
> And in all cases the case absolute!
> Self-construed, I all other moods decline:
> Imperative, from nothing we derive us;
> Yet as a super-postulate of mine,
> Unconstrued antecedence I assign
> To X, Y, Z, the God infinitivus!"

at least made public. Nor it this coincidence at all to be wondered at. We had studied in the same school; been disciplined by the same preparatory philosophy, namely, the writings of Kant; we had both equal obligations to the polar logic and dynamic philosophy of Giordano Bruno; and Schelling has lately, and, as of recent acquisition, avowed that same affectionate reverence for the labours of Behmen, and other mystics, which I had formed at a much earlier period. The coincidence of SCHELLING'S system with certain general ideas of Behmen, he declares to have been *mere* coincidence; while *my* obligations have been more direct. *He* needs give to Behmen only feelings of sympathy; while I owe him a debt of gratitude. 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 which, begun by Bruno, was re-in-

* It would be an act of high and almost criminal injustice to pass over in silence the name of Mr. RICHARD SAUMAREZ, a gentleman equally well known as a medical man and as a philanthropist, but who demands notice on the present occasion as the author of "A new System of Physiology" in two volumes octavo, published 1797; and in 1812 of "An Examination of the natural and artificial Systems of Philosophy which now prevail" in one volume octavo, entitled, "The Principles of physiological and physical Science." The latter work is not quite equal to the former in style or arrangement; and there is a greater necessity of distinguishing the principles of the author's philosophy from his conjectures concerning colour, the atmospheric matter, comets, &c. which, whether just or erroneous, are by no means necessary consequences of that philosophy. Yet even in this department of this volume, which I regard as comparatively the inferior work, the reasonings by which Mr. Saumarez invalidates the immanence of an infinite power in any finite substance are the offspring of no common mind; and the experiment on the expansibility of the air is least plausible and highly ingenious. But the merit, which will secure both to the book and to the writer a high and honorable name with posterity, consists in the masterly force of reasoning, and the copiousness of induction, with which he has assailed,

troduced (in a more philosophical form, and freed from all its impurities and visionary accompaniments) by KANT; in whom it was the native and necessary growth of his own system. Kant's followers, however, on whom (for the greater part) their master's *cloak* had fallen without, or with a very scanty portion of, his *spirit*, had adopted his dynamic ideas, only as a more refined species of mechanics. With the exception of one or two fundamental ideas, which cannot be with-held from FICHTE, to SCHELLING we owe the completion, and the most important victories, of this revolution in philosophy. To me it will be happiness and honor 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

and (in my opinion) subverted the tyranny of the mechanic system in physiology; established not only the existence of final causes, but their necessity and efficiency in every system that merits the name of philosophical; and, substituting life and progressive power for the contradictory *inert force*, has a right to be known and remembered as the first instaurator of the dynamic philosophy in England. The author's views, as far as concerns himself, are unborrowed and compleatly his own, as he neither possessed nor do his writings discover, the least acquaintance with the works of Kant, in which the germs of the philosophy exist; and his volumes were published many years before the full developement of these germs by Schelling. Mr. Saumarez's detection of the Braunonian system was no light or ordinary service at the time; and I scarcely remember in any work on any subject a confutation so thoroughly satisfactory. It is sufficient at this time to have stated the fact; as in the preface to the work, which I have already announced on the Logos, I have exhibited in detail the merits of this writer, and genuine philosopher, who needed only have taken his foundation somewhat deeper and wider to have superseded a considerable part of my labours.

resembles, or coincides with, the doctrines of my German predecessor, though contemporary, be wholly attributed to *him*: provided, that the absence of distinct 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. I have not indeed (eheu! res angusta domi!) been hitherto able to procure more than two of his books, viz. the 1st volume of his collected Tracts, and his System of Transcendental Idealism; to which, however, I must add a small pamphlet against Fichte, the spirit of which was to *my* feelings painfully incongruous with the principles, and which (with the usual allowance afforded to an antithesis) displayed the love of wisdom rather than the wisdom of love. I regard truth as a divine ventriloquist: I care not from whose mouth the sounds are supposed to proceed, if only the words are audible and intelligible. "Albeit, I must confess to be half in doubt, whether I should bring it forth or no, it being so contrary to the eye of the world, and the world so potent in most men's hearts, that I shall endanger either not to be regarded or not to be understood."

MILTON: *Reason of Church Government.*

And to conclude the subject of citation, with a cluster of citations, which, as taken from books not in common use, may contribute to the reader's amusement, as a voluntary before a sermon. "Dolet mihi quidem deliciis literarum inescatos subito jam homines adeo esse, præsertim qui Christianos se profitentur, ut legere nisi quod ad *delectationem* facit sustineant nihil: unde et disciplinæ severiores et philosophia ipsa jam fere prorsus etiam a doctis negliguntur. Quod quidem propositum studiorum, nisi mature corrigitur, tam magnum rebus incommodum dabit, quam dedit Barbaries olim. Pertinax res Barbaries est, fateor: sed minus

potest tamen, quam illa mollities et *persuasa prudentia* literarum, quae si *ratione* caret, sapientiæ virtutisque *specie* mortales misere circumducit. Succedet igitur, ut arbitror, haud ita multo post, pro rusticanâ seculi nostri ruditate captatrix illa *communi-loquentia* robur animi virilis omne, omnem virtutem masculam, profligatura, nisi cavetur."

"SIMON GRYNÆUS, candido lectori," prefixed to the Latin translation of Plato, by Marsilius Ficinus. Lugduni, 1557. A too prophetic remark, which has been in fulfilment from the year 1680, to the present 1815. N.B. By "persuasa prudentia," Grynæus means self-complacent *common sense* as opposed to science and philosophic reason.

"Est medius ordo, et velut equestris, Ingeniorum quidem sagacium, et rebus humanis commodorum, non tamen in primam magnitudinem patentium. Eorum hominum, ut ita dicam, major annona est. Sedulum esse, nihil temere loqui, assuescere labori, et imagine prudentiæ & modestiæ tegere angustiores partes captûs, dum exercitationem et usum, quo isti in civilibus rebus pollent, pro natura et magnitudine ingenii plerique accipiunt."—BARCLAII ARGENIS p. 71.

"As therefore physicians are many times forced to leave such methods of curing as themselves know to be fittest, and being overruled by the sick man's impatience, are fain to try the best they can: in like sort, considering how the case doth stand with this present age, full of tongue and weak of brain, behold we would (*if our subject permitted it*) yield to the stream thereof. That way we would be contented to prove our thesis, which being the worse in itself, notwithstanding is now by reason of common imbecility the fitter and likelier to be brooked."—HOOKER.

If this fear could be rationally entertained in the controversial age of Hooker, under the then robust discipline of the scholastic logic, pardonably may a writer of the present times anticipate a scanty audience for abstrusest themes,

and truths that can neither be communicated or received without effort of thought, as well as patience of attention.

"Che s'io non erro al calcular de' punti,
Par ch' *Asinina* Stella a noi predomini,
E 'l Somaro e 'l Castron si sian congiunti.
Il tempo d'Apuleio più non si nomini:
Che se allora un sol huom sembrava un Asino,
Mille Asini a' miei dì rassembran huomini!"

DI SALVATORE ROSA Satir. I. l. 10.

CHAPTER X

A chapter of digression and anecdotes, as an interlude preceding that on the nature and genesis of the imagination or plastic power—On pedantry and pedantic expressions—Advice to young authors respecting publication—Various anecdotes of the author's literary life, and the progress of his opinions in religion and politics.

"*Esemplastic. The word is not in Johnson, nor have I met with it elsewhere.*" Neither have I. I constructed it myself from the Greek words, εἰς ἓν πλάττειν, to shape into one; because, having to convey a new sense, I thought that a new term would both aid the recollection of my meaning, and prevent its being confounded with the usual import of the word, imagination. "*But this is pedantry!*" Not necessarily so, I hope. If I am not misinformed, pedantry consists in the use of words unsuitable to the time, place, and company. The language of the market would be in the schools as *pedantic*, though it might not be reprobated by that name, as the language of the schools in the market. The mere man of the world, who insists that no other terms but such as occur in common conversation should be employed in a scientific disquisition, and with no greater precision, is as truly a *pedant* as the man of letters, who either over-rating the acquirements of his auditors, or misled by his own familiarity with technical or scholastic terms, converses at the wine-table with his mind fixed on his musæum

or laboratory; even though the latter pedant instead of desiring his wife to *make the tea* should bid her add to the quant. suff. of thea Sinensis the oxyd of hydrogen saturated with caloric. To use the colloquial (and in truth somewhat *vulgar*) metaphor, if the pedant of the cloyster, and the pedant of the lobby, both *smell equally of the shop*, yet the odour from the Russian binding of good old *authentic-looking* folios and quartos is less annoying than the steams from the tavern or bagnio. Nay, though the pedantry of the scholar should betray a little ostentation, yet a well-conditioned mind would more easily, methinks, tolerate the *fox brush* of learned vanity, than the *sans culotterie* of a contemptuous ignorance, that assumes a merit from mutilation in the self-consoling sneer at the pompous incumbrance of tails.

The first lesson of philosophic discipline is to wean the student's attention from the DEGREES of things, which alone form the vocabulary of common life, and to direct it to the KIND abstracted from *degree*. Thus the chemical student is taught not to be startled at disquisitions on the heat in ice, or on latent and fixible light. In such discourse the instructor has no other alternative than eith use old words with new meanings (the plan adopted by Darwin in his Zoonomia ;) or to introduce new terms, after the example of Linnæus, and the framers of the present chemical nomenclature. The latter mode is evidently preferable, were it only that the former demands a twofold exertion of thought in one and the same act. For the reader, or hearer, is required not only to learn and bear in mind the new definition ; but to unlearn, and keep out of his view, the old and habitual meaning ; a far more difficult and perplexing task, and for which the mere *semblance* of eschewing pedantry seems to me an inadequate compensation. Where, indeed, it is in our power to recall an appropriate term that had without sufficient reason become obsolete, it is doubtless

a less evil to restore than to coin anew. Thus to express in one word, all that appertains to the perception, considered as passive, and merely recipient, I have adopted from our elder classics the word *sensuous;* because *sensual* is not at present used, except in a bad sense, or at least as a *moral* distinction; while *sensitive* and *sensible* would each convey a different meaning. Thus too I have followed Hooker, Sanderson, Milton, &c., in designating the *immediateness* of any act or object of knowledge by the word *intuition*, used sometimes subjectively, sometimes objectively, even as we use the word, thought, now as *the* thought, or act of thinking, and now as *a* thought, or the object of our reflection; and we do this without confusion or obscurity. The very words, *objective* and *subjective*, of such constant recurrence in the schools of yore, I have ventured to re-introduce, because I could not so briefly or conveniently by any more familiar terms distinguish the percipere from the percipi. Lastly, I have cautiously discriminated the terms, THE REASON, and THE UNDERSTANDING, encouraged and confirmed by the authority of our genuine divines and philosophers, before the revolution.

> ———" both life, and sense,
> Fancy, and *understanding;* whence the soul
> *Reason* receives, and REASON is her *being*,
> DISCURSIVE or INTUITIVE: discourse *
> Is oftest your's, the latter most is our's,
> Differing but in *degree*, in *kind* the same.
>
> PARADISE LOST, *Book* V.

I say, that I was *confirmed* by authority so venerable: for

* But for sundry notes on Shakespeare, &c., and other pieces which have fallen in my way, I should have deemed it unnecessary to observe, that *discourse* here, or elsewhere, does not mean what we *now* call discoursing; but the *discursion* of the *mind*, the processes of generalization and subsumption, of deduction and conclusion. Thus, Philosophy has *hitherto* been DISCURSIVE; while Geometry is *always* and *essentially* INTUITIVE.

I had previous and higher motives in my own conviction of the importance, nay, of the necessity of the distinction, as both an indispensable condition and a vital part of all sound speculation in metaphysics, ethical or theological. To establish this distinction was one main object of THE FRIEND; if even in a biography of my own literary life I can with propriety refer to a work, which was printed rather than published, or so published that it had been well for the unfortunate author, if it had remained in manuscript! I have even at this time bitter cause for remembering that, which a number of my subscribers have but a trifling motive for forgetting. This effusion might have been spared; but I would feign flatter myself, that the reader will be less austere than an oriental professor of the bastinado, who during an attempt to extort per argumentum baculinum a full confession from a culprit, interrupted his outcry of pain by reminding him, that it was "*a mere digression!*" All this noise, Sir! is nothing to the point, and no sort of answer to my QUESTIONS! *Ah! but,* (replied the sufferer,) *it is the most pertinent reply in nature to your blows.*

An imprudent man of common goodness of heart cannot but wish to turn even his imprudences to the benefit of others, as far as this is possible. If therefore any one of the readers of this semi-narrative should be preparing or intending a periodical work, I warn him, in the first place, against trusting in the number of names on his subscription list. For he cannot be certain that the names were put down by sufficient authority; or, should that be ascertained, it still remains to be known, whether they were not extorted by some over zealous friend's importunity; whether the subscriber had not yielded his name, merely from want of courage to answer, no! and with the intention of dropping the work as soon as possible. One gentleman procured me nearly a hundred names for THE FRIEND, and not only took frequent opportunity to remind me of his success in his

canvas, but laboured to impress my mind with the sense of the obligation, I was under to the subscribers; for (as he very pertinently admonished me,) "*fifty-two shillings* a year was a large sum to be bestowed on one individual, where there were so many objects of charity with strong claims to the assistance of the benevolent." Of these hundred patrons ninety threw up the publication before the fourth number, without any notice; though it was well known to them, that in consequence of the distance, and the slowness and irregularity of the conveyance, I was compelled to lay in a stock of *stamped* paper for at least eight weeks beforehand; each sheet of which stood me in five pence previous to its arrival at my printer's; though the subscription money was not to be received till the twenty-first week after the commencement of the work; and lastly, though it was in nine cases out of ten impracticable for me to receive the money for two or three numbers without paying an equal sum for the postage.

In confirmation of my first caveat, I will select one fact among *many*. On my list of subscribers, among a considerable number of names equally flattering, was that of an Earl of Cork, with his address. He might as well have been an Earl of Bottle, for aught I knew of him, who had been content to reverence the peerage in abstracto, rather than in concretis. Of course THE FRIEND was regularly sent as far, if I remember right, as the eighteenth number: i. e. till a fortnight before the subscription was to be paid. And lo! just at this time I received a letter from his Lordship, reproving me in language far more lordly than courteous for my impudence in directing my pamphlets to him, who knew nothing of me or my work! Seventeen or eighteen numbers of which, however, his Lordship was pleased to retain, probably for the culinary or post-culinary conveniences of his servants.

Secondly, I warn all others from the attempt to deviate

from the ordinary mode of publishing a work by *the trade*. I thought indeed, that to the purchaser it was indifferent, whether thirty per cent. of the purchase-money went to the booksellers or to the government; and that the convenience of receiving the work by the post at his own door would give the preference to the latter. It is hard, I own, to have been labouring for years, in collecting and arranging the materials; to have spent every shilling that could be spared after the necessaries of life had been furnished, in buying books, or in journies for the purpose of consulting them or of acquiring facts at the fountain head; then to buy the paper, pay for the printing, &c., all at least fifteen per cent. beyond what *the trade* would have paid; and then after all to give thirty per cent. not of the net profits, but of the gross results of the sale, to a man who has merely to give the books shelf or warehouse room, and permit his apprentice to hand them over the counter to those who may ask for them; and this too copy by copy, although if the work be on any philosophical or scientific subject, it may be years before the edition is sold off. All this, I confess, must seem an hardship, and one, to which the products of industry in no other mode of exertion are subject. Yet even this is better, far better, than to attempt in any way to unite the functions of author and publisher. But the most prudent mode is to sell the copy-right, at least of one or more editions, for the most that *the trade* will offer. By few only can a large remuneration be expected; but fifty pounds and ease of mind are of more real advantage to a literary man, than the *chance* of five hundred with the *certainty* of insult and degrading anxieties. I shall have been grievously misunderstood, if this statement should be interpreted as written with the desire of detracting from the character of booksellers or publishers. The individuals did not make the laws and customs of their trade, but, as in every other trade, take them as they find them. Till the evil can be proved to

be removable, and without the substitution of an equal or greater inconvenience, it were neither wise or manly even to complain of it. But to use it as a pretext for speaking, or even for thinking, or feeling, unkindly or opprobriously of the tradesmen, as *individuals*, would be something worse than unwise or even than unmanly; it would be immoral and calumnious. My motives point in a far different direction and to far other objects, as will be seen in the conclusion of the chapter.

A learned and exemplary old clergyman, who many years ago went to his reward followed by the regrets and blessings of his flock, published at his own expense two volumes octavo, entitled, a new Theory of Redemption. The work was most severely handled in the Monthly or Critical Review, I forget which; and this unprovoked hostility became the good old man's favorite topic of conversation among his friends. Well! (he used to exclaim,) in the SECOND edition, I shall have an opportunity of exposing both the ignorance and the malignity of the anonymous critic. Two or three years however passed by without any tidings from the bookseller, who had undertaken the printing and publication of the work, and who was perfectly at his ease, as the author was known to be a man of large property. At length the *accounts* were written for; and in the course of a few weeks they were presented by the *rider* for the house, in person. My old friend put on his spectacles, and holding the scroll with no very firm hand, began—*Paper, so much:* O moderate enough—not at all beyond my expectation! *Printing, so much:* well! moderate enough! *Stitching, covers, advertisements, carriage, &c., so much.*—Still nothing amiss. *Selleridge* (for orthography is no necessary part of a bookseller's literary acquirements) £3. 3*s*. Bless me! only three guineas for the what d'ye call it—the *selleridge?* No more, Sir! replied the rider. Nay, but that is *too* moderate! rejoined my old friend. Only three guineas

for *selling* a thousand copies of a work in two volumes? O Sir! (cries the young traveller) you have mistaken the word. There have been none of them *sold;* they have been sent back from London long ago; and this £3. 3*s*. is for the *cellaridge*, or warehouse-room in our book *cellar*. The work was in consequence preferred from the ominous cellar of the publisher's to the author's garret; and, on presenting a copy to an acquaintance, the old gentleman used to tell the anecdote with great humour and still greater good nature.

With equal lack of worldly knowledge, I was a far more than equal sufferer for it, at the very outset of my authorship. Toward the close of the first year from the time, that in an inauspicious hour I left the friendly cloysters, and the happy grove of quiet, ever honored Jesus College, Cambridge, I was persuaded by sundry Philanthropists and Anti-polemists to set on foot a periodical work, entitled THE WATCHMAN, that, (according to the general motto of the work,) *all might know the truth, and that the truth might make us free!* In order to exempt it from the stamp-tax, and likewise to contribute as little as possible to the supposed guilt of a war against freedom, it was to be published on every eighth day, thirty-two pages, large octavo, closely printed, and price only FOUR-PENCE. Accordingly with a flaming prospectus, "*Knowledge is Power*" *&c., to cry the state of the political atmosphere*, and so forth, I set off on a tour to the North, from Bristol to Sheffield, for the purpose of procuring customers, preaching by the way in most of the great towns, as an hireless volunteer, in a blue coat and white waistcoat, that not a rag of the woman of Babylon might be seen on me. For I was at that time and long after, though a Trinitarian (i.e. ad normam Platonis) in philosophy, yet a zealous Unitarian in Religion; more accurately, I was a *psilanthropist*, one of those who believe our Lord to have been the real son of Joseph, and who lay the main stress on

the resurrection rather than on the crucifixion. O! never can I remember those days with either shame or regret. For I was most sincere, most disinterested! My opinions were indeed in many and most important points erroneous; but my heart was single. Wealth, rank, life itself then seemed cheap to me, compared with the interests of (what I believed to be) the truth, and the will of my maker. I cannot even accuse myself of having been actuated by vanity; for in the expansion of my enthusiasm I did not think of *myself* at all.

My campaign commenced at Birmingham; and my first attack was on a rigid Calvinist, a tallow-chandler by trade. He was a tall dingy man, in whom length was so predominant over breadth, that he might almost have been borrowed for a foundery poker. O that face! a face κατ' ἔμφασιν! I have it before me at this moment. The lank, black, twine-like hair, *pingui-nitescent*, cut in a straight line along the black stubble of his thin gunpowder eye-brows, that looked like a scorched *after-math* from a last week's shaving. His coat collar behind in perfect unison, both of colour and lustre, with the coarse yet glib cordage, that I suppose he called his hair, and which with a *bend* inward at the nape of the neck, (the only approach to flexure in his whole figure,) slunk in behind his waistcoat; while the countenance lank, dark, very *hard*, and with strong perpendicular furrows, gave me a dim notion of some one looking at me through a *used* gridiron, all soot, grease, and iron! But he was one of the *thorough-bred*, a true lover of liberty, and, (I was informed,) had proved to the satisfaction of many, that Mr. Pitt was one of the horns of the second beast in the Revelations, that *spoke like a dragon*. A person, to whom one of my letters of recommendation had been addressed, was my introducer. It was a new event in my life, my first *stroke* in the new business I had undertaken of an author, yea, and of an author trading on his own account.

My companion after some imperfect sentences and a multitude of hums and haas abandoned the cause to his client; and I commenced an harangue of half an hour to Phileleutheros, the tallow-chandler, varying my notes, through the whole gamut of eloquence, from the ratiocinative to the declamatory, and in the latter from the pathetic to the indignant. I argued, I described, I promised, I prophesied; and beginning with the captivity of nations I ended with the near approach of the millennium, finishing the whole with some of my own verses describing that glorious state out of *the Religious Musings:*

"———————— Such delights
As float to earth, permitted visitants!
When in some hour of solemn jubilee
The massive gates of Paradise are thrown
Wide open: and forth come in fragments wild
Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies,
And odors snatch'd from beds of Amaranth,
And they, that from the chrystal river of life
Spring up on freshen'd wing, ambrosial gales!"
Religious Musings, l. 356.

My taper man of lights listened with perseverant and praise-worthy patience, though, (as I was afterwards told, on complaining of certain gales there were not altogether ambrosial,) it was a *melting* day with him. And what, Sir, (he said, after a short pause,) might the cost be? *Only* FOUR-PENCE, (O! how I felt the anti-climax, the abysmal bathos of that *four-pence!*) *only four-pence, Sir, each number, to be published on every eighth day.* That comes to a deal of money at the end of a year. And how much, did you say, there was to be for the money? *Thirty-two pages, Sir! large octavo, closely printed.* Thirty and two pages? Bless me! why except what I does in a family way on the Sabbath, that's more than I ever reads, Sir! all the year round. I am as great a one, as any man in Brummagem, Sir! for liberty and truth and all them sort of things,

but as to this, (no offence, I hope, Sir!) I must beg to be excused.

So ended my first canvass: from causes that I shall presently mention, I made but one other application in person. This took place at Manchester to a stately and opulent wholesale dealer in cottons. He took my letter of introduction, and, having perused it, measured me from head to foot and again from foot to head, and then asked if I had any bill or invoice of the thing; I presented my prospectus to him; he rapidly skimmed and hummed over the first side, and still more rapidly the second and concluding page; crushed it within his fingers and the palm of his hand; then most deliberately and *significantly* rubbed and smoothed one part against the other; and lastly putting it into his pocket turned his back on me with an "*over-run* with these articles!" and so without another syllable retired into his counting-house. And, I can truly say, to my unspeakable amusement.

This, I have said, was my second and last attempt. On returning baffled from the first, in which I had vainly essayed to repeat the miracle of Orpheus with the Brummagem patriot, I dined with the tradesman who had introduced me to him. After dinner he importuned me to smoke a pipe with him, and two or three other illuminati of the same rank. I objected, both because I was engaged to spend the evening with a minister and his friends, and because I had never smoked except once or twice in my lifetime, and then it was herb tobacco mixed with Oronooko. On the assurance, however, that the tobacco was equally mild, and seeing too that it was of a yellow colour; (not forgetting the lamentable difficulty, I have always experienced, in saying, "No," and in abstaining from what the people about me were doing,) I took half a pipe, filling the lower half of the bole with salt. I was soon however compelled to resign it, in consequence of a giddiness and dis-

tressful feeling in my eyes, which, as I had drunk but a single glass of ale, must, I knew, have been the effect of the tobacco. Soon after, deeming myself recovered, I sallied forth to my engagement; but the walk and the fresh air brought on all the symptoms again, and, I had scarcely entered the minister's drawing-room, and opened a small pacquet of letters, which he had received from Bristol for me; ere I sunk back on the sofa in a sort of swoon rather than sleep. Fortunately I had found just time enough to inform him of the confused state of my feelings, and of the occasion. For here and thus I lay, my face like a wall that is white-washing, *deathy* pale and with the cold drops of perspiration running down it from my forehead, while one after another there dropt in the different gentlemen, who had been invited to meet, and spend the evening with me, to the number of from fifteen to twenty. As the poison of tobacco acts but for a short time, I at length awoke from insensibility, and looked round on the party, my eyes dazzled by the candles which had been lighted in the interim. By way of relieving my embarrassment one of the gentlemen began the conversation, with "*Have you seen a paper to-day, Mr. Coleridge?*" "Sir!" (I replied, rubbing my eyes,) "I am far from convinced, that a christian is permitted to read either newspapers or any other works of merely political and temporary interest." This remark so ludicrously inapposite to, or rather, incongruous with, the purpose, for which I was known to have visited Birmingham, and to assist me in which they were all then met, produced an involuntary and general burst of laughter; and seldom indeed have I passed so many delightful hours, as I enjoyed in that room from the moment of that laugh to an early hour the next morning. Never, perhaps, in so mixed and numerous a party have I since heard conversation sustained with such animation, enriched with such variety of information, and enlivened with such a flow of anecdote. Both then and afterwards

they all joined in dissuading me from proceeding with my scheme; assured me in the most friendly and yet most flattering expressions, that the employment was neither fit for me, nor I fit for the employment. Yet, if I had determined on persevering in it, they promised to exert themselves to the utmost to procure subscribers, and insisted that I should make no more applications in person, but carry on the canvas by proxy. The same hospitable reception, the same dissuasion, and, (that failing), the same kind exertions in my behalf, I met with at Manchester, Derby, Nottingham, Sheffield, indeed, at every place in which I took up my sojourn. I often recall with affectionate pleasure the many respectable men who interested themselves for me, a perfect stranger to them, not a few of whom I can still name among my friends. They will bear witness for me how opposite even then my principles were to those of Jacobinism or even of democracy, and can attest the strict accuracy of the statement which I have left on record in the 10th and 11th numbers of THE FRIEND.

From this rememberable tour I returned with nearly a thousand names on the subscription list of the Watchman; yet more than half convinced, that prudence dictated the abandonment of the scheme. But for this very reason I persevered in it; for I was at that period of my life so compleatly hag-ridden by the fear of being influenced by selfish motives, that to know a mode of conduct to be the dictate of *prudence* was a sort of presumptive proof to my feelings, that the contrary was the dictate of *duty*. Accordingly, I commenced the work, which was announced in London by long bills in letters larger than had ever been seen before, and which, (I have been informed, for I did not see them myself,) eclipsed the glories even of the lottery puffs. But, alas! the publication of the very first number was delayed beyond the day announced for its appearance. In the second number an essay against fast days, with a

most censurable application of a text from Isaiah for its motto, lost me near five hundred of my subscribers at one blow. In the two following numbers I made enemies of all my Jacobin and Democratic Patrons; for, disgusted by their infidelity, and their adoption of French morals with French *psilosophy;* and perhaps thinking, that charity ought to begin nearest home; instead of abusing the government and the Aristocrats chiefly or entirely, as had been expected of me, I levelled my attacks at "*modern patriotism,*" and even ventured to declare my belief, that whatever the motives of ministers might have been for the sedition, (or as it was then the fashion to call them, the *gagging*) bills, yet the bills themselves would produce an effect to be desired by all the true friends of freedom, as far as they should contribute to deter men from openly declaiming on subjects, the principles of which they had never bottomed, and from "pleading to the poor and ignorant, instead of pleading for them." At the same time I avowed my conviction, that national education and a concurring spread of the gospel were the indispensable condition of any true political amelioration. Thus by the time the seventh number was published, I had the mortification (but why should I say this, when in truth I cared too little for any thing that concerned my worldly interests to be at all mortified about it?) of seeing the preceding numbers exposed in sundry old iron shops for a penny a piece. At the ninth number I dropt the work. But from the London publisher I could not obtain a shilling; he was a ——— and set me at defiance. From other places I procured but little, and after such delays as rendered that little worth nothing: and I should have been inevitably thrown into jail by my Bristol printer, who refused to wait even for a month, for a sum between eighty and ninety pounds, if the money had not been paid for me by a man by no means affluent, a dear friend, who attached himself to me from my first arrival at Bristol, who has continued my

friend with a fidelity unconquered by time or even by my own apparent neglect; a friend from whom I never received an advice that was not wise, nor a remonstrance that was not gentle and affectionate.

Conscientiously an opponent of the first revolutionary war, yet with my eyes thoroughly opened to the true character and impotence of the favorers of revolutionary principles in England, principles which I held in abhorrence, (for it was part of my political creed, that whoever ceased to act as an *individual* by making himself a member of any *society* not sanctioned by his Government, forfeited the rights of a citizen)—a vehement anti-ministerialist, but after the invasion of Switzerland, a more vehement anti-gallican, and still more intensely an anti-jacobin, I retired to a cottage at Stowey, and provided for my scanty maintenance by writing verses for a London Morning Paper. I saw plainly, that literature was not a profession, by which I could expect to live; for I could not disguise from myself, that, whatever my talents might or might not be in other respects, yet they were not of the sort that could enable me to become a popular writer; and that whatever my opinions might be in themselves, they were almost equi-distant from all the three prominent parties, the Pittites, the Foxites, and the Democrats. Of the unsaleable nature of my writings I had an amusing memento one morning from our own servant girl. For happening to rise at an earlier hour than usual, I observed her putting an extravagant quantity of paper into the grate in order to light the fire, and mildly checked her for her wastefulness; "la, Sir!" (replied poor Nanny) "why, it is only WATCHMEN."

I now devoted myself to poetry and to the study of ethics and psychology; and so profound was my admiration at this time of Hartley's Essay on Man, that I gave his name to my first-born. In addition to the gentleman, my neighbour, whose garden joined on to my little orchard, and the cultiva-

tion of whose friendship had been my sole motive in choosing Stowey for my residence, I was so fortunate as to acquire, shortly after my settlement there, an invaluable blessing in the society and neighbourhood of one, to whom I could look up with equal reverence, whether I regarded him as a poet, a philosopher, or a man. His conversation extended to almost all subjects, except physics and politics; with the latter he never troubled himself. Yet neither my retirement nor my utter abstraction from all the disputes of the day could secure me in those jealous times from suspicion and obloquy, which did not stop at me, but extended to my excellent friend, whose perfect innocence was even adduced as a proof of his guilt. One of the many busy *sycophants* * of that day, (I here use the word sycophant in its original sense, as a wretch who *flatters* the prevailing party by *informing* against his neighbours, under pretence that they are exporters of prohibited *figs* or fancies! for the moral application of the term it matters not which)—one of these sycophantic law-mongrels, discoursing on the *politics* of the neighbourhood, uttered the following *deep* remark: "As to *Coleridge*, there is not so much harm in *him*, for he is a whirl-brain that talks whatever comes uppermost; but that ——— ! he is the *dark* traitor. *You never hear* HIM *say a syllable on the subject.*"

Now that the hand of providence has disciplined *all* Europe into sobriety, as men tame wild elephants, by alternate blows and caresses; now that Englishmen of all classes are restored to their old English notions and feelings; it will with difficulty be credited, how great an influence was at that time possessed and exerted by the spirit of secret defamation, (the too constant attendant on party-zeal!) during the restless interim from 1793 to the commencement of the Addington administration, or the year before the truce of

* Σύκους φαίνειν, to show or detect figs, the exportation of which from Attica was forbidden by the laws.

Amiens. For by the latter period the minds of the partizans, exhausted by excess of stimulation and humbled by mutual disappointment, had become languid. The same causes, that inclined the nation to peace, disposed the individuals to reconciliation. Both parties had found themselves in the wrong. The one had confessedly mistaken the moral character of the revolution, and the other had miscalculated both its moral and its physical resources. The experiment was made at the price of great, almost, we may say, of humiliating sacrifices; and wise men foresaw that it would fail, at least in its direct and ostensible object. Yet it was purchased cheaply, and realized an object of equal value, and, if possible, of still more vital importance. For it brought about a national unanimity unexampled in our history since the reign of Elizabeth; and providence, never wanting to a good work when men have done their parts, soon provided a common focus in the cause of Spain, which made us all once more Englishmen by at once gratifying and correcting the predilections of both parties. The sincere reverers of the throne felt the cause of loyalty ennobled by its alliance with that of freedom; while the *honest* zealots of the people could not but admit, that freedom itself assumed a more winning form, humanized by loyalty and consecrated by religious principle. The youthful enthusiasts who, flattered by the morning rainbow of the French revolution, had made a boast of *expatriating* their hopes and fears, now, disciplined by the succeeding storms and sobered by increase of years, had been taught to prize and honour the spirit of nationality as the best safeguard of national independence, and this again as the absolute pre-requisite and necessary basis of popular rights.

If in Spain too disappointment has nipt our too forward expectations, yet all is not destroyed that is checked. The crop was perhaps springing up too rank in the stalk to *kern* well; and there were, doubtless, symptoms of the Gallican

blight on it. If superstition and despotism have been suffered to let in their wolvish sheep to trample and eat it down even to the surface, yet the roots remain alive, and the second growth may prove all the stronger and healthier for the temporary interruption. At all events, to *us* heaven has been just and gracious. The *people* of England did their best, and have received their rewards. Long may we continue to deserve it! Causes, which it had been too generally the habit of former statesmen to regard as belonging to another world, are now admitted by all ranks to have been the main agents of our success. "*We fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera.*" If then unanimity grounded on moral feelings has been among the least equivocal sources of our national glory, that man deserves the esteem of his countrymen, even as patriots, who devotes his life and the utmost efforts of his intellect to the preservation and continuance of that unanimity by the disclosure and establishment of *principles*. For by these all *opinions* must be ultimately tried; and, (as the feelings of men are worthy of regard only as far as they are the representatives of their fixed opinions), on the knowledge of these all unanimity, not accidental and fleeting, must be grounded. Let the scholar, who doubts this assertion, refer only to the speeches and writings of EDMUND BURKE at the commencement of the American war and compare them with his speeches and writings at the commencement of the French revolution. He will find the *principles* exactly the same and the deductions the same; but the practical inferences almost opposite in the one case from those drawn in the other; yet in both equally legitimate and in both equally confirmed by the results. Whence gained he this superiority of foresight? Whence arose the striking *difference*, and in most instances even, the discrepancy between the grounds assigned by *him*, and by those who voted *with* him, on the same questions? How are we to explain the

notorious fact, that the speeches and writings of EDMUND BURKE are more interesting at the present day than they were found at the time of their first publication; while those of his illustrious confederates are either forgotten, or exist only to furnish proofs, that the same conclusion, which one man had deduced scientifically, *may* be brought out by another in consequence of errors that luckily chanced to neutralize each other. It would be unhandsome as a conjecture, even were it not, as it actually is, false in point of fact, to attribute this difference to deficiency of talent on the part of Burke's friends, or of experience, or of historical knowledge. The satisfactory solution is, that Edmund Burke possessed and had sedulously sharpened that eye, which sees all things, actions, and events, in relation to the *laws* that determine their existence and circumscribe their possibility. He referred habitually to *principles*. He was a *scientific* statesman; and therefore a *seer*. For every *principle* contains in itself the germs of a prophecy; and, as the prophetic power is the essential privilege of science, so the fulfilment of its oracles supplies the outward and, (to men in general), the *only* test of its claim to the title. Wearisome as Burke's refinements appeared to his parliamentary auditors, yet the cultivated classes throughout Europe have reason to be thankful, that

> "——he went on refining,
> And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining."

Our very sign-boards, (said an illustrious friend to me), give evidence, that there has been a TITIAN in the world. In like manner, not only the debates in parliament, not only our proclamations and state papers, but the essays and leading paragraphs of our journals are so many remembrancers of EDMUND BURKE. Of this the reader may easily convince himself, if either by recollection or reference he will compare the opposition newspapers at the commencement and

during the five or six following years of the French revolution with the sentiments, and grounds of argument assumed in the same class of Journals at present, and for some years past.

Whether the spirit of Jacobinism, which the writings of Burke exorcised from the higher and from the literary classes, may not, like the ghost in Hamlet, be heard moving and mining in the underground chambers with an activity the more dangerous because less noisy, may admit of a question. I have given my opinions on this point, and the grounds of them, in my letters to Judge Fletcher occasioned by his CHARGE to the Wexford grand jury, and published in the *Courier*. Be this as it may, the evil spirit of jealousy, and with it the Cerberean whelps of feud and slander, no longer walk their rounds, in cultivated society.

Far different were the days to which these anecdotes have carried me back. The dark guesses of some zealous Quidnunc met with so congenial a soil in the grave alarm of a titled Dogberry of our neighbourhood, that a SPY was actually sent down from the government *pour surveillance* of myself and friend. There must have been not only abundance, but *variety* of these "honorable men" at the disposal of Ministers: for this proved a very honest fellow. After three weeks' truly Indian perseverance in tracking us, (for we were commonly together,) during all which time seldom were we out of doors, but he contrived to be within hearing, (and all the while utterly unsuspected; how indeed *could* such a suspicion enter our fancies?) he not only rejected Sir Dogberry's request that he would try yet a little longer, but declared to him his belief, that both my friend and myself were as good subjects, for aught he could discover to the contrary, as any in His Majesty's dominions. He had repeatedly hid himself, he said, for hours together behind a bank at the sea-side, (our favorite seat), and overheard our conversation. At first he fancied, that we were aware

of our danger; for he often heard me talk of one *Spy Nozy*, which he was inclined to interpret of himself, and of a remarkable feature belonging to him; but he was speedily convinced that it was the name of a man who had made a book and lived long ago. Our talk ran most upon books, and we were perpetually desiring each other to look at *this*, and to listen to *that*; but he could not catch a word about politics. Once he had joined me on the road; (this occurred, as I was returning home alone from my friend's house, which was about three miles from my own cottage), and, passing himself off as a traveller, he had entered into conversation with me, and talked of purpose in a *democrat* way in order to draw me out. The result, it appears, not only convinced him that I was no friend of Jacobinism; but, (he added), I had "plainly made it out to be such a silly as well as wicked thing, that he felt ashamed though he had only *put it on*." I distinctly remembered the occurrence, and had mentioned it immediately on my return, repeating what the traveller with his Bardolph nose had said, with my own answer; and so little did I suspect the true object of my "tempter ere accuser," that I expressed with no small pleasure my hope and belief, that the conversation had been of some service to the poor misled malcontent. This incident therefore prevented all doubt as to the truth of the report, which through a friendly medium came to me from the master of the village inn, who had been ordered to entertain the *Government Gentleman* in his best manner, but above all to be silent concerning such a person being in his house. At length he received Sir Dogberry's commands to accompany his guest at the final interview; and, after the absolving suffrage of the *gentleman honored with the confidence of Ministers*, answered, as follows, to the following queries? D. Well, landlord! and what do you know of the person in question? L. I see him often pass by with maister ——, my landlord, (i. e. *the owner of the house*), and sometimes

with the new-comers at Holford ; but I never said a word to him or he to me. D. But do you not know, that he has distributed papers and hand-bills of a seditious nature among the common people ? L. No, your honor ! I never heard of such a thing. D. Have you not seen this Mr. Coleridge, or heard of, his haranguing and talking to knots and clusters of the inhabitants ?—What are you grinning at, Sir ? L. Beg your honor's pardon ! but I was only thinking, how they'd have stared at him. If what I have heard be true, your honor ! they would not have understood a word he said. When our vicar was here, Dr. L. the master of the great school and Canon of Windsor, there was a great dinner party at maister ———'s ; and one of the farmers, that was there, told us that he and the Doctor talked real Hebrew Greek at each other for an hour together after dinner. D. Answer the question, Sir ! Does he ever harangue the people ? L. I hope your honor an't angry with me. I can say no more than I know. I never saw him talking with any one, but my landlord, and our curate, and the strange gentleman. D. Has he not been seen wandering on the hills towards the Channel, and along the shore, with books and papers in his hand, taking charts and maps of the country ? L. Why, as to that, your honor ! I own, I have heard ; I am sure, I would not wish to say ill of any body ; but it is certain, that I have heard— D. Speak out, man ! don't be afraid, you are doing your duty to your King and Government. What have you heard ? L. Why, folks do say, your honor ! as how that he is a *Poet*, and that he is going to put Quantock and all about here in print ; and as they be so much together, I suppose that the strange gentleman has some *consarn* in the business.—So ended this formidable inquisition, the latter part of which alone requires explanation, and at the same time entitles the anecdote to a place in my literary life. I had considered it as a defect in the admirable poem of the TASK, that the subject, which

gives the title to the work, was not, and indeed could not be, carried on beyond the three or four first pages, and that, throughout the poem, the connections are frequently awkward, and the transitions abrupt and arbitrary. I sought for a subject, that should give equal room and freedom for description, incident, and impassioned reflections on men, nature, and society, yet supply in itself a natural connection to the parts, and unity to the whole. Such a subject I conceived myself to have found in a stream, traced from its source in the hills among the yellow-red moss and conical glass-shaped tufts of bent, to the first break or fall, where its drops become audible, and it begins to form a channel; thence to the peat and turf barn, itself built of the same dark squares as it sheltered; to the sheepfold; to the first cultivated plot of ground; to the lonely cottage and its bleak garden won from the heath; to the hamlet, the villages, the market-town, the manufactories, and the seaport. My walks therefore were almost daily on the top of Quantock, and among its sloping combes. With my pencil and memorandum book in my hand, I was *making studies*, as the artists call them, and often moulding my thoughts into verse, with the objects and imagery immediately before my senses. Many circumstances, evil and good, intervened to prevent the completion of the poem, which was to have been entitled "THE BROOK." Had I finished the work, it was my purpose in the heat of the moment to have dedicated it to our then committee of public safety as containing the charts and maps, with which I was to have supplied the French Government in aid of their plans of invasion. And these too for a tract of coast that, from Clevedon to Minehead, scarcely permits the approach of a fishing-boat!

All my experience from my first entrance into life to the present hour is in favor of the warning maxim, that the man, who opposes in toto the political or religious zealots of his age, is safer from their obloquy than he who differs from

them but in one or two points, or perhaps only in degree. By that transfer of the feelings of private life into the discussion of public questions, which is the *queen bee* in the hive of party fanaticism, the partisan has more sympathy with an intemperate Opposite than with a moderate Friend. We now enjoy an intermission, and long may it continue! In addition to far higher and more important merits, our present Bible societies and other numerous associations for national or charitable objects, may serve perhaps to carry off the superfluous activity and fervour of stirring minds in innocent hyperboles and the bustle of management. But the poison-tree is not dead, though the sap may for a season have subsided to its roots. At least let us not be lulled into such a notion of our entire security, as not to keep watch and ward, even on our best feelings. I have seen gross intolerance shewn in support of toleration; sectarian antipathy most obtrusively displayed in the promotion of an undistinguishing comprehension of sects; and acts of cruelty, (I had almost said,) of treachery, committed in furtherance of an object vitally important to the cause of humanity; and all this by men too of naturally kind dispositions and exemplary conduct.

The magic rod of fanaticism is preserved in the very adyta of human nature; and needs only the re-exciting warmth of a master hand to bud forth afresh and produce the old fruits. The horror of the peasants' war in Germany, and the direful effects of the Anabaptists' tenets, (which differed only from those of Jacobinism by the substitution of theological for philosophical jargon), struck all Europe for a time with affright. Yet little more than a century was sufficient to obliterate all effective memory of these events. The same principles with similar though less dreadful consequences were again at work from the imprisonment of the first Charles to the restoration of his son. The fanatic maxim of extirpating fanaticism by persecution produced

a civil war. The war ended in the victory of the insurgents; but the temper survived, and Milton had abundant grounds for asserting, that "Presbyter was but OLD PRIEST writ large!" One good result, thank heaven! of this zealotry was the re-establishment of the church. And now it might have been hoped, that the mischievous spirit would have been bound for a season, "and a seal set upon him, that he might deceive the nation no more." But no! The ball of persecution was taken up with undimished vigor by the persecuted. The same fanatic principle that, under the solemn oath and covenant, had turned cathedrals into stables, destroyed the rarest trophies of art and ancestral piety, and hunted the brightest ornaments of learning and religion into holes and corners, now marched under episcopal banners, and, having first crowded the prisons of England, emptied its whole vial of wrath on the miserable Covenanters of Scotland. (*Laing's* History of Scotland.—*Walter Scott's* bards, ballads, &c.) A merciful providence at length constrained both parties to join against a common enemy. A wise government followed; and the established church became, and now is, not only the brightest example, but our best and only sure bulwark, of toleration! the true and indispensable bank against a new inundation of persecuting zeal—ESTO PERPETUA!

A long interval of quiet succeeded; or rather, the exhaustion had produced a cold fit of the ague which was symptomatized by indifference among the many, and a tendency to infidelity or scepticism in the educated classes. At length those feelings of disgust and hatred, which for a brief while the multitude had attached to the crimes and absurdities of sectarian and democratic fanaticism, were transferred to the oppressive privileges of the noblesse, and the luxury, intrigues and favoritism of the continental courts. The same principles, dressed in the ostentatious garb of a fashionable philosophy, once more rose triumphant and

effected the French revolution. And have we not within the last three or four years had reason to apprehend, that the detestable maxims and correspondent measures of the late French despotism had already bedimmed the public recollections of democratic phrensy; had drawn off to other objects the electric force of the feelings which had massed and upheld those recollections; and that a favorable concurrence of occasions was alone wanting to awaken the thunder and precipitate the lightning from the opposite quarter of the political heaven? (See THE FRIEND, p. 110.)

In part from constitutional indolence, which in the very hey-day of hope had kept my enthusiasm in check, but still more from the habits and influences of a classical education and academic pursuits, scarcely had a year elapsed from the commencement of my literary and political adventures before my mind sank into a state of thorough disgust and despondency, both with regard to the disputes and the parties disputant. With more than *poetic* feeling I exclaimed:

"The sensual and the dark rebel in vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game
They break their manacles, to wear the *name*
Of freedom, graven on a heavier chain.
O liberty! with profitless endeavour
Have I pursued thee many a weary hour;
But thou nor swell'st the victor's pomp, nor ever
Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power!
Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee,
(Nor prayer nor boastful name delays thee)
From superstition's harpy minions
And factious blasphemy's obscener slaves,
Thou speedest on thy cherub pinions,
The guide of homeless winds and playmate of the waves!"
FRANCE, *a Palinodia.*

I retired to a cottage in Somersetshire at the foot of Quantock, and devoted my thoughts and studies to the foundations of religion and morals. Here I found myself all afloat. Doubts rushed in; broke upon me "*from the*

fountains of the great deep," and fell "*from the windows of heaven.*" The fontal truths of natural religion and the books of Revelation alike contributed to the flood; and it was long ere my ark touched on an Ararat, and rested. The *idea* of the Supreme Being appeared to me to be as necessarily implied in all particular modes of being as the idea of infinite space in all the geometrical figures by which space is limited. I was pleased with the Cartesian opinion, that the idea of God is distinguished from all other ideas by involving its *reality*; but I was not wholly satisfied. I began then to ask myself, what proof I had of the outward *existence* of anything? Of this sheet of paper for instance, as a thing in itself, separate from the phænomenon or image in my perception. I saw, that in the nature of things such proof is impossible; and that of all modes of being, that are not objects of the senses, the existence is *assumed* by a logical necessity arising from the constitution of the mind itself, by the absence of all motive to doubt it, not from any absolute contradiction in the supposition of the contrary. Still the existence of a being, the ground of all existence, was not yet the existence of a moral creator, and governor. "In the position, that all reality is either contained *in* the necessary being as an *attribute*, or exists *through* him, as its *ground*, it remains undecided whether the properties of intelligence and will are to be referred to the Supreme Being in the former or only in the latter sense; as inherent attributes, or only as *consequences* that have existence in other things *through* him. Thus organization, and motion, are regarded, as *from* God, not *in* God. Were the latter the truth, then notwithstanding all the pre-eminence which must be assigned to the ETERNAL FIRST from the sufficiency, unity, and independence of his being, as the dread ground of the universe, his nature would yet fall far short of that, which we are bound to comprehend in the idea of GOD. For, without any knowledge or determining resolve of its

own, it would only be a blind necessary ground of other things and other spirits; and thus would be distinguished from the FATE of certain ancient philosophers in no respect, but that of being more definitely and intelligibly described." KANT'S *Einzig möglicher Beweisgrund: vermischte Schriften, zweiter Band,* § 102 *and* 103.

For a very long time, indeed, I could not reconcile personality with infinity; and my head was with Spinoza, though my whole heart remained with Paul and John. Yet there had dawned upon me, even before I had met with the Critique of the Pure Reason, a certain guiding light. If the mere intellect could make no certain discovery of a holy and intelligent first cause, it might yet supply a demonstration, that no legitimate argument could be drawn from the intellect *against* its truth. And what is this more than St. Paul's assertion, that by wisdom, (more properly translated by the powers of reasoning) no man ever arrived at the knowledge of God? What more than the sublimest, and probably the oldest, book on earth has taught us,

"Silver and gold man searcheth out:
Bringeth the ore out of the earth, and darkness into light.

But where findeth he wisdom?
Where is the place of understanding?

The abyss crieth; it is not in me!
Ocean echoeth back; not in me!

Whence then cometh wisdom?
Where dwelleth understanding?

Hidden from the eyes of the living:
Kept secret from the fowls of heaven!

Hell and death answer;
We have heard the rumour thereof from afar!

GOD marketh out the road to it;
GOD knoweth its abiding place!

He beholdeth the ends of the earth;
He surveyeth what is beneath the heavens!

And as he weighed out the winds, and measured the sea,
And appointed laws to the rain,
And a path to the thunder,
A path to the flashes of the lightning!

Then did he see it,
And he counted it;
He searched into the depth thereof,
And with a line did he compass it round!

But to man he said,
The fear of the Lord is wisdom for THEE!
And to avoid evil,
That is *thy* understanding."—JOB, CHAP. 28th.

I become convinced, that religion, as both the corner-stone and the key-stone of morality, must have a *moral* origin; so far at least, that the evidence of its doctrines could not, like the truths of abstract science, be wholly independent of the will. It were therefore to be expected, that its *fundamental* truth would be such as MIGHT be denied; though only by the fool, and even by the fool from the madness of the *heart* alone!

The question then concerning our faith in the existence of a God, not only as the *ground* of the universe by his essence, but as its maker and judge by his wisdom and holy will, appeared to stand thus. The sciential *reason*, whose objects are purely theoretical, remains neutral, as long as its name and semblance are not usurped by the opponents of the doctrine. But it *then* becomes an effective ally by exposing the false show of demonstration, or by evincing the equal demonstrability of the contrary from premises equally logical. The *understanding* mean time suggests, the analogy of *experience* facilitates, the belief. Nature excites and recalls it, as by a perpetual revelation. Our feelings almost necessitate it; and the law of conscience peremptorily commands it. The arguments, that at all apply to it, are in its favor; and there is nothing against it, but its own sublimity. It could not be intellectually more evident without

becoming morally less effective; without counteracting its own end by sacrificing the *life* of faith to the cold mechanism of a worthless because compulsory assent. The belief of a God and a future state, (if a passive acquiescence may be flattered with the name of *belief*), does not indeed always beget a good heart; but a good heart so naturally begets the belief, that the very few exceptions must be regarded as strange anomalies from strange and unfortunate circumstances.

From these premises I proceeded to draw the following conclusions. First, that having once fully admitted the existence of an infinite yet self-conscious Creator, we are not allowed to ground the irrationality of any other article of faith on arguments which would equally prove that to be irrational, which we had allowed to be *real*. Secondly, that whatever is deducible from the admission of a *self-comprehending* and *creative* spirit may be legitimately used in proof of the *possibility* of any further mystery concerning the divine nature. "*Possibilitatem* mysteriorum (Trinitatis, &c.) contra insultus Infidelium et Hæreticorum a contradictionibus vindico; haud quidem *veritatem*, quæ revelatione solâ stabiliri possit"; says LEIBNITZ in a letter to his Duke. He then adds the following just and important remark. "In vain will tradition or texts of scripture be adduced in support of a doctrine, donec clava impossibilitatis et contradictionis e manibus horum Herculum extorta fuerit. For the heretic will still reply, that texts, the literal sense of which is not so much *above* as directly *against* all reason, must be understood *figuratively*, as Herod is a fox, &c."

These principles I held, *philosophically*, while in respect of revealed religion I remained a zealous Unitarian. I considered the *idea* of the Trinity a fair scholastic inference from the being of God, as a creative intelligence; and that it was therefore entitled to the rank of an *esoteric* doctrine of natural religion. But seeing in the same no practical or

moral bearing, I confined it to the schools of philosophy. The admission of the Logos, as *hypostasized* (i. e. neither a mere attribute, or a personification) in no respect removed my doubts concerning the incarnation and the redemption by the cross; which I could neither reconcile *in reason* with the impassiveness of the Divine Being, nor in my moral feelings with the sacred distinction between things and persons, the vicarious payment of a debt and the vicarious expiation of guilt. A more thorough revolution in my philosophic principles, and a deeper insight into my own heart, were yet wanting. Nevertheless, I cannot doubt, that the difference of my metaphysical notions from those of Unitarians in general contributed to my final re-conversion to the whole truth in Christ; even as according to his own confession the books of certain Platonic philosophers (*libri quorundam Platonicorum*) commenced the rescue of St. Augustine's faith from the same error aggravated by the far darker accompaniment of the Manichæan heresy.

While my mind was thus perplexed, by a gracious providence for which I can never be sufficiently grateful, the generous and munificent patronage of Mr. JOSIAH and MR. THOMAS WEDGEWOOD enabled me to finish my education in Germany. Instead of troubling others with my own crude notions and juvenile compositions, I was thenceforward better employed in attempting to store my own head with the wisdom of others. I made the best use of my time and means; and there is therefore no period of my life on which I can look back with such unmingled satisfaction. After acquiring a tolerable sufficiency in the German language * at

* To those, who design to acquire the language of a country in the country itself, it may be useful, if I mention the incalculable advantage which I derived from learning all the words, that could possibly be so learnt, with the objects before me, and without the intermediation of the English terms. It was a regular part of my morning studies for the first six weeks of my residence at Ratzeburg, to accompany the good and kind old

Ratzeburg, which with my voyage and journey thither I have described in THE FRIEND, I proceeded through Hanover to Göttingen.

Here I regularly attended the lectures on physiology in the morning, and on natural history in the evening, under BLUMENBACH, a name as dear to every Englishman who has studied at that university, as it is venerable to men of science throughout Europe! Eichhorn's lectures on the New Testament were repeated to me from notes by a student from Ratzeburg, a young man of sound learning and indefatigable industry, who is now, I believe, a professor of the oriental languages at Heidelberg. But my chief efforts were directed towards a grounded knowledge of the German language and literature. From Professor TYCHSEN I received as many lessons in the Gothic of Ulphilas as sufficed

pastor, with whom I lived, from the cellar to the roof, through gardens, farmyard, &c., and to call every, the minutest, thing by its German name. Advertisements, farces, jest books, and the conversation of children while I was at play with them, contributed their share to a more home-like acquaintance with the language, than I could have acquired from works of polite literature alone, or even from polite society. There is a passage of *hearty* sound sense in Luther's German letter on interpretation, to the translation of which I shall prefix, for the sake of those who read the German, yet are not likely to have dipt often in the massive folios of this heroic reformer, the simple, sinewy, idiomatic words of the original. "Denn man muss nicht die Buchstaben in der Lateinischen Sprache fragen wie man soll Deutsch reden: sondern man muss die Mutter im Hause, die Kinder auf den Gassen, den gemeinen Mann auf dem Markte, darum fragen: und denselbigen auf das Maul sehen wie sie reden, und darnach dolmetschen. So verstehen sie es denn, und merken dass man Deutsch mit ihnen redet."

TRANSLATION.

For one must not ask the letters in the Latin tongue, how one ought to speak German; but one must ask the mother in the house, the children in the lanes and alleys, the common man in the market, concerning this; yea, and look at the *moves* of their mouths while they are talking, and thereafter interpret. They understand you then, and mark that one talks German with them.

to make me acquainted with its grammar, and the radical words of most frequent occurrence; and with the occasional assistance of the same philosophical linguist, I read through * OTTFRIED'S metrical paraphrase of the gospel, and the most important remains of the THEOTISCAN, or the transitional state of the Teutonic language from the Gothic to the old German of the Swabian period. Of this period (the polished dialect of which is analogous to that of our Chaucer, and

* This paraphrase, written about the time of Charlemagne, is by no means deficient in occasional passages of considerable poetic merit. There is a flow, and a tender enthusiasm in the following lines (at the conclusion of Chapter V) which, even in the translation will not, I flatter myself, fail to interest the reader. Ottfried is describing the circumstances immediately following the birth of our Lord.

"She gave with joy her virgin breast;
She hid it not, she bared the breast,
Which suckled that divinest babe!
Blessed, blessed were the breasts
Which the Saviour infant kiss'd;
And blessed, blessed was the mother
Who wrapp'd his limbs in swaddling clothes,
Singing placed him on her lap,
Hung o'er him with her looks of love,
And sooth'd him with a lulling motion.
Blessed; for she shelter'd him
From the damp and chilling air;
Blessed, blessed! for she lay
With such a babe in one blest bed,
Close as babes and mothers lie!
Blessed, blessed evermore,
With her virgin lips she kiss'd,
With her arms, and to her breast
She embraced the babe divine,
Her babe divine the virgin mother!
There lives not on this ring of earth
A mortal, that can sing her praise.
Mighty mother, virgin pure,
In the darkness and the night
For us *she bore* the heavenly Lord!"

Most interesting is it to consider the effect, when the feelings are wrought above the natural pitch by the belief of something mysterious, while all the images are purely natural. Then it is, that religion and poetry strike deepest.

which leaves the philosophic student in doubt, whether the language has not since then lost more in sweetness and flexibility, than it has gained in condensation and copiousness) I read with sedulous accuracy the MINNESINGER (or singers of love, the provençal poets of the Swabian court) and the metrical romances; and then laboured through sufficient specimens of the *master singers*, their degenerate successors; not however without occasional pleasure from the rude, yet interesting strains of Hans Sachs, the cobler of Nuremberg. Of this man's genius five folio volumes with double columns are extant in print, and nearly an equal number in manuscript; yet the indefatigable bard takes care to inform his readers, that he never *made a shoe the less*, but had virtuously reared a large family by the labor of his hands.

In Pindar, Chaucer, Dante, Milton, &c., &c., we have instances of the close connection of poetic genius with the love of liberty and of genuine reformation. The *moral* sense at least will not be outraged, if I add to the list the name of this honest shoemaker, (a trade by the by remarkable for the production of philosophers and poets). His poem entitled the MORNING STAR, was the very first publication that appeared in praise and support of LUTHER; and an excellent hymn of Hans Sachs, which has been deservedly translated into almost all the European languages, was commonly sung in the Protestant churches, whenever the heroic reformer visited them.

In Luther's own German writings, and eminently in his translation of the Bible, the *German* language commenced. I mean the language as it is at present *written*; that which is called the HIGH-GERMAN, as contra-distinguished from the PLATT-TEUTSCH, the dialect of the flat or northern countries, and from the OBER-TEUTSCH, the language of the middle and Southern Germany. The High German is indeed a *lingua communis*, not actually the native language of any province,

but the choice and fragrancy of all the dialects. From this cause it is at once the most copious and the most grammatical of all the European tongues.

Within less than a century after Luther's death the German was inundated with pedantic barbarisms. A few volumes of this period I read through from motives of curiosity; for it is not easy to imagine any thing more fantastic, than the very appearance of their pages. Almost every third word is a Latin word with a Germanized ending, the Latin portion being always printed in Roman letters, while in the last syllable the German character is retained.

At length, about the year 1620, OPITZ arose, whose genius more nearly resembled that of Dryden than any other poet, who at present occurs to my recollection. In the opinion of LESSING, the most acute of critics, and of ADELUNG, the first of Lexicographers, Opitz, and the Silesian poets, his followers, not only restored the language, but still remain the models of pure diction. A stranger has no vote on such a question; but after repeated perusal of the work my feelings justified the verdict, and I seemed to have acquired from them a sort of *tact* for what is *genuine* in the style of later writers.

Of the splendid era, which commenced with Gellert, Klopstock, Ramler, Lessing, and their compeers, I need not speak. With the opportunities which I enjoyed, it would have been disgraceful not to have been familiar with their writings; and I have already said as much as the present biographical sketch requires concerning the German philosophers, whose works, for the greater part, I became acquainted with at a far later period.

Soon after my return from Germany I was solicited to undertake the literary and political department in the Morning Post; and I acceded to the proposal on the condition that the paper should thenceforwards be conducted on certain fixed and announced principles, and that I should

neither be obliged nor requested to deviate from them in favour of any party or any event. In consequence, that Journal became and for many years continued *anti-ministerial* indeed, yet with a very qualified approbation of the opposition, and with far greater earnestness and zeal both anti-jacobin and anti-gallican. To this hour I cannot find reason to approve of the first war either in its commencement or its conduct. Nor can I understand, with what reason either Mr. Perceval, (whom I am singular enough to regard as the best and wisest minister of this reign), or the present Administration, can be said to have pursued the plans of Mr. PITT. The love of their country, and perseverent hostility to French principles and French ambition are indeed honourable qualities common to them and to their predecessor. But it appears to me as clear as the evidence of the facts can render any question of history, that the successes of the Percival and of the existing ministry have been owing to their having pursued measures the direct contrary to Mr. Pitt's. Such for instance are the concentration of the national force to one object; the abandonment of the *subsidizing* policy, so far at least as neither to goad nor bribe the continental courts into war, till the convictions of their subjects had rendered it a war of their own seeking; and above all, in their manly and generous reliance on the good sense of the English people, and on that loyalty which is linked to the very * heart of the

* Lord Grenville has lately re-asserted (in the House of Lords) the imminent danger of a revolution in the earlier part of the war against France. I doubt not, that his Lordship is sincere; and it must be flattering to his feelings to believe it. But where are the evidences of the danger, to which a future historian can appeal? Or must he rest on an assertion? Let me be permitted to extract a passage on the subject from THE FRIEND. "I have said that to withstand the arguments of the lawless, the Antijacobins proposed to suspend the law, and by the interposition of a particular statute to eclipse the blessed light of the universal sun, that spies and informers might tyrannize and escape in the ominous darkness. Oh! if these

nation by the system of credit and the interdependence of property.

mistaken men, intoxicated and bewildered with the panic of property, which they themselves were the chief agents in exciting, had ever lived in a country where there really existed a general disposition to change and rebellion! Had they ever travelled through Sicily; or through France at the first coming on of the revolution; or even alas! through too many of the provinces of a sister island; they could not but have shrunk from their own declarations concerning the state of feeling and opinion at that time predominant throughout Great Britain. There was a time (Heaven grant that that time may have passed by!) when by crossing a narrow strait, they might have learnt the true symptoms of approaching danger, and have secured themselves from mistaking the meetings and idle rant of such sedition, as shrank appalled from the sight of a constable, for the dire murmuring and strange consternation which precedes the storm or earthquake of national discord. Not only in coffee-houses and public theatres, but even at the tables of the wealthy, they would have heard the advocates of existing Government defend their cause in the language and with the tone of men, who are conscious that they are in a minority. But in England, when the alarm was at its highest, there was not a city, no not a town or village, in which a man suspected of holding democratic principles could move abroad without receiving some unpleasant proof of the hatred, in which his supposed opinions were held by the great majority of the people; and the only instances of popular excess and indignation were on the side of the Government and the Established Church. But why need I appeal to these invidious facts? Turn over the pages of history and seek for a single instance of a revolution having been effected without the concurrence of either the nobles, or the ecclesiastics, or the monied classes, in any country, in which the influences of property had ever been predominant, and where the interests of the proprietors were interlinked! Examine the revolution of the Belgic provinces under Philip 2nd; the civil wars of France in the preceding generation; the history of the American revolution, or the yet more recent events in Sweden and in Spain; and it will be scarcely possible not to perceive that in England from 1791 to the peace of Amiens there were neither tendencies to confederacy nor actual confederacies, against which the existing laws had not provided sufficient safeguards and an ample punishment. But alas! the panic of property had been struck in the first instance for party purposes; and when it became general, its propagators caught it themselves and ended in believing their own lie; even as our bulls in Borrowdale some-

Be this as it may, I am persuaded that the Morning Post proved a far more useful ally to the Government in its most important objects, in consequence of its being generally considered as moderately anti-ministerial, than if it had been the avowed eulogist of Mr. Pitt. (The few, whose curiosity or fancy should lead them to turn over the Journals of that date, may find a small proof of this in the frequent charges made by the Morning Chronicle, that such and such essays or leading paragraphs had been sent from the Treasury.) The rapid and unusual increase in the sale of the Morning Post is a sufficient pledge, that genuine impartiality with a respectable portion of literary talent will secure the success of a newspaper without the aid of party or ministerial patronage. But by impartiality I mean an honest and enlightened adherence to a code of intelligible principles previously announced, and faithfully referred to in support of every judgement on men and events; not indiscriminate abuse, not the indulgence of an editor's own malignant passions, and still less, if that be possible, a determination to make money by flattering the envy and cupidity, the vindictive restlessness and self-conceit of the half-witted vulgar; a determination almost fiendish, but which, I have been informed, has been boastfully avowed by one man, the most notorious of these *mob-sycophants*! From the commencement of the Addington administration to the

times run mad with the echo of their own bellowing. The consequences were most injurious. Our attention was concentrated to a monster, which could not survive the convulsions, in which it had been brought forth: even the enlightened Burke himself too often talking and reasoning, as if a perpetual and organized anarchy had been a possible thing! Thus while we were warring against French doctrines, we took little heed whether the means, by which we attempted to overthrow them, were not likely to aid and augment the far more formidable evil of French ambition. Like children we ran away from the yelping of a cur, and took shelter at the heels of a vicious war-horse."

present day, whatever I have written in THE MORNING POST, or (after that paper was transferred to other proprietors) in the COURIER, has been in defence or furtherance of the measures of Government.

"Things of this nature scarce survive that night
That gives them birth; they perish in the sight;
Cast by so far from *after-life*, that there
Can scarcely aught be said, but that *they were!*"
CARTWRIGHT'S *Prol. to the Royal Slave.*

Yet in these labours I employed, and, in the belief of partial friends wasted, the prime and manhood of my intellect. Most assuredly, they added nothing to my fortune or my reputation. The industry of the week supplied the necessities of the week. From government or the friends of government I not only never received remuneration, or ever expected it; but I was never honoured with a single acknowledgment, or expression of satisfaction. Yet the retrospect is far from painful or matter of regret. I am not indeed silly enough to take as any thing more than a violent hyperbole of party debate, Mr. Fox's assertion that the *late* war (I trust that the epithet is not prematurely applied) *was a war produced by the* MORNING POST; or I should be proud to have the words inscribed on my tomb. As little do I regard the circumstance, that I was a specified object of Buonaparte's resentment during my residence in Italy in consequence of those essays in the Morning Post during the peace of Amiens. (Of this I was warned, *directly*, by Baron VON HUMBOLDT, the Prussian Plenipotentiary, who at that time was the minister of the Prussian court at Rome; and indirectly, through his secretary, by Cardinal Fesch himself.) Nor do I lay any greater weight on the confirming fact, that an order for my arrest was sent from Paris, from which danger I was rescued by the kindness of a noble Benedictine, and the gracious connivance of that good old man, the present Pope. For the late tyrant's vindictive

appetite was omnivorous, and preyed equally on a * Duc d'Enghien, and the writer of a newspaper paragraph. Like a true† vulture, Napoleon with an eye not less telescopic, and with a taste equally coarse in his ravin, could descend from the most dazzling heights to pounce on the leveret in the brake, or even on the field-mouse amid the grass. But I do derive a gratification from the knowledge, that my essays contributed to introduce the practice of placing the questions and events of the day in a moral point of view; in giving a dignity to particular measures by tracing their policy or impolicy to permanent principles, and an interest to principles by the application of them to individual measures. In Mr. Burke's writings indeed the germs of almost all political truths may be found. But I dare assume to myself the merit of having first explicitly defined and analized the nature of Jacobinism; and that in distinguishing the Jacobin from the republican, the democrat, and the mere demagogue, I both rescued the word from remaining a mere term of abuse, and put on their guard many honest minds, who even in their heat of zeal against Jacobinism, admitted or supported principles from which the worst parts of that system may be legitimately deduced. That these are not necessary *practical* results of such principles, we owe to that fortunate inconsequence of our nature, which permits the heart to rectify the errors of the understanding. The detailed examination of the consular Government and its pretended constitution, and the proof given by me, that it was a consummate despotism in masquerade, extorted a

* I seldom think of the murder of this illustrious Prince without recollecting the lines of Valerius Flaccus (Argonaut. Lib. I. 30).

"———————— Super ipsius ingens
Instat fama viri, virtusque haud læta Tyranno;
Ergo antire metus, juvenemque exstinguere pergit."

† Θηρᾷ δὲ καὶ τὸν χῆνα καὶ τὴν Δορκάδα,
Καὶ τὸν Λαγωόν, καὶ τὸ τῶν Ταύρων γένος.
PHILE, *de animal. propriet.*

recantation even from the Morning Chronicle, which had previously extolled this constitution as the perfection of a wise and regulated liberty. On every great occurrence I endeavoured to discover in past history the event, that most nearly resembled it. I procured, wherever it was possible, the contemporary historians, memorialists, and pamphleteers. Then fairly subtracting the points of difference from those of likeness, as the balance favored the former or the latter, I conjectured that the result would be the same or different. In the series * of essays entitled "a comparison of France under Napoleon with Rome under the first Cæsars," and in those which followed "on the probable final restoration of the Bourbons," I feel myself authorized to affirm, by the effect produced on many intelligent men, that, were the dates wanting, it might have been suspected that the essays had been written within the last twelve months. The same plan I pursued at the commencement of the Spanish revolution, and with the same success, taking the war of the United Provinces with Philip 2nd. as the ground work of the comparison. I have mentioned this from no motives of vanity, nor even from motives of self-defence, which would justify a certain degree of egotism, especially if it be considered, how often and grossly I have been attacked for sentiments, which I have exerted my best powers to confute and expose, and how grievously these charges acted to my disadvantage while I was in Malta. Or rather they would have done so, if my own feelings had not precluded the wish of a settled

* A small selection from the numerous articles furnished by me in the Morning Post and Courier, chiefly as they regard the sources and effects of Jacobinism and the connection of certain systems of political economy with Jacobinical despotism, will form part of "THE FRIEND," which I am now completing, and which will be shortly published, for I can scarcely say republished, with the numbers arranged in Chapters according to their subjects.

"Accipe principium rursus, corpusque *coactum*
Desere; mutata melior procede figura."

establishment in that island. But I have mentioned it from the full persuasion that, armed with the two-fold knowledge of history and the human mind, a man will scarcely err in his judgement concerning the sum total of any future national event, if he have been able to procure the original documents of the past, together with authentic accounts of the present, and if he have a philosophic tact for what is truly important in facts, and in most instances therefore for such facts as the DIGNITY OF HISTORY has excluded from the volumes of our modern compilers, by the courtesy of the age entitled historians.

To have lived in vain must be a painful thought to any man, and especially so to him who has made literature his profession. I should therefore rather condole than be angry with the mind, which could attribute to no worthier feelings, than those of vanity or self-love, the satisfaction which I acknowledged myself to have enjoyed from the republication of my political essays (either whole or as extracts) not only in many of our own provincial papers, but in the federal journals throughout America. I regarded it as some proof of my not having laboured altogether in vain, that from the articles written by me shortly before and at the commencement of the late unhappy war with America, not only the sentiments were adopted, but in some instances the very language, in several of the Massachusetts state-papers.

But no one of these motives nor all conjointly would have impelled me to a statement so uncomfortable to my own feelings, had not my character been repeatedly attacked, by an unjustifiable intrusion on private life, as of a man incorrigibly idle, and who, intrusted not only with ample talents, but favored with unusual opportunities of improving them, had nevertheless suffered them to rust away without any efficient exertion, either for his own good or that of his fellow-creatures. Even if the compositions, which I have made public, and that too in a form the most

certain of an extensive circulation, though the least flattering to an author's self-love, had been published in books, they would have filled a respectable number of volumes, though every passage of merely temporary interest were omitted. My prose writings have been charged with a disproportionate demand on the attention; with an excess of refinement in the mode of arriving at truths; with beating the ground for that which might have been run down by the eye; with the length and laborious construction of my periods; in short with obscurity and the love of paradox. But my severest critics have not pretended to have found in my compositions triviality, or traces of a mind that shrunk from the toil of thinking. No one has charged me with tricking out in other words the thoughts of others, or with hashing up anew the crambe jam decies cocta of English literature or philosophy. Seldom have I written that in a day, the acquisition or investigation of which had not cost me the previous labour of a month.

But are books the only channel through which the stream of intellectual usefulness can flow? Is the diffusion of truth to be estimated by publications; or publications by the truth, which they diffuse or at least contain? I speak it in the excusable warmth of a mind stung by an accusation, which has not only been advanced in reviews of the widest circulation, not only registered in the bulkiest works of periodical literature, but by frequency of repetition has become an admitted fact in private literary circles, and thoughtlessly repeated by too many who call themselves my friends, and whose own recollections ought to have suggested a contrary testimony. Would that the criterion of a scholar's utility were the number and moral value of the truths, which he has been the means of throwing into the general circulation; or the number and value of the minds, whom by his conversation or letters he has excited into activity, and supplied with the germs of their after-growth! A distin-

guished rank might not indeed, even then, be awarded to my exertions; but I should dare look forward with confidence to an honorable acquittal. I should dare appeal to the numerous and respectable audiences, which at different times and in different places honored my lecture-rooms with their attendance, whether the points of view from which the subjects treated of were surveyed, whether the grounds of my reasoning were such, as they had heard or read elsewhere, or have since found in previous publications. I can conscientiously declare, that the complete success of the REMORSE on the first night of its representation did not give me as great or as heart-felt a pleasure, as the observation that the pit and boxes were crowded with faces familiar to me, though of individuals whose names I did not know, and of whom I knew nothing, but that they had attended one or other of my courses of lectures. It is an excellent though perhaps somewhat vulgar proverb, that there are cases where a man may be as well "*in for a pound as for a penny.*" To those, who from ignorance of the serious injury I have received from this rumour of having dreamed away my life to no purpose, injuries which I unwillingly remember at all, much less am disposed to record in a sketch of my literary life; or to those, who from their own feelings, or the gratification they derive from thinking contemptuously of others, would like Job's comforters attribute these complaints, extorted from me by the sense of wrong, to self-conceit or presumptuous vanity, I have already furnished such ample materials, that I shall gain nothing by withholding the remainder. I will not therefore hesitate to ask the consciences of those, who from their long acquaintances with me and with the circumstances are best qualified to decide or be my judges, whether the restitution of the suum cuique would increase or detract from my literary reputation. In this exculpation I hope to be understood as speaking of myself comparatively, and in proportion to the claims,

which others are intitled to make on my time or my talents. By what I *have* effected, am I to be judged by my fellow men; what I *could* have done, is a question for my own conscience. On my own account I may perhaps have had sufficient reason to lament my deficiency in self-controul, and the neglect of concentering my powers to the realization of some permanent work. But to verse rather than to prose, if to either, belongs the voice of mourning for

"Keen pangs of love awakening as a babe
Turbulent, with an outcry in the heart;
And fears self-will'd that shunned the eye of hope,
And hope that scarce would know itself from fear;
Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain,
And genius given and knowledge won in vain;
And all which I had culled in wood-walks wild,
And all which patient toil had rear'd, and all
Commune with thee had open'd out—but flowers
Strew'd on my corpse, and borne upon my bier,
In the same coffin, for the self-same grave!"

S. T. C.

These will exist, for the future, I trust, only in the poetic strains, which the feelings at the time called forth. In those only, gentle reader,

"Affectus animi varios, bellumque sequacis
Perlegis invidiæ, curasque revolvis inanes,
Quas humilis tenero stylus olim effudit in ævo.
Perlegis et lacrymas, et quod pharetratus acutâ
Ille puer puero fecit mihi cuspide vulnus.
OMNIA PAULATIM CONSUMIT LONGIOR ÆTAS,
VIVENDOQUE SIMUL MORIMUR, RAPIMURQUE MANENDO.
Ipse mihi collatus enim non ille videbor;
Frons alia est, moresque alii, nova mentis imago,
Vox aliudque sonat. Jamque observatio vitæ
Multa dedit:—lugere nihil, ferre omnia; jamque
Paulatim lacrymas rerum experientia tersit."

CHAPTER XI

An affectionate exhortation to those who in early life feel themselves disposed to become authors.

IT was a favourite remark of the late Mr. Whitbread's, that no man does any thing from a single motive. The separate motives, or rather moods of mind, which produced the preceding reflections and anecdotes have been laid open to the reader in each separate instance. But an interest in the welfare of those, who at the present time may be in circumstances not dissimilar to my own at my first entrance into life, has been the constant accompaniment, and (as it were) the under-song of all my feelings. WHITEHEAD exerting the prerogative of his laureatship addressed to youthful poets a poetic CHARGE, which is perhaps the best, and certainly the most interesting, of his works. With no other privilege than that of sympathy and sincere good wishes, I would address an affectionate exhortation to the youthful literati, grounded on my own experience. It will be but short; for the beginning, middle, and end converge to one charge: NEVER PURSUE LITERATURE AS A TRADE. With the exception of one extraordinary man, I have never known an individual, least of all an individual of genius, healthy or happy without a *profession*, i. e. some *regular* employment, which does not depend on the will of the moment, and which can be carried on so far *mechanically* that an average quantum only of health, spirits, and intellectual exertion are requisite to its faithful discharge. Three hours of leisure, unannoyed by any alien anxiety, and looked forward to with delight as a change and recreation, will suffice to realize in literature a larger product of what is truly *genial*, than weeks of compulsion. Money, and immediate reputation form only an arbitrary and accidental end of literary labor. The *hope* of increasing them by any given exertion will often

prove a stimulant to industry; but the *necessity* of acquiring them will in all works of genius convert the stimulant into a *narcotic*. Motives by excess reverse their very nature, and instead of exciting, stun and stupify the mind. For it is one contradistinction of genius from talent, that its predominant end is always comprized in the means; and this is one of the many points, which establish an analogy between genius and virtue. Now though talents may exist without genius, yet as genius cannot exist, certainly not manifest itself, without talents, I would advise every scholar, who feels the genial power working within him, so far to make a division between the two, as that he should devote his *talents* to the acquirement of competence in some known trade or profession, and his genius to objects of his tranquil and unbiassed choice; while the consciousness of being actuated in both alike by the sincere desire to perform his duty, will alike ennoble both. "My dear young friend," (I would say) "suppose yourself established in any honorable occupation. From the manufactory or counting-house, from the law-court, or from having visited your last patient, you return at evening,

> "Dear tranquil time, when the sweet sense of home
> Is sweetest——"

to your family, prepared for its social enjoyments, with the very countenances of your wife and children brightened, and their voice of welcome made doubly welcome, by the knowledge that, as far as *they* are concerned, you have satisfied the demands of the day by the labor of the day. Then, when you retire into your study, in the books on your shelves you revisit so many venerable friends with whom you can converse. Your own spirit scarcely less free from personal anxieties than the great minds, that in those books are still living for you! Even your writing desk with its blank paper and all its other implements will appear as a chain of

flowers, capable of linking your feelings as well as thoughts to events and characters past or to come; not a chain of iron, which binds you down to think of the future and the remote by recalling the claims and feelings of the peremptory present. But why should I say *retire?* The habits of active life and daily intercourse with the stir of the world will tend to give you such self-command, that the presence of your family will be no interruption. Nay, the social silence, or undisturbing voices of a wife or sister, will be like a restorative atmosphere, or soft music which moulds a dream without becoming its object. If facts are required to prove the possibility of combining weighty performances in literature with full and independent employment, the works of Cicero and Xenophon among the ancients; of Sir Thomas Moore, Bacon, Baxter, or to refer at once to later and cotemporary instances, DARWIN and ROSCOE, are at once decisive of the question.

But all men may not dare promise themselves a sufficiency of self-controul for the imitation of those examples: though strict scrutiny should always be made, whether indolence, restlessness, or a vanity impatient for immediate gratification, have not tampered with the judgement and assumed the vizard of humility for the purposes of self-delusion. St the church presents to every man of learning and gen a profession, in which he may cherish a rational hope of able to unite the widest schemes of literary utility with the strictest performance of professional duties. Among the numerous blessings of christianity, the introduction of an established church makes an especial claim on the gratitude of scholars and philosophers; in England, at least, where the principles of Protestantism have conspired with the freedom of the government to double all its salutary powers by the removal of its abuses.

That not only the maxims, but the grounds of a pure morality, the mere fragments of which

" —— the lofty grave tragedians taught
In chorus or iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight received
In brief sententious precepts ; "
PARADISE REGAINED.

and that the sublime truths of the divine unity and attributes, which a Plato found most hard to learn and deemed it still more difficult to reveal; that these should have become the almost hereditary property of childhood and poverty, of the hovel and the workshop ; that even to the unlettered they sound as *common place*, is a phenomenon, which must withhold all but minds of the most vulgar cast from undervaluing the services even of the pulpit and the reading desk. Yet those, who confine the efficiency of an established church to its *public* offices, can hardly be placed in a much higher rank of intellect. That to every parish throughout the kingdom there is transplanted a germ of civilization ; that in the remotest villages there is a nucleus, round which the capabilities of the place may crystallize and brighten ; a model sufficiently superior to excite, yet sufficiently near to encourage and facilitate, imitation ; *this*, the inobtrusive continuous agency of a Protestant church establishment, *this* it is, which the patriot, and the philanthropist, who would fain unite the love of peace with the faith in the progressive amelioration of mankind, cannot estimate at too high a price. "It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls: for the price of wisdom is above rubies." The clergyman is with his parishioners and among them; he is neither in the cloistered cell, nor in the wilderness, but a neighbour and a family-man, whose education and rank admit him to the mansion of the rich landholder, while his duties make him the frequent visitor of the farm-house and the cottage. He is, or he may become, connected with the families of his parish or its vicinity by

marriage. And among the instances of the blindness, or at best of the short-sightedness, which it is the nature of cupidity to inflict, I know few more striking than the clamors of the farmers against church property. Whatever was not paid to the clergyman would inevitably at the next lease be paid to the landholder, while, as the case at present stands, the revenues of the church are in some sort the reversionary property of every family, that may have a member educated for the church, or a daughter that may marry a clergyman. Instead of being *foreclosed* and immovable, it is in fact the only species of landed property, that is essentially moving and circulative. That there exist no inconveniences, who will pretend to assert? But I have yet to expect the proof, that the inconveniences are greater in this than in any other species; or that either the farmers or the clergy would be benefited by forcing the latter to become either *Trullibers* or salaried *placemen*. Nay, I do not hesitate to declare my firm persuasion, that whatever *reason* of discontent the farmers may assign, the true *cause* is this; that they may cheat the *parson*, but cannot cheat the steward; and that they are disappointed, if they should have been able to withhold only two pounds less than the legal claim, having expected to withhold five. At all events, considered relatively to the encouragement of learning and genius, the establishment presents a patronage at once so effective and unburthensome, that it would be impossible to afford the like or equal in any but a christian and Protestant country. There is scarce a department of human knowledge without some bearing on the various critical, historical, philosophical and moral truths, in which the scholar must be interested as a clergyman; no one pursuit worthy of a man of genius, which may not be followed without incongruity. To give the history of the bible as a *book*, would be little less than to relate the origin or first excitement of all the literature and science, that we now possess.

The very decorum, which the profession imposes, is favorable to the best purposes of genius, and tends to counteract its most frequent defects. Finally, that man must be deficient in sensibility, who would not find an incentive to emulation in the great and burning lights, which in a long series have illustrated the church of England; who would not hear from within an echo to the voice from their sacred shrines,

"Et Pater Æneas et avunculus excitat Hector."

But, whatever be the profession or trade chosen, the advantages are many and important, compared with the state of a *mere* literary man, who in any degree depends on the sale of his works for the necessaries and comforts of life. In the former a man lives in sympathy with the world, in which he lives. At least he acquires a better and quicker tact for the knowledge of that, with which men in general can sympathize. He learns to manage his genius more prudently and efficaciously. His powers and acquirements gain him likewise more real admiration; for they surpass the legitimate expectations of others. He is something besides an author, and is not therefore considered merely as an author. The hearts of men are open to him, as to one of their own class; and whether he exerts himself or not in the conversational circles of his acquaintance, his silence is not attributed to pride, nor his communicativeness to vanity. To these advantages I will venture to add a superior chance of happiness in domestic life, were it only that it is as natural for the man to be out of the circle of his household during the day, as it is meritorious for the woman to remain for the most part within it. But this subject involves points of consideration so numerous and so delicate, and would not only permit, but require such ample documents from the biography of literary men, that I now merely allude to it *in transitu*. When the same circumstance has

occurred at very different times to very different persons, all of whom have some one thing in common; there is reason to suppose that such circumstance is not merely attributable to the *persons* concerned, but is in some measure occasioned by the one point in common to them all. Instead of the vehement and almost slanderous dehortation from marriage, which the *Misogyne*, Boccaccio (*Vita e Costumi di* DANTE, p. 12, 16) addresses to literary men, I would substitute the simple advice: be not *merely* a man of letters! Let literature be an honourable *augmentation* to your arms; but not constitute the coat, or fill the escutchion!

To objections from conscience I can of course answer in no other way, than by requesting the youthful objector (as I have already done on a former occasion) to ascertain with strict self-examination, whether other influences may not be at work; whether spirits, "*not of health*," and with whispers "*not from heaven*," may not be walking in the *twilight* of his consciousness. Let him catalogue his scruples, and reduce them in a distinct intelligible form; let him be certain, that he has read with a docile mind and favourable dispositions the best and most fundamental works on the subject; that he has had both mind and heart opened to the great and illustrious qualities of the many renowned characters, who had doubted like himself, and whose researches had ended in the clear conviction, that their doubts had been groundless, or at least in no proportion to the counter-weight Happy will it be for such a man, if among his contemporaries elder than himself he should meet with one, who, with similar powers and feelings as acute as his own, had entertained the same scruples; had acted upon them; and who by after-research (when the step was, alas! irretrievable, but for that very reason his research undeniably disinterested) had discovered himself to have quarrelled with received opinions only to embrace errors, to have left the direction tracked out for him on the high road of honorable

exertion, only to deviate into a labyrinth, where when he had wandered till his head was giddy, his best good fortune was finally to have found his way out again, too late for prudence though not too late for conscience or for truth! Time spent in such delay is time won: for manhood in the meantime is advancing, and with it increase of knowledge, strength of judgement, and above all, temperance of feelings. And even if these should effect no change, yet the delay will at least prevent the final approval of the decision from being alloyed by the inward censure of the rashness and vanity, by which it had been precipitated. It would be a sort of irreligion, and scarcely less than a libel on human nature to believe, that there is any established and reputable profession or employment, in which a man may not continue to act with honesty and honor; and doubtless there is likewise none, which may not at times present temptations to the contrary. But woefully will that man find himself mistaken, who imagines that the profession of literature, or (to speak more plainly) the *trade* of authorship, besets its members with fewer or with less insidious temptations, than the church, the law, or the different branches of commerce. But I have treated sufficiently on this unpleasant subject in an early chapter of this volume. I will conclude the present therefore with a short extract from HERDER, whose name I might have added to the illustrious list of those, who have combined the successful pursuit of the Muses, not only with the faithful discharge, but with the highest honors and honorable emoluments, of an established profession. The translation the reader will find in a note below.* "Am sorgfältigsten, meiden Sie die Autorschaft.

* TRANSLATION.

"With the greatest possible solicitude avoid authorship. Too early or immoderately employed, it makes the head *waste* and the heart empty; even were there no other worse consequences. A person, who reads only to print, in all probability reads amiss; and he, who sends away through the pen

Zu früh oder unmässig gebraucht, macht sie den Kopf wüste und das Herz leer; wenn sie auch sonst keine üble Folgen gäbe. Ein Mensch, der nur lieset um zu drucken, lieset wahrscheinlich übel; und wer jeden Gedanken, der ihm aufstösst, durch Feder und Presse versendet, hat sie in kurzer Zeit alle versandt, und wird bald ein blosser Diener der Druckerey, ein Buchstabensetzer werden."

HERDER.

CHAPTER XII

A Chapter of requests and premonitions concerning the perusal or omission of the chapter that follows.

IN the perusal of philosophical works I have been greatly benefited by a resolve, which, in the antithetic form and with the allowed quaintness of an adage or maxim, I have been accustomed to word thus: "*until you understand a writer's ignorance, presume yourself ignorant of his understanding.*" This *golden rule* of mine does, I own, resemble those of Pythagoras in its obscurity rather than in its depth. If however the reader will permit me to be my own Hierocles, I trust, that he will find its meaning fully explained by the following instances. I have now before me a treatise of a religious fanatic, full of dreams and supernatural *experiences*. I see clearly the writer's grounds, and their hollowness. I have a complete insight into the causes, which through the medium of his body has acted on his mind; and by application of received and ascertained laws I can satisfactorily explain to my own reason all the strange incidents, which the writer records of himself. And this I can do without

and the press every thought, the moment it occurs to him, will in a short time have sent all away, and will become a mere journeyman of the printing-office, a *compositor*."

To which I may add from myself, that what medical physiologists affirm of certain secretions applies equally to our thoughts; they too must be taken up again into the circulation, and be again and again re-secreted in order to ensure a healthful vigor, both to the mind and to its intellectual offspring.

suspecting him of any intentional falsehood. As when in broad day-light a man tracks the steps of a traveller, who had lost his way in a fog or by a treacherous moonshine, even so, and with the same tranquil sense of certainty, can I follow the traces of this bewildered visionary. I UNDERSTAND HIS IGNORANCE.

On the other hand, I have been re-perusing with the best energies of my mind the Timæus of PLATO. Whatever I comprehend, impresses me with a reverential sense of the author's genius; but there is a considerable portion of the work, to which I can attach no consistent meaning. In other treatises of the same philosopher, intended for the average comprehensions of men, I have been delighted with the masterly good sense, with the perspicuity of the language, and the aptness of the inductions. I recollect likewise, that numerous passages in this author, which I thoroughly comprehend, were formerly no less unintelligible to me, than the passages now in question. It would, I am aware, be quite *fashionable* to dismiss them at once as Platonic Jargon. But this I cannot do with satisfaction to my own mind, because I have sought in vain for causes adequate to the solution of the assumed inconsistency. I have no insight into the possibility of a man so eminently wise using words with such half-meanings to himself, as must perforce pass into no-meaning to his readers. When in addition to the motives thus suggested by my own reason, I bring into distinct remembrance the number and the series of great men, who after long and zealous study of these works had joined in honoring the name of PLATO with epithets, that almost transcend humanity, I feel, that a contemptuous verdict on my part might argue want of modesty, but would hardly be received by the judicious, as evidence of superior penetration. Therefore, utterly baffled in all my attempts to understand the ignorance of Plato, I CONCLUDE MYSELF IGNORANT OF HIS UNDERSTANDING.

In lieu of the various requests which the anxiety of authorship addresses to the unknown reader, I advance but this one; that he will either pass over the following chapter altogether, or read the whole connectedly. The fairest part of the most beautiful body will appear deformed and monstrous, if dissevered from its place in the organic Whole. Nay, on delicate subjects, where a seemingly trifling difference of more or less may constitute a difference in *kind*, even a *faithful* display of the main and supporting ideas, if yet they are separated from the forms by which they are at once cloathed and modified, may perchance present a skeleton indeed; but a skeleton to alarm and deter. Though I might find numerous precedents, I shall not desire the reader to strip his mind of all prejudices, or to keep all prior systems out of view during his examination of the present. For in truth, such requests appear to me not much unlike the advice given to hypochondriacal patients in Dr. Buchan's domestic medicine; videlicet, to preserve themselves uniformly tranquil and in good spirits. Till I had discovered the art of destroying the memory *a parte post*, without injury to its future operations, and without detriment to the judgement, I should suppress the request as premature; and therefore, however much I may *wish* to be read with an unprejudiced mind, I do not presume to state it as a necessary condition.

The extent of my daring is to suggest one criterion, by which it may be rationally conjectured before-hand, whether or no a reader would lose his time, and perhaps his temper, in the perusal of this, or any other treatise constructed on similar principles. But it would be cruelly misinterpreted, as implying the least disrespect either for the moral or intellectual qualities of the individuals thereby precluded. The criterion is this: if a man receives as fundamental facts, and therefore of course indemonstrable and incapable of further analysis, the general notions of matter, spirit, soul,

body, action, passiveness, time, space, cause, and effect, consciousness, perception, memory and habit; if he feels his mind completely at rest concerning all these, and is satisfied, if only he can analyse all other notions into some one or more of these supposed elements with plausible subordination and apt arrangement: to such a mind I would as courteously as possible convey the hint, that for him the chapter was not written.

"Vir bonus es, doctus, prudens; ast *haud tibi spiro.*"

For these terms do in truth *include* all the difficulties, which the human mind can propose for solution. Taking them therefore in mass, and unexamined, it requires only a decent apprenticeship in logic, to draw forth their contents in all forms and colours, as the professors of legerdemain at our village fairs pull out ribbon after ribbon from their mouths. And not more difficult is it to reduce them back again to their different genera. But though this analysis is highly useful in rendering our knowledge more distinct, it does not really add to it. It does not increase, though it gives us a greater mastery over, the wealth which we before possessed. For forensic purposes, for all the established professions of society, this is sufficient. But for philosophy in its highest sense as the science of ultimate truths, and therefore scientia scientiarum, this mere analysis of terms is preparative only, though as a preparative discipline indispensable.

Still less dare a favorable perusal be anticipated from the proselytes of that compendious philosophy, which talking of mind but thinking of brick and mortar, or other images equally abstracted from body, contrives a theory of spirit by nicknaming matter, and in a few hours can qualify its dullest disciples to explain the omne scibile by reducing all things to impressions, ideas, and sensations.

But it is time to tell the truth; though it requires some

courage to avow it in an age and country, in which disquisitions on all subjects, not privileged to adopt technical terms or scientific symbols, must be addressed to the PUBLIC. I say then, that it is neither possible or necessary for all men, or for many, to be PHILOSOPHERS. There is a *philosophic* (and inasmuch as it is actualized by an effort of freedom, an *artificial*) *consciousness*, which lies beneath or (as it were) *behind* the spontaneous consciousness natural to all reflecting beings. As the elder Romans distinguished their northern provinces into Cis-Alpine and Trans-Alpine, so may we divide all the objects of human knowledge into those on this side, and those on the other side of the spontaneous consciousness; citra et trans conscientiam communem. The latter is exclusively the domain of PURE philosophy, which is therefore properly entitled *transcendental*, in order to discriminate it at once, both from mere reflection and *re*-presentation on the one hand, and on the other from those flights of lawless speculation which, abandoned by *all* distinct consciousness, because transgressing the bounds and purposes of our intellectual faculties, are justly condemned, as *transcendent* *. The first range of hills,

* This distinction between transcendental and transcendent is observed by our elder divines and philosophers, whenever they express themselves *scholastically*. Dr. Johnson indeed has confounded the two words; but his own authorities do not bear him out. Of this celebrated dictionary I will venture to remark once for all, that I should suspect the man of a morose disposition who should speak of it without respect and gratitude as a most instructive and entertaining *book*, and hitherto, unfortunately, an indispensable book; but I confess, that I should be surprized at hearing from a philosophic and thorough scholar any but very qualified praises of it, as a *dictionary*. I am not now alluding to the number of genuine words omitted; for this is (and perhaps to a greater extent) true, as Mr. Wakefield has noticed, of our best Greek Lexicons, and this too after the successive labors of so many giants in learning. I refer at present both to omissions and commissions of a more important nature. What these are, me saltem judice, will be stated at full in THE FRIEND, re-published and completed.

that encircles the scanty vale of human life, is the horizon for the majority of its inhabitants. On *its* ridges the common sun is born and departs. From *them* the stars rise, and touching *them* they vanish. By the many, even this range, the natural limit and bulwark of the vale, is but imperfectly known. Its higher ascents are too often hidden by mists and clouds from uncultivated swamps, which few have courage or curiosity to penetrate. To the multitude below these vapors appear, now as the dark haunts of terrific

I had never heard of the correspondence between Wakefield and Fox till I saw the account of it this morning (16th September 1815) in the Monthly Review. I was not a little gratified at finding, that Mr. Wakefield had proposed to himself nearly the same plan for a Greek and English Dictionary, which I had formed, and began to execute, now ten years ago. But far, far more grieved am I, that he did not live to compleat it. I cannot but think it a subject of most serious regret, that the same heavy expenditure, which is now employing in the *republication* of STEPHANUS augmented, had not been applied to a new Lexicon on a more philosophical plan, with the English, German, and French synonymes as well as the Latin. In almost every instance the precise *individual* meaning might be given in an English or German word; whereas in Latin we must too often be contented with a mere general and *inclusive* term. How indeed can it be otherwise, when we attempt to render the most copious language of the world, the most admirable for the fineness of its distinctions into one of the poorest and most vague languages? Especially when we reflect on the comparative number of the works, still extant, written while the Greek and Latin were living languages. Were I asked what I deemed the greatest and most unmixt benefit, which a wealthy individual, or an association of wealthy individuals, could bestow on their country and on mankind, I should not hesitate to answer, "a philosophical English dictionary; with the Greek, Latin, German, French, Spanish, and Italian synonymes, and with correspondent indexes." That the learned languages might thereby be acquired, better, in half the time, is but a part, and not the most important part, of the advantages which would accrue from such a work. O! if it should be permitted by providence, that without detriment to freedom and independence our government might be enabled to become more than a committee for war and revenue! There was a time, when every thing was to be done by Government. Have we not flown off to the contrary extreme?

agents, on which none may intrude with impunity; and now all *a-glow*, with colors not their own, they are gazed at as the splendid palaces of happiness and power. But in all ages there have been a few, who measuring and sounding the rivers of the vale at the feet of their furthest inaccessible falls have learned, that the sources must be far higher and far inward; a few, who even in the level streams have detected elements, which neither the vale itself or the surrounding mountains contained or could supply. How and whence to these thoughts, these strong probabilities, the ascertaining vision, the intuitive knowledge may finally supervene, can be learnt only by the fact. I might oppose to the question the words with which * Plotinus supposes NATURE to answer a similar difficulty. "Should any one interrogate her, how she works, if graciously she vouchsafe to listen and speak, she will reply, it behoves thee not to disquiet me with interrogatories, but to understand in silence even as I am silent, and work without words."

Likewise in the fifth book of the fifth *Ennead*, speaking of the highest and intuitive knowledge as distinguished from the discursive, or in the language of Wordsworth,

"The vision and the faculty divine;"

* *Ennead*, iii. l. 8. c. 3. The force of the Greek *συνιέναι* is imperfectly expressed by "understand;" our own idiomatic phrase "*to go along with me*" comes nearest to it. The passage, that follows, full of profound sense, appears to me evidently corrupt; and in fact no writer more wants, better deserves, or is less likely to obtain, a new and more correct edition—*τί οὖν συνιέναι; ὅτι τὸ γενόμενόν ἐστι θέαμα ἐμόν, σιώπησις* (*mallem, θέαμα, ἐμοῦ σιωπώσης*), *καὶ φύσει γενόμενον θεώρημα, καί μοι γενομένῃ ἐκ θεωρίας τῆς ὠδὶ τὴν φύσιν ἔχειν φιλοθεάμονα ὑπάρχει.* (*mallem, καὶ μοὶ ἡ γενομένη ἐκ θεωρίας αὐτῆς ὠδὶς*) "what then are we to understand? That whatever is produced is an intuition, I silent; and that, which is thus generated, is by its nature a theorem, or form of contemplation; and the birth, which results to me from this contemplation, attains to have a contemplative nature." So Synesius: *Ὠδὶς ἱερά, Ἄῤῥητα γονά.* The after comparison of the process of the natura naturans with that of the geometrician is drawn from the very heart of philosophy.

he says : "it is not lawful to enquire from whence it sprang, as if it were a thing subject to place and motion, for it neither approached hither, nor again departs from hence to some other place ; but it either appears to us or it does not appear. So that we ought not to pursue it with a view of detecting its secret source, but to watch in quiet till it suddenly shines upon us ; preparing ourselves for the blessed spectacle as the eye waits patiently for the rising sun." They and they only can acquire the philosophic imagination, the sacred power of self-intuition, who within themselves can interpret and understand the symbol, that the wings of the air-sylph are forming within the skin of the caterpillar ; those only, who feel in their own spirits the same instinct, which impels the chrysalis of the horned fly to leave room in its involucrum for antennæ yet to come. They know and feel, that the *potential* works *in* them, even as the *actual* works on them ! In short, all the organs of sense are framed for a corresponding world of sense ; and we have it. All the organs of spirit are framed for a correspondent world of spirit : though the latter organs are not developed in all alike. But they exist in all, and their first appearance discloses itself in the *moral* being. How else could it be, that even worldlings, not wholly debased, will contemplate the man of simple and disinterested goodness with contradictory feelings of pity and respect ? " Poor man ! he is not made for *this* world." Oh ! herein they utter a prophecy of universal fulfilment ; for man *must* either rise or sink.

It is the essential mark of the true philosopher to rest satisfied with no imperfect light, as long as the impossibility of attaining a fuller knowledge has not been demonstrated. That the common consciousness itself will furnish proofs by its own direction, that it is connected with master-currents below the surface, I shall merely assume as a postulate pro tempore. This having been granted, though but in expectation of the argument, I can safely deduce from it the equal

truth of my former assertion, that philosophy cannot be intelligible to all, even of the most learned and cultivated classes. A system, the first principle of which it is to render the mind intuitive of the *spiritual* in man (i. e. of that which lies *on the other side* of our natural consciousness) must needs have a greater obscurity for those, who have never disciplined and strengthened this ulterior consciousness. It must in truth be a land of darkness, a perfect *Anti-Goshen*, for men to whom the noblest treasures of their own being are reported only through the imperfect translation of lifeless and sightless *notions*. Perhaps, in great part, through words which are but the shadows of notions; even as the notional understanding itself is but the shadowy abstraction of living and actual truth. On the IMMEDIATE, which dwells in every man, and on the original intuition, or absolute affirmation of it, (which is likewise in every man, but does not in every man rise into consciousness) all the *certainty* of our knowledge depends; and this becomes intelligible to no man by the ministry of mere words from without. The medium, by which spirits understand each other, is not the surrounding air; but the *freedom* which they possess in common, as the common ethereal element of their being, the tremulous reciprocations of which propagate themselves even to the inmost of the soul. Where the spirit of a man is not *filled* with the consciousness of freedom (were it only from its restlessness, as of one still struggling in bondage) all spiritual intercourse is interrupted, not only with others, but even with himself. No wonder then, that he remains incomprehensible to himself as well as to others. No wonder, that, in the fearful desert of his consciousness, he wearies himself out with empty words, to which no friendly echo answers, either from his own heart, or the heart of a fellow being; or bewilders himself in the pursuit of *notional* phantoms, the mere refractions from unseen and distant truths through the distorting medium of his own

unenlivened and stagnant understanding! To remain unintelligible to such a mind, exclaims Schelling on a like occasion, is honor and a good name before God and man.

The history of philosophy (the same writer observes) contains instances of systems, which for successive generations have remained enigmatic. Such he deems the system of Leibnitz, whom another writer (rashly I think, and invidiously) extols as the *only* philosopher, who was himself deeply convinced of his own doctrines. As hitherto interpreted, however, they have not produced the effect, which Leibnitz himself, in a most instructive passage, describes as the criterion of a true philosophy; namely, that it would at once explain and collect the fragments of truth scattered through systems apparently the most incongruous. The truth, says he, is diffused more widely than is commonly believed; but it is often painted, yet oftener masked, and is sometimes mutilated and sometimes, alas! in close alliance with mischievous errors. The deeper, however, we penetrate into the ground of things, the more truth we discover in the doctrines of the greater number of the philosophical sects. The want of *substantial* reality in the objects of the senses, according to the sceptics; the harmonies or numbers, the prototypes and ideas, to which the Pythagoreans and Platonists reduced all things; the ONE and ALL of Parmenides and Plotinus, without * Spinozism; the necessary connection of things according to the Stoics, reconcileable with the

* This is happily effected in three lines by SYNESIUS, in his Fourth HYMN:

Ἓν καὶ Πάντα—(taken by itself) is *Spinosism.*
Ἓν δ' Ἀπάντων—a mere *anima Mundi.*
Ἓν τε πρὸ πάντων—is mechanical Theism.

But unite all three, and the result is the Theism of Saint Paul and Christianity.

Synesius was censured for his doctrine of the Pre-existence of the Soul; but never, that I can find, arraigned or deemed

spontaneity of the other schools; the vital-philosophy of the Cabalists and Hermetists, who assumed the universality of sensation; the substantial forms and entelechies of Aristotle and the schoolmen, together with the mechanical solution of all particular phenomena according to Democritus and the recent philosophers—all these we shall find united in one perspective central point, which shows regularity and a coincidence of all the parts in the very object, which from every other point of view must appear confused and distorted. The spirit of sectarianism has been hitherto our fault, and the cause of our failures. We have imprisoned our own conceptions by the lines, which we have drawn, in order to exclude the conceptions of others. J'ai trouvé que la plupart des sectes ont raison dans une bonne partie de ce qu'elles avancent, mais non pas tant en ce qu'elles nient.

A system, which aims to deduce the memory with all the heretical for his Pantheism, tho' neither Giordano Bruno, or Jacob Behmen ever avowed it more broadly.

Μύστας δὲ Νόος,
Τά τε καὶ τὰ λέγει,
Βυθὸν ἄῤῥητον
Ἀμφιχορεύων.
Σὺ τὸ τίκτον ἔφυς,
Σὺ τὸ τικτόμενον·
Σὺ τὸ φώτιζον,
Σὺ τὸ λαμπόμενον·
Σὺ τὸ φαινόμενον,
Σὺ τὸ κρυπτόμενον
Ἰδίαις αὐγαῖς.
Ἕν καὶ πάντα,
Ἕν καθ' ἑαυτὸ,
Καὶ διὰ πάντων.

Pantheism is therefore not necessarily irreligious or heretical; tho' it may be taught atheistically. Thus Spinoza would agree with Synesius in calling God Φύσις ἐν Νοεροῖς, the *Nature* in Intelligences; but he could not subscribe to the preceding Νοῦς καὶ Νοερός, i. e. Himself Intelligence and intelligent.

In this biographical sketch of my literary life I may be excused, if I mention here, that I had translated the eight Hymns of Synesius from the Greek into English Anacreontics before my 15th year.

other functions of intelligence, must of course place its first position from beyond the memory, and anterior to it, otherwise the principle of solution would be itself a part of the problem to be solved. Such a position therefore must in the first instance be demanded, and the first question will be, by what right is it demanded? On this account I think it expedient to make some preliminary remarks on the introduction of POSTULATES in philosophy. The word postulate is borrowed from the science of mathematics. (See Schell. Abhandl. zur Erläuter. des Id. der Wissenschaftslehre.) In geometry the primary construction is not demonstrated, but postulated. This first and most simple construction in space is the point in motion, or the line. Whether the point is moved in one and the same direction, or whether its direction is continually changed, remains as yet undetermined. But if the direction of the point have been determined, it is either by a point without it, and then there arises the strait line which incloses no space; or the direction of the point is not determined by a point without it, and then it must flow back again on itself, that is, there arises a cyclical line, which does inclose a space. If the strait line be assumed as the positive, the cyclical is then the negation of the strait. It is a line, which at no point strikes out into the strait, but changes its direction continuously. But if the primary line be conceived as undetermined, and the strait line as determined throughout, then the cyclical is the third compounded of both. It is at once undetermined and determined; undetermined through any point without, and determined through itself. Geometry therefore supplies philosophy with the example of a primary intuition, from which every science that lays claim to *evidence* must take its commencement. The mathematician does not begin with a demonstrable proposition, but with an intuition, a practical idea.

But here an important distinction presents itself. Philo-

sophy is employed on objects of the INNER SENSE, and cannot, like geometry, appropriate to every construction a correspondent *outward* intuition. Nevertheless, philosophy, if it is to arrive at evidence, must proceed from the most original construction, and the question then is, what is the most original construction or first productive act for the INNER SENSE. The answer to this question depends on the direction which is given to the INNER SENSE. But in philosophy the INNER SENSE cannot have its direction determined by any outward object. To the original construction of the line I can be compelled by a line drawn before me on the slate or on sand. The stroke thus drawn is indeed not the line itself, but only the image or picture of the line. It is not from it, that we first learn to know the line; but, on the contrary, we bring this stroke to the original line generated by the act of the imagination; otherwise we could not define it as without breadth or thickness. Still however this stroke is the sensuous image of the original or ideal line, and an efficient mean to excite *every* imagination to the intuition of it.

It is demanded then, whether there be found any means in philosophy to determine the direction of the INNER SENSE, as in mathematics it is determinable by its specific image or outward picture. Now the inner sense has its direction determined for the greater part only by an act of freedom. One man's consciousness extends only to the pleasant or unpleasant sensations caused in him by external impressions; another enlarges his inner sense to a consciousness of forms and quantity; a third in addition to the image is conscious of the conception or notion of the thing; a fourth attains to a notion of his notions—he reflects on his own reflections; and thus we may say without impropriety, that the one possesses more or less inner sense, than the other. This more or less betrays already, that philosophy in its first principles must have a practical or moral, as well as a theo-

retical or speculative side. This difference in degree does not exist in the mathematics. Socrates in Plato shows, that an ignorant slave may be brought to understand and of himself to solve the most difficult geometrical problem. Socrates drew the figures for the slave in the sand. The disciples of the critical philosophy could likewise (as was indeed actually done by La Forge and some other followers of Des Cartes) represent the origin of our representations in copper-plates; but no one has yet attempted it, and it would be utterly useless. To an Esquimaux or New Zealander our most popular philosophy would be wholly unintelligible. The sense, the inward organ for it, is not yet born in him. So is there many a one among us, yes, and some who think themselves philosophers too, to whom the philosophic organ is entirely wanting. To such a man philosophy is a mere play of words and notions, like a theory of music to the deaf, or like the geometry of light to the blind. The connection of the parts and their logical dependencies may be seen and remembered; but the whole is groundless and hollow, unsustained by living contact, unaccompanied with any realizing intuition which exists by and in the act that affirms its existence, which is known, because it is, and is, because it is known. The words of Plotinus, in the assumed person of nature, holds true of the philosophic energy. Τὸ *θεωροῦν μου θεώρημα ποιεῖ, ὥσπερ οἱ γεωμέτραι θεωροῦντες γράφουσιν· ἀλλ' ἐμοῦ μὴ γραφούσης, θεωρούσης δὲ, ὑφίστανται αἱ τῶν σωμάτων γραμμαί.* With me the act of contemplation makes the thing contemplated, as the geometricians contemplating describe lines correspondent; but I not describing lines, but simply contemplating, the representative forms of things rise up into existence.

The postulate of philosophy and at the same time the test of philosophic capacity, is no other than the heaven-descended KNOW THYSELF! (*E cœlo descendit,* Γνῶθι σεαυτόν). And this at once practically and speculatively. For

as philosophy is neither a science of the reason or understanding only, nor merely a science of morals, but the science of BEING altogether, its primary ground can be neither merely speculative or merely practical, but both in one. All knowledge rests on the coincidence of an object with a subject. (My readers have been warned in a former chapter that, for their convenience as well as the writer's, the term, subject, is used by me in its scholastic sense as equivalent to mind or sentient being, and as the necessary correlative of object or *quicquid objicitur menti*.) For we can *know* that only which is true: and the truth is universally placed in the coincidence of the thought with the thing, of the representation with the object represented.

Now the sum of all that is merely OBJECTIVE we will henceforth call NATURE, confining the term to its passive and material sense, as comprising all the phænomena by which its existence is made known to us. On the other hand the sum of all that is SUBJECTIVE, we may comprehend in the name of the SELF or INTELLIGENCE. Both conceptions are in necessary antithesis. Intelligence is conceived of as exclusively representative, nature as exclusively represented; the one as conscious, the other as without consciousness. Now in all acts of positive knowledge there is required a reciprocal concurrence of both, namely of the conscious being, and of that which is in itself unconscious. Our problem is to explain this concurrence, its possibility and its necessity.

During the act of knowledge itself, the objective and subjective are so instantly united, that we cannot determine to which of the two the priority belongs. There is here no first, and no second; both are coinstantaneous and one. While I am attempting to explain this intimate coalition, I must suppose it dissolved. I must necessarily set out from the one, to which therefore I give hypothetical antecedence, in order to arrive at the other. But as there are but two

factors or elements in the problem, subject and object, and as it is left indeterminate from which of them I should commence, there are two cases equally possible.

1. EITHER THE OBJECTIVE IS TAKEN AS THE FIRST, AND THEN WE HAVE TO ACCOUNT FOR THE SUPERVENTION OF THE SUBJECTIVE, WHICH COALESCES WITH IT.

The notion of the subjective is not contained in the notion of the objective. On the contrary they mutually exclude each other. The subjective therefore must supervene to the objective. The conception of nature does not apparently involve the co-presence of an intelligence making an ideal duplicate of it, i. e. representing it. This desk for instance would (according to our natural notions) be, though there should exist no sentient being to look at it. This then is the problem of natural philosophy. It assumes the objective or unconscious nature as the first, and has therefore to explain how intelligence can supervene to it, or how itself can grow into intelligence. If it should appear, that all enlightened naturalists, without having distinctly proposed the problem to themselves, have yet constantly moved in the line of its solution, it must afford a strong presumption that the problem itself is founded in nature. For if all knowledge has as it were two poles reciprocally required and presupposed, all sciences must proceed from the one or the other, and must tend toward the opposite as far as the equatorial point in which both are reconciled and become identical. The necessary tendence therefore of all natural philosophy is from nature to intelligence; and this, and no other, is the true ground and occasion of the instinctive striving to introduce theory into our views of natural phænomena. The highest perfection of natural philosophy would consist in the perfect spiritualization of all the laws of nature into laws of intuition and intellect. The phænomena (*the material*) must wholly disappear, and the laws alone (*the formal*) must remain. Thence it comes, that in nature itself the

more the principle of law breaks forth, the more does the *husk* drop off, the phænomena themselves become more spiritual and at length cease altogether in our consciousness. The optical phænomena are but a geometry, the lines of which are drawn by light, and the materiality of this light itself has already become matter of doubt. In the appearances of magnetism all trace of matter is lost, and of the phænomena of gravitation, which not a few among the most illustrious Newtonians have declared no otherwise comprehensible than as an immediate spiritual influence, there remains nothing but its law, the execution of which on a vast scale is the mechanism of the heavenly motions. The theory of natural philosophy would then be completed, when all nature was demonstrated to be identical in essence with that, which in its highest known power exists in man as intelligence and self-consciousness; when the heavens and the earth shall declare not only the power of their maker, but the glory and the presence of their God, even as he appeared to the great prophet during the vision of the mount in the skirts of his divinity.

This may suffice to show, that even natural science, which commences with the material phænomenon as the reality and substance of things existing, does yet by the necessity of theorizing unconsciously, and as it were instinctively, end in nature as an intelligence; and by this tendency the science of nature becomes finally natural philosophy, the one of the two poles of fundamental science.

2. OR THE SUBJECTIVE IS TAKEN AS THE FIRST, AND THE PROBLEM THEN IS, HOW THERE SUPERVENES TO IT A COINCIDENT OBJECTIVE.

In the pursuit of these sciences, our success in each depends on an austere and faithful adherence to its own principles, with a careful separation and exclusion of those, which appertain to the opposite science. As the natural philosopher, who directs his views to the objective, avoids

above all things the intermixture of the subjective in his knowledge, as for instance, arbitrary suppositions or rather suffictions, occult qualities, spiritual agents, and the substitution of final for efficient causes; so on the other hand, the transcendental or intelligential philosopher is equally anxious to preclude all interpolation of the objective into the subjective principles of his science, as for instance the assumption of impresses or configurations in the brain, correspondent to miniature pictures on the retina painted by rays of light from supposed originals, which are not the immediate and real objects of vision, but deductions from it for the purposes of explanation. This purification of the mind is effected by an absolute and scientific scepticism, to which the mind voluntarily determines itself for the specific purpose of future certainty. Des Cartes who (in his meditations) himself first, at least of the moderns, gave a beautiful example of this voluntary doubt, this self-determined indetermination, happily expresses its utter difference from the scepticism of vanity or irreligion: Nec tamen in eo scepticos imitabar, qui dubitant tantum ut dubitent, et præter incertitudinem ipsam nihil quærunt. Nam contra totus in eo eram ut aliquid certi reperirem. DES CARTES, *de Methodo.* Nor is it less distinct in its motives and final aim, than in its proper objects, which are not as in ordinary scepticism the prejudices of education and circumstance, but those original and innate prejudices which nature herself has planted in all men, and which to all but the philosopher are the first principles of knowledge, and the final test of truth.

Now these essential prejudices are all reducible to the one fundamental presumption, THAT THERE EXIST THINGS WITHOUT US. As this on the one hand originates, neither in grounds nor arguments, and yet on the other hand remains proof against all attempts to remove it by grounds or arguments (*naturam furca expellas tamen usque redibit*); on the one hand lays claim to IMMEDIATE certainty as a position at

once indemonstrable and irresistible, and yet on the other hand, inasmuch as it refers to something essentially different from ourselves, nay even in opposition to ourselves, leaves it inconceivable how it could possibly become a part of our immediate consciousness (in other words how that, which ex hypothesi is and continues to be extrinsic and alien to our being, should become a modification of our being); the philosopher therefore compels himself to treat this faith as nothing more than a prejudice, innate indeed and connatural, but still a prejudice.

The other position, which not only claims but necessitates the admission of its immediate certainty, equally for the scientific reason of the philosopher as for the common sense of mankind at large, namely, I AM, cannot so properly be intitled a prejudice. It is groundless indeed; but then in the very idea it precludes all ground, and separated from the immediate consciousness loses its whole sense and import. It is groundless; but only because it is itself the ground of all other certainty. Now the apparent contradiction, that the former position, namely, the existence of things without us, which from its nature cannot be immediately certain, should be received as blindly and as independently of all grounds as the existence of our own being, the transcendental philosopher can solve only by the supposition, that the former is unconsciously involved in the latter; that it is not only coherent but identical, and one and the same thing with our own immediate self-consciousness. To demonstrate this identity is the office and object of his philosophy.

If it be said, that this is Idealism, let it be remembered that it is only so far idealism, as it is at the same time, and on that very account, the truest and most binding realism. For wherein does the realism of mankind properly consist? In the assertion that there exists a something without them, what, or how, or where they know not, which occasions the objects of their perception? Oh no! This is neither con-

natural nor universal. It is what a few have taught and learned in the schools, and which the many repeat without asking themselves concerning their own meaning. The realism common to all mankind is far elder and lies infinitely deeper than this hypothetical explanation of the origin of our perceptions, an explanation skimmed from the mere surface of mechanical philosophy. It is the table itself, which the man of common sense believes himself to see, not the phantom of a table, from which he may argumentatively deduce the reality of a table, which he does not see. If to destroy the reality of all, that we actually behold, be idealism, what can be more egregiously so, than the system of modern metaphysics, which banishes us to a land of shadows, surrounds us with apparitions, and distinguishes truth from illusion only by the majority of those who dream the same dream ? "*I* asserted that the world was mad," exclaimed poor Lee, "and the world said, that I was mad, and confound them, they outvoted me."

It is to the true and original realism, that I would direct the attention. This believes and requires neither more nor less, than that the object which it beholds or presents to itself, is the real and very object. In this sense, however much we may strive against it, we are all collectively born idealists, and therefore and only therefore are we at the same time realists. But of this the philosophers of the schools know nothing, or despise the faith as the prejudice of the ignorant vulgar, because they live and move in a crowd of phrases and notions from which human nature has long ago vanished. Oh, ye that reverence yourselves, and walk humbly with the divinity in your own hearts, ye are worthy of a better philosophy ! Let the dead bury the dead, but do you preserve your human nature, the depth of which was never yet fathomed by a philosophy made up of notions and mere logical entities.

In the third treatise of my *Logosophia*, announced at the

end of this volume, I shall give (deo volente) the demonstrations and constructions of the Dynamic Philosophy scientifically arranged. It is, according to my conviction, no other than the system of Pythagoras and of Plato revived and purified from impure mixtures. Doctrina per tot manus tradita tandem in VAPPAM desiit. The science of arithmetic furnishes instances, that a rule may be useful in practical application, and for the particular purpose may be sufficiently authenticated by the result, before it has itself been fully demonstrated. It is enough, if only it be rendered intelligible. This will, I trust, have been effected in the following Theses for those of my readers, who are willing to accompany me through the following Chapter, in which the results will be applied to the deduction of the Imagination, and with it the principles of production and of genial criticism in the fine arts.

THESIS I.

Truth is correlative to being. Knowledge without a correspondent reality is no knowledge ; if we know, there must be somewhat known by us. To know is in its very essence a verb active.

THESIS II.

All truth is either mediate, that is, derived from some other truth or truths ; or immediate and original. The latter is absolute, and its formula A. A. ; the former is of dependent or conditional certainty, and represented in the formula B. A. The certainty, which inheres in A, is attributable to B.

SCHOLIUM. A chain without a staple, from which all the links derived their stability, or a series without a first, has been not inaptly allegorized, as a string of blind men, each holding the skirt of the man before him, reaching far out of sight, but all moving without the least deviation in one strait line. It would be naturally taken for granted, that

there was a guide at the head of the file: what if it were answered, No! Sir, the men are without number, and infinite blindness supplies the place of sight?

Equally *inconceivable* is a cycle of equal truths without a common and central principle, which prescribes to each its proper sphere in the system of science. That the absurdity does not so immediately strike us, that it does not seem equally *unimaginable*, is owing to a surreptitious act of the imagination, which, instinctively and without our noticing the same, not only fills up the intervening spaces, and contemplates the *cycle* (of B. C. D. E. F. &c.) as a continuous *circle* (A.) giving to all collectively the unity of their common orbit; but likewise supplies, by a sort of *subintelligitur*, the one central power, which renders the movement harmonious and cyclical.

THESIS III.

We are to seek therefore for some absolute truth capable of communicating to other positions a certainty, which it has not itself borrowed; a truth self-grounded, unconditional and known by its own light. In short, we have to find a somewhat which *is*, simply because it *is*. In order to be such, it must be one which is its own predicate, so far at least that all other nominal predicates must be modes and repetitions of itself. Its existence too must be such, as to preclude the possibility of requiring a cause or antecedent without an absurdity.

THESIS IV.

That there can be but one such principle, may be proved a priori; for were there two or more, each must refer to some other, by which its equality is affirmed; consequently neither would be self-established, as the hypothesis demands. And a posteriori, it will be proved by the principle itself when it is discovered, as involving universal antecedents in its very conception.

SCHOLIUM. If we affirm of a board that it is blue, the predicate (blue) is accidental, and not implied in the subject, board. If we affirm of a circle that it is equi-radial, the predicate indeed is implied in the definition of the subject; but the existence of the subject itself is contingent, and supposes both a cause and a percipient. The same reasoning will apply to the indefinite number of supposed indemonstrable truths exempted from the prophane approach of philosophic investigation by the amiable Beattie, and other less eloquent and not more profound inaugurators of common sense on the throne of philosophy; a fruitless attempt, were it only that it is the two-fold function of philosophy to reconcile reason with common sense, and to elevate common sense into reason.

THESIS V.

Such a principle cannot be any THING or OBJECT. Each thing is what it is in consequence of some other thing. An infinite, independent * *thing*, is no less a contradiction, than an infinite circle or a sideless triangle. Besides a thing is that, which is capable of being an object of which itself is not the sole percipient. But an object is inconceivable without a subject as its antithesis. Omne perceptum percipientem supponit.

But neither can the principle be found in a subject as a subject, contra-distinguished from an object: for unicuique percipienti aliquid objicitur perceptum. It is to be found therefore neither in object nor subject taken separately, and consequently, as no other third is conceivable, it must be found in that which is neither subject nor object exclusively, but which is the identity of both.

* The impossibility of an absolute thing (substantia unica) as neither genus, species, nor individuum: as well as its utter unfitness for the fundamental position of a philosophic system, will be demonstrated in the critique on Spinozism in the fifth treatise of my Logosophia.

THESIS VI.

This principle, and so characterised, manifests itself in the SUM or I AM; which I shall hereafter indiscriminately express by the words spirit, self, and self-consciousness. In this, and in this alone, object and subject, being and knowing are identical, each involving, and supposing the other. In other words, it is a subject which becomes a subject by the act of constructing itself objectively to itself; but which never is an object except for itself, and only so far as by the very same act it becomes a subject. It may be described therefore as a perpetual self-duplication of one and the same power into object and subject, which presuppose each other, and can exist only as antitheses.

SCHOLIUM. If a man be asked how he *knows* that he is? he can only answer, sum quia sum. But if (the absoluteness of this certainty having been admitted) he be again asked, how he, the individual person, came to be, then in relation to the ground of his *existence*, not to the ground of his *knowledge* of that existence, he might reply, sum quia Deus est, or still more philosophically, sum quia in Deo sum.

But if we elevate our conception to the absolute self, the great eternal I AM, then the principle of being, and of knowledge, of idea, and of reality; the ground of existence, and the ground of the knowledge of existence, are absolutely identical, Sum quia sum; * I am, because I affirm myself to be; I affirm myself to be, because I am.

* It is most worthy of notice, that in the first revelation of himself, not confined to individuals; indeed in the very first revelation of his absolute being, Jehovah at the same time revealed the fundamental truth of all philosophy, which must either commence with the absolute, or have no fixed commencement; that is, cease to be philosophy. I cannot but express my regret, that in the equivocal use of the word *that*, for *in that*, or *because*, our admirable version has rendered the passage susceptible of a degraded interpretation in the mind of common readers or hearers, as if it were a mere reproof to

THESIS VII.

If then I know myself only through myself, it is contradictory to require any other predicate of self, but that of self-consciousness. Only in the self-consciousness of a spirit is there the required identity of object and of representation; for herein consists the essence of a spirit, that it is self-representative. If therefore this be the one only immediate truth, in the certainty of which the reality of our collective knowledge is grounded, it must follow that the spirit in all the objects which it views, views only itself. If this could be proved, the immediate reality of all intuitive knowledge would be assured. It has been shown, that a spirit is that, which is its own object, yet not originally an object, but an absolute subject for which all, itself included, may become an object. It must therefore be an ACT; for

an impertinent question, I am what I am, which might be equally affirmed of himself by any existent being.

The Cartesian Cogito, ergo sum is objectionable, because either the Cogito is used extra Gradum, and then it is involved in the sum and is tautological; or it is taken as a particular mode or dignity, and then it is subordinated to the sum as the species to the genus, or rather as a particular modification to the subject modified; and not pre-ordinated as the arguments seem to require. For Cogito is Sum Cogitans. This is clear by the inevidence of the converse. Cogitat, ergo est is true, because it is a mere application of the logical rule: Quicquid in genere est, est et in specie. Est (cogitans), ergo est. It is a cherry tree; therefore it is a tree. But, est ergo cogitat, is illogical: for quod est in specie, non *necessario* in genere est. It may be true—I hold it to be true, that quicquid vere est, est per veram sui affirmationem; but it is a derivative, not an immediate truth. Here then we have, by anticipation, the distinction between the conditional finite I (which, as known in distinct consciousness by occasion of experience, is called by Kant's followers the empirical I) and the absolute I AM, and likewise the dependence or rather the inherence of the former in the latter; in whom "we live, and move, and have our being," as St. Paul divinely asserts, differing widely from the Theists of the mechanic school (as Sir J. Newton, Locke, &c.) who must say from *whom* we *had* our being, and with it life and the powers of life.

every object is, as an *object*, dead, fixed, incapable in itself of any action, and necessarily finite. Again the spirit (originally the identity of object and subject) must in some sense dissolve this identity, in order to be conscious of it: fit alter et idem. But this implies an act, and it follows therefore that intelligence or self-consciousness is impossible, except by and in a will. The self-conscious spirit therefore is a will; and freedom must be assumed as a *ground* of philosophy, and can never be deduced from it.

THESIS VIII.

Whatever in its origin is objective, is likewise as such necessarily finite. Therefore, since the spirit is not originally an object, and as the subject exists in antithesis to an object, the spirit cannot originally be finite. But neither can it be a subject without becoming an object, and, as it is originally the identity of both, it can be conceived neither as infinite nor finite exclusively, but as the most original union of both. In the existence, in the reconciling, and the recurrence of this contradiction consists the process and mystery of production and life.

THESIS IX.

This principium commune essendi et cognoscendi, as subsisting in a WILL, or primary ACT of self-duplication, is the mediate or indirect principle of every science; but it is the immediate and direct principle of the ultimate science alone, i.e. of transcendental philosophy alone. For it must be remembered, that all these Theses refer solely to one of the two Polar Sciences, namely, to that which commences with, and rigidly confines itself within, the subjective, leaving the objective (as far as it is exclusively objective) to natural philosophy, which is its opposite pole. In its very idea therefore as a systematic knowledge of our collective KNOWING, (scientia scientiæ) it involves the necessity of some one

highest principle of knowing, as at once the source and accompanying form in all particular acts of intellect and perception. This, it has been shown, can be found only in the act and evolution of self-consciousness. We are not investigating an absolute principium essendi; for then, I admit, many valid objections might be started against our theory; but an absolute principium cognoscendi. The result of both the sciences, or their equatorial point, would be the principle of a total and undivided philosophy, as, for prudential reasons, I have chosen to anticipate in the Scholium to Thesis VI. and the note subjoined. In other words, philosophy would pass into religion, and religion become inclusive of philosophy. We begin with the I KNOW MYSELF, in order to end with the absolute I AM. We proceed from the SELF, in order to lose and find all self in GOD.

THESIS X.

The transcendental philosopher does not inquire, what ultimate ground of our knowledge there may lie out of our knowing, but what is the last in our knowing itself, beyond which *we* cannot pass. The principle of our knowing is sought within the sphere of our knowing. It must be something therefore, which can itself be known. It is asserted only, that the act of self-consciousness is for *us* the source and principle of all *our* possible knowledge. Whether abstracted from us there exists any thing higher and beyond this primary self-knowing, which is for us the form of all our knowing, must be decided by the result.

That the self-consciousness is the fixt point, to which for *us* all is morticed and annexed, needs no further proof. But that the self-consciousness may be the modification of a higher form of being, perhaps of a higher consciousness, and this again of a yet higher, and so on in an infinite regressus; in short, that self-consciousness may be itself something explicable into something, which must lie beyond the

possibility of our knowledge, because the whole synthesis of our intelligence is first formed in and through the self-consciousness, does not at all concern us as transcendental philosophers. For to us, self-consciousness is not a kind of *being*, but a kind of *knowing*, and that too the highest and farthest that exists for *us*. It may however be shown, and has in part already been shown in pages 175–176, that even when the Objective is assumed as the first, we yet can never pass beyond the principle of self-consciousness. Should we attempt it, we must be driven back from ground to ground, each of which would cease to be a Ground the moment we pressed on it. We must be whirl'd down the gulf of an infinite series. But this would make our reason baffle the end and purpose of all reason, namely, unity and system. Or we must break off the series arbitrarily, and affirm an absolute something that is in and of itself at once cause and effect (*causa sui*), subject and object, or rather the absolute identity of both. But as this is inconceivable, except in a self-consciousness, it follows, that even as natural philosophers we must arrive at the same principle from which as transcendental philosophers we set out ; that is, in a self-consciousness in which the principium essendi does not stand to the principium cognoscendi in the relation of cause to effect, but both the one and the other are co-inherent and identical. Thus the true system of natural philosophy places the sole reality of things in an ABSOLUTE, which is at once causa sui et effectus, πατὴρ αὐτοπάτωρ, υἱὸς ἑαυτοῦ—in the absolute identity of subject and object, which it calls nature, and which in its highest power is nothing else than self-conscious will or intelligence. In this sense the position of Malbranche, that we see all things in God, is a strict philosophical truth ; and equally true is the assertion of Hobbs, of Hartley, and of their masters in ancient Greece, that all real knowledge supposes a prior sensation. For sensation itself is but vision nascent, not the cause of intelli-

gence, but intelligence itself revealed as an earlier power in the process of self-construction.

Μάκαρ, ἵλαθί μοι·
Πάτερ, ἵλαθί μοι
Εἰ παρὰ κόσμον,
Εἰ παρὰ μοῖραν
Τῶν σῶν ἔθιγον!

Bearing then this in mind, that intelligence is a self-developement, not a quality supervening to a substance, we may abstract from all *degree*, and for the purpose of philosophic construction reduce it to *kind*, under the idea of an indestructible power with two opposite and counteracting forces, which by a metaphor borrowed from astronomy, we may call the centrifugal and centripetal forces. The intelligence in the one tends to *objectize* itself, and in the other to *know* itself in the object. It will be hereafter my business to construct by a series of intuitions the progressive schemes, that must follow from such a power with such forces, till I arrive at the fulness of the *human* intelligence. For my present purpose, I *assume* such a power as my principle, in order to deduce from it a faculty, the generation, agency, and application of which form the contents of the ensuing chapter.

In a preceding page I have justified the use of technical terms in philosophy, whenever they tend to preclude confusion of thought, and when they assist the memory by the exclusive singleness of their meaning more than they may, for a short time, bewilder the attention by their strangeness. I trust, that I have not extended this privilege beyond the grounds on which I have claimed it; namely, the conveniency of the scholastic phrase to distinguish the kind from all degrees, or rather to express the kind with the abstraction of degree, as for instance multeity instead of multitude; or secondly, for the sake of correspondence in sound in interdependent or antithetical terms, as subject

and object; or lastly, to avoid the wearying recurrence of circumlocutions and definitions. Thus I shall venture to use potence, in order to express a specific degree of a power, in imitation of the Algebraists. I have even hazarded the new verb potenziate, with its derivatives, in order to express the combination or transfer of powers. It is with new of unusual terms, as with privileges in courts of justice or legislature; there can be no legitimate *privilege*, where there already exists a positive law adequate to the purpose; and when there is no law in existence, the privilege is to be justified by its accordance with the end, or final cause, of all law. Unusual and new coined words are doubtless an evil; but vagueness, confusion, and imperfect conveyance of our thoughts, are a far greater. Every system, which is under the necessity of using terms not familiarized by the metaphysicks in fashion, will be described as written in an unintelligible style, and the author must expect the charge of having substituted learned jargon for clear conception; while, according to the creed of our modern philosophers, nothing is deemed a clear conception, but what is representable by a distinct image. Thus the *conceivable* is reduced within the bounds of the *picturable*. Hinc patet, quî fiat, ut *cum irrepræsentabile* et *impossibile* vulgo ejusdem significatûs habeantur, conceptus tam *Continui*, quam *Infiniti*, a plurimis rejiciantur, quippe quorum, *secundum leges cognitionis intuitivæ*, repræsentatio est impossibilis. Quanquam autem harum e non paucis scholis explosarum notionum, præsertim prioris, causam hic non gero, maximi tamen momenti erit monuisse: gravissimo illo errore labi, qui tam perversâ argumentandi ratione utuntur. Quicquid enim *repugnat* legibus intellectus et rationis, utique est impossibile; quod autem, cum rationis puræ sit objectum, legibus cognitionis intuitivæ tantummodo *non subest*, non item. Nam hic dissensus inter facultatem *sensitivam* et *intellectualem*, (quarum indolem mox exponam,) nihil indigitat, nisi, *quas*

mens ab intellectu acceptas fert ideas abstractas, illas in concreto exsequi et in Intuitus commutare sæpenumero non posse. Hæc autem reluctantia *subjectiva* mentitur, ut plurimum, repugnantiam aliquam *objectivam*, et incautos facile fallit, limitibus, quibus *mens humana* circumscribitur, pro iis habitis, quibus *ipsa rerum essentia* continetur.*—*Kant, de Mundi Sensibilis et Intelligibilis forma et principiis*, 1770.

Critics, who are most ready to bring this charge of pedantry and unintelligibility, are the most apt to overlook the im-

* TRANSLATION.

"Hence it is clear, from what cause many reject the notion of the continuous and the infinite. They take, namely, the words irrepresentable and impossible in one and the same meaning; and, according to the forms of sensuous evidence, the notion of the continuous and the infinite is doubtless impossible. I am not now pleading the cause of these laws, which not a few schools have thought proper to explode, especially the former (the law of continuity). But it is of the highest importance to admonish the reader, that those, who adopt so perverted a mode of reasoning, are under a grievous error. Whatever opposes the formal principles of the understanding and the reason is confessedly impossible; but not therefore that, which is therefore not amenable to the forms of *sensuous* evidence, because it is exclusively an object of pure intellect. For this non-coincidence of the sensuous and the intellectual (the nature of which I shall presently lay open) proves nothing more, but that the mind cannot always adequately represent in the concrete, and transform into distinct images, abstract notions derived from the pure intellect. But this contradiction, which is in itself merely subjective (i. e. an incapacity in the nature of man), too often passes for an incongruity or impossibility in the object (i. e. the notions themselves), and seduces the incautious to mistake the limitations of the human faculties for the limits of things, as they really exist."

I take this occasion to observe, that here and elsewhere Kant uses the term intuition, and the verb active (Intueri, *germanice* Auschauen) for which we have unfortunately no correspondent word, exclusively for that which can be represented in space and time. He therefore consistently and rightly denies the possibility of intellectual intuitions. But as I see no adequate reason for this exclusive sense of the term, I have reverted to its wider signification, authorized by our elder theologians and metaphysicians, according to whom the term comprehends all truths known to us without a medium.

portant fact, that, besides the language of words, there is a language of spirits (sermo interior) and that the former is only the vehicle of the latter. Consequently their assurance, that they do not understand the philosophic writer, instead of proving any thing against the philosophy, may furnish an equal, and (cæteris paribus) even a stronger presumption against their own philosophic talent.

Great indeed are the obstacles which an English metaphysician has to encounter. Amongst his most respectable and intelligent judges, there will be many who have devoted their attention exclusively to the concerns and interests of human life, and who bring with them to the perusal of a philosophic system an habitual aversion to all speculations, the utility and application of which are not evident and immediate. To these I would in the first instance merely oppose an authority, which they themselves hold venerable, that of Lord Bacon: non inutiles scientiæ existimandæ sunt, quarum in se nullus est usus, si ingenia acuant et ordinent.

There are others, whose prejudices are still more formidable, inasmuch as they are grounded in their moral feelings and religious principles, which had been alarmed and shocked by the impious and pernicious tenets defended by Hume, Priestley, and the French fatalists or necessitarians; some of whom had perverted metaphysical reasonings to the denial of the mysteries and indeed of all the peculiar doctrines of Christianity; and others even to the subversion of all distinction between right and wrong. I would request such men to consider what an eminent and successful defender of the Christian faith has observed, that true metaphysics are nothing else but true divinity, and that in fact the writers, who have given them such just offence, were sophists, who had taken advantage of the general neglect into which the science of logic has unhappily fallen, rather than metaphysicians, a name indeed which those writers were the first to explode as unmeaning. Secondly, I would remind

them, that as long as there are men in the world to whom the Γνῶθι σεαυτόν is an instinct and a command from their own nature, so long will there be metaphysicians and metaphysical speculations; that false metaphysics can be effectually counteracted by true metaphysics alone; and that if the reasoning be clear, solid, and pertinent, the truth deduced can never be the less valuable on account of the depth from which it may have been drawn.

A third class profess themselves friendly to metaphysics, and believe that they are themselves metaphysicians. They have no objection to system or terminology, provided it be the method and the nomenclature to which they have been familiarized in the writings of Locke, Hume, Hartley, Condillac, or perhaps Dr. Reid, and Professor Stewart. To objections from this cause, it is a sufficient answer, that one main object of my attempt was to demonstrate the vagueness or insufficiency of the terms used in the metaphysical schools of France and Great Britain since the revolution, and that the errors which I propose to attack cannot subsist, except as they are concealed behind the mask of a plausible and indefinite nomenclature.

But the worst and widest impediment still remains. It is the predominance of a popular philosophy, at once the counterfeit and the mortal enemy of all true and manly metaphysical research. It is that corruption, introduced by certain immethodical aphorisming Eclectics, who, dismissing not only all system, but all logical connection, pick and choose whatever is most plausible and showy; who select, whatever words can have some semblance of sense attached to them without the least expenditure of thought; in short whatever may enable men to talk of what they do not understand, with a careful avoidance of every thing that might awaken them to a moment's suspicion of their ignorance. This alas! is an irremediable disease, for it brings with it, not so much an indisposition to any par-

ticular system, but an utter loss of taste and faculty for all system and for all philosophy. Like echoes that beget each other amongst the mountains, the praise or blame of such men rolls in vollies long after the report from the original blunderbuss. Sequacitas est potius et coitio quam consensus: et tamen (quod pessimum est) pusillanimitas ista non sine arrogantiâ et fastidio se offert. *Novum Organum.*

I shall now proceed to the nature and genesis of the imagination; but I must first take leave to notice, that after a more accurate perusal of Mr. Wordsworth's remarks on the imagination, in his preface to the new edition of his poems, I find that my conclusions are not so consentient with his as, I confess, I had taken for granted. In an article contributed by me to Mr. Southey's Omniana, on the soul and its organs of sense, are the following sentences. "These (the human faculties) I would arrange under the different senses and powers: as the eye, the ear, the touch, &c.; the imitative power, voluntary and automatic; the imagination, or shaping and modifying power; the fancy, or the aggregative and associative power; the understanding, or the regulative, substantiating and realizing power; the speculative reason, vis theoretica et scientifica, or the power by which we produce or aim to produce unity, necessity, and universality in all our knowledge by means of principles a priori; * the will, or practical reason; the faculty of choice (*Germanice*, Willkür) and (distinct both

* This phrase, *a priori*, is in common, most grossly misunderstood, and an absurdity burdened on it, which it does not deserve. By knowledge, *a priori*, we do not mean, that we can know anything previously to experience, which would be a contradiction in terms; but that having once known it by occasion of experience (that is, something acting upon us from without) we then know, that it must have pre-existed, or the experience itself would have been impossible. By experience only I know, that I have eyes; but then my reason convinces me, that I must have had eyes in order to the experience.

from the moral will and the choice,) the *sensation* of volition, which I have found reason to include under the head of single and double touch." To this, as far as it relates to the subject in question, namely the words (*the aggregative and associative power*) Mr. Wordsworth's "only objection is that the definition is too general. To aggregate and to associate, to evoke and to combine, belong as well to the imagination as to the fancy." I reply, that if, by the power of evoking and combining, Mr. Wordsworth means the same as, and no more than, I meant by the aggregative and associative, I continue to deny, that it belongs at all to the imagination; and I am disposed to conjecture, that he has mistaken the co-presence of fancy with imagination for the operation of the latter singly. A man may work with two very different tools at the same moment; each has its share in the work, but the work effected by each is distinct and different. But it will probably appear in the next Chapter, that deeming it necessary to go back much further than Mr. Wordsworth's subject required or permitted, I have attached a meaning to both fancy and imagination, which he had not in view, at least while he was writing that preface. He will judge. Would to Heaven, I might meet with many such readers. I will conclude with the words of Bishop Jeremy Taylor: he to whom all things are one, who draweth all things to one, and seeth all things in one, may enjoy true peace and rest of spirit. (*J. Taylor's* VIA PACIS).

CHAPTER XIII

On the imagination, or esemplastic power.

O Adam, One Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return,
If not depraved from good: created all
Such to perfection, one first nature all,
Indued with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and, in things that live, of life;
But more refin'd, more spirituous and pure,
As nearer to him plac'd, or nearer tending,
Each in their several active spheres assign'd,
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
More airy: last the bright consummate flower
Spirits odorous breathes. Flowers and their fruit,
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd,
To *vital* spirits aspire: to *animal*:
To *intellectual*!—give both life and sense,
Fancy and understanding; whence the soul
REASON receives, and reason is her *being*,
Discursive or intuitive. PAR. LOST. b. V.

"Sane si res corporales nil nisi materiale continerent, verissime dicerentur in fluxu consistere neque habere substantiale quicquam, quemadmodum et Platonici olim recte agnovere.—Hinc igitur, præter purè mathematica et phantasiæ subjecta, collegi quædam metaphysica solâque mente perceptibilia, esse admittenda: et massæ materiali *principium* quoddam superius et, ut sic dicam, *formale* addendum: quandoquidem omnes veritates rerum corporearum ex solis axiomatibus logisticis et geometricis, nempe de magno et parvo, toto et parte, figura et situ, colligi non possint; sed alia de causa et effectu, *actioneque* et *passione*, accedere debeant, quibus ordinis rerum rationes salventur. Id principium rerum, an ἐντελεχείαν an vim appellemus, non refert, modò meminerimus, per solam *Virium* notionem intelligibiliter explicari."

LEIBNITZ: *Op.* T. II. P. II. *p.* 53—T. III. *p.* 321.

Σέβομαι Νοερῶν
Κρυφίαν τάξιν·
Χώρει ΤΙ ΜΕΣΟΝ
Οὐ καταχυθέν. SYNESII *Hymn. III. l. 231.*

DES CARTES, speaking as a naturalist, and in imitation of Archimedes, said, give me matter and motion and I will con-

struct you the universe. We must of course understand him to have meant: I will render the construction of the universe intelligible. In the same sense the transcendental philosopher says; grant me a nature having two contrary forces, the one of which tends to expand infinitely, while the other strives to apprehend or *find* itself in this infinity, and I will cause the world of intelligences with the whole system of their representations to rise up before you. Every other science presupposes intelligence as already existing and complete: the philosopher contemplates it in its growth, and as it were represents its history to the mind from its birth to its maturity.

The venerable Sage of Koenigsberg has preceded the march of this master-thought as an effective pioneer in his essay on the introduction of negative quantities into philosophy, published 1763. In this he has shown, that instead of assailing the science of mathematics by metaphysics, as Berkeley did in his Analyst, or of sophisticating it, as Wolf did, by the vain attempt of deducing the first principles of geometry from supposed deeper grounds of ontology, it behoved the metaphysician rather to examine whether the only province of knowledge, which man has succeeded in erecting into a pure science, might not furnish materials, or at least hints, for establishing and pacifying the unsettled, warring, and embroiled domain of philosophy. An imitation of the mathematical *method* had indeed been attempted with no better success than attended the essay of David to wear the armour of Saul. Another use however is possible and of far greater promise, namely, the actual application of the positions which had so wonderfully enlarged the discoveries of geometry, mutatis mutandis, to philosophical subjects. Kant having briefly illustrated the utility of such an attempt in the questions of space, motion, and infinitely small quantities, as employed by the mathematician, proceeds to the idea of negative quantities and the transfer of them to

metaphysical investigation. Opposites, he well observes, are of two kinds, either logical, that is, such as are absolutely incompatible; or real, without being contradictory. The former he denominates Nihil negativum irrepræsentabile, the connection of which produces nonsense. A body in motion is something—Aliquid cogitabile; but a body, at one and the same time in motion and not in motion, is nothing, or, at most, air articulated into nonsense. But a motory force of a body in one direction, and an equal force of the same body in an opposite direction is not incompatible, and the result, namely, rest, is real and representable. For the purposes of mathematical calculus it is indifferent which force we term negative, and which positive, and consequently we appropriate the latter to that, which happens to be the principal object in our thoughts. Thus if a man's capital be ten and his debts eight, the subtraction will be the same, whether we call the capital negative debt, or the debt negative capital. But in as much as the latter stands practically in reference to the former, we of course represent the sum as 10–8. It is equally clear that two equal forces acting in opposite directions, both being finite and each distinguished from the other by its direction only, must neutralize or reduce each other to inaction. Now the transcendental philosophy demands; first, that two forces should be conceived which counteract each other by their essential nature; not only not in consequence of the accidental direction of each, but as prior to all direction, nay, as the primary forces from which the conditions of all possible directions are derivative and deducible: secondly, that these forces should be assumed to be both alike infinite, both alike indestructible. The problem will then be to discover the result or product of two such forces, as distinguished from the result of those forces which are finite, and derive their difference solely from the circumstance of their direction. When we have formed a scheme or outline of these two different kinds

of force, and of their different results by the process of discursive reasoning, it will then remain for us to elevate the Thesis from notional to actual, by contemplating intuitively this one power with its two inherent indestructible yet counteracting forces, and the results or generations to which their inter-penetration gives existence, in the living principle and in the process of our own self-consciousness. By what instrument this is possible the solution itself will discover, at the same time that it will reveal to and for whom it is possible. Non omnia possumus omnes. There is a philosophic no less than a poetic genius, which is differenced from the highest perfection of talent, not by degree but by kind.

The counteraction then of the two assumed forces does not depend on their meeting from opposite directions; the power which acts in them is indestructible; it is therefore inexhaustibly re-ebullient; and as something must be the result of these two forces, both alike infinite, and both alike indestructible; and as rest or neutralization cannot be this result; no other conception is possible, but that the product must be a tertium aliquid, or finite generation. Consequently this conception is necessary. Now this tertium aliquid can be no other than an inter-penetration of the counteracting powers, partaking of both.

* * * * * *

Thus far had the work been transcribed for the press, when I received the following letter from a friend, whose practical judgement I have had ample reason to estimate and revere, and whose taste and sensibility preclude all the excuses which my self-love might possibly have prompted me to set up in plea against the decision of advisers of equal good sense, but with less tact and feeling.

Dear C.

"*You ask my opinion concerning your Chapter on the Imagination, both as to the impressions it made on myself, and*

as to those which I think it will make on the PUBLIC, *i.e. that part of the public, who, from the title of the work and from its forming a sort of introduction to a volume of poems, are likely to constitute the great majority of your readers.*

"*As to myself, and stating in the first place the effect on my* understanding, *your opinions and method of argument were not only so* new *to me, but so directly the reverse of all I had ever been accustomed to consider as truth, that even if I had comprehended your premises sufficiently to have admitted them, and had seen the necessity of your conclusions, I should still have been in that state of mind, which in your note p.* 52, 53. *you have so ingeniously evolved, as the antithesis to that in which a man is, when he makes a* bull. *In your own words, I should have felt as if I had been standing on my head.*

"*The effect on my* feelings, *on the other hand, I cannot better represent, than by supposing myself to have known only our light airy modern chapels of ease, and then for the first time to have been placed, and left alone, in one of our largest Gothic cathedrals in a gusty moonlight night of autumn.* "*Now in glimmer, and now in gloom ;*" *often in palpable darkness not without a chilly sensation of terror ; then suddenly emerging into broad yet visionary lights with coloured shadows of fantastic shapes, yet all decked with holy insignia and mystic symbols ; and ever and anon coming out full upon pictures and stone-work images of great men, with whose* names *I was familiar, but which looked upon me with countenances and an expression, the most dissimilar to all I had been in the habit of connecting with those names. Those whom I had been taught to venerate as almost super-human in magnitude of intellect, I found perched in little fret-work niches, as grotesque dwarfs ; while the grotesques, in my hitherto belief, stood guarding the high altar with all the characters of Apotheosis. In short, what I had supposed substances were thinned away into shadows, while everywhere shadows were deepened into substances :*

'If substance may be call'd what shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either!' MILTON.

"*Yet after all, I could not but repeat the lines which you had quoted from a MS. poem of your own in the* FRIEND, *and applied to a work of Mr. Wordsworth's though with a few of the words altered:*

"————An orphic tale indeed,
A tale *obscure* of high and passionate thoughts
To *a strange* music chaunted!"

"*Be assured, however, that I look forward anxiously to your great book on the* CONSTRUCTIVE PHILOSOPHY, *which you have promised and announced: and that I will do my best to understand it. Only I will not promise to descend into the dark cave of Trophonius with you, there to rub my own eyes, in order to* make *the sparks and figured flashes, which I am required to see.*

"*So much for myself. But as for the* PUBLIC, *I do not hesitate a moment in advising and urging you to withdraw the Chapter from the present work, and to reserve it for your announced treatises on the Logos or communicative intellect in Man and Deity. First, because, imperfectly as I understand the present Chapter, I see clearly that you have done too much, and yet not enough. You have been obliged to omit so many links, from the necessity of compression, that what remains, looks (if I may recur to my former illustration) like the fragments of the winding steps of an old ruined tower. Secondly, a still stronger argument (at least one that I am sure will be more forcible with you) is, that your readers will have both right and reason to complain of you. This Chapter, which cannot, when it is printed, amount to so little as an hundred pages, will of necessity greatly increase the expense of the work; and every reader who, like myself, is neither prepared nor perhaps calculated for the study of so abstruse a subject so abstrusely treated, will, as I have before hinted, be almost entitled to accuse you of a sort of imposition on him. For*

who, he might truly observe, could from your title-page, viz. "**My Literary Life and Opinions,**" *published too as introductory to a volume of miscellaneous poems, have anticipated, or even conjectured, a long treatise on ideal Realism which holds the same relation in abstruseness to Plotinus, as Plotinus does to Plato. It will be well, if already you have not too much of metaphysical disquisition in your work, though as the larger part of the disquisition is historical, it will doubtless be both interesting and instructive to many to whose* unprepared *minds your speculations on the esemplastic power would be utterly unintelligible. Be assured, if you do publish this Chapter in the present work, you will be reminded of Bishop Berkley's Siris, announced as an Essay on Tar-water, which beginning with Tar ends with the Trinity, the omne scibile forming the interspace. I say in the* present *work. In that greater work to which you have devoted so many years, and study so intense and various, it will be in its proper place. Your prospectus will have described and announced both its contents and their nature; and if any persons purchase it, who feel no interest in the subjects of which it treats, they will have themselves only to blame.*

"*I could add to these arguments one derived from pecuniary motives, and particularly from the probable effects on the* sale *of your present publication; but they would weigh little with you compared with the preceding. Besides, I have long observed, that arguments drawn from your own personal interests more often act on you as narcotics than as stimulants, and that in money concerns you have some small portion of pig-nature in your moral idiosyncracy, and, like these amiable creatures, must occasionally be pulled backward from the boat in order to make you enter it. All success attend you, for if hard thinking and hard reading are merits, you have deserved it.*

Your affectionate, &c."

In consequence of this very judicious letter, which produced complete conviction on my mind, I shall content

myself for the present with stating the main result of the Chapter, which I have reserved for that future publication, a detailed prospectus of which the reader will find at the close of the second volume.

The IMAGINATION then, I consider either as primary, or secondary. The primary IMAGINATION I hold to be the living Power and prime Agent of all human Perception, and as a repetition in the finite mind of the eternal act of creation in the infinite I AM. The secondary Imagination I consider as an echo of the former, co-existing with the conscious will, yet still as identical with the primary in the *kind* of its agency, and differing only in *degree*, and in the *mode* of its operation. It dissolves, diffuses, dissipates, in order to re-create ; or where this process is rendered impossible, yet still at all events it struggles to idealize and to unify. It is essentially *vital*, even as all objects (*as* objects) are essentially fixed and dead.

FANCY, on the contrary, has no other counters to play with, but fixities and definites. The Fancy is indeed no other than a mode of Memory emancipated from the order of time and space ; while it is blended with, and modified by that empirical phenomenon of the will, which we express by the word CHOICE. But equally with the ordinary memory the Fancy must receive all its materials ready made from the law of association.

Whatever more than this, I shall think it fit to declare concerning the powers and privileges of the imagination in the present work, will be found in the critical essay on the uses of the Supernatural in poetry, and the principles that regulate its introduction : which the reader will find prefixed to the poem of **The Ancient Mariner.**

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

NOTES TO VOL. I

In the notes the following abbreviations have been adopted :—

Poet. Works = The Poetical Works of S. T. Coleridge. Edited by J. Dykes Campbell. (Macmillan, 1905.)

Life = Samuel Taylor Coleridge : a narrative of the events of his life. By J. Dykes Campbell. (Macmillan, 1896.)

Letters = Letters of S. T. Coleridge. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. (Heinemann, 1895.)

Lectures = Lectures and Notes on Shakespeare. Edited by T. Ashe. (Bohn's Library, 1902.)

Miscellanies = Miscellanies, Aesthetic and Literary. Edited by T. Ashe. (Bohn's Library, 1892.)

A. P. = Anima Poetae : from the unpublished notebooks of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. (Heinemann, 1895.)

L. B. = Lyrical Ballads. Edited by G. Sampson. (1903.)

T. T. = Coleridge's Table-Talk. Edited by H. N. Coleridge. The references are given under the dates.

O. W. = The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth. Edited by Thomas Hutchinson. (Oxford Edition, Henry Frowde, 1904.)

Biog. Lit. 1847 = Biographia Literaria, &c. : Second Edition, prepared in part by H. N. Coleridge, completed and published by his widow. 2 vols. (1847.)

Biog. Lit. = The present edition of the Biographia Literaria and the Aesthetical Essays.

The references to Schelling are taken from the 1858 edition of his works, and those to Kant from the 1867 edition (by Hartenstein).

BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA

CHAPTER I

PAGE **1** l. 1. This opening paragraph was probably written when the greater part of the book was already complete. See Supplementary Note to Introduction.

PAGE **2** l. 3. *In 1794*. The actual date was the spring of 1796. The volume was entitled 'Poems upon Various Subjects: London: Printed for C. G. and J. Robinson; and J. Cottle, Bookseller, Bristol.' Of these poems the best known are *Religious*

Musings, the *Monody on the Death of Chatterton*, and the poem afterwards named *The Aeolian Harp*. Lamb contributed several sonnets, and Southey part of one sonnet, to this volume.

8. *The critics of that day.* In a letter to Estlin of this year (1796) Coleridge writes: 'The Reviews have been wonderful. The *Monthly* has cataracted panegyric on my poems, the *Critical* has cascaded it, and the *Analytical* has dribbled it with very tolerable civility.' The critic of the *Analytical Review* was apparently the only one who commented on the 'compound epithets, through which' (as he wrote) 'the language becomes sometimes turgid'. The *Monthly Review*, while according high praise to the poems, reprimands the author for being often 'uncouth, obscure, and verging to extravagance'; while the *Monthly Magazine* remarks that the poems 'though neglectfully composed, discover the true character of genius'. (See *Coleridge's Letters to the Rev. J. P. Estlin*, pub. by the Philobiblon Society, p. 21.)

11. *a profusion of new coined double epithets.* Coleridge's note implies that the use of double epithets is the sign of an immature style. But it is rather the quality than the quantity of such words that is affected by the ripening judgement of the poet. Thus no play of Shakespeare's contains so many double epithets as the *Troilus and Cressida*. And they are also characteristic (to take a more modern instance) of Keats's maturer work. But in both poets, and especially in Keats, the later examples are far more felicitous than the earlier. (See Keats's *Poems*, ed. E. de Sélincourt, App. C, p. 581.)

F.N. *Tanquam scopulum*, &c. See Gell. *Noct. Att.* i. 10. 4 '*Id quod a C. Caesare, excellentis ingenii ac prudentiae viro, in primo de analogia libro scriptum est; habe semper in memoria atque in pectore, ut* tanquam scopulum, sic fugias inauditum atque insolens verbum.' (*Caesar's Commentaries*, ed. Kübler, iii. 141.)

PAGE 3 l. 8. *In the after editions.* The second edition appeared in 1797. Some twenty of the poems contained in the first edition were omitted and ten new ones added, including the *Ode to the Departing Year* and *Reflections on leaving a place of Retirement.* To this edition was prefixed the dedication to Coleridge's brother George, which is full of autobiographical interest. Both Lamb and Lloyd contributed to this volume. It was reprinted in 1803, with the omission of Lloyd's poems.

9. *I pruned the double epithets with no sparing hand*, &c. In the whole of this sentence Coleridge is quoting almost word for word from the preface to the second edition, where he returns thanks to his reviewers for the assistance they have given him in discovering his 'poetic deficiencies'. A comparison of the two volumes, however, reveals that the 'pruning' process was not carried out so sternly as one is here led to suppose. Thus 'sorrow-shrivelled', deleted in the *Monody*, is *inserted* in the *Man of Ross*.

Such epithets as 'eye-startling', 'twy-streaming', 'sure-refuged', 'flower-caressing', are retained; and the number of actual omissions is small.

15. *From that period to the date of the present work I have published nothing*, &c. We must remember that Coleridge wrote these words in 1815, before the publication of *Christabel*, *Zapolya*, or the first *Lay Sermon*. But even so he has forgotten *Remorse*, which was published in 1813.

18. *the three or four poems printed with the works of a friend.* The *Lyrical Ballads*, to which Coleridge here alludes, were first published in 1798, and Coleridge contributed four poems—*The Rime of the Ancyent Marinere*; *The Nightingale, a Conversation Poem*; *The Foster-Mother's Tale*; and *The Dungeon*. The majority of the reviewers took all the poems to be the work of one writer. The critic of the *Monthly Review* expressed his regrets that he 'could not regard them as poetry'; the *Analytical Review*, on the other hand, infinitely preferred 'the simplicity of this volume to the meretricious frippery of the Darwinian taste'. None of them knew what to make of the *Ancient Mariner*; but it was the matter of this 'cock-and-bull story', rather than the manner, to which they took exception. The only comment of the *Monthly Magazine* upon the volume is to the effect that it is 'an attempt at the simplicity of the old writers'.

31. *the desire of giving a poetic colouring*, &c. Cp. his own description of his poetry to Thelwall (*Letters*, p. 197; Dec. 1796): 'My philosophical opinions are blended with or deduced from my feelings; and this, I think, peculiarizes my style of writing.'

PAGE 4 l. 10. *a very severe master.* Cp. Coleridge's account of 'his *one* just flogging' (*T. T.*, May 27, 1830); also Lamb's essay *Christ's Hospital five-and-thirty years ago*, and Coleridge's MS. note, *Brit. Mus. Add. MSS.* 34225.

11. *the preference of Homer and Theocritus to Virgil.* Coleridge retained his poor opinion of Virgil to the end of his life. Cp. *T. T.*, June 2, 1829. It was no doubt on similar grounds that he preferred, even in the matter of *style*, the prose writers of the seventeenth century to Addison and his contemporaries. (See *Miscellanies*, p. 175.)

PAGE 5 l. 16. *the Manchineel fruit.* Despite Boyer's teaching, Coleridge was tempted to introduce this simile in the dedication of the 1797 edition of his poems:—

> Some most false,
> False and fair-foliaged as the manchineel,
> Have tempted me to slumber in their shade
> E'en mid the storm; then breathing subtlest damps,
> Mixed their own venom with the rain from Heaven,
> That I woke poisoned.

See letter from Lamb to Coleridge (Ainger's *Lamb*, i. 83); and

cp. De Quincey (ed. Masson), xi. 378: 'Coleridge in his early days used the image of a man "sleeping under a manchineel tree" alternately with the case of Alexander killing Clytus as resources for illustration which Providence had bountifully made exhaustless in their application.'

PAGE 6 l. 35. *Ne falleretur*, &c. This passage may, as Sara Coleridge surmised, be Coleridge's own invention. At least I cannot discover any authority for the use of 'genuina' as a substantive; though 'genuinus' is so used.

PAGE 7 l. 26. *in whose halls are hung*
Armoury of the invincible knights of old.

Wordsworth, *Poems dedicated to Nat. Independ.*, &c., Sonnet xvi.

31. *Instead of storing the memory*, &c. Cp. *Lectures*, p. 160: 'We should address ourselves to those faculties in a child's mind, which are first awakened by nature, and consequently first admit of cultivation, that is to say, the memory and the imagination. The comparing power, the judgement, is not at that age active, and ought not to be forcibly exercised, as is too frequently done in the modern systems of education, which can only lead to selfish views, debtor and creditor principles of virtue, and an inflated sense of merit.'

PAGE 8 l. 9. *Neque enim debet.* Plin. *Ep.* I. xvi.

17. *the sonnets of Mr. Bowles.* The volume here referred to must be the second edition, published in 1789, and containing twenty-one sonnets.

20. *a schoolfellow who had quitted us for the University.* Middleton left Christ's Hospital for Cambridge in 1788. He renewed his friendship with Coleridge when the latter entered the University in October, 1791; but (unfortunately for Coleridge, who no doubt felt the loss of his influence) he left Cambridge in 1792. He was appointed the first Bishop of Calcutta in 1813, and held this position till his death in 1824.

25. *Qui laudibus amplis*, &c. From Petrarch's Latin Epistles, No. 7, *Barbato Subnonensi.* For *qui* the original reads *quae*; for *Dulcia, Regia.*

PAGE 9 l. 13. *the three or four following publications.* A fourth and a fifth edition of the sonnets of Bowles were published in 1796. Coleridge acknowledged his debt to Bowles in a sonnet printed in the *Morning Chronicle*, Dec. 26, 1794. 'To the Rev. W. L. Bowles' ('My heart has thanked thee, Bowles, for these soft strains'), of which a second version appeared in the 1796 edition of Coleridge's poems. In the introduction to a collection of Sonnets which he edited in 1796, Coleridge writes, 'Those sonnets appear to me the most exquisite in which moral sentiments are deduced from and associated with the scenery of Nature. They create a sweet

and indissoluble union between the intellectual and the material world. . . . Hence the sonnets of Bowles derive their marked superiority over all other sonnets.' By 1802 Coleridge had realized (especially in the later poems of Bowles) the deficiencies in this treatment of Nature. 'The poet's heart and intellect (he writes to Southey in that year) should be intimately combined and unified with the great appearances of Nature, and not held in solution and loose mixture with them, in the shape of formal similes.' But the process of disenchantment probably began some time before this. At the end of 1796 Bowles was still the 'god of his idolatry' (*Letters*, pp. 179, 196), but it is significant that Coleridge's project of dedicating the second edition (1797) of his poems to Bowles ('Coleridge, I love you for dedicating your poems to Bowles': *Lamb's Letters, ed. Ainger*, i. 46) was not carried out. The two poets met in 1797, and the meeting does not seem to have impressed Coleridge favourably (Cottle, *Rem.* p. 130). In 1816 Coleridge injured himself irreparably in Bowles's eyes by his corrections of his former idol's poems. He visited Bowles at Bremhill, and showed him these corrections, and also his remarks in the *Biog. Lit.* Bowles 'took the corrections, but never forgave the corrector' (Letter to Brabant, *Westm. Rev.*, July 1870, p. 21). For Bowles's influence on Coleridge the reader should compare the elder poet's sonnet 'To the Itchin' with Coleridge's 'To the River Otter' (*Life*, p. 18). Coleridge assimilated the faults as well as the excellences of his teacher, and was some time in getting rid of them. Four years later (1793) Wordsworth came across Bowles's sonnets for the first time, and found the same charm in them.

25. *At a very premature age.* Cp. the famous passage in Lamb's essay (*Christ's Hospital five-and-thirty years ago*), which is doubtless to some extent founded on fact. 'Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the dayspring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark column not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge—Logician, Metaphysician, Bard! How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still,' &c.

31. *two or three compositions.* The first version of the *Monody on the Death of Chatterton* was among Coleridge's schoolboy compositions (see *Poet. Works*, p. 8).

PAGE 10 l. 7. *Of providence, foreknowledge, will and fate*, &c. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 559-60.

14. *an accidental introduction to an amiable family.* This was the family of Mrs. Evans, whose acquaintance Coleridge probably made in 1788. His love for Mary Evans, her daughter, the first and only real passion of his life, does not seem to have declared itself until the end of 1790, a year after his introduction to Bowles's sonnets. Coleridge's intercourse with them ceased on his discovery in 1794 that Mary Evans did not return his love, and

with it ceased 'one of the most important crises of his life.' (*Life*, pp. 14-16, 40.)

22. *have sought refuge in abstruse researches.* Cp. 'Dejection', ll. 87-91:

> For not to think of what I needs must feel,
> But to be still and patient, all I can,
> And haply by abstruse research to steal
> From my own nature all the natural man,
> This was my sole resource, my only plan.

Cp. *Letters, &c., of S. T. Coleridge*, ed. by T. Allsop, 1836, ii. 136: 'My eloquence was most commonly excited by the desire of running away and hiding myself from my personal and inward feelings, *and not for the expression of them.*' And to W. Collins, in 1818, he writes (*Letters*, p. 694): 'Poetry is out of the question. The attempt would only hurry me into that sphere of acute feelings from which abstruse research, the mother of self-oblivion, presents an asylum.'

26. *a long and blessed interval.* Doubtless the years 1795-8, the most productive and probably the happiest period of Coleridge's life, when the troubles he had to contend with were as yet but

> as the stuff
> Whence fancy wove me dreams of happiness.

Cp. Hazlitt (*Spirit of the Age*, Coleridge): 'Poetry redeemed him from his spectral philosophy, and he bathed his heart in beauty.'

PAGE 11 l. 1. *the Lewsdon Hill of Mr. Crow.* First published at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1786. The poem is marked by the same merits and defects as the sonnets of Bowles. We have the same attitude to Nature, the same moralizing sentiment and uninspired reflection, which Coleridge subsequently condemned; and the same advance in the direction of a natural, as opposed to an artificial, simplicity. The following extract may serve as an example:—

> Thou nameless Rivulet, that from the side
> Of Lewsdon softly swelling, forth dost dip
> Adown the valley, wandering sportively,
> Alas! how soon thy little course shall end!
> How soon thy infant stream shall lose itself
> In the salt mass of waters, ere it grow
> To name or greatness! Yet it flows along
> Untainted with the commerce of the world,
> Not pressing by the noisy haunts of men,
> But thro' sequestered meads.

And then comes the human 'association'—

> So to thine early grave didst thou run on,
> Spotless Francesca!

28. *thoughts* translated *into the language of poetry.* Cp. *On Poesy or Art*, 1818 (*Biog. Lit.* ii. 262): 'Remember that there is a difference between *form as proceeding*, and *shape as superinduced*;—the latter is either the death or the imprisonment of the thing;—the former is its self-witnessing and self-effected sphere of agency.' (The italics are mine.)

31. *Darwin's Botanic Garden.* Erasmus Darwin (1731–1802), poet, physician, inventor, and natural philosopher. In 1788 he made a botanical garden near Lichfield, on which his friend Miss Seward wrote some verses, which seem in their turn to have suggested his *Botanic Garden.* The poem was published in two parts (the *Loves of the Plants*, 1789, and the *Economy of Vegetation*, 1792). Darwin took Pope as his poetic model, and held the theory (expounded in the notes to his poems) that poetry should consist of word-painting (see *Lectures*, p. 48). Darwin's *Loves of the Plants* was parodied with great effect by the *Anti-Jacobin* in the *Loves of the Triangles.* (See the *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*, ed. C. Edmunds, 1890, p. 151.)

PAGE **12** l. 3. *a contribution for a literary society in Devonshire.* This society was probably the *Society of Gentlemen at Exeter*, a volume of whose essays was published in 1796. The society existed until 1808, and is described in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Jan. 1810. As Coleridge was not a regular member his essay was not included in the volume, and it is greatly to be regretted that no other trace of it is to be found.

10. *the simile in Shakespeare. Merchant of Venice*, Act ii. sc. 6.

29. *personifications, or mere abstractions.* What Coleridge blames in Gray is apparently not so much that he personifies abstractions, as that he leaves them when personified cold and lifeless; whereas from Collins they receive a real, not merely a verbal, personality. See *T. T.* (ed. 1858), p. 340: 'Gray's personifications, he said, were mere printers' devils' personifications,' &c.

PAGE **13** F.N. *look out in the Gradus.* A reference to the *Gradus* shows that Coleridge's example is inaccurate; but his criticism is none the less just.

PAGE **14** l. 4. *Thy image on her wing*, &c. 'Memory's Wing' is a figure employed by Coleridge himself in his *Farewell Ode on quitting School for Jesus College, Cambridge*—a poem which abounds in instances of this same fault.

11. *no authority could avail.* In these words Coleridge's final standpoint in criticism is summed up; and it is significant that it should have been attained thus early.

22. *not the poem which we have* read, *but*, &c.: i. e. because the fact of our returning to it proves that its attraction did not lie in the novelty of the matter. Cp. the vigorous denunciation in *Satyrane's*

Letters (*Biog. Lit.* ii. 160–1) of the playgoer who attends the theatre merely to gratify his curiosity; and *Lectures* (p. 237), 'Expectation in preference to surprise as a characteristic of Shakespeare's plays.'

32. *in perusing French tragedies.* Coleridge cherished throughout his life an unreasonable antipathy to the French classical drama, and indeed to everything French; yet his remarks in Satyrane's Letters show that he was fully alive to the distinctive excellence of this form of drama. Cp. *Lectures*, p. 213, where he characterizes the dialogue of French tragedies as 'the natural product of the hotbed of vanity, namely, the closet of an author who is actuated originally by a desire to excite surprise and wonderment at his own superiority to other men', &c. (1818).

PAGE **15** l. 3. *I was wont boldly to affirm*, &c. Cp. *T. T.*, July 3, 1833: 'The collocation of words is so artificial in Shakespeare and Milton, that you may as well think of pushing a brick out of a wall with your forefinger as attempt to remove a word out of their finished passages;' and p. 340 (ed. 1858).

11. *from Donne to Cowley.* See *Miscellanies*, p. 135. 'Wonder-exciting vigour, intenseness, and peculiarity of thought, using at will the almost boundless stores of a capacious memory, and exercised on subjects where we have no right to expect it—this is the wit of Donne!' Cp. also *Poet. Works*, p. 471.

26. *the Monody at Matlock*, pub. 1791; the *Vision of Hope*, pub. 1796. Letter to Thelwall, Nov. 1796: 'Bowles . . . has written a poem lately without plan or meaning, but the component parts are divine. It is entitled "Hope: an allegorical sketch"'. (*Letters*, p. 179.)

30. *The poems of West*, Gilbert West (1703–56). He is best known for his imitations of Spenser and translations of Pindar's *Odes* and of Euripides. In his introduction to the translation of the *Odes* is a condemnation of Cowley's previous translation, very similar in spirit to Coleridge's criticisms of the same work (*Biog. Lit.* ii. 66). Johnson found West's translation 'elegant and exact, but sometimes too paraphrastical'; and Horace Walpole remarked of it that 'the poetry is very stiff'. Gray, on the other hand, speaks of himself and his friends being 'all enraptured and enmarvailed' by West's imitation of Spenser, 'On the abuse of travelling.' (Gray's *Works*, ed. Gosse, ii. 90.)

PAGE **16** l. 2. *Warton.* Thomas Warton (1728–90). His sonnets, which were special favourites with Hazlitt, resemble those of Bowles in their tenderness and sincerity of feeling. One in particular, *To the River Lodon*, suggests comparison with Bowles's *To the Itchin*, and Coleridge's *To the River Otter*, which it may have helped to inspire. Coleridge scarcely seems to make due acknowledgement of his debt to Warton, just as he omits all reference to Akenside, whose influence he yet undoubtedly felt. (See *Athenæum*, Feb. 16, 1905; *Letters*, p. 197.)

4. *Percy's collection.* Thomas Percy (1728–1811), Bishop of Dromore, poet, scholar, and antiquary. His *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* (most of them genuine English poems, some retouched, and some modern imitations) were published in 1765, and became generally and immediately popular, going through four editions before Percy's death. Of the poets of the succeeding generation, Walter Scott came most directly under their influence. Wordsworth, writing in 1815 (*Essay Supplementary to Preface*), says: 'I do not think there is an able writer of the present day who would not be proud to acknowledge his obligations to the *Reliques*; I know that it is so with my friends; and for myself, I am happy in this occasion to make a public avowal of my own.'

F. N. *Cowper's Task.* The *Task* was first published in 1785; Thomson's *Castle of Indolence* in 1746. Coleridge was certainly familiar with Cowper in 1796 (cp. *Letters*, p. 197, where he speaks of the 'divine chit-chat of Cowper'), and probably earlier.

17. *the lines which are now adopted.* These lines, contributed by Coleridge to Book II of Southey's *Joan of Arc* (first edition 1796), were to have been enlarged into a separate poem and published in the 1797 edition of Coleridge's poems, under the title of *Visions of the Maid of Orleans.* The additions, however, were never finally completed, and the poem was left in the fragmentary state in which it finally appeared (in the *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817) as the *Destiny of Nations: a Vision.* The only addition of importance is the passage ll. 123–270 (*Poet. Works*, p. 584). Coleridge is surely strangely at fault in classing this poem, 'in respect of the general tissue of style,' with the shorter blank verse poems of these years. See his letter to Wade, June 16, 1814 (*Poet. Works*, p. 585), where he speaks of 'the utter want of all rhythm in the verse, the monotony and dead *plumb down* of the pauses, and the absence of all bone, muscle, and sinew in the single lines,' a criticism which includes his own verse as well as Southey's.

18. *in the present collection*, i. e. in *Sibylline Leaves*, published with the first edition of the *Biog. Lit.*

20. *the Tragedy of Remorse.* In its earliest form, as written and sent to Sheridan in 1797, the drama was entitled *Osorio.* Rejected by Sheridan, it lay for many years in MS.; in 1812 it was recast as *Remorse*, and produced in January 1813 at Drury Lane.

PAGE 17 l. 3. *a copy of verses half ludicrous, half splenetic.* The *Address to a Young Jackass and its* tethered *Mother*, first published in *Morning Chronicle*, Dec. 30, 1794. See *Letters*, p. 606. The motto *Sermoni propriora* was not affixed to this poem, but (in the edition of 1797) to the poem *Reflections on leaving a place of retirement* (see *T. T.*, July 25, 1832: 'Charles Lamb translated my motto *sermoni propriora* by *properer for a sermon!*').

11. *under the name of Nehemiah Higginbottom.* These

sonnets were first printed in the *Monthly Magazine* for Nov. 1797. In Cottle's *Reminiscences* (p. 160) appears a letter from Coleridge (which must have been written in the same month), where he says: 'I sent to the *Monthly Magazine* three mock sonnets in ridicule of my own Poems, and Charles Lloyd's, and Charles Lamb's, &c., &c., exposing that affectation of unaffectedness, of jumping and misplaced accent, in commonplace epithets, flat lines forced into poetry by italics (signifying how well and mouthishly the author would read them), puny pathos, &c., &c. The instances were all taken from myself and Lloyd and Lamb. I signed them "Nehemiah Higginbottom". I think they may do good to our young Bards' (see *Poet. Works*, p. 599). It is to be noticed that Coleridge here writes as if all the sonnets were example of the same faults. A comparison of the sonnets in their original form (*Poet. Works*, p. 110), and as they appear in the *Biog. Lit.*, shows that Coleridge has added largely, in the first sonnet, to the number of italicized words and employed capital letters where they are not found in the originals. In Lloyd's early poems the examples of these faults are very few: yet the style and sentiment of the first sonnet suggest that it was aimed at Lloyd. The second sonnet seems a satire, not so much on Lloyd's style as on Lloyd himself ('Tis true on Lady Fortune's gentlest pad I amble on,' &c.). Of the affected simplicity in *language* of this sonnet, however, Lamb's sonnets are probably the prototype; whereas in the last sonnet, Coleridge seems to have been, as he declares, his own victim.

PAGE 18 F. N. *written and inserted in the Morning Post.* Coleridge is here inventing. The epigram in question appeared in the *Morning Post*, Jan. 24, 1800, with this heading: 'To MR PYE on his *Carmen Seculare* (a title which has by various persons who have heard it been thus translated, "A Poem *an age long*").' See *Poet. Works*, p. 444.

CHAPTER II

The first chapter of the *Biographia Literaria* is the only one in which we have anything like consecutive biography. In this second chapter Coleridge turns to a quite irrelevant topic, the irritability of men of genius, which leads him on to a denunciation of irresponsible criticism. His attacks on the false methods of criticism prevailing in his day, though occasionally they took too personal a direction, constitute one of the most interesting and significant features of the *Biographia Literaria*.

How long before this Coleridge had arrived at the conclusions embodied in this chapter with regard to genius is shown in a letter to Sotheby (Sept. 1802: *Letters*, p. 402): 'It is my faith that the *genus irritabile* is a phrase applicable only to bad poets. Men of great genius have indeed as an essential of their composition great sen-

sibility, but they have likewise great confidence in their own powers; and fear must always precede anger in the human mind.' And *A. P.* 1805 (p. 160): 'Those only who feel no originality, no consciousness of having received their thoughts and opinions from direct inspiration, are anxious to be thought original. The certainty, the feeling that he is right, is enough for the man of genius.'

PAGE **19** l. 14. *Genus irritabile vatum.* Horace, *Ep.* II. ii. 102.

27. *Schwärmerei.* 'Schwärmer' in the sense of fanatic is found as early as the sixteenth century (Alberus, Luther). Its commoner use in the present day is to signify 'passionate devotion to any cause or object, reasonable or unreasonable' (see Heyne, *Deutsches Wörterbuch*).

PAGE **20** l. 29. *While the former rest content between thought and reality.* The man of *absolute* genius, that is, chooses an imaginative and ideal medium of expression – the world of artistic forms; the man of *commanding* genius chooses a real medium —the actual world of existing things and human lives. And it is by choosing an irrelevant and inadequate medium that the latter become 'the shaping spirit of Ruin'. Cf. *The Friend* (1809-10), No. 8: 'Luther was *possessed* with his poetic images as with substances apart from himself: Luther did not *write*, he *acted* poems.'

PAGE **21** l. 19. *Chaucer. T. T.*, March 15, 1834: 'I take unceasing delight in Chaucer. His manly cheerfulness is especially delicious to me in my old age,' &c.

F. N. *Mr. Pope was under the common error of his age.* For Coleridge's exposure of this error (the substitution of a criterion extracted from the art-forms of a *particular* age for a criterion founded in the universal nature of man) compare his lectures on Shakespeare *passim*, and especially the introductory lectures of the courses of 1811-12 and 1818. But Coleridge hardly realized to what extent the admiration which the critics of the eighteenth century entertained for Shakespeare shook their confidence in their own theories. (See especially Johnson's 'Preface'.)

the first course of lectures, which differed, &c. Coleridge's first course was given early in 1808. The record preserved is too scanty to enable us to verify his description of their contents. Schlegel's lectures (which were delivered in the same year) seem first to have come into his hands when most of the lectures of the second course (1811-12) had been delivered. Coleridge again and again asserted his independence of Schlegel. See especially *Lect. IX* (1811-12), the statement prefixed to the notes on Hamlet in the lectures and notes of 1818, and the letter to a gentleman written in Feb. 1818 (*Lectures*, p. 127); also the letter to Sir G. Beaumont (1804: *Memorials of Coleorton*, i. 48), where reference is made to an analysis of Hamlet's character by Coleridge. There is no doubt, however, that in the lectures of 1818 he borrowed largely

from Schlegel. See the Appendix to *Notes and Lectures on Shakespeare by S. T. Coleridge*, edited by his daughter (1849).

PAGE **22** l. 1. *grew immortal in his own despite.* Pope's *Epist. to Augustus* (*Imit. of Horace*), ll. 69 foll.: Shakespeare

> For gain not glory winged his roving flight,
> And grew immortal in his own despite.

2. *Speaking of one whom he had celebrated.* Coleridge's opinion, to the end of his life, was that Shakespeare's sonnets were all addressed to a woman (*T. T.*, May 14, 1833). The theory that the hero of sonnets i-cxxvi is William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, was put forward by J. Boaden in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for Oct. 1832. A month later H. W. Bright wrote to the *Magazine* claiming to have reached the same conclusion in 1819. (See the *Gentleman's Magazine* for Oct. and Nov. 1832.) The defects of this theory are exposed in his *Life of Shakespeare* (pp. 422-6) by Mr. Sidney Lee, who advances strong arguments for the claims of the Earl of Southampton. But neither with regard to the identity of Shakespeare's friend, nor of the rival alluded to in the next quotation, has any single theory as yet found general acceptance.

PAGE **23** l. 20. *the unjust persecution of Burleigh*, &c. Coleridge here represents the view commonly held in his day, and based upon the transparent attack on Burleigh in *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, that Burleigh was the chief obstacle in the path of Spenser's preferment. (Cf. also Landor, *Imaginary Conversations*, 'Queen Elizabeth and Cecil'.) But there is no evidence whatever of unjust persecution. Spenser's rewards may seem to us ill-proportioned to his deserts, but they were far greater than have fallen to the lot of many poets. His appointment as secretary to Lord Grey was the result of his success with the *Shepheard's Calendar*, and thence sprang his estate in Ireland, no inconsiderable property. On the publication of the *Faery Queene*, i-iii, he obtained a pension of £50 a year (about £400 in our own money (1907)). His lack of further success was probably due (1) to his unfortunate choice of patrons—first Leicester, then Raleigh, then Essex—and to his loyalty to them when out of favour; and (2) to the outspoken criticism of public affairs in the *Faery Queene*. Coleridge is still less historical when he speaks of 'the severe calamities which overwhelmed Spenser's latter days' as 'diffusing over his compositions a melancholy grace'. For before the attack upon his house in 1598 he cannot be said to have suffered any severe calamity, and after that date he wrote no poetry at all.

28. *Milton . . . reserved his anger*, &c. For Coleridge's view of the causes and character of Milton's invective in his controversial writings, see the *Apologetic Preface* prefixed to *Fire, Famine, and Slaughter* in 1817 (*Poet. Works*, p. 527).

34. *Darkness before, and danger's voice behind.* From the passage on Milton in *The Prelude*, iii. 285.

PAGE **24** l. 2. *men before whom he strode so far*, &c. The same figure is used by Coleridge of Wordsworth and his contemporaries (Crabb Robinson, *Diary*, &c., 1869, iii. 486).

6. *'Argue not*
Against Heaven's hand.'

Milton: *Second sonnet to Cyriac Skinner.* The correct reading is

I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope: but still bear up and steer
Right onward.

PAGE **26** F. N. *In the course of one of my Lectures.* In the remains of Coleridge's lectures there is much said of Pope, but this particular criticism is not to be found. But in a letter to Mrs. Clarkson (*Diary*, &c., Jan. 1812) on the subject of Coleridge's lectures, H. C. Robinson speaks of 'an attack on Pope's "Homer", qualified by insincere eulogy'.

As when the moon, &c. Pope's rendering of *Iliad*, Bk. VIII, ll. 555 ff. This passage in his translation is quoted by Wordsworth (*Essay Supplementary to the Preface*, 1815) as illustrating 'to what a low state knowledge of the most obvious and important phenomena had sunk' in Pope's day (*O. W.*, p. 986).

an . . . article on Chalmers's British Poets. This article, which was written by Southey, appeared in the *Quarterly* for July 1814. But it contains nothing corresponding to Coleridge's description.

I had long before detected. Cf. *A. P.* p. 5 (? 1797): 'The Bard once intoxicated me: but now I read it without pleasure.' Hazlitt (*My First Acquaintance with Poets*) records that Coleridge in 1798 spoke with contempt of Gray. And Wordsworth two years later (Preface to *Lyrical Ballads*, *O. W.*, p. 948) writes of Gray as 'more than any other man curiously elaborate in the structure of his poetical diction'. Coleridge's opinion did not change. See *T. T.*, Oct. 23, 1833, and p. 340 (edition of 1858).

Especially in this age, &c. From *The Friend* (1809–10), No. 10. See *The Friend* (1818), vol. ii, Essay I.

PAGE **28** l. 10. *they become the fit instruments.* The argument is here a little obscure. Coleridge is speaking of unsuccessful authors who revenge themselves by turning critics.

PAGE **29** l. 1. *'synodical individuals.'* In a footnote to No. 7 of *The Friend* (1809–10), where he is attacking the evil of anonymous criticism, Coleridge speaks of 'each man expressing himself, to use the words of Andrew Marvell, as a '*synodical individuum*', which occurs in *The Rehearsal Transpros'd* (1672), p. 43. In like manner Southey complains (*Life and Correspondence of R. S.*

1849, vol. iii, p. 124) of Jeffrey's 'taking it for granted that the critic is, by virtue of his office, superior to every person he chooses to summon before him'. And long before the appearance of the *Biog. Lit.*, Southey had urged Coleridge to 'lift up his voice' against Jeffrey (ib. p. 135).

3. *the Paras of Hindustan.* Should be written '*Parias*'.

PAGE **30** l. 14. *it is not less an essential mark of true genius.* Cf. *Biog. Lit.* ii. 14: 'A second promise of genius is the choice of subjects very remote,' &c. Cp. Goethe (*Conversations with Eckermann*, 29 Jan. 1826): 'As long as he (the poet) merely expresses his small stock of subjective emotions, he is not yet worthy the name (of poet): but as soon as he succeeds in assimilating and expressing the world outside him, he is a poet.' Was not Coleridge himself wanting in this 'second promise of genius'? See also *T. T.*, July 23, 1827, on 'genius and selfishness'.

F. N. *Dryden's famous line. Absalom and Achitophel*, i. 163:

> Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
> And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

PAGE **32** l. 25. *I have laid too many eggs*, &c. Coleridge was fond of this figure. Cf. Letter to Sir G. Beaumont, Dec. 17, 1808; and to T. Poole, Oct. 14, 1803. (*Memorials of Coleorton*, i. 63.)

33. *Sic vos, non vobis.* The well-known line in the poem popularly attributed to Virgil.

PAGE **33** l. 3. *Fletcher's lines.* See *The Faithful Shepherdess*, Act i, Sc. 2, l. 134. For *thro'* read *thoro'*. See Beaumont and Fletcher's *Works*, ed. Theobald, Seward & Simpson, 1750, iii. 113; Spenser's *Shepheard's Calendar*, July, ll. 21-4; Homer's *Iliad*, xxii. 30.

CHAPTER III

In this and the following chapter Coleridge's apparent object is to account for 'the fiction of the new school of poetry', in which Wordsworth, Southey, and himself were supposed to be united, as common upholders of certain poetical theories and methods. Before the end of the fourth chapter, however, he has digressed to another and an engrossing subject—the distinction of fancy and imagination—which gives rise to the discussion on the nature of association in chapters v, vi, vii, and viii.

PAGE **34** l. 1. *To anonymous critics in reviews*, &c. The majority of the criticisms to which Coleridge here refers (if they were indeed so numerous as he asserts) must have occurred in ephemeral and insignificant publications, which have now been

lost sight of; for the allusions to him in the more important periodicals (such as the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Quarterly*, the *British Critic*, the *Analytical Review*) during these 'seventeen years' are neither frequent, nor (with one or two exceptions) of a specially abusive nature. But we may take the attack in the *Beauties of the Anti-Jacobin*, alluded to at the end of the chapter, as an illustration of the lengths to which critics in those days would go. See also a reference by Sara Coleridge (*Biog. Lit.* 1847, i. clxv) to an article in the *Penny Cyclopaedia*, which denied Coleridge any merits as a poet.

9. *Elegant Extracts.* A volume of *Elegant Extracts in Poetry, selected for the improvement of Young Persons*, was published in 1816. Similar selections, in prose and poetry, had been in vogue for many years.

Anas. A collection of the memorable sayings or table-talk of any one (*New Eng. Dict. s. v.*).

PAGE **35** l. 5. *Averrhoe's catalogue.* Averroes (1126–96) the Moslem philosopher, an ardent Aristotelian. A great part of his writings (of which the most important are the commentaries on Aristotle) were translated into very indifferent Latin, and of the commentaries upwards of a hundred editions were published between 1480 and 1580. The *Catalogue of 'Anti-Mnemonics'* I have not been able to trace.

18. *for at least* 17 *years*, &c. That is, from 1798, the year of the publication of the *Lyrical Ballads*, to 1815. Coleridge's association in the *Lyrical Ballads* was not suspected by its earliest critics. Since that date he had published only *The Friend* (1809–10) and *Remorse* (1813), both of which had been reviewed in not unfavourable terms (*Eclectic Review*, 1811; *Quarterly*, 1814). The worst charge which his reviewers brought against him was that of neglecting acknowledged powers.

PAGE **36** l. 6. *I had excited*, &c. The 'gentleman' spoken of in the footnote is Jeffrey, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. Jeffrey defended himself in a long note appended to the review of the *Biog. Lit.* (*Edin. Rev.*, Aug. 1817). He shows that the second of Coleridge's charges—that relating to his criticism of English prose style—is entirely without foundation. Yet Coleridge repeated the charge many years afterwards to Allsop (*Letters, &c., of S. T. Coleridge*, ed. by T. Allsop, 1839, vol. ii, p. 113). The allusion to 'the School of whining and hypochondriacal poets', &c., I have not been able to trace in Jeffrey's reviews, and probably Coleridge's memory is here too at fault; but Jeffrey was conscious of having used language at least equally as strong as this (e.g. in his article on Burns, *Edin. Rev.*, Jan. 1809). Sara Coleridge (*Biog. Lit.* 1847, i. cxlii) declares that her father entertained Jeffrey at Stowey, and (she *believes*) at Keswick, with 'frank hospitality'. See *Biog. Lit.* ii. 211, and note. Jeffrey paid

his visit to the Lakes in 1810. In the footnote alluded to he makes light of the hospitality then shown him.

PAGE 38 l. 10. *My different essays on subjects of national interest.* Coleridge contributed to the *Morning Post* in the winter of 1799–1800, and the autumns of 1801 and 1802. For the *Courier* he did not, according to Stuart, write till the autumn of 1809; there is however evidence of earlier contributions (see *Gentleman's Magazine*, May, 1838; *Life*, pp. 142, 145, 168). His principal contribution was the series of letters *On the Spaniards* sent from Grasmere in 1810. In 1811 he worked on the staff both as sub-editor and contributor, but broke off his connexion in that year and did not renew it until 1817. His contributions to these newspapers were collected and published by Sara Coleridge in 1850, under the title *Essays on his own times, being a second series of* The Friend. (See *Biog. Lit.* i. 141 ff.; *Life, passim.*)

12. *my courses of lectures on the principles of criticism*, &c. Coleridge delivered courses of lectures in 1808 (London), 1811–12 (London), 1812 (two courses, London), 1813–14 (two or more, Bristol), and 1818–19 (two courses, London). In several of the courses *Shakespeare* or *Milton*, or *Shakespeare and Milton*, was announced as the subject: probably there were none (except those on the *History of Philosophy* in 1818) which did not include criticism of these poets.

14. *constitute my whole publicity.* It is strange that Coleridge omits all mention of the *Conciones ad Populum* (1795), *The Watchman* (1796) and *The Friend* (1809–10).

24. *I changed my plan*, &c. This statement does not seem to be confirmed by the facts. In the courses both of 1808 and 1811–12, Coleridge's criticisms included living authors, whereas in neither of the courses of 1812 did he even propose (according to the prospectus) to deal with modern poetry (cp. Knight's *Life of W. Wordsworth*, ii. 100; *Byron, Life and Letters*, ed. T. Moore, 1830, ii. 95, 98).

32. *Harrington*, apparently James Harrington (1611–77), political theorist, and author of *The Commonwealth of the Oceana* (1656), a book long famous and noticed by Hume in his essays as 'the only valuable model of a commonwealth' extant (ref. *Biog. Lit.* 1847). Cp. *A. P.* Oct. 5, 1804 (p. 79): 'The really good praises of the unworthy are felt by a good man and man of genius, as detractions from the worthy, and robberies—so the *flashy* moderns seem to *rob* the ancients of the honours due to them, and Bacon and Harrington are *not* read because Hume and Condillac *are*.'

PAGE 39 l. 19. *I was in habits of intimacy*, &c. Cp. *A. P.* 1810 (p. 221) (on the *Edin. Review*): 'In vain should I tell my critics that . . . on seeing my own name in their abuse, I regard it only as a symbol of Wordsworth and Southey, and that I am well aware that from utter disregard and oblivion of anything and all things

which they know of me by experience, my name is only mentioned because they have heard that I was Wordsworth's and Southey's friend.'

27. *his earlier publications.* The *Poems published with Mr. Lovell* were issued in 1795, *Joan of Arc* in 1796, and the 'two volumes under his own name' in 1797.

PAGE **40** l. 10. *the admirable dialogue 'de Causis Corruptae Eloquentiae'.* The dialogue known as *De Oratoribus*, and originally ascribed to Tacitus, was in the sixteenth century identified by Lipsius with Quintilian's lost dialogue *De Causis Corruptae Eloquentiae.* This view of its authorship was maintained during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but from the beginning of the nineteenth there has been a reaction in favour of Tacitus. See Peterson's edition (Oxford, 1893), Introduction. This dialogue is referred to in *Satyrane's Letters* (*Biog. Lit.* ii. 149).

11. *Strada's Prolusions.* Famianus Strada (1572-1649), Jesuit preacher and historian, best known for his work on the war between Spain and the Netherlands (pub. 1632-47). His *Prolusiones et Paradeigmata Eloquentiae* (1617) are essays on literary style, illustrated from the writers of antiquity, the historians in particular. An imitation of Claudian which occurs in one of the essays under the title of *The Muses' Duel,* has been translated into English by Crashaw, Hinton, and by a 'third hand' (in 1671).

16. *agreed far more with Warton than with Johnson.* The critical writings of both Joseph and Thomas Warton show a reaction in favour of the Elizabethan as opposed to the 'classical' taste. See (e. g.) J. Warton's *Essay on Pope*, and T. Warton's *History of English Poetry*, which was a powerful instrument in re-awakening interest in earlier English literature. Dr. Johnson condemned the imitations of Milton and Spenser in T. Warton's poetry, as

> Phrase that time hath flung away,
> Uncouth words in disarray
> Tucked in antique ruff and bonnet,
> Ode and elegy and sonnet.

18. *of the same mind with Sir Philip Sidney.* Cp. Sidney's *Defense of Poesie*, 'I never heard the old song of Percie and Douglas that I found not my heart moved as with a trumpet, and yet it was but sung by some blind crowder with no rougher voice than rude style' (ref. *Biog. Lit.* 1847).

21. *his works, published since then.* Southey's *Thalaba* was published in 1801; *Madoc*, in 1805; *The Curse of Kehama* in 1810; and *Roderick* in 1814. The chief accusation brought against his poetry in the *Edin. Review* was that of 'childish affectation'. Thus *Madoc* is termed an 'affectation of infantine simplicity'. Further, Southey's faults 'are often created by partiality for the peculiar manner of that new school of poetry, *of which he is a faithful disciple*'. (The italics are my own.) See *Edin. Review*,

Oct. 1802, Oct. 1805, Oct. 1807, Feb. 1811, &c. *Life and Correspondence of R. S.*, iii. 51, 124, 275.

PAGE **41** l. 11. *the words of Jeremy Taylor.* I cannot trace this quotation.

16. *From the lofty address of Bacon.* See *Novum Organum*, ed. T. Fowler, p. 157:—'Franciscus de Verulamio sic cogitavit; talemque apud se rationem instituit, quam viventibus et posteris notam fieri ipsorum interesse putavit' (ref. *Biog. Lit.* 1847). The sentence in our text beginning with these words ('from the lofty', &c.) has, in the original edition of the *Biog. Lit.*, no conclusion. The words following the quotation from Pindar ('there was a gradual sinking', &c.) were added by the editors of the second edition.

PAGE **42** l. 2. *all men being supposed able to read.* Cp. Southey's complaint (Letter to J. Rickman, Mch. 1804) that 'everybody is a critic, that is, every reader imagines himself superior to the author, and reads his book that he may censure it, not that he may profit by it'. (Southey's *Life and Correspondence*, ii. 277.)

11. *St. Nepomuc.* St. John of Nepomuc (1330-1383), patron saint of Bohemia, and Canon of the metropolitan chapter of Prague. The enmity of the Emperor Wenceslaus (the causes of which are disputed) led to his persecution, and finally to his death by drowning in the Moldau. The story alluded to in the text is told in J. P. Richter's *Blumen-, Frucht- u. Dornenstücke*, Nr. v (ref. *Biog. Lit.* 1847).

13. *St. Cecilia.* Her position as patron saint of music is generally ascribed to the fact that 'in singing the praises of the Lord, she often joined instrument to vocal music'. I do not know from what source Coleridge's account of the legend is drawn. Another version is given by Herder ('Caecilia,' *Werke*, ed. Suphan, v. 253), who bases the tradition on a monkish misinterpretation of the Latin in the *Acta Caeciliae.*

21. *the unique 'Cid'.* Southey's *Cid* (1808) consists of a translation of the Spanish *Cronica del Cid* (thirteenth century), enriched with incidents and descriptions borrowed from the *Poem of the Cid* (twelfth century) and the ballads of which the 'Cid' is the hero. The same subject had already attracted Herder in Germany. (See *Life and Correspondence of R. S.*, vol. iii, ch. xiii and xiv.)

PAGE **43** l. 1. *half a dozen or more playful poems.* Such are the 'Devil's Thoughts' written in conjunction with Coleridge, and published with additions as *The Devil's Walk* in Southey's *Collected Poetical Works*, the *Nondescripts*, *Gooseberry Pie*, &c. All these pieces were written before 1800.

25. *I know nothing that surpasses the vileness*, &c. This style of criticism is again animadverted on in ch. xxi, conclusion. Cp. *A. P.* 1803 (p. 30), on 'the head-dimming, heart-damping principle of judging a work by its defects, not its beauties'.

PAGE **44** l. 13. *till . . . the reviewers support their decisions*, &c. Cp. Coleridge's suggestions in ch. xxi, for the establishment of a review which should 'administer judgement according to a constitution and code of laws' grounded 'on the twofold basis of universal morals and philosophic reason'.

27. *Haec ipsi novimus esse nihil.* The motto prefixed by Southey, at Coleridge's suggestion, to his *Minor Poems*, 1815. Cp. letter to Southey, Dec. 1799 (*Letters*, p. 317), 'On this I am decided, that all the *light* pieces should be put together under one title, with a motto thus: "Nos haec novimus esse nihil—Phillis amat Corylos"'.

30. *the prudery of Spratt.* Sprat, the biographer of Cowley, refused to publish his letters, on the ground that 'Letters that pass between particular Friends, if they are written as they should be, can scarce ever be fit to see the light'. (See *Life* prefixed to *Works*, 1668.) Johnson remarks of this biography that 'Sprat's zeal of friendship, or ambition of eloquence, has produced a funeral oration rather than a history'. (Johnson, *Lives of the Poets*: Cowley.)

PAGE **45** l. 24. *the articles of his composition in the reviews.* Southey was invited by Jeffrey to contribute to the *Edin. Review*, but declined. When the *Quarterly* was established, chiefly through the efforts of Sir Walter Scott, in 1809, Southey was asked to write for it. He accordingly sent an article to the first number, and subsequently became a regular contributor, although he regretted the resemblance of the review in tone and temper to the *Edinburgh*. See *Life and Correspondence of R. S.*, iii. 124, 222.

F. N. *the articles on Methodism*, &c. See the *Quarterly Review*, Nov. 1810, Art. xiii, *On the Evangelical Sects*; and Oct. 1811, Art. xv; *Life and Correspondence of R. S.*, iii. 303, 319.

PAGE **46** l. 3. *if we except the highest lyric . . . he has attempted every species successfully.* Coleridge's privately expressed opinion of Southey's poetry was hardly so favourable. As early as 1796 (*Letters*, p. 210) he had criticized *Joan of Arc* unfavourably. To Payne Collier he said, in 1811 (Preface to Payne Collier's edition of the *Lectures on Shakespeare* (1859), pp. xxiv, xxv), that 'he looked upon the *Curse of Kehama* as a work of great talent, but not of much genius'; and to Crabb Robinson he declared (*Diary*, &c., MS. March 13, 1811), that 'he deemed him (Southey) not qualified to appreciate Spanish poetry. He was a jewel-setter'; and (Jan. 29, MS.) that 'neither Southey nor Scott were poets'. See, however, *T. T.*, p. 338 (ed. 1858), for praise of *The Curse of Kehama*.

10. *claims.* Apparently a misprint for *charms*.

PAGE **47** l. 2. *Publicly has Mr. Southey been reviled*, &c. See reference to *Anti-Jacobin* at the end of this chapter. The tone of the criticisms in the *Edin. Review* (see previous note) hardly merits

such severe language as this. Here, again, we must suppose that Coleridge refers to more obscure periodicals.

PAGE **48** l. 18. *the character which an antient attributes to Marcus Cato.* '— homo virtuti simillimus, et per omnia ingenio Diis quam hominibus propior, qui numquam recte fecit, ut facere videretur, sed quia aliter facere non potuerat.' Vell. Paterc. ii. 35 (quoted *Biog. Lit.* 1847). This conception of the truly virtuous character was, it may be remarked, also Coleridge's, and on it he grounded his difference from Kant's Stoic principle, 'Duty for Duty's sake.' (*Letters*, p. 681, &c.)

PAGE **49** F. N. *my opportunities of intercourse.* Since their quarrel over Pantisocracy in 1795, the intercourse between Southey and Coleridge had been fitful. They saw much of each other from time to time in the years 1800–1804, and again in 1808–10; since then they had scarcely met. Southey was estranged by Coleridge's failings, of which he always thought and spoke with more justice than charity; and Coleridge was no doubt keenly alive to his want of sympathy. To Coleridge's family Southey was always kindness itself.

the Beauties of the Anti-Jacobin. See the poem entitled *The New Morality*, written by Canning and published in the *Anti-Jacobin* for July 9, 1798, and in the *Beauties of the Anti-Jacobin*, 1799. In the note to which Coleridge refers (*Beauties, &c.*, p. 306) Lamb and Southey are mentioned, but not Lloyd. The attack on Coleridge and his friends was renewed in the *Anti-Jacobin Review and Magazine*, August and September, 1798. (See the *Life of C. Lamb*, by E. V. Lucas, i. 36; *The Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*, ed. C. Edwards, pp. 271, 299.)

CHAPTER IV

PAGE **50** l. 12. *the two volumes so entitled.* 'Lyrical Ballads. With other Poems. In Two Volumes, by W. Wordsworth. 1800.' Vol. i contained the poems of the first edition (1798), with the addition of *Love*: vol. ii the new poems, which were all by Wordsworth. The first edition was published as one volume.

PAGE **51** l. 2. *acute notices of men and manners*, &c. Cp. ch. i. p. 11, where the merits of the school of Pope are characterized in similar terms.

29. *In the critical remarks, therefore*, &c. The justice of this remark is borne out by the tone of the various reviews of Wordsworth's poems in the *Edinburgh Review*. The critics speak of 'the debasing effects of this miserable theory', 'the open violation of the established laws of poetry', &c.; and cite the weakest verses to confirm their censures. (See *Edin. Rev.*, Oct. 1802, Oct. 1807.)

PAGE **52** F.N. *The bull namely consists.* See *A. P.* 1803 (p. 40) for an example of 'that curious modification of ideas by each other which is the element of bulls'; and *A. P.* p. 156, on 'bulls of action'.

PAGE **53** l. 10. *the composition which one cited as execrable*, &c. Wordsworth had the same experience among his critics. See *Memoirs of Wordsworth*, by Christopher Wordsworth, i. 174, where he cites a number of these 'Harmonies of Criticism'.

PAGE **54** l. 32. *Marini* (1569-1625), a poet of the later Italian Renaissance. 'The conceits of Marini and his imitators followed inevitably from a vigorous application of rules that denied to poetry the right of natural expression' (Symonds, *Renaissance in Italy*, ii. 257).

PAGE **55** l. 14. *the contest . . . between Bacchus and the frogs.* Aristoph. *Ranae*, 225-7, 257-66.

F. N. *If we may judge from the preface*, &c. Coleridge is no doubt thinking of the *Essay Supplementary to the Preface*, 1815, in which Wordsworth records his distrust and contempt of the judgement of the *Public*, as opposed to that of the *People*. (*O. W.* p. 953.)

PAGE **56** l. 18. *During the last year of my residence*, &c. Wordsworth's *Descriptive Sketches* were published in 1793, and Coleridge was already acquainted with them in the autumn of that year. The 'last year of his residence' was 1794. (See *Social Life at the English Universities*, by Christopher Wordsworth, 1874, Appendix; *Life*, pp. 25-6, 41.)

19. *Mr. Wordsworth's first publication.* The *Evening Walk* was also published (separately) in 1793.

33. *a greater closeness of attention*, &c. Cp. *Biog. Lit.* i. 3 (of his own early poems): 'I forgot to inquire, whether the thoughts themselves did not demand a degree of attention unsuitable to the nature and objects of poetry.'

l. 35. *In the following extract.* (See *Descriptive Sketches*, ll. 332-47 (*O. W.*, p. 608). For 'deeper' in l. 2 read 'deepening'; and, instead of ll. 3-5 in the quotation, the following:

> And mournful sounds, as of a Spirit lost,
> Pipe wild along the hollow-blustering coast,
> Till the sun walking on his western field
> Shakes from behind the clouds his flashing shield.

PAGE **57** F.N. *an unpublished poem. The Butterfly* (1815?).

PAGE **58** l. 1. *I was in my twenty-fourth year*, &c. See *Life*, p. 64 n. 'The precise date of the first meeting of Coleridge and Wordsworth (a point which has been discussed) has not been ascer-

tained, but a careful examination of all the evidence available, published and unpublished, has all but convinced me that it may have probably taken place as early as September, 1795. The men do not appear to have met a second time until the autumn of 1796, after which intercourse seems to have been more or less frequent.' Coleridge was born on Oct. 21, 1772. He is no doubt thinking of their second meeting.

5. *a manuscript poem, which still remains unpublished.* Coleridge speaks as if this poem was *not* the *Female Vagrant*; but his memory is probably at fault. According to H. N. Coleridge (*Biog. Lit.* 1847, i. 76) 'the poem to which reference is here made was intituled, *An adventure on Salisbury Plain.* Mr. Wordsworth afterwards broke it up, and the *Female Vagrant* was composed out of it.' The *Female Vagrant* was first published in *Lyrical Ballads* (1798). The whole poem was not printed until 1842, when it appeared in an amended form, in the volume entitled, *Poems chiefly of Early and Late Years.* In a note prefixed to the poem, Wordsworth speaks as if it was composed after his visit to Salisbury Plain in the summer of 1793: but in a later note (printed in the 1857 edition of his poems) he declared that much of the Female Vagrant's story was written at least two years before. The truth seems to be that an earlier poem had been composed, dealing with particular events which had come to Wordsworth's notice, and that after his rambles on Salisbury Plain he enlarged it and gave it the imaginative setting which those rambles had suggested. However this may be, it was in the completer form that Coleridge first knew the poem. 'Mr. Coleridge,' writes Wordsworth in the later note, 'when I first became acquainted with him, was so much impressed with this poem, that he would have encouraged me to publish the whole as it then stood; but the mariner's fate appeared to me so tragical as to require a treatment more subdued and yet more strictly applicable in expression than I had yet given it. This fault was corrected nearly fifty years afterwards, when I determined to publish the whole poem.' Of the *Female Vagrant* Wordsworth subsequently came to hold a very poor opinion. J. Payne Collier records (*Diary*, Feb. 10, 1814: see his ed. of Coleridge's *Lectures*, 1856, Preface li) that, on his praising the poem, Wordsworth said 'it was one on which he set comparatively small value: it was addressed to coarse sympathies, and had little or no imagination about it, or invention as to story'. He added that it was merely descriptive 'although the description is accurate enough'. How far the treatment of nature in the poem is merely descriptive, how far imaginative, in Coleridge's sense of the term, the reader may judge for himself. Cp. *Biog. Lit.* ii. 16 'It has before been observed, that images however beautiful, though faithfully copied from nature, and as accurately represented in words, do not of themselves constitute the poet', &c.

10. *as the poet hath himself well described*, &c. In the *Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey*, &c. They were written on July 13, 1798, and the following days. See especially the lines beginning

> For nature then
> (The coarser movements of my boyish days
> And their glad animal movements all gone by)
> To me was all in all.—I cannot paint, &c.

F.N. The quotation in footnote is from *Descriptive Sketches*, ll. 317–24. The italics are, of course, Coleridge's.

PAGE **59** l. 15. *the original gift*, &c. Thus the style of poetry assigned to Wordsworth in the *Lyrical Ballads* had as its object 'to give the charm of novelty to things of every day', &c. (See *Biog. Lit.* ii. 6.)

20. *To find no contradiction*, &c. This passage is taken with omissions from *The Friend* (1809–10), No. 5; but the same thought is recorded in almost the same language in *A. P.* 1803 (p. 41). Cp. also letter to T. Wedgwood (Nov. 1, 1800), 'That is a delightful feeling, these fits and trances of Novelty received from a long known object' (*Tom Wedgwood*, by R. B. Litchfield, 1903, p. 105); and *A. P.* 1803 (p. 53), and 1810 (p. 233), 'The man of genius places things in a new light,' &c.

PAGE **60** l. 8. *Burns' comparison*, &c. See Burns' *Tam O'Shanter*, ll. 59 ff.:

> But pleasures are like poppies spread,
> You seize the flower, the bloom is shed:
> Or like the snow-fall in the river,
> One moment white—then melts for ever.

PAGE **61** F.N. *minim immortal.* This is an interesting anticipation of the theory of the immortality of the Protozoon, which is considered to have been first definitely formulated by Weismann (*Ueber die Dauer des Lebens*, 1881). Coleridge no doubt had read of it somewhere, but I have in vain endeavoured to discover where.

PAGE **62** l. 14 *that of delirium from mania.* Cp. *T. T.*, June 23, 1834, 'You can conceive the difference in kind between the Fancy and the Imagination in this way—that if the check of the senses and the reason were withdrawn, the first would become delirium and the last mania.' In a manuscript note in Tenneman's *Geschichte der Philosophie*, Coleridge characterizes the state of dreaming as 'the shifting current in the shoreless chaos of the fancy in which the *streaming* continuum of passive association is broken into *zig-zag* by sensations from within or from without': and in *A. P.* 1803 (p. 55) he speaks of 'the streamy nature of association, which thinking curbs and rudders', and ib. (p. 56) 'What is the height and ideal of mere association? Delirium.' The distinction of delirium and mania is thus characterized in the *Aids to Reflection* (Bohn's ed., p. 173),

'Mania . . . as distinguished from . . . delirium, . . . is the occultation or eclipse of reason, as the power of ultimate ends': whereas delirium is classed with frenzy, idiocy, derangement, &c. ('the last term being used specifically to express a suspension of the understanding or adaptive power'). See also *Biog. Lit.* i. 77, where Coleridge, discussing Hartley's theory of association as a process in which the mind is entirely *passive*, remarks that 'either the ideas (or relicts of such impression) will exactly imitate the order of the impression itself, which would be absolute *delirium*; or', &c.; and Crabb Robinson, *Diary*, &c., Nov. 15, 1810. In his lecture on Cervantes (1818; *Lectures*, p. 107) Coleridge attempts a classification of kinds of madness.

16. '*Lutes, lobsters, seas of milk.*' The actual line is

> Lutes, laurels, seas of milk and ships of amber
>
> (Otway, *Venice Preserved*, Act v).

Coleridge quoted this line to C. Robinson (*Diary*, &c., Nov. 15, 1810) as an instance of 'fanciful delirium'.

18. '*What! have his daughters,*' &c. *Lear*, Act iii. sc. 4 (omitting 'What'). Coleridge says elsewhere, speaking of this scene in *Lear* as an illustration of imagination, that 'the deep feelings of a father spread ingratitude over the very elements of heaven'. And Wordsworth, in illustrating the 'human and dramatic imagination', quotes Lear's words

> I tax ye not, ye Elements, with unkindness,
> I never gave you kingdoms, called you daughters.
>
> (*Preface to Poems*, 1815: *O. W.*, p. 957.)

PAGE **63** 6. *the belief that I had been the first of my countrymen.* It does not appear that any stress is to be laid on the words 'of my countrymen' in this sentence. I cannot discover that Coleridge was indebted to any other mind (except in a certain degree, to Wordsworth's) for the distinction of fancy and imagination as it at first occurred to him. The German words 'Phantasie' and 'Einbildungskraft' have never, so far as I can find, been definitely appropriated to these respective meanings, and either of them may still be used indifferently to express Coleridge's 'imagination', although 'Einbildungskraft' could hardly bear the sense of 'fancy'. The distinction made by Jean Paul in his *Aesthetik* between 'Einbildungskraft' and 'Phantasie' (according to which the former is a 'potentiated brightly-coloured memory', whereas the latter is the power of 'making all *parts* into a whole') certainly recalls Coleridge's distinction: but it is impossible that he is in any way indebted to J. Paul, whose *Aesthetik*, even in 1817, he had 'but merely looked into'. And for Coleridge it was always the word 'Einbildungskraft' which denoted the *higher* faculty. (See *Biog. Lit.* ii. 107 and note, and *A. P.* 1810, p. 236.)

9. *Mr. W. Taylor's recent volume of synonymes.* 'British synonymes discriminated, by W. Taylor, 1813.' His distinction of

Fancy and Imagination, quoted by Wordsworth in the preface to the 1815 edition of his poems, is thus stated: —'A man has imagination in proportion as he can distinctly copy in idea the impressions of sense: it is the faculty which *images* in the mind the phenomena of sensation. A man has fancy in proportion as he can call up, connect, or associate at pleasure the internal images (*φαντάζειν* is to cause to appear) so as to complete the ideal representations of absent objects. Imagination is the power of depicting, and fancy of evoking and combining. The imagination is formed by patient observation: the fancy by a voluntary activity in shifting the scenery of the mind.' On this distinction Wordsworth thus comments: 'It is not easy to find out how imagination, thus explained, differs from distinct remembrance of images: or fancy from quick and vivid recollection of them: each is nothing more than a mode of memory.'

F.N. *the moral sophisms of Hobbs.* See Hobbes's *Treatise on Liberty and Necessity.* As H. N. Coleridge (*Biog. Lit.* 1847) points out, the term *obligation* is not used by Hobbes. The distinction itself he could not make, because for him it did not exist: he simply denied the possibility of any spring or source of action except external necessity.

PAGE **64** l. 12. *it was Mr. Wordsworth's purpose.* This is evident from an examination of the *Preface* of 1815: in which it is Wordsworth's primary object to justify and explain the classification of certain of his poems, according to the powers requisite for their production. His remarks on the two faculties he introduces thus: 'Let us now come to the consideration of the words Fancy and Imagination, as employed in the classification of the following poems.' To the classification as a whole Crabb Robinson justly objected, on the ground that it was 'partly subjective, and partly objective'. (*Diary*, &c., Apr. 16, 1815.)

17. *My friend has drawn a masterly sketch of the branches*, &c. The need of a more philosophical distinction will probably be felt by most readers of Wordsworth's *Preface*, who will agree with Crabb Robinson that Wordsworth gives but an 'obscure discrimination' of the two faculties. Robinson had the advantage, however, of many conversations with Wordsworth on the subject, and it may be well to record his 'own impression' of Wordsworth's meaning. 'The poet first conceives the essential nature of his object, and then strips it of all casualties and accidental individual dress, and in this he is a philosopher, but to exhibit this abstraction nakedly would be the work of a mere philosopher; therefore he reclothes his idea in an individual dress which expresses the essential quality and has also the spirit and life of a sensual object. And this transmutes the philosophic into a poetic exhibition.' (*Diary*, &c., MS. May 31, 1815.) And again (June 3, 1815): 'From Wordsworth's definition it results that fancy forms casual and fleeting combina-

tions in which objects are united, not in a permanent relation which subsists and has its principle in the capacity of the sensible form to stand in the place of the abstract intellectual conception, but in a voluntary power of combination which only expresses the fact of the combination with little or no import beyond itself.' As an instance of the imaginative principle, Wordsworth quoted from *The Cuckoo*:

Shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

'as giving local habitation to an abstraction.' He further quoted *The Yew Trees* and *A description of Night* as 'best for the imaginative power displayed in them' (*Diary*, &c., May 9, 1815): while *The Kitten and Falling Leaves* he termed 'an exhibition of Fancy'. The subject was renewed when Robinson visited Wordsworth in 1816 (see *Diary*, &c., Sept. 10, 1816), and Robinson, so far as he understood Wordsworth's definition of the imagination, conceived it as 'the faculty by which the poet conceives and produces —that is, images—individual forms, in which are embodied universal ideas or abstractions'. He adds that 'Wordsworth represented, much as unknown to him the German philosophers have done, that by the imagination the mere fact is exhibited in connection with infinity'.

26. *the judicious author . . . saw nevertheless occasion.* The following quotations are taken from Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Policy*, Bk. I, ch. i. § 2 (ref. *Biog. Lit.* 1847).

CHAPTER V

PAGE **65**. Coleridge's discussion of association in this and the following chapters is primarily undertaken with the view of discovering the true nature of fancy: but as usual his interest in the subject leads him beyond the limits imposed by his actual purpose.

PAGE **66** l. 11. *Gassendi.* Pierre Gassendi (1592–1656), French philosopher and mathematician. He attempted to revive and improve the system of Epicurus, and attacked Descartes from the standpoint of 'sensualistic materialism'.

Hobbs. Thomas Hobbes (1588–1679), the father of the English 'sensationalist' school. His chief philosophical works are the *Treatise on Human Nature* (1650) and the *Leviathan* (1651).

PAGE **67** l. 2. *Sir James Mackintosh* (1765–1832), politician and philosopher. Coleridge had early made his acquaintance through his intimacy with the Stuarts and Wedgwoods, but both as a man and a philosopher he found Mackintosh thoroughly unsympathetic. See the *Two Round Spaces on the Tombstone* (*Poet. Works*, p. 157), a satirical poem which had Mackintosh for its object, printed in the *Morning Post*, 1800; and letter to T. Poole, 1804 (*Letters*,

p. 454). Mackintosh was in all probability the 'Papinianus' of the motto of the *Lyrical Ballads*. See *A. P.*, p. 126. In 1833 (*T. T.*, Ap. 27) Coleridge called him 'the King of the men of Talent'. Cp. *A. P.*, p. 198.

7. *the lectures delivered by him*, &c. *Lectures on the laws of Nature and Nations*, delivered in 1799. See *Memoirs of Sir J. Mackintosh*, by his son, i. 100.

32. *I deny Hobbs's claim in toto.* Hobbes's *Treatise on Human Nature* was published in 1650; the French version of Descartes' *Discourse on Method* appeared in 1637, the Latin in 1644. But in neither edition is there any statement of the law of contemporaneity of impressions. H. N. Coleridge (*Biog. Lit.* 1847, i. 91) draws attention to this error on Coleridge's part, and also to an incidental allusion in a posthumous work of Descartes (*Tract. de Homine*, v. 73), as his first definite statement of the principle. The fact that Hobbes could not have been indebted to Descartes in the matter was also pointed out by Sir James Mackintosh in a note appended to his *Dissertation on the progress of Ethical Philosophy*—a note provoked by Coleridge's allusions to him in the *Biog. Lit.*

35. *Hobbs builds nothing*, &c. Hobbes's statement of the rule occurs in ch. iv of *Human Nature*: 'The cause of the coherence or consequence of one conception to another, is their first coherence or consequence at that time when they are produced by sense.' As Sir James Mackintosh points out in his note, Hobbes builds on this foundation nothing less than 'a general theory of the understanding'.

PAGE 68 l. 6. *greatly as he too in his after writings*, &c. Coleridge here underrates the importance of the 'animal spirits' in Descartes' physiology, and indeed in his whole system. They are essential to his conception of the soul as the exclusive possession of man. (See *Biog. Lit.* 1847, i. 92; Mahaffy's *Descartes*, p. 175; Kuno Fischer, *Descartes and his School*, p. 415.)

7. *De la Forge.* A physician and physiologist, and friend of Descartes, whose doctrines he developed in the direction of Occasionalism. His work, *On the Human Soul, its powers and activities*, &c., was published in 1666. (See Kuno Fischer, *Descartes* &c., p. 578.)

10. *in his interesting work, De Methodo.* This story is told, not in the *De Methodo*, but in the *Principia*, Pt. iv (p. 508, ed. Cousin); and told, moreover, not as an illustration of the law of contemporaneity, but as one of many proofs that 'the soul, not as existing in the different limbs, but as existing in the brain, is by the aid of the nerves made sensible of what happens to the body in its various members'. This inaccuracy on Coleridge's part is clearly pointed out by his nephew and editor (*Biog. Lit.* 1847, i. 93), who adds that 'he has never been able to find in the writings of Descartes anything coming up to the statement in the text (Descartes was led

by this incident, &c.)'. The existence of pain in an amputated member is also referred to in the *Meditations* as illustrating the illusiveness of the testimony of the senses. (See Kuno Fischer, *Descartes*, &c., p. 370.)

34. *His system is briefly thus.* Cp. *Leviathan*, i. 3. 'All Fancies are Motions within us, reliques of those made in the sense: and those motions that immediately succeeded each other in the sense, continue also together after sense.' Cp. also *Human Nature*, chs. ii, iii, iv.

PAGE **69** l. 11. *It follows of necessity*, &c.: i.e., because the mechanical relation of cause and effect demands immediate proximity in time of the phenomena so related.

F. N. *the word 'idea'.* In classical Greek, *ἰδέα* usually signifies either 'outward form or appearance', or 'kind, sort, or fashion' (cp. *ἑτέραν ὕμνων ἰδέαν*, Aristoph. *Ranae*). H. N. Coleridge (*Biog. Lit.* 1847, i. 95) quotes *ἰδέα καλόν* (*Olymp.* xi. 121), *βελτίονας ἄνδρας . . . τὴν ἰδέαν* (Aristoph. *Plut.* 559) and *ἦν δ' ἡ ἰδέα αὐτοῦ ὡς ἀστραπή* (Matt. xxvii. 3). In all these instances the sense of *ἰδέα* is not so much the 'visual abstraction of a distinct object' as the actual appearance of the object seen. For Plato's conception of the *ἰδέαι*, as the divine archetypes of perishable forms, cp. *Meno*, 82–86, *Phaedo* 73–79, *Republic* 507 B, 508 E, 569 seq.

Our English writers to the end of Charles 2nd's reign. Johnson (*Dict.* s.v. 'idea') quotes Hooker: 'Our Saviour Himself being to set down the perfect idea of that which we pray and wish for': where idea = ideal. So Campion (1602), 'the Idea of her sex.' For Coleridge's own definition of 'idea' cp. first *Lay Sermon* (*The Statesman's Manual*) Appendix E. ('It is the antithesis not the synonym of *εἴδωλον*'); *T. T.*, Aug. 29, 1827, and *Church and State*, 1839, pp. 12 ff. See also *Notes on Church Divines*, i. 305, 321.

the following . . . from Bishop Jeremy Taylor. From Sermon XII of the twenty-seven preached at Golden Grove (ref. *Biog. Lit.* 1847). See *Notes on Church Divines*, i. 321.

Lock adopted the term. Cp. *Essay concerning Human Understanding*, Introd. § 8: 'I have used it (the word Idea) to express . . . whatever the mind can be employed about in thinking.'

Hume distinguishing those representations, &c. See Hume's *Treatise of Human Nature*, Bk. i, Pt. i, § 1 ('Of the origin of our ideas') 'Those perceptions which enter with most force and violence we may name *impressions*; and under this name I comprehend all our sensations, passions, and emotions, as they make their first appearance in the soul. By *ideas* I mean the faint images of these in thinking and reasoning,' &c. See also the *Enquiry*, Sect. ii, p. 18 (ed. L. A. Selby-Bigge).

PAGE **70** l. 4. *Long however before either Hobbs.* In the 1847 edition (i. 97 n.) it is pointed out that in the substance of this

paragraph and in some part also of his remarks upon Aristotle's conception of the association of Ideas (in this and the following chapter) Coleridge draws upon the *Versuch über die Einbildungskraft* of J. G. E. Maass (1797) (pp. 343–6), an annotated copy of which was found among Coleridge's books. Maass (1766–1832) was for many years Professor of Philosophy at Halle. He belongs to the group of thinkers who reacted against Kant in the direction of Wolffian rationalism. His chief interest, however, lay in empirical psychology. As there is no question of any deep intellectual affinity between Maass and Coleridge, it is not of importance to discuss Maass' standpoint in detail. But he agrees with Coleridge in his approval of the Aristotelian, and disapproval of the Hartleian psychology of association, and it is from Maass' confutation of Hartley and interpretation of Aristotle that Coleridge has most largely borrowed.

6. *Melanchthon* (1497–1560) more famous as a theologian and leader of religious reform than as a philosopher. He published, however, in 1540, a treatise *De Anima*, which went through many editions.

Ammerbach. Vitus Amerbach (1487–1557), a distinguished German scholar, Professor of Philosophy at Ingolstadt. He published a work on the soul—*De Anima*—(1542) and one on natural philosophy—*De Philosophia Naturali*—(1548).

Ludovicus Vives (1492–1540), philosopher and humanist. He lectured at the University of Oxford, and was for many years patronized by Henry VIII. His writings were chiefly directed against scholasticism. In vol. ii of his works (Bâle, 1555), pp. 497–593, is his treatise *De Anima et Vita*, to which Maass refers.

by Melanchthon, Ammerbach, and Ludovicus Vives; more especially by the last. Coleridge is here probably quoting from an imperfect memory of the following passage in Maass (p. 343): — 'Among the first to whom this merit belongs (of instituting empirical psychology) were Melanchthon, Ammerbach, and Lud. Vives, whose psychological writings were published all together by Getzner (Zurich, 1662). But far the most was done by Vives. He has brought together many important observations upon the human soul, and made striking remarks thereon. More especially in the theory of the association of representations, which Melanchthon and Ammerbach do not bring forward at all, he displays no ordinary knowledge' (ref. *Biog. Lit.* 1847).

7. *Phantasia, it is to be noticed,* &c. Cp. Lud. Vives, *De Anima et Vita* (*Opera,* tom. ii. p. 509; Basil. 1553). 'The action of the imagination in the mind is the same as that of the eyes in the body, viz. to receive images by merely looking' (ref. *Biog. Lit.* 1847).

14. *the law by which the thoughts are . . . presented.* This as well as the other quotations are to be found in Maass, who also points out that the 'springs' are only apparent.

PAGE **71** l. 13. *'De Anima', 'De Memoria'.* To Aristotle's chief psychological work, the *De Anima*, the *Parva Naturalia* forms a kind of appendix, where a number of subsidiary but important questions are discussed, which the *De Anima* left untouched. Among them occurs the *De Memoria*—'The little work on Memory and Reminiscence—in which the laws of association are laid down with a clearness scarcely to be looked for outside modern philosophy.' (Aristot. *De Anima*, ed. Wallace, Introd. xv.)

20. *successive particles propagating motion like billiard-balls.* There is no mention of billiard-balls in Hobbes's discussion of the subject (*Human Nature*, chs. ii, iii); but he speaks of objects producing motions in the brain, which are apparently indistinguishable from the thoughts or images themselves.

25. *the followers of Des Cartes.* Descartes' theory of the soul residing in the brain was developed by some of his followers in a materialistic direction—that is, they identified soul and brain: and thus we get the purely mechanical psychology of the French eighteenth century materialists. (Cp. Kuno Fischer, *Descartes*, &c., p. 493.) Cp. Coleridge's 'Theory of Life' (*Miscellanies*, p. 375): 'Should the reader chance to put his hand on the "Principles of Philosophy," by La Forge, an immediate follower of Descartes, he will see the phenomena of sleep solved in a copper-plate engraving.'

29. *as Hartley teaches.* See Hartley's *Observations on Man*, ch. i, sect. i (esp. Props. i–v).

PAGE **72** l. 10. *he carefully distinguishes them from material motion.* Cp. Bk. ii, ch. iii of *De Anima*, which is devoted to a refutation of the theory that movement is a characteristic of the soul. The phrase κινήσεις ἐν τόπῳ (movement in space) occurs in this chapter, and τὸ κατὰ τόπον κινητικόν (local movement) is also mentioned (ii. 3, §§ 1–4) as one of the powers of animals, distinct from τὸ διανοητικόν. The word κινήσεις is frequently used in the *De Memoria* to denote psychical processes.

13. *he excludes place and motion.* Cp. *De Anim.* ii. 3, in initio: 'For perhaps it is not merely false that its being is of such a kind as they affirm, who say that the soul is that which moves itself, or can move, but it may be an absolute impossibility that motion should be a quality of the soul' (quoted in Maass; see *Biog. Lit.* 1847, i. 104).

16. *The general law of association.* Aristotle does not state the law in so many words. (Cp. *De Memoria* 2. 451^{b} 16, 452^{a} 3, 452^{a} 28.) He is discussing ἀνάμνησις (recollection) only, and he thus analyses the process: 'When engaged in recollection, we seek to excite some of our previous movements, until we come to that which the movement or impression of which we are in search was wont to follow' (2. 451^{b} 16). See Wallace, ib. Introduction, xcv, &c.

23. *he admits five agents.* More properly four—similarity,

contrast, and connexion in time or space. He continues, 'Hence we seek to reach this preceding impression, starting in our thought from an object present to us, or something else, whether it be similar, contrary, or contiguous to that of which we are in search; recollection taking place in this manner, because the movements are in one case identical, in another case contrary, and in the last case overlap' (Wallace, ib.).

27. *As an additional solution.* Coleridge here seems to have confused Maass' account of this matter with that of Aristotle. It is Maass who gives this explanation of 'The occasional seeming chasms': (*Versuch*, &c., pp. 28-9; *Biog. Lit.* 1847, i. 107.)

PAGE **73** l. 25. *Among these volumes*, &c. Sir James Mackintosh, in the note above referred to (*Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy*, Note S), points out that the story about Hume was a mistake—the handwriting was not his, nor the book the *Parva Naturalia*. He further observes, not without reason, that Coleridge, in his discussion of Aristotle's theory of association, fails to note that it is brought forward in explanation of one mental process only- that of recollection. But Coleridge's contention is, that, as far as the passive element in them is concerned, memory and fancy, and indeed all the faculties of thought are identical. It is in the use which each makes of its material that they differ.

28. *It remains then for me.* Of the inquiry which he here sets before himself, Coleridge failed to carry out more than the preliminary stage—viz. the confutation of mistaken theories of association, and the statement of what he conceives to be its true nature. In the 'philosophical disquisition' of ch. xii he takes a fresh start.

PAGE **74** l. 2. *sounding on my dim and perilous way.* Coleridge is thinking of the lines in *The Excursion* (Bk. iii. 700-1)—

> The intellectual power, through words and things,
> Went sounding on, a dim and perilous way!

CHAPTER VI

PAGE **74** l. 4. *Hartley's hypothetical vibrations.* See the *Observations*, Pt. i, Ch. i, esp. Prop. 5; Hartley and James Mill, by G. G. S. Bower, p. 28, &c. As early as 1801, Coleridge had written to Poole that he had overthrown the doctrine of association, as taught by Hartley. His disbelief in it had been growing for some time. See Introduction, pp. xxix ff.

10. *Reimarus.* J. A. Reimarus (1729-1814), physician, and Professor of the Moral Sciences at Hamburg; a philosopher of the rationalistic school. The passage to which Coleridge refers is probably a passing refutation of materialism in §§ 3-7 of a treatise *Ueber die Grunde der menschlichen Erkenntniss und der natürlichen Religion* (*Biog. Lit.* 1847, vol. i, App. note B). His father, H. M.

Reimarus, was the author of a work entitled *Observations, Moral and Philosophical, on the Instinct of Animals, their Industry, and their Manners*, of which Coleridge thought highly. See *A. P.* 1804 (pp. 91-2).

16. *we must bewilder ourselves*, &c. Cp. Coleridge's note to his lines in Southey's *Joan of Arc* (first edition, 1796): 'Who deem themselves most free', &c., from which this sentence is taken verbatim, except for the significant substitution of *fancy* for *imagination* (quoted by Cottle, *Early Recollections of S. T. Coleridge*, ii. 242). See also *Biog. Lit.* i. 91, l. 21 and note.

20. *Pythagoras.* See Zeller, *Die Phil. der Griechen*, Leips., 1892, p. 349: 'This is the meaning of the fundamental doctrine of the Pythagoreans: everything is number, that is, everything consists of numbers: number is not merely the form which determines the composition of things, but is also the substance and the material of which they consist.' Their theory of numbers was also applied to musical notation. (Ib., 401 ff.)

21. *Plato.* For Plato's mathematical and musical symbols see *Timaeus*, 35 B–36 B, 47 A; *Rep.*, 443, 531; Zeller, *Plato and the Older Academy*, Trans., p. 348 and note; Jowett, *Plato, Rep.*, Introd., cxxx (The Number of the State).

24. *metaphysical systems . . . become popular.* Cp. letter to Wordsworth (May 1815), *Letters*, p. 649: 'The philosophy of mechanism, which . . . cheats itself by mistaking clear images for distinct conceptions': a fallacy to which Coleridge had drawn attention nearly twenty years before, in a note to his contribution to Southey's *Joan of Arc*, quoted above: 'We are restless because invisible things are not the subjects of vision.'

29. *From a hundred possible confutations let one suffice.* This particular confutation is borrowed from Maass. (*Versuch*, &c., pp. 32, 33.)

30. *According to this system.* See *Observations*, Pt. I, Ch. i, Prop. 22.

PAGE 75 l. 10. *the ideas are themselves in Hartley's system.* Hartley does not go so far as actually to identify vibrations and ideas. But he makes the ideas subject to the same processes of motion and change, and governed by the same laws, as the vibrations; and Coleridge's argument is therefore not invalidated. See *Observations*, Pt. I, Ch. i, Prop. 2: 'The white medullary substance of the brain is also the immediate Instrument by which the Ideas are presented to the mind: or, in other words, whatever changes are made in the substance, corresponding changes are made in our ideas: and vice versa'; and see ch. i, *passim.*

PAGE 76 l. 14. *his work has been re-edited by Priestley. Hartley's Theory of the Human Mind on the Principle of the Association of Ideas: with Essays relating to the subject of it.* By Joseph Priestley, LL.D., F.R.S. London, 1775. In the Preface

(p. iv) Priestley declares that it is his object to make Hartley's system clearer 'by exhibiting his theory of the human mind, as far as it relates to the *association* of ideas only, omitting even what relates to the doctrine of *vibrations*, and the *anatomical disquisitions* which are connected with it'. See also the First Introductory Essay.

23. *Hartley was constrained*, &c. See the *Observations*, Pt. I, Ch. i, Prop. 10: 'Sensations may be said to be associated together, when their impressions are either made precisely at the same Instant of Time, or in the contiguous successive Instants.' Cp. also *Biog. Lit.* i. 69: 'Hobbs . . . must have reduced all its forms to the one law of time.'

PAGE **77** l. 4. *our whole life would be divided*, &c. Cp. *Letters*, p. 428 (Aug. 1803): 'If I had said no *one* idea ever recalls another, I am confident that I could support the assertion.' And marginal note in Maass, p. 29 (quoted *Biog. Lit.* 1847, i. 116), to Maass' statement that 'Every representation calls back its total association': 'Rather *is capable, under given conditions, of recalling:* or else our whole life would be divided between the despotism of outward impressions and that of senseless memory'. An interesting note on the power of association over the will is to be found in *A. P.* 1804 (p. 64), where Coleridge attributes lack of volitional energy to 'the streamy nature of the associative faculty', and adds, in confirmation of his statement, that 'it is evident that they labour under this defect who are most reverie-ish and streamy—Hartley (Coleridge's child), for instance, and myself'.

18. *which would be absolute delirium.* Cp. note on *Biog. Lit.* i. 62, l. 15.

PAGE **78** l. 2. *a year or two before my arrival at Göttingen.* Coleridge reached Göttingen in Feb. 1799.

PAGE **80** l. 3. *this, perchance, is the dread book.* Cp. Crabb Robinson, *Diary*, &c., July 12, 1819: 'Coleridge has the striking thought that possibly the punishment of a future life may consist in bringing back the consciousness of the past.'

11. *But not now dare I longer discourse*, &c. In almost precisely similar terms Coleridge excuses himself in the concluding lines of the Essays on the Principles of genial criticism, from the further pursuit of an equally recondite subject. The quotation from Plotinus occurs *Ennead* I. Lib. 6, §§ 4 & 9.

CHAPTER VII

PAGE **81** l. 13. *the Grimalkins in the Cat-harpsichord.* See *The Spectator*, No. 361, April 24, 1712: 'A dissertation upon the cat-call.'

17. *It involves all the difficulties . . . of intercommunion*, &c. Cp. *Letters*, Jan. 1804 (p. 454), where Coleridge speaks of 'the

sophism . . . that all have hitherto—both the Necessitarians and their antagonists—confounded two essentially different things under one name'.

PAGE **82** l. 20. *well might Butler say.* Cp. Butler, *Miscellaneous Thoughts*, ll. 93–102.

35. *my friend Allston.* Washington Allston, the American painter, for whom see *Biog. Lit.* ii. 223 n.

PAGE **83** l. 27. *The process by which Hume degraded the notion of cause and effect.* See the *Enquiry*, Sect. vii, 'On the Idea of necessary connection' (ed. Selby-Bigge, pp. 60–79) and Editor's Introd., p. xv; the *Treatise*, Pt. III, Sect. XIV and XV.

PAGE **84** l. 3. *the proofs of the existence and attributes of God.* Pt. ii, Ch. i, of the *Observations*: 'Of the Being and Attributes of God, and of Natural Religion.'

11. *the faith . . . is a collective energy, a total act*, &c. In 1796 (*Letters*, 202), Coleridge thus defined faith: 'By faith I understand, first, a deduction from experiments in favour of the existence of something not experienced, and secondly, the motives which attend such a deduction.' And he adds: 'Now motives, being selfish, are only the beginning and the *foundation*, necessary and of first-rate importance, yet made of vile materials and hidden beneath the splendid superstructure.' In 1810 he stated to Crabb Robinson (*Diary*, &c., MS. Dec. 20) his opinion that 'Religious Belief is an act, not of the understanding, but of the will. To become a believer—one must love the doctrines and must resolve with passion to believe.' And in the Essay on Faith (supplementary to *Aids to Reflection*, pub. 1825), faith is defined as 'fidelity to our moral being—so far as such being is not and cannot become an object of the senses'; further, 'It subsists in the synthesis of the Reason and the individual Will': and 'by virtue of the latter . . . it must be an energy, and inasmuch as it relates to the whole moral man . . . must be a total, not a partial—a continuous, not a desultory or occasional—energy'. See also *Biog. Lit.* i. 134 ff.; ii. 216 ('what we can only *know* by the act of *becoming*'); and *Letters*, p. 710 (1820).

28. —— *who deem themselves most free*, &c. These lines originally appeared in the passages contributed by Coleridge to Southey's *Joan of Arc* in the first edition, 1796: they were removed from later editions, and incorporated by Coleridge in his *Destiny of Nations*. The footnote appended to them in the *Joan of Arc* (referred to in the last chapter) was not subsequently reprinted.

PAGE **85** l. 7. *the mistaking the conditions of a thing for its* causes *and* essence. For this, the fundamental error which Coleridge ascribes to Locke, cp. letter to Brabant, 1815 (*Westm. Rev.*, April 1870, p. 354): 'Locke's whole book is one σόφισμα ἐτεροζητήσεως,

the fallacy that the soil, rain, air and sunshine make the Wheat-stalk and its ear of corn, because they are the conditions under which alone the seed can develope itself;' and *Biog. Lit.* i. 94: 'The first book of Locke's Essays . . . involves the old mistake of "cum hoc; ergo propter hoc".'

17. *Leibnitz Lex Continui.* This law, 'la loi de la continuité' ('Natura non agit saltatim') is first laid down by Leibnitz in his *Lettre à M. Bayle sur un Principe Général*, &c. (*Opera*, ed. Erdmann, i. 104; ref. *Biog. Lit.* 1874).

29. *let a man watch his mind while he is composing*: cp. 'On Thinking and Reflection' (*Miscellanies*, p. 252): 'Who has not tried to get hold of some half-remembered name, mislaid as it were in the memory, and yet felt to be there?' and the opening paragraph of the 'Essay on Beauty' (*Biog. Lit.* ii. 250). What Coleridge here calls the passive faculty would in modern phraseology be termed the 'sub-conscious mind'.

PAGE 86 l. 8. *an intermediate faculty*, &c. Cp. Kant's definition of the 'productive imagination' (*Kritik der r. Vernunft*; *Werke*, ed. Hartenstein, iii. 126), and Schelling, *Werke*, I. i. 357.

9. *In philosophical language*, &c. This parenthesis seems out of place here, forestalling, as it does, the promised deduction of chapter xiii.

18. *Nothing . . . can be more easy*, &c. Coleridge's argument in this paragraph may perhaps be more briefly restated thus:—if any impression A recalls any other impression B, our consciousness of A is, necessarily, *inseparable* from our consciousness of B: that is, the act of association is *one*; but it does not, therefore, follow that *originally* the two impressions were co-temporaneous, or that only those impressions, which originally occurred in one moment of time, can recall each other.

PAGE 87 l. 5. *The act of consciousness is indeed*, &c. Cf. *A. P.* 1803 (p. 57): 'Free unresisted action, the going forth of the soul, life without consciousness, is, properly, infinite, that is, unlimited. For whatever resists limits, and whatever is unresisted is unlimited. This, psychologically speaking, is space, while the sense of resistance or limitation is time, and motion is a synthesis of the two.'

24. *a debasement of the fancy.* Cp. Coleridge's definition of fancy given to Crabb Robinson (*Diary*, &c., Nov. 15, 1810): 'Fancy is the arbitrary bringing together of things which lie remote, and forming them into a unity.' A system of training which relies upon such arbitrary and artificial associations cannot (such appears to be Coleridge's meaning) ensure an objectively true representation of things. It encourages *fanciful* connexions.

F. N. *intensify.* Coleridge, it seems, may fairly lay claim to the origination of this term: and usage has justified his choice.

CHAPTER VIII

PAGE **88** l. 8. *Des Cartes was the first philosopher.* See the *Principia*, ii, § 1; and Cousin's introduction to his edition of *Descartes*, p. 26; Mahaffy's *Descartes* (Blackwood), pp. 156-7.

14. *has been long exploded.* Leibnitz (*Lettre sur la question*, &c.; *Œuvres*, Erdmann, i. 113) defined matter as possessing not only mobility (the capacity of movement), but also resistance (which includes impenetrability and inertia). See *Biog. Lit.* 1847, i. 131. Sara Coleridge (ib.) compares this passage with Schelling, *Abhandlungen zur Erläuterung des Idealismus der Wissenschaftslehre* (*Werke*, I. i. 343; see especially pp. 375 foll.); and the *System des transcendentalen Idealismus* (ib. I. iii. 406-7).

PAGE **89** l. 5. *Leibnitz's doctrine of a pre-established harmony.* See Leibnitz's works *passim*; but esp. the *Troisième Éclaircissement du nouveau Système*, where occurs the famous comparison of the body and soul to two watches, which keep perfect time with each other. The conception of a pre-established harmony Leibnitz claimed as his own: and he here demonstrates its superiority over the rival theories of mutual influence and of occasionalism. (See also *Sur le principe de la Vie*, Théodicée, § 61.) But the idea had already occurred to Descartes' disciple Geulinx, who wavered between the theories of pre-established harmony and of occasionalism, and who, I believe, was the first to use the illustration of the two watches (or clocks).

6. *which he certainly borrowed from Spinoza.* Spinoza nowhere clearly formulates this doctrine. Even the principle of the parallelism of mind, as thought, and body, as extension, he seems to deny almost as frequently as he admits it. See Dr. Martineau's *Study of Spinoza*, pp. 135, 182, 239, 287.

7. *Des Cartes's animal machines.* In order to substantiate his distinction of soul and body, Descartes maintained that all the vital or bodily functions were purely mechanical, the result of heat and motion. 'I desire you to notice,' he writes (*Tract on Man*, concluding summary), 'that these functions follow quite naturally in the (animal) machine from the arrangement of its organs, exactly as those of a clock, or other automaton, from that of its weights and wheels; so that we must not conceive or explain them by any other vegetive or sensitivé soul,' &c. It is doubtful, however, whether this doctrine furnished any hints to Spinoza. The animal spirits, it is true, he accepts from Descartes; but this hypothesis, so far from assisting the theory of parallelism, really assumes an interaction between body and mind. (Descartes, *Passions*, i, §§ 7-16; Mahaffy, ib. pp. 175-7; Martineau, ib. pp. 182-3; Kuno Fischer, ib. p. 415.)

12. *Wolf, the admirer and illustrious systematizer.* Christian

Wolf (1679–1754), founder of the German rationalistic school of philosophy. Although he owed much to Leibnitz, Wolf had not sufficient imagination to penetrate to the true meaning of his theories; and his own system is at once more and less than an exposition of that of Leibnitz.

16. *The hypothesis of Hylozoism.* Cp. *A. P.* (1800?), p. 14: 'Materialists, unwilling to admit the mysterious element of our nature, make it all mysterious—nothing mysterious in nerves, eyes, &c., but that nerves think, &c.! Stir up the sediment into the transparent water, and so make all opaque!'

29. *But it is not either the nature,* &c. In the following paragraph (as is pointed out *Biog. Lit.* 1847, i. 133), Coleridge has drawn upon Schelling's *Transc. Id.* (*Werke*, I. iii. 406–7), and the *Abhandlungen*, &c. (*Werke*, I. iii. 379). Sara Coleridge also compares the introduction to Schelling's *Ideen zu einer Philosophie der Natur* (*Werke*, I. ii. 25).

PAGE **91** l. 5. *like a God by spiritual art.* Slightly altered from Cowley's 'All over Love':—

> But, like a God, by powerful art,
> 'Twas all in all, and all in every part.

21. *the propensity so common among men.* Cp. p. 74, l. 25 and note; Letter to Wordsworth (1815), *Letters*, p. 649; and *T. T.*, May 15, 1833.

28. *Even so did Priestley.* This controversy was made public in the form of a printed correspondence in 1788. The two opponents were intimate friends, and both liberals in theology; but while Priestley was a materialist and necessitarian, Price upheld the free agency of man and the immateriality of the soul: anticipating in his ethical doctrines some of the fundamental ideas of Kant. (See Leslie Stephen, *Eng. Thought in the Eighteenth Century*, under 'Priestley' and 'Price'; Price, *A Review of the Principal Questions in Morals*; Priestley, *Disquisitions relating to Matter and Spirit*, &c.)

PAGE **92** l. 2. *the* PRODUCTIVE LOGOS *human and divine.* This work (Coleridge's *magnum opus*) is, according to Mr. Dykes Campbell, first mentioned in a letter of Sept. 1814, when Coleridge writes that his morning hours are devoted to a great work printing at Bristol at the wish of two friends. 'The title is Christianity, the one True Philosophy; or Five Treatises on the Logos, or communicative Intelligence, natural, human, and divine.' He adds, 'The purpose of the whole is a philosophical defence of the Articles of the Church, so far as they respect doctrine, as points of faith.' (*Life*, p. 207; *Letters*, p. 632.) There is, however, a prior *public* allusion in the *Essays on Criticism*, published in Bristol in Aug. 1814. (See *Biog. Lit.* ii. 230.)

In 1818 (*Letters*, p. 697) Coleridge speaks of 'the great philosophical work to which the best and most genial hours of the last twenty years of his life have been devoted'. Again, in 1821 he prays for tranquillity to carry out his 'noblest undertaking, which when completed will revolutionize all that has been called *Philosophy* or Metaphysics in England and France since the era of the commencing predominance of the mechanical system at the restoration of the Second Charles' (see *Life*, p. 247). And, in the last years of his life, his sole motive for wishing to live is that he may be able to complete this work (*T. T.*, July 10, 1834).

In his undoubtedly sincere efforts to carry out this life-work, Coleridge received much assistance from his friend John Henry Green, the eminent surgeon and philosopher, whose acquaintance he made in 1817, and to whom on his death he gave sole power over his literary remains. Out of the philosophical material thus entrusted to him Green endeavoured to build up Coleridge's philosophical system. The result of his efforts is contained in the *Spiritual Philosophy, founded on the teaching of the late S. T. Coleridge*; 2 vols., 1865. But the materials at hand were insufficient for the task, and the *Spiritual Philosophy* is far from containing a complete statement of Coleridge's doctrines. It is more than doubtful, indeed, if this was ever clearly formulated in Coleridge's own mind—if the 'scraps and Sibylline leaves' of his speculations were ever gathered into a comprehensive whole. And the causes of his failure lay no doubt as much in the nature of the work as in the nature of the worker. In the free development of his philosophical views Coleridge was inevitably hampered by his desire to adopt them to a particular body of religious doctrines. Of actual contributions to the *magnum opus* the following are extant: (1) two large quarto volumes on formal logic, (2) a portentous introduction, (3) a commentary on the Gospels and some of the Epistles, (4) innumerable fragments of metaphysical and theological speculation. (See *Letters*, p. 632 n.; *Life*, p. 251.) For a brief account of the scope of the system, see *T. T.*, Sept. 12, 1831; July 25, 1832; *Letters*, p. 715.

14. *a dream world of phantoms*, &c. Cp. Schelling's *Abhandlungen*, &c. (*Werke*, I. i. 362).

23. *It would be easy to explain.* Sara Coleridge compares the Introduction to Schelling's *Ideen zu einer Phil. der Natur* (*Werke*, I. ii.).

31. *an answer to the whence? and why? is no answer to the how?* &c. Cp. Goethe (Eckermann, *Gespräche*, Feb. 1831): 'To inquire after the purpose, to ask Why? is wholly unscientific. But the question How? may help us on a little,' &c. The same thought underlies Coleridge's distinction in the 'Theory of Life' (*Miscellanies*, pp. 379 foll.), between *accounting for* and *explaining* a fact of experience.

PAGE **93** F. N. *And Coxcombs vanquish Berkeley with a grin.* From the 'Essay on Satire, occasioned by the death of Mr. Pope', by John Brown (published in vol. ii of Warburton's *Pope*), pt. ii, l. 224.

CHAPTER IX

PAGE **93** l. 21. *without Leibnitz's qualifying Praeter ipsum intellectum.* 'On m'opposera cet axiome reçu parmi les Philosophes: que rien n'est dans l'âme qui ne vienne des sens. Mais il faut excepter l'âme même et ses affections. Nihil est in intellectu, quod non fuerit in sensu, excipe: nisi ipse intellectus.' Leibnitz, *Nouveaux Essais sur l'Entendement Humain*, liv. ii, c. I (ed. Erdmann, i. 223: ref. *Biog. Lit.* 1847).

22. *in the same sense in which the position was understood*: i.e. in the sense that all intellectual processes are in their essence material.

23. *what Hume had demonstratively deduced.* (See the note to p. 83, l. 27.)

PAGE **94** l. 8. *the supposed error which it labors to subvert*: i.e. the existence of innate ideas.

24. *The early study of Plato and Plotinus.* While yet at Christ's Hospital, Coleridge, according to Lamb, was deep in the Neo-platonists (see the famous passage in Lamb's essay *Christ's Hospital five-and-thirty years ago*). With Plato he no doubt became acquainted in the ordinary course of his studies. The earliest reference to him which I have been able to find is a not highly complimentary allusion to his conception of life, in a letter to Thelwall in 1796 (*Letters*, p. 211): 'Plato says it (life) is *harmony*. He might as well have said a fiddlestick's end: but I love Plato, his dear, *gorgeous* nonsense.' It was, no doubt, his early conversion to Platonic idealism that carried Coleridge beyond the standpoint of the critical philosophy: cp. letter to J. Gooden in 1819 (*Notes and Lectures*, &c., ed. Sara Coleridge, 1849, p. 273).

26. *the illustrious Florentine.* Marsilius Ficinus (1433-9), author of *Theologia Platonica seu de immortalitate animorum.* The enthusiasm for Plato in Florence in the days of Cosimo dei Medici, due to the influence and teaching of Gemistius Pletho, led to the foundation of a Platonic academy, of which Marsilius was made president. He published a Latin translation of Plato's works. But his own system, developed in the *Theologia*, owes more to the later Platonists of the Alexandrian school.

27. *Proclus* (412-485 A.D.), the most famous of the Athenian Neo-platonists, from whom Neo-Platonism received its final expression. Cp. Crabb Robinson (*Diary*, &c., May 3, 1812): 'A long tirade in which Coleridge declared that when he first began to think on philosophy he set out from a passage in Proclus—at the

point where Schelling appears to be, and where, with modifications, he, Coleridge, has remained.'

Gemistius Pletho. More properly Gemistus or Pletho, Georgius (the second name was given him for his extraordinary erudition). A native of Constantinople, during the first half of the fifteenth century, he is chiefly memorable for having introduced Platonism to the Western World. In 1438 he paid a visit to Florence, and there succeeded in inspiring Cosimo de Medici with his own enthusiasm for Plato, and finally in depriving Aristotle of the dominion which for eight centuries he had exercised over European thought.

29. *the philosopher of Nola.* T. Giordano Bruno (1548–1600), the best known of the Italian philosophers of the Renaissance. His chief metaphysical works were *De la causa, principio ed uno* and *De l'Infinito Universo e Mondi* (both published in 1584). The *De Immenso*, &c., a later work (1591), is of more importance for an estimate of his philosophy. (See Schwegler, *Hist. of Phil.*, 'Bruno'.) Bruno was burnt as a heretic in 1600. In April, 1801 (*A. P.*, p. 16), Coleridge records that in two days he has read two works of Bruno, the *De Immenso*, &c., and the *De Monade, Numero, et Figurâ*. Of the latter he remarks, 'It was far too numerical, lineal, and Pythagorean for my comprehension. It read very much like Thomas Taylor (i.e. the translator of Plotinus) and Proclus,' &c. 'The poems and commentaries in the *De Immenso et Innumerabili* are,' he adds, 'of a very different description. The commentary is a very sublime enunciation of the dignity of the human soul according to the principles of Plato.'

who could boast of a Sir Philip Sidney, &c. Bruno made the acquaintance of Sidney and Fulke Greville during his residence in England in the years 1583–4. See *A. P.* (ib.): 'Sir P. Sidney and Fulke Greville shut the doors at their philosophical conferences with Bruno.' Sidney is introduced in the 'Cena de la Ceneri', or Ash Wednesday Conversation, which was written in these years. (*Biog. Lit.* 1847, i. 144.)

PAGE **95** l. 1. *the reception and welcoming of the Cogito quia sum*, &c. According to this statement, Coleridge's introduction to the Cartesian philosophy does not fall before 1801. It is not improbable that he studied Descartes, alongside with Kant, during the years of his residence at Keswick. Cp. manuscript note in Southey's copy of *Omniana* (1812) on the words 'I am that I am', and Southey's comment 'I am who I am, is better':—'No, the sense of *that* is=because or in that. Affirming myself to be, I am, *Causa sui*. My own affirmation is the ground of my own existence.'

7. *the Teutonic theosophist, Jacob Behmen.* According to Southey's statement in 1808 (*Life*, p. 165 n.) the succession of Coleridge's philosophical idols was—Hartley, Berkeley, Spinoza, Plato, and Boehme; the last of whom 'had some chance of coming in' when Southey had last seen Coleridge (i.e. in 1804). But the

study of Boehme and his fellow mystics probably began in the years 1795–8 (see Gutch Memorandum Book, Brit. Museum Library), and was carried on side by side with Coleridge's speculations in necessitarianism, to which (as Coleridge here tells us) it provided an antidote.

Coleridge's various statements as to his debt to Boehme are not entirely reconcilable. To Lady Beaumont he wrote, 'For myself, I must confess I never brought away from his (Boehme's) works anything I did not bring to them' (*Memorials of Coleorton*, Jan. 1810). On the other hand, Crabb Robinson reports (*Diary*, &c., May 29, 1812) that, speaking of Schelling, Coleridge declared that 'all Schelling had said he (Coleridge) had thought out for himself, or found in Jacob Boehme'. See also *Biog. Lit.* i. 103: 'My obligations to Boehme have been more direct.' In the Coleorton letter just quoted, Coleridge adds: 'The most beautiful and orderly development of this philosophy (which endeavours to explain all things by an analysis of consciousness, and builds up a world in the mind out of materials furnished by the mind itself, is to be found in the *Platonic Theology* of Proclus.' From this passage, and our knowledge of his *early* study of Proclus, we may perhaps conclude that it was Proclus who prepared Coleridge for Boehme, as Boehme prepared him for Schelling. A critical account of Boehme was one of the subjects proposed by Coleridge for *The Friend* of 1809–10 (*Memorials of Coleorton*, ii. 107), but abandoned owing to the untimely decease of that journal. See *Aids to Reflection*, Bohn's Library, p. 258.

21. *While I in part translate*, &c. Portions of the two following paragraphs, as far as the words 'William Law', are, as Sara Coleridge (*Biog. Lit.* 1847) has pointed out, freely translated from Schelling's *Darlegung des wahren Verhältnisses der Natur-Philosophie zu der verbesserten Fichte'schen Lehre* (*Werke*, I. vii. 119–20). The question of Coleridge's plagiarisms from Schelling is too complex to be fully entered into here. Those interested in it may consult (for the case against Coleridge) De Quincey's article in *Tait's Mag.*, Jan. 1835; J. F. Ferrier's in *Blackwood's Mag.*, xlvii. 287–99, and Mr. J. M. Robertson's Essay on Coleridge in his *Essays towards a new critical Method*; and (for the defence) Archdeacon Hare's reply to De Quincey in the *British Mag.* vii (15–27), and Sara Coleridge's Introduction to *Biog. Lit.* 1847.

I cannot myself feel that Coleridge is guilty either of insincerity or self-deception, when he declares that the similarity of his philosophical standpoint to that of Schelling is a matter of coincidence. 'In the preface to my philosophical works,' Coleridge wrote in 1804, 'I should say—"Once for all, read Kant, Fichte, &c., and then you will trace, or if you are on the hunt, track me". Why, then, not acknowledge your obligations step by step? Because I could not do so in a multitude of glaring instances without a lie, for they had been mine formed and full-formed, before I had ever heard of these

writers, because to have fixed on the particular instances in which I have been indebted to these writers would have been hard, if possible, to me who read for truth and self-satisfaction, and not to make a book, and who always rejoiced and was jubilant when I found my own ideas well expressed by others.' (*A. P.*, p. 106.) And in the same spirit he writes (*Biog. Lit.* i. 105): 'I regard truth as a divine ventriloquist: I care not from whose mouth the sounds are supposed to proceed, if only the words are audible and intelligible.' To these statements we may add another (in a letter of 1816): 'What I write must be *my own* to the best of my consciousness—the result of earnest meditation, and an insight into the *principles*': and, if we do not excuse his habit of plagiarism, we shall at least understand how it could be consistent with originality in the ideas expressed. Of this originality in Coleridge no man was more firmly convinced than his philosophical associate and interpreter J. H. Green, who, moreover, in the following words (Introduction to *Confessions of an Enquiring Spirit*), gives a striking confirmation of Coleridge's account of himself: 'For Coleridge truth was impersonal: and if he adopted from others it was because it was alien to the habit of his mind to consider the perception or discovery of truth as anything which belongs exclusively and appropriately to the individual.' And in a similar vein Green writes to Sara Coleridge: 'The unacknowledged use of the quotations from Schelling in the *B. L.*, which have been the pretext for branding him with the opprobrious name of plagiarist, are only evidences, in my humble judgement at least, of his disregard to reputation, and of a *selflessness* . . . which caused him to neglect the means of vindicating his claim to the originality of the system, which was the labour of his life and the fruit of his genius.' For the rest, Coleridge in the following pages (pp. 104–5) shows himself willing enough to concede to Schelling the general credit of the ideas which they shared; and elsewhere he acknowledged, what indeed it would be unreasonable to deny, that he is not without real obligations to Schelling. (Cp. Letter to J. H. Green, quoted in note to p. 102, l. 22.)

PAGE **97** l. 1. *De Thoyras.* Sara Coleridge (*Biog. Lit.* 1847, i. 148) substituted Taulerus (the German mystic of the fourteenth century) for de Thoyras, 'having reason to believe that the latter name was a mistake or misprint for the former.' And certainly there is no de Thoyras who could fittingly be classed with Boehme and George Fox.

George Fox (1624–90), the founder of the society of 'Friends', which absorbed the already existing societies of Behmenists, or followers of Boehme.

PAGE **98** l. 3. *And what he brings*, &c. Milton, *Par. Reg.* iv. 325.

14. *William Law* (1686–1781), author of the *Serious Call*, &c.

(1729). His mystical writings are the product of his later years, and owe much to the influence of Boehme, whose works he became acquainted with in 1734. What is commonly known as Law's translation of Boehme's works is really a re-edition of the old translation, undertaken in Law's memory by Ward and Langcake. (*Brit. Encycl.*, ninth edition, art. Boehme.)

PAGE **99** l. 1. *The Ethics of Spinoza.* Cp. Hazlitt (*Spirit of the Age*, Coleridge). 'Spinoza became his God, and he took up the vast chain of Being in his hand . . . but poetry redeemed him from his spectral philosophy.' In 1803 Coleridge wrote of Spinoza: 'If Spinoza had left the doctrine of miracles untouched, and had not written so powerfully in support of universal toleration, his ethics would never have brought on him the charge of Atheism. His doctrine, in this respect, is truly and severely orthodox in the reformed Church.' Cp. also the marginal notes on his copy of the *Ethics* (quoted partially in Dr. Martineau's *Study of Spinoza*, and printed in the *Athenaeum*, April, 1897), where Coleridge writes:—'I cannot agree with Jacobi's assertion that Spinosism as taught by Spinoza is Atheism. For though he will not consent to call things essentially disparate by the same name, and therefore denies human intelligence to the Deity, yet he adores his *Wisdom*, and expressly declares the identity of Love, i. e., perfect Virtue or concentric Will, in the human Being, and that with which the supreme loves himself, as all in all. It is true he contends for Necessity; but then he makes two disparate classes of Necessity, the one identical with Liberty (even as the Christian Doctrine "Whose service is perfect freedom"), the other Compulsion or Slavery.' See also Crabb Robinson, *Diary*, &c., Dec. 20, 1810: *Biog. Lit.* ii. 217. Yet to the end Coleridge classed Spinoza with the pantheists. See *The Friend* (1818), II. xi (Coleridge, *Works*, ed. Shedd. ii. 470); Letter to Brabant (1815); *Westm. Review*, April, 1870; Crabb Robinson, *Diary*, &c., Nov. 3, 1812; and *T. T.*, March 10, 1827, and April 30, 1830. From a letter to Stuart in 1814 (*Letters*, p. 632), it appears that Coleridge contemplated a treatise on Spinoza and Spinosism, as part of the *opus magnum*, to bear the title 'Logos Agonistes'.

12. *Immanuel Kant* (1724–1804). The works here mentioned were published in the following order:—*The Critique of Pure Reason* (1781); the *Metaphysical Elements of Natural Science* (1786); the *Critique of Judgment* (1790); *Religion within the bounds of Pure Reason* (1793).

22. *the chapter on original apperception.* Kant's *Werke*, ed. Hartenstein, 1867, Bd. III. s. 114.

PAGE **100** l. 3. *the hair-breadth escapes of Wolf.* Wolff's teaching at Halle gave offence to his theological colleagues, who secured his expulsion from Prussia in 1723. On the accession of Frederick the Great in 1740, he was reinstated in his chair with every mark

of esteem. Kant, too, came into conflict with the orthodox party in Prussia. In 1792, when his work on *Religion within the bounds of Pure Reason* had been partly published in the *Berlin Journal*, the publication of the remainder was forbidden, and he was obliged to bring it out in Königsberg. In consequence a pledge was exacted from him not to write again upon religious subjects, to which he adhered until the death of Friedrich Wilhelm II in 1797.

4. *The expulsion of the first among Kant's disciples.* Coleridge is alluding to Fichte, who in 1798 was driven from Jena on a charge of Atheism, based on his preface to his friend Forberg's essay on the 'Development of the Idea of Religion'. In this paper (entitled 'On the Grounds of our belief in a Divine Government of the Universe'), God is defined as the moral order of the Universe, the eternal law of right which is the foundation of our being; and any other mode of existence is denied to him.

9. *In spite therefore of his own declarations.* Sara Coleridge (*Biog. Lit.* 1847, i. 157) aptly compares these remarks upon Kant with Schelling, *Abhandlung zur Erläuterung*, &c. (*Werke*, I. i. 405).

16. *I entertained doubts likewise.* Yet it is on this very point that Coleridge seems most sincerely at one with Kant, except indeed that for him the moral consciousness has a wider scope, and its evidence is *more* convincing. Cp. *Biog. Lit.* i. 135, esp. l. 36; ii. 216, and marginal note in Tenneman's *Geschichte der Philosophie*, vol. viii, where Coleridge complains that the Kanteans 'separate the Reason from the Reason in the Will, or the theory from the Practical man', and adds 'Whether the object given in the Idea belongs to it in its own right as an Idea, or is super-induced by moral Faith, is really little more than a dispute in terms, depending on the Definition of Idea. . . . What more cogent proof (of the objective reality of the Ideas) can we have than that a man must contradict his whole human being in order to deny it?'

PAGE **101** l. 5. *Fichte's Wissenschaftslehre.* The theoretical portion of Fichte's system is contained in the *Grundlage der gesammten Wissenschaftslehre* (1794) and *Grundriss des Eigenthumlichen d. Wissenschaftslehre* (1794), and a general introduction to the whole system in the *Begriff der Wissenschaftslehre* (1794). The practical philosophy is contained in the *Grundlage des Naturrechts* (1796), and *System der Sittenlehre* (1798).

6. *by commencing with an act instead of a thing*, i.e. the original Deed-act, or *Thathandlung* by which the Ego affirms itself as real. Cp. Letter to J. H. Green, 1817 (*Letters*, p. 682): 'Fichte . . . hath the merit of having prepared the ground for, and laid the first stone of, the *dynamic* philosophy by the substitution of Act for Thing, *Der einführen Actionen* (*sic*) *statt der Dinge an Sich*.'

14. *a crude egoismus, a boastful . . . hostility to Nature.* Cp. marginal note in Fichte's *Bestimmung des Menschen* (Brit. Mus. Library copy): 'This man who, page after page, can rant away in

the perfect silence of the human Consciousness, grounding all on an equivoque of the word I!' And further: 'The same contradiction between the Heart and the Reason—nay, worse than the Necessitarians. They preach the wisdom of considering the Assassin=the Dagger: but Fichte says that Duty or the law of Conscience is the Voice of God—that for man there is no other truth but this and in this: yet this very voice commands him to act, and feel what he knows to be a lie and unjust. All this by a juggler's trick of dividing his individuality into the knowing and the acting (*handelnde*) man!'

PAGE **102** l. 7. *Schelling's Natur-Philosophie*, &c. Schelling's *Ideen zu einer Phil. der Natur* was first published in 1797; a second edition, a recast of the former (*durchaus verbesserte Auflage*) appeared in 1803. Schelling also published in 1799 an *Entwurf zu einem System der Natur-Philosophie: oder Ueber den Begriff der speculativen Physik.*

19. *the dramatic lectures of Schlegel.* Cp. *Biog. Lit.* i. 22 f. n., and note.

22. *all the main and fundamental ideas.* Cp. letter to J. T. Coleridge, 1825 (*Letters*, p. 375): 'All the elements, the differentials . . . of my present opinions existed for me before I had seen a word of German metaphysics, later than Wolf or Leibnitz. But what will this avail? A High German transcendentalist I must be content to remain.' And to J. H. Green (1817: *Letters*, p. 683): 'As my opinions were formed before I was acquainted with the schools of Fichte and Schelling, so do they remain independent of them, though I con- and profess great obligations to them in the development of my thought, and yet seem to feel that I should have been more *useful* if I had been left to evolve them without knowledge of their coincidence.' And to Robinson he said (*Diary*, &c., May 3, 1812), that from Fichte and Schelling 'he had not gained one great idea'. This assertion is in harmony with Green's own opinion. (See letter to Sara Coleridge, *Biog. Lit.* 1847, Introd. xxxiv.)

PAGE **103** l. 6. *Schelling has lately . . . avowed.* This avowal was made, as Archdeacon Hare first pointed out (see *Biog. Lit.* 1847, i. 164), some eleven years before. See Schelling, *Werke* I. vii. 120: 'I am not ashamed of the names of many so-called enthusiasts, but I will avow openly and make it my boast that I have learnt from them, as soon as I can make that boast justly.' In a marginal note (date uncertain) to Schelling's *Philosophische Untersuchungen über das Wesen der menschlichen Freiheit*, &c. (quoted *Biog. Lit.* 1847, i. 303), Coleridge writes: 'How can I explain Schelling's strange silence respecting Jacob Boehme? The identity of his system was exulted in by the Tiecks at Rome in 1805, to me—and these were Schelling's intimate friends. The coincidence in the expressions, illustrations, and even in the

mystical obscurities, is too glaring to be solved by mere independent coincidence in thought and intention.' Here Coleridge seems to write in ignorance of Schelling's acknowledgement to Boehme. (See also Crabb Robinson, *Diary*, &c., Aug. 13, 1812.)

F.N. *Mr. Richard Saumarez*, surgeon to the Magdalen Hospital, London. He also published *A Dissertation on the Universe in general, and on the Procession of the Elements in particular* (1796); *Principles and Ends of Philosophy* (1811), and other works.

PAGE **104** l. 4. *Kant's followers*, &c. Cf. Schiller's epigram, 'Kant's Ausleger':

Wie doch ein einziger König so viele Bettler in Nahrung
Setzt. Wenn die Könige bauen, haben die Karrner zu thun.

9. *To Schelling we owe*, &c. Coleridge is here more complimentary to Schelling than of wont. Cp. Letter to J. H. Green, 1817 (*Letters*, 683): 'Schelling is too ambitious, too eager to be the Grand Seignior of the *allein-selig Philosophie* to be altogether a trustworthy philosopher. But he is a man of great genius: and, however unsatisfied with his conclusions, one cannot read him without being *whetted* or improved': and marginal note to Schelling's *Philosophische Untersuchungen uber das Wesen der menschl. Freiheit*, &c. (*Biog. Lit.* 1847, App. I, 311): 'The more I reflect, the more I am convinced of the gross materialism which underlies the whole system.' This note probably belongs to a later period in Coleridge's life. C. Robinson (*Diary*, &c., June 3, 1824): 'Coleridge metaphysized à la Schelling while he abused him.'

PAGE **105** l. 10. *the 1st volume of his collected Tracts.* Schelling's *Philosophische Schriften*, Erster Band, Landshut, 1810 (the only one published in this edition).

12. *a small pamphlet against Fichte.* The *Darlegung des wahren Verhältnisses der Natur-Philosophie zu der verbesserten Fichte'schen Lehre* (1806) (*Werke* I. vii, pp. 1–130).

19. *Albeit, I must confess.* Milton, *The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty*, Bk. II, ch. i (ref. *Biog. Lit.* 1847).

PAGE **106** l. 7. *Simon Grynaeus.* The same passage is quoted in *The Friend*, 1818 (Third Introductory Essay), with some difference of reading. Simon Grynaeus (1493–1541) was a learned theologian and philologist of the Reformation.

13. *Est medius ordo*, &c. Barclay's *Argenis*, Lib. I, Leyden, 1630, pp. 63–4. There are (as is pointed out in *Biog. Lit.* 1847) some omissions from the original.

22. *As therefore physicians.* From Hooker's *Eccles. Polity*, Bk. I, § 8, with omissions and slight alterations (ref. *Biog. Lit.* 1847).

PAGE **107** l. 3. *Che s'io non erro*, &c. Satire di Salvator Rosa, *La Musica*, l. i. 10 (ref. ib.).

CHAPTER X

PAGE **107** l. 9. *Esemplastic.* Coleridge has been accused of borrowing this word from Schelling, who uses the phrase 'In-Eins-Bildung des Einen mit dem Vielen' [*Darlegung des wahren Verhältnisses der Natur-Philosophie zu der verbesserten Fichte'schen Lehre*, 1806, pp. 61–2, *Werke* I. vii. 60], and 'In-Eins-Bildung des Realen und Idealen' [*Vorlesungen über die Methode des academischen Studiums*, *Werke* I. v. 348]. Coleridge was acquainted with the first of these works. But it is more probable that he coined the word himself from the suggestion given him by the German *Einbilden*, *Einbildungskraft*, the etymology of which he misapprehended. See *A. P.* 1810 (p. 236); *Biog. Lit.* 1847, i. 173.

16. *pedantry consists*, &c. The following passage on the use of terms also appears, in slightly different language, at the beginning of Essay III of the Essays *On the Principles of Genial Criticism* (*Biog. Lit.* ii. 228).

PAGE **108** l. 23. *Darwin in his Zoonomia. Zoonomia, or Laws of Organic Life*, by Erasmus Darwin (first edition: London, 1794-6).

PAGE **109** l. 4. *sensuous.* 'A coined word, used by Milton.' Skeat, *Etym. Dict.* s.v. Hobbes uses sensual as = sensuous: so also Hooker (quoted in Johnson's *Dict.*). See *A. P.*, p. 123: 'Our language wants terms of comprehensive generality, implying the kind, not the degree or species, as in that good and necessary word *sensuous*, which we have likewise dropped, opposed to sensual, sensitive, sensible, &c., &c.

9. *intuition.* (1) 'Ready power of perception': so used by Jeremy Taylor (*Great Exemplar*, i. 36, &c.); (2) 'perception divinely bestowed' (J. Taylor, *Worthy Commun.*, speaks of 'St. Paul's faith by intuition'; and Baxter of 'intuition of spirits'); (3) immediate perception of an object: so defined by Hooker in a passage quoted by Coleridge in Essay III of the Essays on Criticism. (See *Biog. Lit.* ii. 230.)

14. *objective and subjective.* The old scholastic sense of 'objective', in which it is also used by Descartes and Spinoza, was nearly equivalent to the modern 'subjective'. Objective essence was opposed to 'formal essence'. (See Hamilton's edition of Reid's *Works*, 1863, p. 803, f. n., where the history of the distinction is given.)

19. *encouraged and confirmed*, &c. This distinction, as a distinction of terms, is not clearly made by the seventeenth century divines, nor indeed before Kant; but they recognize the distinction of things to which it corresponds. Cp. Coleridge's *Notes on English Divines* (1853 ed.), i. 18: 'In Hooker and the great divines of his age, it was merely an occasional carelessness in

the use of the terms that reason is ever put where they meant the understanding; for, from other parts of their writings, it is evident that they knew and asserted the distinction, nay, the diversity of the things themselves,' &c. See also pp. 60, 98, 263; ii. 139. The Cambridge Platonists laid great stress on the distinction, and in this, as in the importance they attached to the divine witness of conscience, they may have prepared Coleridge for Kant. (See John Smith in *Cambridge Platonists*, ed. E. T. Campagnac, p. 139; Principal Tulloch, *Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy in England in the Seventeenth Century*, i. 381.)

22. *both life and sense*, &c. *Par. Lost*, v. 485. For 'in kind' the original has 'of kind'. Italics and capitals, it is hardly necessary to add, are Coleridge's.

PAGE 110 l. 5. *To establish this distinction was one main object of The Friend.* To Stuart Coleridge spoke of *The Friend* as 'a work for the development of *Principles*' (*Letters from the Late Poets to D. Stuart*, 1880, p. 117): and in a letter to Estlin (*Estlin Letters*, Dec. 1808) he writes: 'The first essay will be on the nature and importance of *Principles*. The blindness to this I have always regarded as the disease of this discussing, calculating, prudential age.' So too he wrote in the first number of *The Friend*: 'My object is to refer men to *Principles* in all things.' In the first issue of the Prospectus it is stated that one main purpose of *The Friend* is to provide 'Consolations and Comforts from the exercise and right application of the Reason, the Imagination, and the Moral Feelings'.

The distinction of Reason and Understanding may have been long familiar to Coleridge, but it was no doubt in Kant that he first learned its value as a weapon against the empiricists and necessitarians. In a letter to Poole (Jan. 1804; *Letters*, 454) he speaks of having found his way out of that labyrinth-den of sophistry (Necessitarianism), and of bringing with him 'a better clue than has hitherto been known, to enable others to do the same'. This 'clue' was no doubt the distinction of Reason and Understanding, which he had now scientifically formulated. In *The Friend* we have Coleridge's earliest expression of the distinction. (See Nos. 5 and 9.) Here the Understanding is distinguished as the experiential faculty from Reason, or the sciential faculty. All morality is grounded upon Reason, without which man is a *Thing*. Reason, again, is defined as the faculty of the supersensuous; Understanding as the faculty of the sensuous. Reason implies all that distinguishes man from the animals: the power of reflection, of comparison, of suspension of mind; whereas Understanding is but the same faculty as the instinct of animals, with the addition of self-consciousness. For Coleridge's subsequent elaboration of the distinction, see *The Friend* (1818), 'First Landing-Place,' Essay V; *Aids to Reflection*

(Bohn, XI, 135, 142, 143, 171); *Statesman's Manual* (1816), Appendix C; Letter to C. A. Tulk, Feb. 1821 (*Letters*, p. 712); the Essay on Faith, &c. In 1830 (*T. T.*, May 30) he spoke of the distinction as the 'Gradus ad Philosophiam'. See, too, *The Friend* (1818), Sect. II, Essay II.

7. *a work, which was printed rather than published.* Coleridge refers to *The Friend* of 1809-1810, which was published at Penrith. The title-page ran thus—'THE FRIEND: a Literary, Moral, and Political Weekly Paper, excluding Personal and Party Politics and Events of the Day. Conducted by S. T. Coleridge of Grasmere, Westmoreland. Each number will contain a stamped Sheet of large Octavo, like the present; and will be delivered free of expense, by the Post, throughout the Kingdom, to Subscribers. The Price each Number One Shilling. . . . Penrith: Printed and Published by J. Brown'. The ill-success of *The Friend* cannot be explained merely by the inconvenience of the subscription-list plan. The irregularity in publication, the slowness of transit between Grasmere and Penrith, and Coleridge's own troubled character, all contributed to its failure. And, apart from these external causes, the contents of *The Friend* were not calculated to appeal to a large circle of readers. Cp. *A. P.*, p. 213 (1810), 'Thought and attention are very different things. I never expected the former from the readers of *The Friend.* I did expect the latter, and was disappointed.' The first number appeared on June 1, 1809; the last on March 15, 1810: only twenty-eight numbers were printed in all. (See *Life*, pp. 170-76; *Letters*, ch. 10.) For the business details of *The Friend*, as well as for Coleridge's objects in publishing it, Pt. III of the *Letter from the Lake Poets to D. Stuart* should be consulted.

33. *One gentleman procured me nearly a hundred names.* Cp. *Memorials of Coleorton*, ii. 97, &c., where in a letter to Lady Beaumont, written in January, 1810, Coleridge informs her that his 'hopes concerning *The Friend* are at dead low-water', and proceeds to set forth the causes of its ill-success. According to this letter, the 'gentleman' here alluded to was Mr. Clarkson; but his words are somewhat differently given, the allusion to 'objects of Charity' being ironically suggested by Coleridge himself.

PAGE **111** l. 20. *On my list of subscribers.* This story of the Earl of Cork is also told in the above letter, and to the same effect.

PAGE **114** l. 13. *Toward the close of the first year.* Coleridge left Cambridge about the middle of December, 1794. In the following December he undertook the conduct of *The Watchman*, the first number of which appeared in March, 1796.

16. *I was persuaded by sundry Philanthropists*, &c. It is probable that Coleridge was as much the persuader as the persuaded. The 'sundry Philanthropists and Anti-polemists' probably

included the rest of the 'Pantisocrats' (Southey, Southey's friend George Burnett, and Lovell, who married Mary Fricker), and other friends, whom Coleridge had interested in the project (foremost among them Josiah Wade, who was kept constantly informed by Coleridge of the progress of his tour in search of subscribers).

18. *that all might know the truth*, &c. See copy of the original Prospectus (*Life*, Appendix). The *flaming prospectus* to which Coleridge here alludes was no doubt prepared specially for the tour.

31. *I was at that time*, &c. Coleridge was converted to Unitarianism while an undergraduate at Cambridge in 1793. His conversion was due to the influence of W. Frend (*Life*, p. 25). In an early notebook (?1796) is the following entry: 'Unitarians travelling from Orthodoxy to Atheism. Why?' And in a letter to George Fricker (1807? Cottle's *Reminiscences*, p. 339) he declares that 'disappointment in the only deep wish I had ever cherished' first forced him to question his Socinian creed. This may refer to the Mary Evans affair in 1794. Yet in 1797 he still thought of becoming a Unitarian minister (*Letters*, p. 228), and in 1802 he wrote to Estlin: 'If there be any meaning in words, it appears to me that the Quakers and Unitarians are the only Christians.' He adds, however, that 'even of these I am sometimes jealous that some of the Unitarians make too much of an *Idol* of their *one* God'. And his wavering attitude appears in another letter of the same year (*Estlin Letters*, July, 1802): 'My Confessio Fidei, as regards the doctrine of the Trinity, is negative Unitarianism—a *non liquet* concerning the nature and being of Christ.' So his daughter writes of him that 'his Unitarianism was purely negative: not a satisfaction in the positive formal divinity of the Unitarians, but what remained to him to the last, a revulsion from certain explanations of the Atonement commonly received as orthodox'. In the same year (1802) he wrote (*A. P.*, p. 26): 'Socinianism, moonlight; Methodism, a stove; O for some sun to unite heat and light!' And in 1805 (Gillman's *Life*, p. 160): 'Seven or eight years ago, my mind then wavering in its necessary passage from Unitarianism ... through Spinosism and Plato to St. John. This I now feel—that no Trinity, no God. That Unitarianism in all its forms is idolatry' ... 'O that this conviction may work upon me and in me, and that my mind may be made up as to the character of Jesus and of historical Christianity, as clearly as it is of the Logos, and intellectual or spiritual Christianity'. It was not until his return from Malta that Coleridge definitely declared himself a Trinitarian (Cottle, *Rem.* pp. 314-25). See also *Life*, p. 165; *Biog. Lit.* i. 136. For his later opinion of Unitarianism, see *Letters*, p. 758; Emerson (on his visit to Coleridge) in *English Traits*; and for Coleridge's explanation of his attraction to the doctrine, *T. T.*, June 23, 1834.

PAGE 117 l. 5. *This took place at Manchester.* Cp. letter to

Josiah Wade (*Biog. Lit.* 1847, *Biographical Supplement*, ii. 353), Jan. 1796: 'This morning I called on Mr. —— with H's letter. Mr. —— received me as a rider, and treated me with insolence that was really amusing from its novelty. "Overstocked with these articles."——"People always setting up some new thing or other."——"I read the Star and another paper; what could I want with this paper, which is nothing more?"——"Well, well, I'll consider of it." To these entertaining *bon mots* I returned the following repartee——"Good morning, Sir."'

PAGE **119** l. 15. *how opposite even then my principles were.* According to Dr. Carlyon (*Early Years*, &c., i. 27: quoted, *Life*, p. 41) Coleridge while still at Cambridge had occasion to correct a misapprehension on the part of the Master of his College, by informing him 'that he was neither Jacobin nor Democrat, but a Pantisocrat'. And of the *Conciones ad Populum*, delivered in 1795, Coleridge wrote, late in life: 'Except the two or three pages involving the doctrine of philosophical necessity and of Unitarianism, I see little or nothing in these outbursts of my youthful zeal to retract' (*Biog. Lit.* 1847, ii. 346). And the author of *The Watchman* is certainly no Jacobin. In April, 1798, Coleridge writes to his brother George: 'A man's character follows him long after he has ceased to deserve it; but I have snapped my squeaking baby-trumpet of sedition, and the fragments lie scattered in the lumber-room of penitence.' And in 1803 (?: Cottle, *Rem.* p. 110) to Miss Cruikshanks: 'As to my principles they were at all times decidedly anti-Jacobin and anti-revolutionary.' His disappointment in the outcome of the Revolution found expression in *France: An Ode*, written in Feb. 1798. As appears from the Ode itself, it was the base treatment of Switzerland by the revolutionary leaders which moved Coleridge to this public recantation. But no doubt his sympathy with the French Government had been for some time on the wane. Their detention of the Netherlands provoked him to a strong remonstrance in 1796. (See *The Watchman*, April, 1796.) But his assertion, made in 1832 (*T. T.*, July 23, 1832), 'Before 1793, I clearly saw, and often enough stated in public, the vile mockery . . . of the whole affair,' is not supported by the facts. (See *Life*, p. 85 f. n.; and *The Friend* (1818), § 1, 'On the Principles of Political Knowledge,' where Coleridge reprints one of the Addresses of 1795, as documentary evidence of the fact that he was never at any time of his life 'a convert to the system.')

PAGE **120** l. 1. *a most censurable application of a text from Isaiah.* 'Wherefore my Bowels shall sound like an Harp,' Isaiah. Cp. *Letters*, 157 (March, 1796): 'The *Essay on Fasting* I am ashamed of, but it is one of my misfortunes that I am obliged to publish *extempore* as well as compose.'

4. *disgusted by their infidelity*, &c. Cp. letter to G. Coleridge,

April, 1798 (*Letters*, p. 240): 'Equally with you I deprecate the moral and intellectual habits of those men, both in England and France, who have modestly assumed to themselves the exclusive title of Philosophers and Friends of Freedom. I think them at least *as* distant from goodness as from greatness.'

9. *I levelled my attacks*, &c. The article *Modern Patriotism* (*Watchman*, No. III) does not correspond to Coleridge's description. It is in effect an exhortation to the 'good citizen' to lead a moral life, give up Godwinism, and 'condescend to believe in a God, and in the existence of a Future State'. Neither in this nor other numbers do I find any reference to the 'gagging bills', or any plea for national education and the spread of gospels. Coleridge may, however, be thinking of the address delivered by him in the same year (printed in *The Friend*, 1818).

26. *At the ninth number I dropt the work.* Not at the ninth number, but the tenth. On the last page the reader was informed that 'This is the last number of the Watchman . . . The reason is short and satisfactory—the work does not pay its expenses'.

31. *thrown into jail by my Bristol printer.* According to Cottle (*Rem.*, p. 83) 'Mr. C.'s memory was here grievously defective. The fact is Biggs the printer (a worthy man) never threatened or even importuned for the money . . . The whole of the paper (which cost more than the printing) was paid for by the writer' (i. e. Cottle himself).

34. *a dear friend, who attached himself to me.* Sara Coleridge (*Biog. Lit.* 1847, i. 188) is apparently mistaken in thinking that Josiah Wade is here referred to. The dear friend is more probably Thomas Poole, at whose instigation a number of friends of Coleridge subscribed a purse of from £35 to £40, which reached him on the last 'magazine-day' of *The Watchman* (*Life*, p. 52; *Thomas Poole and his Friends*, by Mrs. Sandford, i. 142-5). Coleridge made Poole's acquaintance on his first visit to Bristol, 1794. Although after 1799 they saw and heard comparatively little of each other, they remained firm friends to the last.

PAGE **121** l. 5. *Conscientiously an opponent of the first revolutionary war.* Coleridge's chronology in this sentence is somewhat vague. The declaration of war with France took place in 1793: the invasion of Switzerland in 1798: and Coleridge's retirement to Stowey in 1796 (Dec. 31). See letter to Miss Cruickshanks (? 1803: Cottle, *Rem.* p. 110): 'At that time (1793) I seriously held the doctrine of passive obedience, though a violent enemy of the first war.'

16. *by writing verses for a London Morning Paper.* Coleridge apparently did not (see *Life*, p. 85) begin writing for the *Morning Post* before Jan. 1798. Between that date and his departure for Germany the following poems were printed in this paper: *Fire, Famine, and Slaughter*; *The Raven*; *Lewti*; *The Recantation*

(i.e. *France: An Ode*); and *The Mad Ox*. His chief earnings in 1797 seem to have come from the new edition of his poems, and occasional reviews, with other 'shilling-scavengering employments' (*Life*, p. 63).

33. *Hartley's Essay on Man*. The 'Observations on Man, his Frame, his Duty, and his Expectations, in two parts, 1748', to which frequent allusions have already been made.

PAGE **122** l. 1. *my sole motive in choosing Stowey for my residence*. The cottage at Clevedon, where Coleridge settled after marriage, was soon abandoned on account of its distance from the Bristol Library, and during the whole of 1796 he was without a settled home. No doubt the proximity to Poole was his *main* inducement in settling again in the country. In Nov. 1796, Coleridge wrote: 'To live in a beautiful country, and to inure myself as much as possible to the labour of the field, have been for this year past my dream of the day, my sigh at midnight. But to enjoy all these blessings near you, to see you daily . . . the vision-weaving fancy has indeed often pictured such things, but hope never dared whisper a promise.' Poole mentioned the cottage at Stowey, but at the same time tried to dissuade Coleridge from settling in it—thereby throwing his friend into a frenzy of doubt and misapprehension, which was, however, speedily resolved. (See *Letters*, pp. 173, 183, 187, 208, especially the very characteristic one, p. 187.)

2. *I was so fortunate as to acquire*. Coleridge first visited the Wordsworths at Racedown in Dorsetshire on Monday, the fifth of June, 1797 (this was not, however, actually the first meeting between the poets). At the beginning of July they accompanied him to Stowey, and in the middle of the month took up their abode for a year at Alfoxden, about three miles from the Stowey cottage. Both Stowey and Alfoxden lie at the foot of the eastern slopes of the Quantocks.

6. *His conversation extended to almost all subjects*. To Estlin (May (?) 1798: *Letters*, p. 246) Coleridge wrote: 'On one subject we (Wordsworth and Coleridge) are habitually silent: we found our data dissimilar, and never renewed the subject. It is his practice and almost his nature to convey all the truth he knows without any attack on what he supposes to be false, if that falsehood be interwoven with virtue or happiness. He loves and venerates Christ and Christianity. I wish he did more; but it were wrong if an incoincidence with one of our wishes altered our respect and affection to a man of whom we are, as it were, instructed by one great Master to say that not being against us he is for us.' Poetry, Spinoza, and Necessitarianism were among the most frequent topics of conversation. In 1804 Coleridge wrote that 'Wordsworth was (i.e. in those days) even to extravagance a Necessitarian'. To Estlin, Coleridge adds: 'His (Wordsworth's) genius is most

apparent in poetry, and rarely, except to me in *tête-à-tête*, breaks out in conversational eloquence.'

11. *extended to my excellent friend.* In a letter of Oct. 1797 (*Letters*, p. 233), dissuading Thelwall from his project of settling in Stowey, Coleridge writes: 'Very great odium T. Poole incurred by bringing *me* here. My peaceable manners and known attachment to Christianity had almost worn it away, when Wordsworth came, and he, likewise by T. Poole's agency, settled here. You cannot conceive the tumults, calumnies, and apparatus of threatened persecutions which this event has occasioned round about us.' According to Mr. Dykes Campbell (*Life*, 73), 'it was undoubtedly Thelwall's visit (in the summer of 1797) which brought about the cessation of Wordsworth's tenancy of Alfoxden.' (See *T. Poole and his friends*, i. 140; Cottle's *Rem.* p. 181; and Fenwick note to *Anecdote for Fathers*.)

20. *the following deep remark.* The same story is told in Cottle's *Reminiscences* (p. 181).

32. *the commencement of the Addington administration.* Addington succeeded Pitt as Prime Minister in 1801. The Peace of Amiens was concluded in March of the following year.

PAGE **123** l. 26. *expatriating their hopes and fears.* See *The Watchman*, No. 8, April, 1796, *Remonstrance to the French Legislators*: 'Every heart proudly expatriated itself, and we heard with transports of the victories of Frenchmen as the victories of Human Nature.' Cp. Wordsworth, *Prelude*, x. 283, &c.:

> I rejoiced,
> Yea, afterwards—truth most painful to record!—
> Exulted, in the triumph of my soul,
> When Englishmen by thousands were o'erthrown,
> Left without glory on the field, or driven,
> Brave hearts! to shameful flight;

and Coleridge's *France: An Ode.*

32. *If in Spain too disappointment.* The restoration of Ferdinand VII to the throne of Spain in 1814, in place of Joseph Buonaparte, proved disastrous to the cause of reform. Ferdinand reinstituted the old absolutism with all its abuses, and the Liberals were ruthlessly persecuted. This state of things lasted till 1820.

PAGE **124** l. 23. *the speeches and writings of Edmund Burke.* In earlier days, the democrat Coleridge thought less highly of Burke's insight, though he honoured his character. See the Sonnet to Burke (*Morn. Chron.*, Dec. 9, 1794; *Poet. Works*, p. 38), the review of Burke's *Letters to a Noble Lord* (reprinted from *The Watchman* in *Essays on his own Times*, i. 107–19), and *Letters*, p. 157. And his estimate of Burke in 1809, which he reprinted in 1818 (*Friend*, sect. i, essay 4), is hardly so favourable as the present one. See also *Letters*, p. 640 (April, 1815), where Burke is said to

have adopted 'the principle of becoming all things to all men, if by any means he might save any, with results disastrous to his integrity'. But in 1833 (April 8, *T. T.*) Coleridge is fain to 'heartily acknowledge his transcendent greatness'.

PAGE **125** l. 25. *he went on refining*: from Goldsmith's *Retaliation*. More fully quoted in *The Friend*, ib.

PAGE **126** l. 11. *my letters to Judge Fletcher*. These letters on the subject of Catholic Emancipation appeared Sept.-Dec. 1814; and were reprinted in *Essays on our own Times*, iii. 677-733. See letter to D. Stuart, Oct. 1814 (*Letters*, p. 636): 'What I wanted to say is very important, because it strikes at the root of all legislative Jacobinism;' and to Lady Beaumont, Ap. 1815 (*Letters*, p. 642): 'I assure you, it (i. e. the account given in the letters) is no exaggerated picture of Jacobinism,' &c.

19. *a spy was actually sent down*. According to Mr. Dykes Campbell (who quotes Southey's *Life and Corr.* ii. 243) it seems certain that a spy was sent down, although Wordsworth declared in later life that he never heard of the circumstance till the publication of the *Biog. Lit.* (See *Life*, p. 73.)

PAGE **129** l. 24. *the poem, which was to have been entitled* THE BROOK. This poem was planned in conversation with Wordsworth. See *Life*, p. 79, and Fenwick note to the Duddon Sonnets, where Wordsworth states that in writing this series he failed to perceive that he 'was trespassing upon ground pre-occupied, at least as far as intention went, by Mr. Coleridge; who, more than twenty years ago, used to speak of writing a rural poem, to be entitled "The Brook"'. 'But a particular subject' (Wordsworth adds) 'cannot, I think, much interfere with a general one; and I have been further kept from encroaching on any right Mr. Coleridge may still wish to exercise, by the restraint which the frame of the sonnet imposed upon me . . .' Wordsworth's hope, expressed in this same note, 'that *The Brook* will ere long murmur in concert with *The Duddon*' was not to be fulfilled.

PAGE **130** l. 26. *The horror of the peasants' war*. The following passage, down to p. 132, l. 1, occurs in No. 7 of *The Friend* (1809-10). The revolt of the peasants broke out in S. Germany in 1525. The Anabaptists (the extreme party of the Reformation) took advantage of the rising of the peasants against feudal oppression to inaugurate a war upon all constituted authorities, and Münzer, the Anabaptist leader, put himself at the head of the revolt. The peasant insurgents were crushed in the battle of Frankhausen (1525), but the campaign of the Anabaptists, which was associated with unbridled licence and excesses, continued for ten years more.

PAGE **131** l. 3. *Presbyter was but* OLD PRIEST *writ large*. Milton's *Sonnet on the New Forcers of Conscience under the Long Parliament*.

7. *a seal set upon him*, &c. Revelation xx. 3.

16. *the miserable Covenanters.* After the restoration of Episcopacy in Scotland by the first Act of the Parliament of 1662, the Covenants were declared illegal oaths, and the Covenanters subjected to severe persecution, which lasted until the accession of William III.

PAGE **132** l. 10. THE FRIEND, p. 110. See *The Friend* (1818), § 1, 'On the Principles of Political Knowledge,' Essay III (first published 1809).

18. *With more than* poetic *feeling*, i.e. because too personal. Cp. *Biog. Lit.* ii. 14, 'Where the subject is taken immediately from the author's personal sensations and experiences, the excellence of a particular poem is but an equivocal mark . . . of genuine poetic power.'

19. *The sensual and the dark*, &c. From *France: An Ode* (The Recantation), published in the *Morning Post* in the spring of 1798. In the original 'subtle' stood for 'cherub'.

PAGE **133** l. 8. *the Cartesian opinion*, &c. See Erdmann, *Hist. of Phil.*, Eng. Trans., ii. 14 foll.

22. *In the position, that all reality*, &c. From Kant's treatise *Der einzig mogliche Beweisgrund zu einer Demonstration fur das Dasein Gottes.* (See *Werke*, ed. Hartenstein, ii. 133; *T. T.*, Feb. 22, 1834.)

PAGE **135** ll. 13–15. *I become convinced, that religion ... must have a* moral *origin.* Cp. *Biog. Lit.* i. 84, l. 11, and note ad loc.; *The Friend* (1818), § 2, ch. xi; and *Church and State* (1839 ed.), p. 188.

36. *It could not be intellectually more evident.* For the distinction of intellectual conviction and religious faith, cp. *Aids to Reflection*, 'On that which is indeed Spiritual Religion,' Aphor. ii, Comment. (Bohn, pp. 106 foll.); *Biog. Lit.* p. 84, l. 11 and note; *Lit. Rem.* i, pp. 390–1, &c.; and for the place of the speculative reason in Theology, see *Aids to Reflection*, pp. 122 and 228–9 (Bohn's edition). Cp. also the Editor's note on Kant in Schwegler's *History of Philosophy* (Eng. Trans.). The present passage shows that Coleridge did sympathize with Kant's views on the significance of the moral postulates, in spite of what he says on p. 100.

PAGE **136** l. 19. *Possibilitatem*, &c. Letter to John Frederick, Duke of Hanover, written probably in 1671. *Leibnitz' Deutsche Schriften*, herausg. von Dr. G. E. Guhrauer, Berlin 1838, i. 282.

PAGE **137** l. 13. *my final re-conversion.* See note to p. 114, l. 31.

16. *the rescue of St. Augustine's faith.* See *The Confessions*, chs. vii and viii.

20. *the generous and munificent patronage*, &c. For the facts concerning the Wedgwoods' gift to Coleridge, see *Life*, pp. 82–4 and 192–3; *T. Poole and his Friends*, i. 259–61, ii. 244; Miss Meteyard, *A Group of Englishmen*, p. 378. In 1812, Josiah Wedgwood withdrew his half of the pension of £150, although the

grant had been almost unconditional. The withdrawal came in some sense as a relief to Coleridge, who felt doubtless that he had done little to fulfil the purpose of the benefaction. (Letter to Stuart, *Letters from Lake Poets*, p. 218.) For many years the whole of the annuity had been passed on to Mrs. Coleridge. Coleridge sailed from England on the 16th of September, 1798.

F. N. *Luther's German letter on interpretation. Sendbrief vom Dolmetscher der Heiligen Schrift*, Luther's *Werke*, ed. Walch, xxi. 318. (See *Biog. Lit.* 1847, i. 212 f. n.)

PAGE **138** l. 1. *which . . . I have described in* THE FRIEND, i. e. in *Satyrane's Letters*, published in Nos. 14, 16, and 18 of *The Friend*; afterwards reprinted in the *Biog. Lit.* (1817). Two extracts from letters to his wife appeared in No. 19. For other letters relating to this visit, see *Letters*, ch. iv, the introduction to which contains a full list of the published correspondence and other memorials of this period.

6. *Blumenbach*, 1752-1840. A distinguished physiologist, perhaps best known for his *Handbook of Comparative Anatomy*, which anticipated the works of Cuvier and later writers. This, as well as his *Institutiones Physiologicae* (the textbook of the lectures, which Coleridge attended), has been translated into English. (See *The Friend*, 1818, First Landing-Place, Essay V, where Coleridge defends Blumenbach against the suspicion of materialism.)

8. *Eichhorn.* 'Coleridge, an able vindicator of those truths (Christian Evidences), is well acquainted with Eichhorn, but the latter is a coward, who dreads his arguments and his presence.' (Carlyon, *Early Years and Late Reflections*, i. 100 n.; quoted, *Life*, p. 97.) See also *Letters*, p. 298. J. G. Eichhorn (1752-1827), an eminent scholar, historian, and biblical critic; the founder of the rationalizing school of biblical criticism.

15. *the Gothic of Ulphilas.* Ulfilas or Ulfila (311-80 (?) A.D.), the apostle of Christianity to the Goths. Of his translation of the Scriptures, the greater part of the Gospels, large portions of the Epistles, and some fragments of the Old Testament have been preserved.

PAGE **139** l. 4. OTTFRIED'S *metrical paraphrase.* Otfrid (ninth century A.D.), a native of the Middle Rhine, and monk at Weissenburg in Elsass. The purpose of his *Evangelienbuch* (written about 870) was not to provide a translation of the Gospels, but rather to base upon them an account of Christ's life and teaching.

5. *the* THEOTISCAN, &c. 'Theotisc' was the name given to the Teutonic language by the Franco-Teutonic Romance writers. The period to which Coleridge alludes is now known as the Old High German Period, the earliest monuments of which belong to the eighth century A.D. The next or Middle High German period extends from about 1100 to 1500, and includes the Minnesinger and metrical romances, but not the Meistersinger. See *Letters*,

p. 298: 'The learned orientalist Tychsen has given me instruction in the Gothic and Theotuscan languages, which I can now read pretty well.' There were two Orientalists of the name of Tychsen; Coleridge is referring to Thomas Christian Tyschen (1758–1834), Professor at Göttingen.

PAGE **140** l. 9. Hans Sachs (1497–1576), the greatest of the Meistersingers and the representative German poet of the sixteenth century. His poetry, after lying neglected for nearly two hundred years, was again brought into notice towards the end of the eighteenth century, chiefly through the instrumentality of Goethe.

21. *His poem entitled the* MORNING STAR. Hans Sachs was an ardent supporter of Luther, whose praises he celebrates in the poem beginning, 'Die Wittenbergisch Nachtigall, die man jetzt höret überall'. The *Morning Star*, however, was composed, not by Hans Sachs, but by Philipp Nicolai.

23. *an excellent hymn*, viz. the hymn 'Warum betrübst du dich, mein Herz?', which soon after its publication was translated into eight languages.

30. *that which is called the* HIGH-GERMAN. The German language, as Luther found it, was divided into High (including Upper and Middle) and Low German. For his translation of the Scriptures, Luther chose Franconian, the Middle German dialect then in use in the Imperial Chancery, and thus made himself intelligible to both Low and High Germans. His translation of the New Testament appeared first on Sept. 21, 1522.

PAGE **141** l. 8. *Almost every third word*, &c. The mode of printing described by Coleridge was very prevalent in works of the seventeenth century. Thus, in the first edition of the dramas of Andreas Gryphius, we have such forms as: 'Semperꝛheim, Complimentirung, Stoicidaliſcher Mord.' It was even more frequent in words borrowed from the French. (For this note I am indebted to Herr Dr. Fritzsche, of Giessen.)

12. *Opitz arose.* Martin Opitz (1597–1639), was the guiding spirit of the movement set afoot at the beginning of the seventeenth century, to purify the language of unlawful elements, and establish stricter canons of literary style. His critical work, *Die deutsche Poeterei*, had enormous influence in determining the taste of his and many subsequent generations. While he undoubtedly rendered great services to the language, Opitz retarded the growth of German literature by imposing a mechanical conception of poetry upon the nation.

23. *the splendid era*, &c. The second classical period of German literature, dating from the second half of the eighteenth century, and culminating in Schiller and Goethe.

With Klopstock Coleridge came into personal contact, paying him, in company with Wordsworth, a visit at his house in the neighbourhood of Hamburg. He recorded his own and Wordsworth's

impressions in *Satyrane's Letters* (Lett. II). Of the poet's great work, *The Messiah*, Coleridge's opinion is summed up in his exclamation on hearing Klopstock designated as a German Milton—'A very *German* Milton indeed!' See Southey, *Life and Corr.* iii. 258. For Lessing, on the other hand, he entertained the highest respect. In 1805 (*A. P.*, p. 151) Coleridge wrote: 'Leibnitz, Lessing, Voss, Kant shall be *Germany* to me, let whatever coxcombs rise up and *shrill* it away in the grasshopper vale of reviews.' And this predilection for the elder writers of the classical period remained with him to the end. His early enthusiasm for Schiller soon yielded to a more tempered judgement (see his letter in *Monthly Review*, Nov. 18, 1800; *Poet. Works*, p. 647), and Goethe's greatness he either could not or would not understand. (Cp. Crabb Robinson, *Reminiscences*, MS., 1824: 'Coleridge granting the great poet (Goethe) only the merit of exquisite Taste—and denying him *Principle*;' and *T. T.*, Feb. 6, 1833, &c.) Like Lamb and Wordsworth, Coleridge objected to Goethe on *moral* grounds.

31. *Soon after my return from Germany.* Coleridge had made promise of contributions to the *Morning Post* before leaving for Germany; but he did not fulfil his engagement until January, 1800, some six months after his return to England. During January he was an assiduous contributor; but he soon found the work of a reporter too fatiguing, and in a few months abandoned it, not resuming his connexion with the journal until November, 1801 (*Letters*, p. 324; *Life*, pp. 93 and 106 foll.). These contributions, together with his other journalistic writings, were collected by Sara Coleridge, and published under the title '*Essays on His Own Times*: being a second Series of *The Friend*' (3 vols., 1850).

PAGE **142** l. 2. *that Journal became* . . . anti-ministerial *indeed*, &c. In 1800 Pitt was still Prime Minister. For Coleridge's report of his speech of Feb. 17, 1800, 'On the continuance of the War with France,' see the *Essays on His Own Times*, ii. 293, iii. 1009–1019; and letter to Southey, Feb. 18, 1800, 'I reported the whole with notes so scanty, that—Mr. Pitt is much obliged to me. For, by Heaven, he never talked so eloquently in his life. He is a *stupid*, *insipid* charlatan that *Pitt*' (*Letters*, p. 327, and f. n.).

According to De Quincey (see his article in *Tait's Mag.*, Jan. 1835; quoted *Biog. Lit.* 1847, Appendix, i. 340), 'Coleridge passed over to the Tories only in that sense in which all patriots did so at that time, and in relation to our great *foreign* interest—viz. by refusing to accompany the Whigs in their almost perfidious demeanour towards Napoleon Buonaparte. . . . It was thus far—viz. exclusively, or almost exclusively, in relation to our great feud with Napoleon—that Coleridge adhered to the Tories.' See *T. T.*, April 28, 1833, where Coleridge denounces 'the conduct of the

Whigs from the early years of the Revolution, and Fox's gradual departure "from all the principles of English policy and wisdom"'.

9. *Mr. Perceval.* Spencer Perceval (1762–1812) succeeded the Duke of Portland as Prime Minister, 1809; assassinated, 1812.

F.N. For this quotation see *The Friend* (1818), 'On the Principles of Political Knowledge,' § 1, Essay 5. (First printed in *The Friend*, 1809, No. 10)

PAGE **145** l. 2. *after that paper was transferred.* Stuart sold the *Morning Post* in 1802, and took over the *Courier* in 1803. Coleridge's last recorded contribution to the *Morning Post* is dated Nov. 5, 1802. For his connexion with the *Courier* see note to *Biog. Lit.* i. 38, l. 10.

5. *Things of this nature*, &c. From the Prologue to *The Royal Slave*, by William Cartwright (1611-43).

9. *Yet in these labours I employed.* The controversy to which Coleridge's statements in the *Biog. Lit.* and *T. T.* (first edition), respecting his connexion with the *Morning Post* and the *Courier*, gave rise, is too complicated to be dealt with in these notes. The reader should consult the *Life*, pp. 107-9; the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May and June, 1838, where Stuart gives his own version of the matter: *Biog. Lit.* 1847, Introduction p. iv, and *Biogr. Suppl.* ch. v.

15. *I was never honoured*, &c. In a long and interesting letter to Daniel Stuart of September, 1814 (*Letters*, p. 627), dealing with his fortunes as a journalist, Coleridge draws a pathetic picture of himself, 'Unthanked and left worse than useless, by the friends of the Government, and the Establishment, to be undermined or outraged by all the malice, hatred, and calumny of its enemies: and to think and toil with a patent to all the abuse, and a transfer to others of all the honours.'

19. *Mr. Fox's assertion.* According to Sara Coleridge (*Biog. Lit.* 1847, i. 340) 'it is certain that some orator of the Opposition (Charles Fox, as Coleridge asserts) had pointed out all the principal writers in the *Morning Post* to Napoleon's vengeance, by describing the war as a war "of that journal's creation"'. I do not know that this Parliamentary allusion is anywhere on actual record.

23. *a specified object of Buonaparte's resentment.* Coleridge's various reported accounts of the circumstances attending his departure from Rome and Italy in 1806 (Gillman, *Life*, pp. 179-81: Cottle, *Rem.*, pp. 310-13: Caroline Fox's *Journals*, p. 64) are not wholly consistent, but they agree in this, that he was warned to leave Italy as soon as possible, as Napoleon had ordered his arrest on account of the articles written in the *Morning Post* (*Life*, p. 151). A similar statement is contained in a footnote to a title-page of a proposed reprint of newspaper articles, quoted in *Letters*, p. 498 f. n. On this Mr. E. H. Coleridge (ib.) thus comments: 'It is

a well-known fact that Napoleon read the articles in the *Morning Post*, and deeply resented their tone and spirit, but whether Coleridge was rightly informed that an order for his arrest had come from Paris, or whether he was warned that if, with other Englishmen, he should be arrested, his connexion with the *Morning Post* would come to light, must remain doubtful.' Napoleon's fear of the English Press is illustrated by his courteous behaviour to an otherwise insignificant English journalist (see *Biog. Lit.* 1847, i. 341).

29. *by Cardinal Fesch himself.* Cardinal Fesch (1763–1839), Archbishop of Lyons, was sent as ambassador to Rome in connexion with Napoleon's project to be crowned by the Pope at Paris. Cottle (*Rem.*, p. 310) tells us that 'Cardinal Fesch, in particular, was civil, and sought his (Coleridge's) company'. The hint of danger, however, was according to Cottle (ib.) given by no less a person than Jerome Buonaparte himself. But this, like many of Cottle's statements, must be accepted with reserve.

33. *that good old man, the present Pope.* See the statement quoted in the *Letters*, p. 498 f.n.: 'By the Pope's goodness I was off by one.'

PAGE **146** l. 1. *Duc d'Enghien*, a Bourbon, son of the Prince of Condé. Solely in order to strike a blow at the Bourbons, Napoleon caused him to be arrested, summarily tried, and shot (March 21, 1804).

7. *my essays contributed to introduce*, &c. Cp. letter to Daniel Stuart (*Letters*, p. 828): 'I dare assert, that the science of reasoning and judging concerning the productions of literature, the characters and measures of public men, and the events of nations, by the subsumption of them under PRINCIPLES deduced from the nature of MAN . . . was unknown before the year 1795-6' (i. e. the year of Coleridge's entry into public life, the year of the *Conciones* and *The Watchman*).

15. *the merit of having first explicitly defined.* In the *Morning Post*, Oct. 1802: *Essays on His own Times*, ii. 542. See note to Essay V, 'On the Principles of Political Knowledge' (*The Friend*, 1818: York, Library ed., p. 148), where Coleridge claims for his *Morning Post* article 'the first philosophical appropriation of a precise import to the word Jacobin, as distinct from Republican, Democrat and Demagogue'.

PAGE **147** l. 10. *the series of essays entitled*, &c. Published in the *Morning Post*, Sept. 21, 25, Oct. 2, 1802; *Essays on His Own Times*, ii. 505.

12. *in those which followed. Morning Post*, Oct. 12, 1802; *Essays*, &c., ii. 532.

17. *at the commencement of the Spanish revolution.* The eight 'Letters on the Spaniards' appeared in the *Courier* of December–January, 1809-10, and were reprinted in *Essays on His Own Times*, ii. 593-661. See *Letters*, p. 629 and note, and

T. T., April 28, 1823, where the story is told of Lord Darnley's incredulity respecting the predictions made in these letters, and of his astonishment at their subsequent fulfilment.

27. *if my own feelings had not precluded.* Coleridge had at no time any intention of remaining at Malta. In the first instance he went out merely in the hope of freeing himself from ill-health and 'inward distractions'. His occupations in Malta he describes as 'a business he detested'; and before a year was out, he was chafing at the delays which kept him in Malta, though it was no happy home-coming to which he could look forward.

PAGE **148** l. 34. *the compositions . . . I have made public.* Coleridge is thinking of his writings in periodicals and journals—*The Watchman*, *The Friend*, the *Courier* and *Morning Post*, and the Lecture-Pamphlets of 1795.

PAGE **151** l. 9. *Keen pangs of love*, &c. From the poem *To a Gentleman* (William Wordsworth), ll. 65-75, composed at Coleorton in January, 1807. The poem was sent in MS. to the Beaumonts, and afterwards printed in *Sibylline Leaves*, but with many alterations. See *Poet. Works*, pp. 177 and 634: *Memorials of Coleorton*, i. 216. The lines here printed stand as in the original.

23. *Affectus animi varios*, &c. From Petrarch's *Epist.*, Lib. i. Barbato Salmonensi; Op. Basil. 1554, p. 1330 (ref. *Biog. Lit.* 1847). In the original four verses occur between 'Vox aliudque sonat' (which should be 'voxque aliud mutata sonat') and 'Jamque observatio vitae'. A portion of the same poem was prefixed as a motto to *Love Poems* in the *Sibylline Leaves*. See *A. P.*, p. 262 and Editor's Note.

CHAPTER XI

PAGE **152** l. 1. *the late Mr. Whitbread's.* Samuel Whitbread (1758-1815), politician and philanthropist. He took an active part in the rebuilding and reorganizing of Drury Lane Theatre (re-opened Oct. 10, 1812). See *Biog. Lit.* ii. 181.

9. *Whitehead.* The poet William Whitehead, 1714-85. He was made laureate on the death of Cibber in 1757, and in this capacity wrote his humorous 'Charge to the Poets' (1762).

17. *With the exception of one extraordinary man.* ? Robert Southey. See *Biog. Lit.* i. 47-8.

PAGE **153.** l. 5. *one contradistinction of genius from talent.* For another point of distinction see *Biog. Lit.* i. 59, and cp. *T. T.*, May 21, 1830, and *Lectures*, p. 13 ('Talent was a manufacture: genius a gift which no labour or study could supply, &c.'), and p. 64. For the analogy of virtue and genius, cp. Coleridge's statement (*A. P.*, 165), 'when a mere stripling, I had formed the opinion that true taste was virtue, and that bad writing was bad feeling;' and

Lectures, p. 225 ('The close and reciprocal connection of taste and morality'). See, too, Prospectus to *Friend* (1809), 'the necessary dependence of taste on moral impulses and habits,' and *Letters*, p. 672.

22. *Dear tranquil time*, &c. From the poem *To a Gentleman* (William Wordsworth), ll. 91-2.

PAGE **154** l. 15. *Baxter.* Richard Baxter (1615-91), the famous divine, besides being a voluminous writer, spent a life of the greatest activity as preacher, pastor, and reformer of the Church.

16. *Darwin.* Erasmus Darwin (1731-1802), poet and scientist: he also practised extensively as a physician at Lichfield.

Roscoe. William Roscoe (1753-1831), the historian, combined with his literary work the profession of an attorney, and afterwards of a banker.

27. *Among the numerous blessings.* The remainder of this paragraph, and the next as far as the words 'to withhold five', is, as Sara Coleridge (*Biog. Lit.* 1847, i. 233) points out, repeated in almost the same words in *The Constitution of Church and State*, 1830, the last of Coleridge's works published in his lifetime (see pp. 77-80 of the second ed., 1839).

PAGE **155** l. 1. *the lofty grave tragedians taught*, &c. *Par. Reg.* iv. 261.

25. *It cannot be valued*, &c. Job xxviii. 16-18.

PAGE **156** l. 17. *Trullibers.* The name is taken from Parson Trulliber, the unprincipled clergyman of Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*.

PAGE **157** l. 9. *Et Pater Aeneas. Aeneid*, iii. 343.

PAGE **158** l. 7. *the* Misogyne, *Boccaccio. Opere Vulgari di G. Boccaccio*, Firenze 1833, xv. 17-27 (see *Biog. Lit.* 1847, App. Note M., vol. i. p. 345).

16. *spirits, 'not of health'*, &c.

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned,
Bring with thee airs from Heaven or blasts from Hell, &c.
Hamlet i. 4. 40.

PAGE **159** l. 22. *an early chapter of this volume.* See ch. ii, 'On the supposed irritability of men of genius.'

30. *Am sorgfaltigsten*, &c. This passage in Herder I have not been able to trace. Herder spoke depreciatingly of the writer's profession to Schiller, when they first met in 1788 (Tomaschek, *Schiller u. die Wissenschaft*, p. 45).

CHAPTER XII

PAGE **160** l. 11. *until you understand*, &c. Cp. note in *A. P.* of date April, 1801, where Coleridge writes in reference to G. Bruno's *De Monade*, &c.: 'Nor do I presume even to suppose that the

meaning is of no value (till I understand a man's ignorance, I presume myself ignorant of his understanding), but it is for others at present, not for me;' and *Memorials of Coleorton*, ii. 105 (Letter of Jan. 1810): 'It is a maxim with me, always *to suppose myself ignorant of a writer's understanding, until I understand his ignorance.*'

15. *Hierocles*, a Neoplatonist of the seventh century and commentator of Pythagoras.

17. *a treatise of a religious fanatic.* ? Jacob Boehme: see letter just quoted (l. 11), which deals with the Teutonic mystic, to whose 'ignorance' Coleridge *conjectures* that he has found a key.

PAGE **162** l. 33. *if a man receives as fundamental facts.* Cp. *A. P.* p. 185 (? 1806): 'Time, space, duration, action, active passion passive, activeness, passiveness, reaction, causation, affinity—here assemble all the mysteries unknown. All is known-unknown, say rather, *merely* known. All is unintelligible, and yet Locke and the stupid adorers of that *fetish* earth-clod take all for granted.'

PAGE **164** l. 21. *The first range of hills*, &c. On this elaborate metaphor Coleridge thus comments at a later date (April, 1825, quoted *Biog. Lit.* 1847, i. 247): 'If I did not see it with my own eyes, I should not believe that I had been guilty of so many hydrostatic Bulls as are contained in this unhappy allegory or string of metaphors! How a river was to travel *up* hill from a vale far *inward*, over the intervening mountains, Morpheus, the Dream weaver, can alone unriddle. I am ashamed and humbled, S. T. C.' Has not Coleridge misinterpreted his own figure?

F. N. *This distinction between transcendental and transcendent.* Johnson defines transcendent as 'supremely excellent'; transcendental as '(1) general: pervading many particulars; (2) supremely excellent'. For Kant's distinction of the terms, see *Werke*, ed. Hartenstein, III. 246.

What these are . . . will be stated . . . in The Friend. This project was not fulfilled.

PAGE **165** F. N. *the correspondence between Wakefield and Fox.* 'Correspondence of . . . G. W. (Gilbert Wakefield) with the . . . Right Hon. C. J. Fox . . . chiefly on subjects of classical literature, London, 1813.'

PAGE **166** l. 14. The same passage is quoted by Schelling, *Werke*, I. ii. 78.

19. *Likewise in the fifth book*, &c. The same passage (*Ennead*, V. 5. 8) is quoted *A. P.* p. 48 (Nov. 1810), as illustrating 'the System of the Quakers'.

PAGE **167** l. 9. *They and they only can acquire the philosophic imagination.* Cp. *A. P.* p. 186 (?1806): 'Form is factitious thinking, and thinking is the process; imagination the laboratory in which the thought elaborates essence into existence. A philosopher, that is a nominal philosopher without imagination, is a coiner. Vanity, the *froth* of the molten mass, is his *stuff*, and verbiage the stamp and impression.'

21. *discloses itself in the* moral *being.* Cp. *Biog. Lit.* i. 135, l. 13, &c., and note on the connexion of faith and conscience.

PAGE **169** l. 2. *exclaims Schelling on a like occasion.* See the *Abhandlungen zur Erlaut. des Id. der Wiss.* (*Werke*, I. i. 443), from which parts of the preceding paragraph (from 'A system, the first principle of which', &c.) (ref. *Biog. Lit.* 1847) are borrowed.

4. *the same writer observes.* See Schelling, ib., for the first two sentences of this paragraph (except the parenthesis, which is Coleridge's).

11. *Leibnitz himself, in a most instructive passage. Trois Lettres à Mr. Remond de Mont-Mort*, 1741: *Œuvres*, ed. Erdmann, 1840, Pt. II, pp. 701–2 (ref. *Biog. Lit.* 1847).

24. *the one and all*, &c. See Plotinus, *Ennead*, V. i. 8, where Parmenides is quoted; Ueberweg, *Hist. of Phil.* (Eng. Trans.) i. 54.

26. *the Stoics* held that matter and force are the ultimate principles of things: Ueberweg, i. 194.

F. N. The quotations from Synesius are from the Third hymn (ll. 180 and 187). For the definition of Spinozism, cp. *T. T.*, March 10, 1827. In a letter to George Coleridge of March, 1794, Coleridge speaks of having just parted with his edition of Synesius by Canterus (*Letters*, p. 67).

PAGE **170** l. 1. *the vital philosophy.* The Cabalists, or philosophers of the Cabala, a secret body of doctrine which grew up in the Middle Ages from the contact of Judaism with Hellenism and Mohammedanism: (Ueberweg, ii. 417). The hermetic writings in like manner sprang from a fusion of Neo-Platonism and Jewish philosophy, in the third and following centuries A. D.

3. *forms and entelechies.* By ἐντελέχεια Aristotle meant the actuality of a thing, the realization of its δύναμις or latent potentiality. The distinction was also expressed as that of form (εἶδος) and matter (ὕλη). (Ueberweg, i. 162.)

5. *Democritus*, fifth century B. C., the chief philosopher of the Atomistic School. (Ueberweg, i. 68.)

13. *J'ai trouvé*, &c. Cp. *A. P.* 147 (1805): 'Mem. always to bear in mind that profound sentence of Leibnitz that men's intellectual errors consist chiefly in *denying*. What they *affirm* with *feeling* is, for the most part, right—if it be a real affirmation, and not affirmation in form, negative in reality. As, for instance, when a man praises the French stage, meaning and implying his dislike

of Shakespeare (and the Elizabethan dramatists).' See Leibnitz, *Œuvres* (ed. Erdmann), ii. 701–2, *Trois Lettres à Mr. Remond de Mont-Mort* (ref. *Biog. Lit.* 1847).

PAGE **171** l. 8. *The word postulate*, &c. The rest of this paragraph, and the next two as far as p. 173, l. 17, are borrowed almost verbally from the *Abhandlung* (*Werke*, ib. p. 447). This, as well as the great majority of the borrowings from Schelling to which I allude, I found already notified in the 1847 edition of the *Biog. Lit.* With regard to all these quotations from Schelling, it should be once for all remembered that Coleridge is in all probability not writing with Schelling's works before him, but transcribing excerpts from his notebooks, inserted perhaps many years before. That it was his habit to compose with his notebooks by his side, is evident from the existence of identical passages in his notebooks and writings. And if he thus admitted the thought of others into the company of his own private meditations, it was because he felt that they also were already his own. See introductory note to the Lecture *On Poesy or Art*.

PAGE **173** l. 23. *The words of Plotinus*. *Ennead*, iii. 8. 3, p. 634, Creuzer's ed. (ref. *Biog. Lit.* 1847).

34. *E coelo descendit*, &c. Juvenal, xi. 27. Upon this maxim Coleridge thus wrote in 1832:—

> Γνῶθι σεαυτόν!—and is this the prime
> And heaven-sprung maxim of the olden time!—
> Say, canst thou make thyself? Learn first that trade:—
> Haply thou mayst know what thyself hast made.
> What hast thou, Man, that thou darest call thine own?
> What is there in thee, Man, that may be known?
> Dark fluxion, all unfixable by thought,
> A phantom dim of past and future wrought,
> Vain sister of the worm, life, death, soul, clod,
> Ignore thyself and strive to know thy God!
>
> (*Poet. Works*, p. 208.)

PAGE **174** l. 4. *All knowledge rests*, &c. This and the following sentences as far as the 'mechanism of the heavenly motions', are taken with some slight alterations and explanatory interpolations from Schelling, *Transc. Id.* (*Werke*, I. iii. 338 42).

PAGE **176** l. 8. *a few among the most illustrious Newtonians*: the allusion to the Newtonians is inserted by Coleridge.

12. *The theory of natural philosophy*. The rest of the paragraph is Coleridge's own, and the divergence from Schelling is significant. Schelling does not introduce the divine name, but proceeds: 'The perfected Theory of nature would be that, in virtue of which all nature should resolve itself into an intelligence. The dead and unconscious products of Nature are only abortive attempts of Nature to reflect herself: but the so-called DEAD nature

in general is an unripe intelligence : thence through her phenomena, even while yet unconscious, the intelligent character discovers itself'. Of the last sentence Coleridge remarks in a marginal note on his copy of the *Transc. Id.*: 'True or false, this position is too early. Nothing precedent has explained, much less proved it true.' Cp. also (for the similarity of its spirit with the passage in the text) Coleridge's *Hymn before Sunrise*, 1802 (*Poet. Works*, p. 165).

28. *Or the subjective.* Cp. Schelling, ib. p. 341.

31. *In the pursuit of these sciences.* The substance of the following paragraph, with the heading, will be found in the *Transc. Id.* ib. p. 343; but the thought is amplified and illustrated by Coleridge. Cp., however, *Ideen zu einer Philosophie der Natur* (*Werke*, I. ii. 53).

PAGE **177** l. 19. *Nec tamen in eo*, &c. Descartes, *Diss. de Methodo*, Lect. III, p. 16. *Amstel.* 1664 (ref. *Biog. Lit.* 1847).

29. *Now these essential prejudices.* With this paragraph cp. *Transc. Id.* ib. p. 343.

PAGE **178** l. 11. *The other position.* Cp. *Transc. Id.* ib. p. 344.

29. *If it be said.* With this paragraph cp. the *Abhandlung zur Erlauterung*, &c. (*Werke*, I. i. 403).

PAGE **179** l. 19. *It is to the true and original realism.* This paragraph is taken from the *Abhandlung*, ib. pp. 403-4. Sara Coleridge compares also *Ideen zu einer Phil. der Natur* (*Werke*, I. ii. 56).

35. *announced at the end of this volume.* This announcement was not made.

PAGE **180** l. 5. *Doctrina per tot manus*, &c. This quotation is applied by Schelling to Leibnitz in the *Abhandlung*, ib. p. 358.

THESIS I. The first six of the following Theses and Scholia do not appear to contain any verbal quotations from Schelling : but the substance of them will be found in *Transcend. Id. Deduktion des Princips selbst*, pp. 361-76. With Theses VII and VIII, Sara Coleridge compares the *Abhandlung*, pp. 366 8. But the attempts to introduce the conception of a personal God are, as before, peculiar to Coleridge (see Thesis VI, Scholium and f. n., concluding sentences of Thesis IX, and Thesis X).

PAGE **182** l. 9. *the amiable Beattie.* James Beattie (1735-1803), poet, essayist and moral philosopher, author of *The Minstrel.* His philosophical writings are now practically forgotten.

F.N. *the critique on Spinoza.* This is the treatise to which Coleridge alludes in his letter to Stuart. (See p. 99, l. 1 and note.)

PAGE **183** l. 4. *object and subject—are identical.* Cp. *A. P.* 1801 (p. 15) : 'Let me think of myself, of the thinking being. The idea

becomes dim, whatever it be—so dim that I know not what it is; but the feeling is deep and steady, and this I call *I*—identifying the percipient and the perceived.'

18. *he might reply*, &c. Cp. *T. T.*, Nov. 1, 1833, 'None but one—God—can say "I am I" or "that I am"'.

F. N. Cp. p. 95, l. 2, and note.

PAGE **186** l. 4. *We are not investigating*, &c. Cp. *Transc. Id.*, p. 357.

16. *The transcendental philosopher*, &c. Thesis X to the words 'that exists for us', is taken bodily from *Transc. Id.*, pp. 355-6, and the remainder of the second paragraph, to the words 'will or intelligence', from p. 29, except for some explanatory sentences (ref. *Biog. Lit.* 1847).

PAGE **187** l. 30. *the position of Malbranche.* See Malebranche, *De la Recherche de la Vérité*, Bk. iii, esp. ch. vi (ref. ib.).

PAGE **188** l. 1. *intelligence ... revealed as an earlier power.* Cp. Schelling's 'Epochs in the history of self-consciousness', ib. p. 398.

3. Μάκαρ' ἴλαθί μοι. Synesius, Hymn, iii. 113 (ref. ib.).

12. *two opposite ... forces.* Cp. Schelling's 'antagonistic activities', *Transc. Id.*, pp. 432 ff.

PAGE **190** l. 6. *Kant, de Mundi*, &c. See *Werke*, ed. Hartenstein, ii. 396.

8. *Critics*, &c. With this paragraph and the following cp. the *Abhandlung*, pp. 347-9, where Schelling describes the 'Anti-Kantianer' in somewhat similar terms.

PAGE **191** l. 17. *non inutiles scientiae.* From *De Augm. Scient.* vi. c. 3 (ref. *Biog. Lit.* 1847).

PAGE **192** l. 14. *Condillac*, 1715-80, the chief representative of eighteenth-century materialism in France.

14. *Dr. Reid*, 1710-96, founder of the so-called 'common-sense philosophy'. His system was developed by Dugald Stewart, his chief disciple (1758-1828).

PAGE **193** l. 5. *Sequacitas est potius.* Bacon, *Nov. Org.* Aphor. 77 and 88 (ref. *Biog. Lit.* 1847).

11. *in his preface to the new edition*, i. e. to the edition of 1815. See *O. W.* p. 954, &c.

13. *In an article contributed by me.* No. 174 of *Omniana.*

PAGE **194** l. 5. *Mr. Wordsworth's ... objection.* See *O. W.* p. 957.

12. *the co-presence of fancy with imagination.* Cp. *T. T.*, April 20, 1833: 'Genius must have talent as its complement and implement, just as, in like manner, imagination must have fancy. In fact, the higher intellectual powers can only act through a corresponding energy of the lower.'

23. *the words of Bishop Jeremy Taylor.* Jeremy Taylor's *Via Pacis*, Sunday, The First Decad. 8 (ref. *Biol. Lit.* 1847).

CHAPTER XIII

PAGE **195** l. 1. *O Adam, One Almighty is*, &c. *Par. Lost*, v. 469 ff.

21. *Sane si res*, &c. The first sentence of this quotation comes, as is pointed out in *Biog. Lit.* 1847 (i. 288), from Leibnitz' *De Ipsa Natura*, &c., § 8 (Erdmann ed., Pt. i, p. 157); and the second from his *Specimen Dynamicum*, &c. (ed. 1695; not included in Erdmann's edition). In the original, *imaginationi* stands for *phantasiae*, *formam* for *rerum*.

39. *Des Cartes, speaking as a naturalist.* This paragraph (with the exception of the second sentence) is freely rendered from Schelling's *Transc. Id.* Sect. C. § 1). See Descartes' *Monde*: 'Give me extension and motion, and I will construct you the world.'

PAGE **196** l. 14. *his essay on the introduction*, &c. *Versuch, den Begriff der negativen Grossen in die Weltweisheit einzufuhren*, 1763. See *Werke*, ed. Hartenstein, ii. 71, and especially § 1, pp. 75-7.

17. *as Berkeley did in his Analyst.* 'The Analyst: or a Discourse addressed to an infidel Mathematician. Wherein it is examined whether the object, principles, and inferences, of the modern Analysis are more distinctly conceived, or more evidently deduced, than religious mysteries and points of faith.'

25. *An imitation of the mathematical* method. Cp. *T. T.*, April 14, 1833, for a refutation of this method, of which Spinoza's is taken as an illustration.

PAGE **197** l. 23. *the transcendental philosophy demands.* Cp. note to p. 188, l. 12.

PAGE **198** l. 7. *By what instrument.* Cp. Schelling's *Organ der Transcendental-Philosophie; Transc. Id.*, p. 350 ff., and p. 369.

25. *I received the following letter from a friend.* The 'friend' was Coleridge himself. In a letter to his London publisher, Curtis, in 1816 (printed *Lippincott's Mag.*, June 1874), Coleridge speaks of 'that letter addressed to myself as from a friend, at the close of the first volume of the *Literary Life*, which was written without taking my pen off the paper.'

PAGE **200** l. 1. *If substance may be call'd.* Milton, *Par. Lost*, ii. 669.

7. *An orphic tale indeed.* Slightly altered from ll. 45-6 of the Poem, *To a Gentleman* (W. Wordsworth), which in their original (MS.) form ran thus

> An Orphic tale indeed,
> A tale divine of high and passionate thoughts,
> To their own music chaunted!

In the printed version 'song' was substituted for 'tale' (*Poet. Works*, pp. 176, 525).

PAGE **202** l. 8. *as a repetition*, &c. Sara Coleridge (*Biog. Lit.* 1847, i. 297) records that she finds this sentence 'stroked out in a copy of the *B. L.* containing a few marginal notes of the author, which are printed in this edition'. She adds, 'I think it best to preserve the sentence while I mention the author's judgement upon it, especially as it has been quoted.' Probably Coleridge felt that the ideas which the sentence suggested were incongruous with the rest of the passage.

12. *differing only in* degree, &c. The distinction appears to be this. The primary imagination is the organ of common perception, the faculty by which we have experience of an actual world of phenomena. The secondary imagination is the same power in a heightened degree, which enables its possessor to see the world of our common experience in its real significance. And the creations of art are the embodiment of this vision. Cp. the opening words of Schelling's Introduction to his *Entwurf eines Systems der Naturphilosophie* (1799): 'Intelligence is productive in twofold wise, either blindly and unconsciously, or with freedom and consciousness; unconsciously productive in the perception of the universe, consciously in the creation of an ideal world.'

16. *objects* (as *objects*) *are essentially fixed and dead.* Thus Coleridge wrote in 1802 (*Letters*, p. 405) that to the Greeks, owing to their lack of imagination, 'all objects were *dead*, mere hollow statues'. Cp. Schelling, *Abhandlungen*, &c. (*Werke*, I. 367): 'An object is something dead and motionless which, itself incapable of action, is only the object (*Gegenstand*) of action.'

18. *Fancy, on the contrary, has no other counters.* Cp. Wordsworth's Preface to Poems of 1815 (*O. W.*, p. 957): 'Fancy does not require that the materials she makes use of should be susceptible to change in their constitution from her touch: and, where they admit of modification, it is enough for her purpose if it be slight, limited, and evanescent. Directly the reverse of these are the desires and demands of the Imagination. She recoils from everything but the plastic, the pliant, and the indefinite.'

28. *the critical essay on the uses of the Supernatural.* This essay, which was projected as early as 1801 (see *Letters*, p. 349: I shall, therefore, as I said, immediately publish my 'Christabel', with two essays annexed to it, on the 'Preternatural' and on 'Metre') was never written, or at least never completed. Another project of Coleridge's was to prefix to *Sibylline Leaves* an essay of forty pages on 'the Imaginative in poetry'; this, too, came to nothing (*Life*, p. 233). Coleridge appears to have lectured on the *romantic* use of the Supernatural in Lecture XI of the course of 1818 (see Prospectus, *Lectures*, p. 173).