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COLLECTED LETTERS OF
Samuel Taylor Coleridge

EDITED BY
EARL LESLIE GRIGGS

VOLUME III
1807-1814

OXFORD
AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

1959

919. To Joseph Cottle

Address: Joseph Cottle, Esqre | Brunswick Square
MS. New York Public Lib. Pub. E. L. G. ii. 107. See *Early Rec.* ii. 112 and 155,
where Cottle prints this manuscript as two letters.

Coleridge's heart-rending outburst was occasioned by a letter from Cottle of 25 April. Bolstered by Southey's unfeeling letters of 17 and 18 April, Cottle saw fit to berate Coleridge and to exhort him to renounce opium 'from this moment', to return to Keswick, and to exert 'the ample abilities which God has given you'. Like Southey, Cottle assumed that Coleridge could abandon opium by a mere act of the will. See *Rem.* 361-6, and Letter 918.

April 26, 1814

You have poured oil in the raw and festering Wound of an old friend's Conscience, Cottle! but it is oil of Vitriol! I but barely glanced at the middle of the first page of your Letter, & have seen no more of it—not from resentment (God forbid!) but from the state of my bodily & mental sufferings, that scarcely permitted human fortitude to let in a new visitor of affliction. The object of my present reply is to state the case just as it is—first, that for years the anguish of my spirit has been indescribable, the sense of my danger *staring*, but the conscience of my GUILT worse, far far worse than all!—I have prayed with drops of agony on my Brow, trembling not only before the Justice of my Maker, but even before the Mercy of my Redeemer. 'I gave thee so many Talents. What hast thou done with them'?—Secondly—that it is false & cruel to say, (overwhelmed as I am with the sense of my direful Infirmity) that I attempt or ever have attempted to *disguise* or conceal the cause. On the contrary, not only to friends have I stated the whole Case with tears & the very bitterness of shame; but in two instances I have warned young men, mere acquaintances who had spoken of having taken Laudanum, of the direful Consequences, by an ample exposition of its tremendous effects on myself—Thirdly, tho' before God I dare not lift up my eyelids, & only do not despair of his Mercy because to despair would be adding crime to crime; yet to my fellow-men I may say, that I was seduced into the ACCURSED Habit ignorantly.—I had been almost bed-ridden for many months with swellings in my knees—in a medical Journal I unhappily met with an account of a cure performed in a similar case (or what to me appeared so) by rubbing in of Laudanum, at the same time taking a given dose internally—It acted like a charm, like a miracle! I recovered the use of my Limbs, of my appetite, of my Spirits—& this continued for near a fortnight—At length, the unusual Stimulus subsided—the complaint returned—the supposed remedy was recurred to—but I can not go thro' the dreary history—suffice it to say, that effects were produced,

(476)

26 April 1814

[919

which acted on me by *Terror & Cowardice* of PAIN & sudden Death, not (so help me God!) by any temptation of Pleasure, or expectation or desire of exciting pleasurable Sensations. On the very contrary, Mrs Morgan & her Sister will bear witness so far, as to say that the longer I abstained, the higher my spirits were, the keener my enjoyments—till the moment, the direful moment, arrived, when my pulse began to fluctuate, my Heart to palpitate, & such a dreadful *falling-abroad*, as it were, of my whole frame, such intolerable Restlessness & incipient Bewilderment, that in the last of my several attempts to abandon the dire poison, I exclaimed in agony, what I now repeat in seriousness & solemnity—'I am too poor to hazard this! Had I but a few hundred Pounds, but 200£, half to send to Mrs Coleridge, & half to place myself in a private madhouse, where I could procure nothing but what a Physician thought proper, & where a medical attendant could be constantly with me for two or three months (in less than that time Life or Death would be determined) then there might be Hope. Now there is none!'—O God! how willingly would I place myself under Dr Fox in his Establishment¹—for my Case is a species of madness, only that it is a derangement, an utter impotence of the *Volition*, & not of the intellectual Faculties—You bid me rouse myself—go, bid a man paralytic in both arms rub them briskly together, & that will cure him. Alas! (he would reply) that I cannot move my arms is my Complaint & my misery.—

My friend, Wade, is not at home—& I sent off all the little money, I had—or I would with this have inclosed the 10£ received from you.²—

May God bless you | & | Your affectionate & | most afflicted
S. T. Coleridge.—

Dr Estlin, I found, is raising the city against me, as far as he & his friends can, for having stated a mere matter of fact, . . .³—viz—that Milton had represented Satan as a sceptical Socinian—which is the case, & I could not have explained the excellence of the sublimest single Passage in all his Writings had I not previously informed the Audience, that Milton had represented Satan as knowing the prophetic & Messianic Character of Christ, but sceptical as to any higher Claims—& what other definition could

¹ See Letter 921.

² According to Cottle, after one of the lectures Coleridge said that a 'dirty fellow' threatened to arrest him for £10. 'Shocked at the idea' Cottle gave him the money. Then in writing to Coleridge on 25 April Cottle said: 'For opium you will . . . expose yourself to the liability of arrest, by some "dirty fellow," to whom you choose to be indebted for "ten pounds!"' *Rem.* 357 and 363.

³ Several words heavily inked out in MS.

(477)

Dr E. himself give of a sceptical Socinian?—Now that M. has done so, please to consult, Par. Regained, Book IV. from line 196.—& then the same Book from line 500.—

920. To Joseph Cottle

Address: J. Cottle, Esqre

MS. Mr. W. Hugh Peal. Pub. Early Rec. ii. 160. On receiving Letter 919 Cottle wrote that he was 'afflicted to perceive that Satan is so busy with you, but God is greater than Satan. Did you ever hear of Jesus Christ?' He called upon Coleridge to pray: 'Pray earnestly, and you will be heard by your Father, which is in Heaven.' *Early Rec.* ii. 159-60.

April 26. 1814

O dear Friend!—I have too much to be forgiven to feel any difficulty in forgiving the cruellest enemy that ever trampled on me: & you I have only to thank.—You have no conception of the dreadful Hell of my mind & conscience & body. You bid me, pray. O I do pray inwardly to be able to pray; but indeed to pray, to pray with the faith to which Blessing is promised, this is the reward of Faith, this is the Gift of God to the Elect. O if to feel how infinitely worthless I am, how poor a wretch, with just free will enough to be deserving of wrath, & of my own contempt, & of none to merit a moment's peace, can make a part of a Christian's creed; so far I am a Christian—

S. T. C.

921. To Joseph Cottle

Address: J. Cottle, Esqre. | Brunswick Square.

MS. Cornell University Lib. Pub. Collection of Alfred Morrison, 1895, ii. 259.

[Circa 27] April 1814.¹

Dear Cottle²

Christians expect no outward or sensible Miracles from Prayer—it's effects and it's fruitions are spiritual, and accompanied (to use the words of that true *Divine*, Archbishop *Leighton) 'not by

¹ J. D. Campbell (*Life*, 202) suggests that this letter, in which Coleridge 'enlarged, very calmly, on the reasonable expectations a Christian may entertain on the subject of sincere prayer', was probably written 'on the day following' Letter 920.

² In *Early Rec.* ii. 83, where this letter is printed, Cottle here interpolated the words, 'To pursue out last conversation'.

* Are you familiar with his works? He resigned his Archbishoprick & retired to voluntary Poverty, on account of the persecution of the Presbyterians—saying 'I should not dare introduce Christianity itself with such cruelties—

Reasons and Arguments; but by an inexpressible Kind of Evidence, which they only know who have it.'—To this I would add that even those who (like me, I fear) have not attained it may yet presume it—1. because Reason itself, or rather mere human Nature in any dispassionate moment, feels the necessity of Religion; 2. but if this be not true, there is no Religion, no *Religation* or Binding over again, nothing added to Reason—& therefore Socinianism is not only not Christianity, it is not even *Religion*—it doth not *relegate*, doth not bind anew—

The first outward and sensible Result of Prayer is a penitent Resolution, joined with a consciousness of weakness in effecting it (yea, even a dread too well grounded, lest by breaking & falsifying it the soul should add guilt to guilt by the very means, it has taken to escape from Guilt—so pitiable is the state of unregenerated man!).¹ Now I have resolved to place myself in any situation, in which I can remain for a month or two as a *Child*, wholly in the Power of others—But alas! I have no money—Will you write [to] Mr Hood (a most dear & affectionate Friend to worthless me), to Mr Le Breton, my old Schoolfellow, & likewise a most affectionate Friend, & to Mr Wade, who will return in a few Days—desire them to call on you any evening after 7 o'clock that they can make convenient—& consult with them whether any thing of this kind can be done?—

Do you know Dr Fox?²—

how much less a surplice, & the name of a Bishop?—If there could be an intermediate Space between inspired & uninspired Writings, that Space would be occupied by Leighton.—No Shew of Learning! no appearance of Eloquence (and both may be shewn properly & holily) but a something that must be felt even as the Scriptures must be felt.—[Note by S. T. C.]

¹ At this point Cottle inserted as part of the text Coleridge's footnote on Leighton; he then added Letter 922 and dated the whole Bristol, 1807. The remainder of the present manuscript he printed as a separate undated letter. See *Early Rec.* ii. 83-99 and 162.

² Although Coleridge's wish to put himself under restraint, as expressed in this and Letter 919, was the wisest course to be adopted for one in so pitiable a condition, Cottle did not act on it; rather he sent Coleridge's letters to Southey, who negated any plan for confinement. 'You may imagine', Southey wrote, 'with what feelings I have read your correspondence with [Coleridge]. Shocking as his letters are perhaps the most mournful thing which they discover is that while acknowledging the guilt of the habit, he imputes it still to morbid bodily causes, whereas after every possible allowance is made for these, every person who has witnessed his habits, knows that for the greater—infinity the greater part—inclination and indulgence are the motives. It seems dreadful to say this with his expressions before me, but it is so and I know it to be so, from my own observation and that of all with whom he has lived. . . . This, Cottle, is an insanity of that species which none but the Soul's physician can cure. Unquestionably restraint would do for him as much as it did when the Morgans tried it, but I do not see the slightest reason for thinking it

925. To Joseph Cottle

Address: Mr Cottle | Miss Cottle's Boarding-School, Corner | House in Brunswick Square
 MS. Harvard College Lib. Pub. with omis. Rem. 359.

My dear Cottle

[10 May 1814]¹

On my return home yesterday I was & continued unwell so as to be obliged to lie down for great part of the evening—& my indisposition keeping me awake during the whole night, I found it necessary to take some magnesia & Calomel—and I am at present so very sick at Stomach (the medicine operating both ways) that I have little chance of being able to stir out of doors this morning—but if I am better, I will see you in the evening.—

I have received the C. of *Camb.*²—& read with much pleasure the second preface to Alfred,³ which is very well written,⁴ & suited to your intentions. God bless you &

S. T. Coleridge

This note has been detained for want of a messenger a full hour, and more.

926. To Miss Cottle

Address: To Miss Cottle, Brunswick Square.
 Pub. Early Rec. ii. 164.

Dear Madam,

13th May, 1814.

I am uneasy to know how my friend, J. Cottle, goes on. The walk I took last Monday to enquire in person proved too much for my strength, and shortly after my return, I was in such a swooning way, that I was directed to go to bed, and orders were given that no one should interrupt me. Indeed, I cannot be sufficiently grateful for the skill with which the surgeon treats me. But it must be a slow, and occasionally, an interrupted progress, after a sad retrogress of nearly twelve years. To God all things are possible. I intreat your prayers, your brother has a share in mine.

What an astonishing privilege, that a sinner should be permitted to cry, 'Our Father!' Oh! still more stupendous mercy, that this poor ungrateful sinner should be exhorted, invited, nay, commanded, to pray—to pray importunately! That which great men

¹ This letter was written the day after Letter 924.

² Coleridge refers to Cottle's *Fall of Cambria*.

³ The third edition of Cottle's *Alfred* was published in 1814.

⁴ These comments concerning the preface to *Alfred* Cottle transferred to Letter 917.

most detest, namely, importunacy: to *this* the GIVER and the FORGIVER ENCOURAGES *his* sick petitioners!

I will not trouble you, except for one verbal answer to this note. How is your brother?

With affectionate respects to yourself and your sister,
 S. T. Coleridge.

927. To J. J. Morgan

Address: J. J. Morgan, Esqre | Mrs E. Smith's | Ashley Cottage | Box | near Bath
 MS. formerly in the possession of the late A. H. Hallam Murray. Pub. E. L. G. ii. 110.

Postmark: Bristol, 14 May 1814.

14 May, Saturday [1814]

2. Queen's Square—

My dear Morgan

If it could be said with as little *appearance* of profaneness, as there is feeling or intention in my mind, I might affirm; that I had been crucified, dead, and buried, descended into *Hell*, and am now, I humbly trust, rising again, tho' slowly and gradually. I thank you from my heart for your far too kind Letter to Mr Hood—so much of it is true that such as you described I always wished to be. I know, it will be vain to attempt to persuade Mrs Morgan or Charlotte, that a man, whose moral feelings, reason, understanding, and senses are perfectly sane and vigorous, may yet have been *mad*—And yet nothing is more true. By the long long Habit of the accursed Poison my Volition (by which I mean the faculty *instrumental* to the Will, and by which alone the Will can realize itself—its Hands, Legs, & Feet, as it were) was compleatly deranged, at times frenzied, dissevered itself from the Will, & became an independent faculty: so that I was perpetually in the state, in which you may have seen paralytic Persons, who attempting to push a step forward in one direction are violently forced round to the opposite. I was sure that no ease, much less pleasure, would ensue: nay, was certain of an accumulation of pain. But tho' there was no prospect, no gleam of Light before, an indefinite indescribable Terror as with a scourge of ever restless, ever coiling and uncoiling Serpents, drove me on from behind.—The worst was, that in *exact proportion* to the *importance* and *urgency* of any Duty was it, as of a fatal necessity, sure to be neglected: because it added to the Terror above described. In exact proportion, as I *loved* any person or persons more than others, & would have sacrificed my Life for them, were *they* sure to be the most barbarously mistreated by

silence, absence, or breach of promise.—I used to think St James's Text, 'He who offendeth in one point of the Law, offendeth in all', very harsh; but my own sad experience has taught me it's awful, dreadful Truth.—What crime is there scarcely which has not been included in or followed from the one guilt of taking opium? Not to speak of ingratitude to my maker for the wasted Talents; of ingratitude to so many friends who have loved me I know not why; of barbarous neglect of my family; excess of cruelty to Mary & Charlotte, when at Box, and both ill—(a vision of Hell to me when I think of it!) I have in this one dirty business of Laudanum an hundred times deceived, tricked, nay, actually & consciously LIED.—And yet *all* these vices are so opposite to my nature, that but for this *free-agency-annihilating* Poison, I verily believe that I should have suffered myself to have been cut to pieces rather than have committed any one of them.

At length, it became too bad. I used to take [from] 4 to 5 ounces a day of Laudanum, once . . .¹ [ou]nces, i.e. near a Pint—besides great quantities [of liquo]r. From the Sole of my foot to the Crown of [my h]eart there was not an Inch in which I was not [contin]ually in torture: for more than a fortnight no [sleep] ever visited my Eye lids—but the agonies of [remor]se were far worse than all!—Letters past between Cottle, Hood, & myself—and our kind Friend, Hood, sent Mr Daniel to me. At his second Call I told him plainly (for I had sculked out the night before & got Laudanum) that while I was in my own power, all would be in vain—I should inevitably cheat & trick *him*, just as I had done Dr Tuthill²—that I must either be removed to a place of confinement, or at all events have a Keeper.—Daniel saw the truth of my observations, & my most faithful excellent friend, Wade, procured a strong-bodied, but decent, meek, elderly man, to superintend me, under the name of my Valet—All in the House were forbidden to fetch any thing but by the Doctor's order.—Daniel generally spends two or three hours a day with me—and already from 4 & 5 ounces has brought me down to four tea-spoonfuls in the 24 Hours—The terror & the

¹ MS. mutilated by removal of signature. A British pint contains twenty fluid ounces.

² G. L. Tuthill (1772–1835) had been Mary Lamb's physician in 1810. It is not clear when Coleridge was under his care. *Lamb Letters*, ii. 112.

In the summer of 1813 Coleridge engaged Tuthill's services for Washington Allston, who had fallen ill at Salt Hill on the way to Clifton. 'Mr. and Mrs. Allston left London, accompanied by Morse and myself', writes C. R. Leslie; 'but, when we reached Salt Hill, Allston became too ill to proceed, and it was determined that Morse should return to town and acquaint Coleridge with the circumstance. . . . [Coleridge] came to Salt Hill the same afternoon, accompanied by his friend Dr. Tathill [sic].' *Autobiographical Recollections*. By the late Charles Robert Leslie, ed. Tom Taylor, 2 vols., 1860, i. 33.

14 May 1814

[927

indefinite craving are gone—and he expects to drop it altogether by the middle of next week—Till a day or two after that I would rather not see you.

[Signature cut off.]

928. To J. J. Morgan

Address: J. J. Morgan, Esqre. | Mrs Smith's | Ashley | Box | near Bath
MS. New York Public Lib. Pub. E. L. G. ii. 112.
Postmark: Bristol, 15 May 1814.

Sunday, 15 May, 1814.

2. Queen's Square.

My dear Morgan

To continue from my last—Such was the direful state of my mind, that (I tell it you with horror) the razors, penknife, & every possible instrument of Suicide it was found necessary to remove from my room! My faithful, my *inexhaustibly patient* Friend, WADE, has caused a person to sleep by my bed side, on a bed on the floor: so that I might never be altogether alone—O Good God! why do such good men love me! At times, it would be more delightful to me to lie in the Kennel, & (as Southey said) 'unfit to be pulled out by any honest man except with a pair of Tongs.'—What *he* then said (perhaps) rather unkindly of me, was prophetically true! Often have I wished to have been thus trodden & spit upon, if by any means it might be an atonement for the direful guilt, that (like all others) first *smiled* on me, like Innocence! then crept closer, & yet closer, till it had thrown it's serpent folds round & round me, and I was no longer in my own power!—*Something* even the most wretched of Beings (*human* Beings at least) owes to himself—and this I *will* say & *dare* with truth say—that never was I led to this wicked direful practice of taking Opium or Laudanum by any desire or expectation of exciting *pleasurable* sensations; but purely by *terror*, by cowardice of pain, first of mental pain, & afterwards as my System became weakened, even of bodily Pain.

My Prayers have been fervent, in agony of Spirit, and for hours together, incessant! still ending, O! only for the merits, for the agonies, for the cross of my blessed Redeemer! For I am nothing, but evil—I can do nothing, but evil! Help, Help!—I believe! help thou my unbelief!—

Mr Daniel has been the wisest of physicians to me. I cannot say, how much I am indebted both to his Skill and Kindness. But he is one of the few rare men, who can make even their Kindness Skill, & the best and most unaffected Virtues of their Hearts *professionally* useful.

Anxious as I am to see you, yet I would wish to delay it till some

To J. J. Morgan

3 days after the total abandonment of the Poison. I expect, that this will commence on Tuesday next.—

Dr Estlin has contrived not only to pick a gratuitous quarrel with me, but by his female agents to rouse men who should be ashamed of such folly, for my saying in a Lecture on the Paradise Regained, that Milton had been pleased to represent the Devil as a sceptical Socinian. Alas! if I *should* get well—wo! to the poor Doctor, & to his Unitarians! They have treated me so ungenerously, that I am by the allowance of all my friends let loose from all bands of delicacy. Estlin has behaved downright cruel & brutal to me.—

I scarce know what to say or to bid you say to Mary or to Charlotte—for I cannot, of course, address myself to the reason of Women—& all that their common sense, their experience, & their feelings, suggest to them, must be irreversibly against me. Nevertheless, strange as it must appear to them & perhaps incredible, it is still true, that I not only have loved ever, and still do *love* them; but that there never was a moment, in which I would not have shed my very blood for their sakes—At the very worst, I never neglected them but when in an hundred fold degree I was injuring myself. But this I cannot expect women to understand or believe.— & must take the alienation of Mary's & Charlotte's esteem & affection among the due punishments of my Crime—

I am as much pleased as it is possible I can be at present in the present state of my body & mind at the improving state of your Affairs. Nothing would give me truer delight, than being recovered, to be able by my exertions to aid you: and assuredly, either this will [be] the case, or my Death.

I ought to say, that Mr Daniel is *sanguine* respecting my total recovery: tho' he admits, that after the Laudanum has been totally discontinued, there must be a long process to remedy the ravages in my constitution, which it has caused, & to bring down my carcase to something like a bulk proportionate to my years—

Allston has altogether forgot me: but I have not forgot him!—but I am an Englishman, & he is an American!—I was in my bitterest affliction glad to hear that his Picture had been noticed, however unworthily & by such a scurvy set of Judges. I intreated Bird to call on him and intreat him to write to me, tho' but *two* Lines—But I fear, Allston, tho' the very best & prime, is an American!

I dare not ask you to give my Love to Mary—it is sufficient, that she has it.—As soon as I am better, if I do not come over, I will write & ask you to come over hither after Miss Brent's Return from London—

Your affectionate Friend
S. T. Coleridge

19 May 1814

[929

929. To Miss Cottle¹

Address: Miss Cottle | Brunswick Square
MS. Mr. J. Graham Eggar. Pub. E. L. G. ii. 114.

2. Queen's Square.
19 May, 1814.

Dear Madam

In my yet unconfirmed Health (a specific irritation, moreover, of the lower part of the intestinal Canal affecting by nervous sympathy my knees with frequent, scarcely tolerable, achings, and with *quite* intolerable restlessness—almost, Heaven's Master be praised, the only relict and sediment of my Illness) the Walk to Brunswick Square & back is too much for my strength: or I should not have suffered so many days to pass without having called to inquire after my good friend's State of Body. Barnard will pass by your door, & you will be so kind as to let me know by him (do not trouble yourself with writing) how your Brother goes on. I hope, that finally this distressful accident may prove in some degree serviceable to him by removing or lessening the inflammatory ferment of his Blood & consequent turgescence & weakness of the Vessels. But I wish, he could sit in a more airy room: and still more, that he had a small riding Chair, which a Lad might with ease push along thro' the open air.—

My affectionate respects to Miss Anne, & be assured, that I am, dear Madam, | with unfeigned regard | Your friend & servt
S. T. Coleridge

930. To William Allen¹

Address: William Allen, Esqre. | Plough Court | Lombard Street | London
Post-pay'd
MS. Mr. John C. Hanbury. Pub. Through a City Archway. The Story of Allen and Hanburys, 1715–1954, by Desmond Chapman-Huston and Ernest C. Cripps, 1954, p. 291.
Postmark: Bristol, 19 May 1814.

19 May, 1814

2. Queen's Square, Bristol.

Dear Sir

I take a great liberty which yet, I trust, your Humanity will excuse in consideration of the calamitous state of my Health: tho' Heaven's Master be praised, by the skill and kindness of my Physician, who has attended me twice & three times a day for months past, almost the only relict and sediment of my Disease

¹ William Allen (1770–1843), Quaker, scientist, and philanthropist, was a strong abolitionist. In 1792 he entered Bevan's chemical establishment at Plough Court.

COLLECTED LETTERS OF
Samuel Taylor Coleridge

EDITED BY
EARL LESLIE GRIGGS

VOLUME IV
1815-1819

OXFORD
AT THE CLARENDON PRESS
1959

1000. To John M. Gutch

Address: Proof | Mr Gutch | Small Street | Bristol
MS. Yale University Lib. Hitherto unpublished.
Postmark: 9 April 1816.

Dear Gutch

[9 April 1816]¹

From the second or third day after my arrival in town to the present day I have been confined to my bed, with a Physician & another medical man attending me almost the day thro'—I have not even been able to see Lord Byron, or present my play—I am better—& will send off a proof sheet as soon as possible.

S. T. C.

P.S. But I am, of course, as weak as an infant.

1001. To Lord Byron

Address: Lord Byron | Terrace | Piccadilly | With a Manuscript—
MS. Sir John Murray. Pub. E. L. G. ii. 163.

42, Norfolk Street, Strand.
Wednesday, 10 April, 1816.

My Lord

Scarcely had I arrived in town when I became indisposed: about the third day most seriously: and the interval has been passed in bed with a physician² or Medical attendant almost constantly at my side. The strength of my constitution has prevailed over the effects of year-long errors, and imprudences commenced most innocently, and grown into the Tyranny of Habit before I was aware of my Danger. I refer to the daily habit of taking enormous doses of Laudanum which I believed necessary to my Life, tho' I groaned under it as the worst and most degrading of Slaveries—in plain words, as a specific madness which leaving the intellect uninjured and exciting the moral feelings to a cruel sensibility, entirely suspended the moral Will.

Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor³—

was the motto of my Life—as far as this process of slow self-destruction was concerned.—Yet let me say that long ago I should have been a free man, had I not been persuaded by medical men

¹ This letter is written on p. 240 of the proof-sheets of signature Q of *Sibylline Leaves*. As the postmarks show, the signature left Bristol on 4 April, arrived in London the next day, and was returned on the 9th.

² Joseph Adams (1756–1818), an 'old acquaintance' of Morgan's. See Letter 1002.

³ Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, vii. 20–21.

that it would be fatal to leave it off at once—and as to leaving it off by degrees, it is mere ignorance of the nature of the Distemper that could alone inspire the hope or belief—

To the wisdom of my physician and the great firmness, inflexibility, and constant watchfulness of the Apothecary I owe the happy knowlege, not only that the direful practice may be at once abandoned even after 15 years habit without danger, but with a very speedy restoration of such sensations as enable the patient to bear with a smile & without distraction of Thought bodily pains which looked at thro' the magic glass of an opium-poisoned imagination would have maddened him with fear and horror—

I have troubled your Lordship with this account, because I really must appear an inexplicable Being without it. I am so very weak that it is not in my power at present to wait personally on your Lordship: and therefore have taken the Liberty of sending, as my proxy, my excellent and faithful Friend, Mr Morgan, who has been my Amanuensis and Counsellor during the composition of my later works, and who takes with him to your Lordship a tragic Romance on the plan of the *Winter's Tale*—only that what in Shakespear is a first Act I have called a Prelude. As this *irregularity* is announced in the very title, a Christmas Tale, I do not think, it will be any great Objection—The *passiveness* of Zapolya in the last Act seems to me the greatest; but if the first four were approved of, I doubt not, I could re-write the 5th, or rather re-plot it, so as to make the Mother (the *Merope*¹ or *Lady Randolph*² of the Play) more prominent.³—The Lines, which I think might be omitted in representation are either marked with inverted Commas, or added at the end of the Play with the pages marked to which they belong. Doubtless, many more must be cut out; but I thought that the choice

¹ Coleridge probably refers to Aaron Hill's *Merope* (1749), an adaption of Voltaire's tragedy. F. S. Maffei in 1713 and George Jeffreys in 1731 also wrote plays with the same title.

² Lady Randolph, a character in J. Home's tragedy, *Douglas*, first acted in 1756.

³ Professor Francis Christensen has kindly sent me the following note drawn from his unpublished dissertation, Harvard, 1934:

Although the names of persons and places in *Zapolya* were drawn from history, the story was not. [See note to Letter 271.] The plot consists of two parts—a plot within a plot. For the main plot, the story of the usurpation of an infant's right to a throne, Coleridge drew from *The Winter's Tale* (hence his sub-title 'A Christmas Tale') and *Cymbeline* and, as he acknowledges here, from *Douglas* and *Merope*. For the subplot, the usurper's treachery toward one of his supporters, he drew from *The Rape of Lucrece* and from the story of Edgar, Ethelwold, and Elfrida, possibly from such plays as Massinger's *The Great Duke of Florence* (1635), Aaron Hill's *Elfrid* (1709–10), later recast as *Athelwold* (1731), and Mason's *Elfrida* (1752).

would better belong to the Actors themselves and acting Manager during the Rehearsal.¹

At all events, your Lordship will be so kind as to read it over as a Poem at least.—I shall immediately re-commence the regular Tragedy,² which alone I had designed for you in the first instance; but from the wretched state of my mind and body sunk under it.—

After this week it is my hope and intention to pass a month at Highgate, boarding and lodging in the House of a respectable Surgeon and Naturalist³ for the perfecting of my convalescence mental no less than bodily.

In Drayton's Moon-calf your Lordship will find a very lively description of the War-wolf⁴—Of course, it is supposed to exist only in the fancies & fears of the ignorant Rustics—I remain your Lordship's much obliged and grateful Servant,

S. T. Coleridge

1002. To James Gillman

Address: J. Gillman, Esqre | Surgeon | Highgate
MS. Yale University Lib. Pub. with omis. Letters, ii. 657. E. H. Coleridge's text, which is taken from Gillman's *Life*, 273, is both inaccurate and incomplete. In April 1816 Joseph Adams sent the following explanatory letter to Gillman:

Hatton Garden, 9th April, 1816.

Dear Sir,

A very learned, but in one respect an unfortunate gentleman, has applied to me on a singular occasion. He has for several years been in the habit of

¹ As he had planned, Coleridge submitted *Zapolya* to Covent Garden immediately on his arrival in London. By 9 April it had been rejected, and he sent it to Lord Byron for consideration at Drury Lane. Coleridge was informed 'that it would not do as a Play, but that it would answer very well as a Melodrama with some slight alteration'. On 6 May 1816 Morgan reported to Gutch that Lord Essex and Douglas Kinnaird had 'promised . . . to bring out part of the Tragedy [*Zapolya*] next season at D.L. . . . [I] am to dine with . . . Kinnaird one day this week to settle what alterations they wish. . . . They take the last part, 4 Acts—and add Songs & Music.' [MS. Coleridge family.] On 6 June Coleridge assured Murray that Kinnaird intended to produce the adapted play 'next Christmas'. Subsequently Coleridge was treated with 'insolent and unfeeling caprice . . . by the classical committee' and all efforts to deal with the management, of which the personnel had changed, proved abortive. See Letters 991, 998, 1007, 1011, 1043, 1053, and 1213; and *Lamb Letters*, ii. 187 and 190.

² Coleridge did not complete this 'regular Tragedy'. See Letter 1053.

³ James Gillman.

⁴ About the fields religiously they went,

With halowing charms the *Werwolf* thence to fray.

(Drayton, *The Man in the Moone*, 12–13.)

See also *Zapolya*, Part II, i. i. 339–40:

Madam, that wood is haunted by the war-wolves,
Vampires, and monstrous—

taking large quantities of opium. For some time past, he has been in vain endeavouring to break himself off it. It is apprehended his friends are not firm enough, from a dread, lest he should suffer by suddenly leaving it off, though he is conscious of the contrary; and has proposed to me to submit himself to any regimen, however severe. With this view, he wishes to fix himself in the house of some medical gentleman, who will have courage to refuse him any laudanum, and under whose assistance, should he be the worse for it, he may be relieved. As he is desirous of retirement, and a garden, I could think of no one so readily as yourself. Be so good as to inform me, whether such a proposal is absolutely inconsistent with your family arrangements. I should not have proposed it, but on account of the great importance of the character, as a literary man. His communicative temper will make his society very interesting, as well as useful. Have the goodness to favour me with an immediate answer; and believe me, dear sir, your faithful humble servant. (Gillman, *Life*, 270–1.)

Gillman's date of 9 April for the letter above is highly suspect. 'After this week', Coleridge wrote to Byron on 10 April, 'it is my hope and intention to pass a month at Highgate . . . in the House of a respectable Surgeon'—evidence that he had seen Gillman and made preliminary arrangements. Equally unreliable is Gillman's statement that Coleridge called one evening and proposed to begin his residence the next, but that 'the approaching day' brought instead Coleridge's letter of 13 April. Actually, the letter itself contains the first proposal of a specific date—'Monday Evening', 15 April—for the beginning of Coleridge's domestication at Highgate; and the London postmark (7 o'clock 13 April 1816 night) and the official stamp (To be delivered by 10 o'clock on Sunday morning) prove conclusively that it reached Gillman the 14th. See Gillman, *Life*, 270–6. Campbell and Chambers are both misled by Gillman's rambling and inaccurate account.

On 15 April, as he had planned, Coleridge arrived at Highgate. There he remained until his death.

Postmark: 13 April 1816.

42, Norfolk St. Strand—

Saturday Noon. [13 April 1816]

My dear Sir

The first half hour, I was with you, convinced me that I should owe my reception into your family exclusively to motives not less flattering to me than honorable to yourself. I trust, we shall ever in matters of intellect be reciprocally serviceable to each other. Men of sense generally come to the same conclusions; but they are likely to contribute to each other's enlargement of View in proportion to the distance, or even opposition of the points from which they set out. Travel and the strange variety of situations and employments on which Chance has thrown me in the course of my Life might have made me a mere man of Observation, if Pain and Sorrow and Self-miscomplacence had not forced my mind in on itself, and so formed habits of *meditation*. It is now as much my nature to evolve the *fact* from the *Law*, as that of a practical man to deduce the Law from the Fact.

[With regard to the Terms] permit me to say, [that I offer them

as proportioned to my *present* ability; and least of all things] to my sense of the service. But that indeed cannot be [*payed*] for: it must be returned in kind by esteem and grateful affection.¹—

And now of myself. My ever-wakeful Reason, and the keenness of my moral feelings will secure you from all unpleasant circumstances connected with me save only one: viz.—*Evasion*, and the cunning of a specific madness. You will never *hear* any thing but truth from me—Prior Habits render it out of my power to *tell* a falsehood, but unless watched carefully, I dare not promise that I should not with regard to this detested Poison be capable of *acting* a Lie.—No sixty hours *have yet passed* without my having taking [taken?] Laudunum—tho' for the last week comparatively trifling doses. I have full belief, that your *anxiety* will not need to be extended beyond the first week: and for the first week I shall not, I *must not be permitted* to leave your House, unless I should walk out with you.—Delicately or indelicately, this *must* be done: and both the Servant and the young Man must receive absolute commands from you on no account to fetch any thing for me. The stimulus of Conversation suspends the terror that haunts my mind; but when I am alone, the horrors, I have suffered from Laudanum, the degradation, the blighted Utility, almost overwhelm me—. If (as I feel for *the first time* a soothing Confidence it will prove) I should leave you restored to my moral and bodily Health, it is not myself only that will love and honor you—Every friend, I have (and thank God! spite of this wretched vice I have many & warm ones who were friends of my Youth & have never deserted me) will think of you with reverence.

I have taken no notice of your kind apologies—if I could not be comfortable in your House & with your family, I should deserve to be miserable.

I presume, there will be no Objection to Mr Morgan coming to me, as my literary Counsellor and Amanuensis at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11 every morning & staying with me till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 3. I have been for so many years accustomed to dicta[te] while he writes that I now cannot compose without him—. He is an old acquaintance of Dr Adams's: and has kindly left his family for a month at Calne in order to be with me during such hours, as I should be otherwise alone.

If you could make it convenient, I should wish to be with you by

¹ The words enclosed in brackets are inked out in the manuscript. The text of this paragraph as printed by Gillman and E. H. Coleridge reads as follows:

With respect to pecuniary remuneration, allow me to say, I must not at least be suffered to make any addition to your family expenses—though I cannot offer anything that would be in any way adequate to my sense of the service; for that, indeed, there could not be a compensation, as it must be returned in kind, by esteem and grateful affection.

Monday Evening:¹ as it would prevent the necessity of my taking fresh Lodgings in Town.

With respectful Compliments to Mrs Gillman & her Sister I remain, dear Sir, | your much obliged

S. T. Coleridge

1003. To Mr. Pryce

Address: Pryce, Esqre Junr | — Darlot's, Esqre | Finchley
MS. British Museum. Hitherto unpublished.

14 April, 1816

Dear Sir

It is so common a thing to be misunderstood, and so difficult to avoid it in a general conversation on any complex subject, that not having had the pleasure of meeting you since our last Discussion, I thought it would not be unpleasant to you if I explained myself in a more orderly way on what I take to be the only rational process of Evidence for the truth of Christianity.—Viz.—

1. That assent to a fact, if fact it be, which every man must procure for himself, by self-examination or experience.—Do I *need* any other assistance to be or become that which I ought to be—to *redeem* me from the state of consequences of my past contrarily to it—and to *save* me from the future?—Revelation, III Chapt. v. 17. 18.—

2. Do the promises of Christ correspond to this self-experience, as remedy to disease—supposing them true?—If both these are assented to,

[3.] Do the doctrines said to have [been] taught by Christ and his immediate Disciples, including these promises, (taking them as plain honest men would in the obvious sense of the words and context, and while it is yet *undetermined* whether they are or are not the words of divine wisdom, or not rather of mere enthusiasm, & consequently while it is bad logic (the logic of prejudice to wit) to say—This is absurd: and therefore *this* cannot be the sense of the passage)—Do these Doctrines, as propounded in the books attributed to John and Paul for instance, contain any thing incompatible with *Reason*, i.e. Are they logically and metaphysically *possible*? For instance, suppose that John or Christ himself had said that X was at once three and yet one, and three in the very same

¹ 'On the evening appointed', writes Gillman, 'Coleridge came, bringing in his hand the proof sheets of *Christabel*.' (*Life*, 276.) This is pure invention, since the tentative arrangements for the publication of *Christabel* had taken place on 12 April, only three days before Coleridge arrived at Highgate. See Letter 1004 for a note concerning Murray's meeting with Coleridge.

COLLECTED LETTERS OF
Samuel Taylor Coleridge

EDITED BY
EARL LESLIE GRIGGS

VOLUME VI
1826-1834

OXFORD
AT THE CLARENDON PRESS
1971

be in his *head*. Woman's head must be in her heart. But how it is possible that a man should entirely separate and exclude the mysteries—*i.e.* the philosophy of Christianity—from the Traditions, as contained in the three Gospels *κατὰ σάρκα*, and profess to believe the latter for their sake, and on that ground alone to receive this nondescript 'It' = O, or if it pretend to anything not as clearly delivered in the Old Testament and in the Greek moralists, a vain boast—and yet affect to smile with contempt at the quack doctor's affidavits or [on?] oath before the Lord Mayor—this would make me *stare*, if aught could excite wonder in my mind at any folly manifested by *knowing* folks. Now your *male* Unitarians are all of this *class*—they are *knowing* fellows. Never once have I met, or heard of, a philosopher, or a really *learned* Priestleyian or Belshamite;—Lardner, a dull man, but as far as industry of itself can make a dull man a man of learning, certainly a learned man, at all events a man of systematic reading, seems to me to have oscillated between Sabellianism and Socinianism;—but *mem*—the *Socini* were Christians—though grievously inconsistent in their logic. But it is not in the ways of logic that we can be raised to heaven.¹

1736. To J. H. Green

Address: J. H. Green, Esqre | &c &c | 36 Lincoln's Inn Fields
MS. Pierpont Morgan Lib. Pub. E. L. G. ii. 441.
Postmark: Highgate, 29 March 1832.

[29 March 1832]

My very dear Friend

On Monday I had a sad trial of intestinal pain and restlessness; but thro' God's Mercy, without any craving for the Poison, which for more than 30 years has been the guilt, debasement, and misery of my Existence.² I pray, that God may have mercy on me—tho' thro' unmanly impatency of wretched sensations, that produced a disruption of my mental continuity of productive action I have for the better part of my life yearning [yearned?] towards God, yet having recourse to the evil Being—*i.e.* a continued act of thirty years' Self-poisoning thro' cowardice of pain, & without other motive—say rather without *motive* but solely thro' the goad *a tergo* of unmanly and unchristian fear—God knows! I in my inmost soul acknowledge all my sufferings as the necessary effects of his Wisdom, and all the alleviations as the unmerited graces of his

¹ Cf. *Table Talk*, 4 Apr. 1832.

² Coleridge began taking opium regularly in 1801. See Letter 400, the Introduction to vol. iii. of the present edition, and E. H. Coleridge's note in *Letters*, ii. 760-1.

Goodness. Since Monday I have been tranquil; but still, placing the palm of my hand with it's lower edge on the navel, I feel with no intermission a death-grasp, sometimes relaxed, sometimes tightened, but always present: and I am convinced, that if Medical Ethics permitted the production of a Euthanasia, & a Physician, convinced that at my time of Life there was no rational hope of revalescence to any useful purpose, should administer a score drops of the purest Hydro-cyanic Acid, & I were immediately after opened (as is my earnest wish) the state of the mesenteric region would solve the problem.

I trust, however, that I shall yet see you, as Job says, 'in this flesh'¹—& I write now tho' under an earnest conviction of the decay of my intellectual powers proportionate to the decay of the Organs, thro' which they are made manifest, & which you must have perceived, of late, more forcibly than myself—I write, my dear friend! first to acknowledge God's Goodness in my connection with you—secondly, to express my utter indifference, under whose *name* any truths are propounded to Mankind—God knows! it would be no pain to me, to foresee that my name should utterly cease—I have no desire for reputation—nay, no wish for *fame*—but I am truly thankful to God, that thro' you my labors of thought may be rendered not wholly unseminative. But in what last Sunday you read to me, I had a sort of Jealousy, probably occasioned by the weakened state of my intellectual powers, that you had in some measure changed your pole. My principle has ever been, that Reason is *subjective* Revelation, Revelation *objective* Reason—and that *our* business is not to *derive* Authority from the *mythoi* of the Jews & the first Jew-Christians (*i.e.* the O. and N. Testament) but to *give* it to them—never to assume their stories as facts, any more than you would Quack Doctors' affidavits on oath before the Lord Mayor—and verily in point of old Bailey Evidence this is a flattering representation of the Paleyian Evidence—but by *science* to confirm the *Facit*, kindly afforded to beginners in Arithmetic. If I lose my faith in *Reason*, as the perpetual revelation, I lose my faith altogether. I must deduce the objective from the subjective Revelation, or it is no longer a revelation for me, but a beastly fear, and superstition.

I hope, I shall live to see you next Sunday. God bless you, my dear Friend! We have had a sad sick House—& in consequence, I have seen but little of Mr Gillman, who has been himself ill—and likewise Miss Lucy Harding. For me, it is a great blessing & mercy, Life or Death, that I have been & still remain quiet, without any

¹ Cf. Job xix. 26: 'And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.'

craving, but the contrary. Compared with this mercy, even the felt and doubtless by you perceived decay & languor of intellectual energy is a trifling counter-weight.—

Again, God bless you, my dear friend! | and
S. T. Coleridge—

1737. To William Rowan Hamilton

Pub. Life of Sir William Rowan Hamilton, by R. P. Graves, 3 vols., 1882-9, i. 545.

April 4, 1832.

Through bodily weakness and the multiplied professional avocations of my young friend, Mr. Gillman's medical pupil, I have not been able in the wilderness of my books, that for sixteen years have always been *intended* to be catalogued and put into some arrangement, I have not been able as yet to find the first volume of Kant's *Miscellaneous Essays*.¹ They are in five volumes, and for the most part consist of the publications anterior to the famous *Critik of the Pure Reason*.²

But—have you misunderstood me? I have no *translation*, and am aware of none—or are you a reader of the German? If so, I trust that I shall, before you quit London, still succeed in rummaging out the two lost volumes, one essay in Latin³ being an excellent introduction to Kant's revival of the distinction between the Noumenon = Nomen, Intelligible, Numen—and the *Phaenomenon*—both *potential* Entities, that are only in and for the mind or the sensation. With great respect, my dear sir, I remain your afflicted but respectful, &c.

¹ Coleridge refers to Kant's *Vermischte Schriften*, ed. J. H. Tieftrunk, i-iii, 1799, iv. 1807. There is no fifth volume. The British Museum has two incomplete sets of this edition with MS. notes by Coleridge: ii-iv (C. 43. a. 9) and i-ii (C. 126. e. 7). In 1816 Coleridge returned Crabb Robinson's copy of vols. i-iii of still another set of the *Vermischte Schriften*. (See note to Letter 1019.) These three volumes, which contain annotations by Coleridge, are now in University College Library, London.

² Kant's *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*, 1781. Coleridge's annotated copy of the 1799 edition is in the British Museum.

³ Kant's *De mundi sensibilis atque intelligibilis forma et principiis*, 1770, is in vol. ii of the *Vermischte Schriften* and is followed by a German translation. In a manuscript note in *De mundi* (C. 126. e. 7), Coleridge discusses the work as an important forerunner of the *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*. (From information kindly supplied by Mr. B. A. Rowley.) See also Letter 1126.

1738. To William Rowan Hamilton

Pub. Life of Sir William Rowan Hamilton, by R. P. Graves, 3 vols., 1882-9, i. 545.

[April 6, 1832.]

Dear and respected Sir,

I have little hope that this scrawl will reach you in time; but since the receipt of your kind letter, this morning, I cannot but feel self-accused, if from any neglect on my part you should leave England without having seen Mr. Green, 36 or 46, I forget which, in Lincoln's-Inn Fields; it is some five or six doors, Covent-garden-ward, beyond the Royal College of Surgeons. You will be pretty sure of finding him at home if it should be in your power to call before 11 or 12 o'clock.

I am much weaker than when you saw me: and have but feeble hope of the accomplishment of your kind wishes. God's will be done! He knows that my first prayer is not to fall from Him, and the faith that He is God, the I AM, the God that heareth prayer—the Finite in the form of the Infinite = the Absolute Will, the Good; the Self-affirmant, the Father, the I AM, the Personity;—the Supreme Mind, Reason, Being, the *Pleroma*, the Infinite in the form of the Finite, the Unity in the form of the Distinctity; or lastly, in the synthesis of these, in the *Life*, the *Love*, the Community, the Perichoresis, or Inter[ir]culation—and that there is *one* only God! And I believe in an apostasis, absolutely necessary, as a *possible* event, from the absolute perfection of Love and Goodness, and because WILL is the only ground and antecedent of all Being. And I believe in the descension and condescension of the Divine Spirit, Word, Father, and Incomprehensible Ground of all—and that he is a God who *seeketh* that which was lost, and that the whole world of Phaenomena is a revelation of the Redemptive Process, of the *Deus Patiens*, or *Deitas Objectiva* beginning in the separation of Life from Hades, which under the control of the Law = Logos = Unity—becomes *Nature*, i.e., that which never *is* but *natura est*, is to be, from the brute Multeity, and Indistinction, and is to end with the union with God in the *Pleroma*. I dare not hope ever to see you again in the flesh—scarcely expect to survive to the hearing of you. But be assured I have been comforted by the fact you have given me, that there are men of profound science who yet feel that *Science*, even in its most flourishing state, needs a *Baptism*, a Regeneration in Philosophy—so call it, if you refer to the subjective feeling—but if to the Object, then, spite of all the contempt squandered on poor Jacob Boehmen and