

A College Theme & Original Letter

By the Author of

Christabel



Coleridge was born in 1772 and died in 1834.

In 1791 he entered Jesus College, Cambridge. In his second year he left Cambridge in a fit of despondency and enlisted in the 15th Dragoons under the name of Silas Tomkyn Comberback or Cumberbatch. His identity was discovered and his friends procured his discharge. He returned to Cambridge in 1794 but never took a degree.

In 1796 Coleridge was 5-10 inches in height. He had a blooming and healthy complexion; beautiful and luxuriant hair, falling in natural curls over his shoulders and as a lady told De Quincey, about the year of Waterloo, simply the most perfect realization of a pastoral Strephon (Adonis?) that in all her life she had looked upon.

From Rowfant Catalogue, Volume 2.



The Study of History preferable to the Study of Natural Philosophy.

Truth is the natural aliment of the human mind, and the investigation of Truth its noblest pursuit. But of all the modes of conveying Truth that must be the most interesting to us, which by extending our knowledge of moral and intellectual facts makes us more thoroughly acquainted with our own nature. The recesses of the human heart are not to be explored by the microscopic eye of the metaphysician, nor the labyrinths unfolded by the clue of logical analysis. In the mirror of History only can Man contemplate his mental proportions. From the actions of beings similar to himself he must infer the operations of his own passions, and by the analogies of the Past learn to apprehend the Present and anticipate the Future. Physical and Mathematical Truths frequently lie hid in their abstruseness-- but sentiments and experiments, which display the human soul, are as obvious to the understanding as they are delightful to the heart. Removed from the enlarged prospects and active energies of the moral world, Science too often produces only the jargon of technical arrangements, or accumulates the impertinence of Academical Forms. But Society is the historian's School, and its Lessons his subject. By ascertaining the effects of Virtue and Vice his Pages give force to the dictates of Religion, and by exhibiting Liberty in its most exalted states they awaken those Germs of Freedom, which will expand in the Breast of every rational Being, if they are not nipped by the frosts of Prejudice, or blasted by the mildews of Corruption. The contemplation of great characters never fails to warm the young and generous Student into the noble attempt of imitative Virtue, and helps to guard the mind against the impulse of selfish passions, and the contagion of example. It is indeed only by dwelling on the sublime beauties of heroic character, that we can discover that amazing opposition of the hateful and the



lovely in moral excellence and moral deformity, and that we can be animated into a passion for disinterested Virtue. The effect which almost constantly attends such a course of reading operates on our inclinations in the strongest manner, and Virtue and Liberty become the objects of a secondary worship in the delighted imagination.

These Motives apply to Britons with peculiar force: while they enjoy privileges unpossessed by other nations, it were ingratitude in them to be ignorant of the illustrious characters, by whose Virtues these privileges were attained -- patriots, who with the sacrifice of their tenderest affections and even with the loss of their lives have set up the banners of Liberty against Tyranny, and made Monarchs shrink into Citizens. The history of England is the History of Liberty -- and the Lives of a Russell and a Sidney seem designed by providence to shew mankind the sublime heights, to which Freedom may conduct them. Neglect becomes impiety when committed against these sacred Names.

But it has been objected, that the Study of History tends to introduce habits of Scepticism in points of the highest importance. This however we deny -- on the contrary, the doctrines here alluded to rest on history as their sole foundation -- it is History, in which all the evidences for their authenticity are to be found, -- it is History, which must make Faith Reason, and the Philosopher a Christian. The light of History is indeed sure to expose the Vanity of all those popular systems and prejudices, which are to be found in every country: derived originally from fraud or superstition; and craftily imposed on the many to serve the interests of a few. Hence it is, that upon the detection of any of these, and especially of the religious kind, we see all that rage of fierce bigots, hypocritical Zealots, and interested politicians -- of all, whose credit or fortunes depend on the continuance of folly & ignorance among men. These indeed may tremble, while we



turn over the volumes, which detect the fallacy of their claims --  
for however weak and wicked Men may disguise the real nature of  
things, the Dominion of Truth must at last prevail, and Philoso-  
phy guided by the Torch of History will cleanse the dark and noisome  
cave of superstitious Error! --



Dear Martin:

From Oxford to Gloucester x, to Ross, x, to Hereford, to Lee - minster x, to Bishop's Castle x, to Montgomery, to Welchport, Llan - villing, Llangunnog, Bala x, Druid House x, Llangollin, Wrexham xx, Ruthin, Denbigh x, S<sup>t</sup> Asaph, Holywell x, Rudland, Abergeley x, Aber - conway x, Abber x, over a ferry to Anglesea, Beaumaris x, Amlock x, Copper mines, Gwindu, Moel don, over a ferry to Caernavon have I journeyed, now philosophizing with Hucks, now melancholizing by myself, or else indulging those day-dreams of Fancy, that make realities more gloomy. To whatever place I have affixed the mark x, there we slept. The first part of our Tour was intensely hot -- the roads white and dazzling seemed to undulate with heat -- and the country bare and unhedged presented nothing but stone - fences dreary to the Eye and scorching to the Touch. At Ross we took up our Quarters at the King's Arms, once the House of M<sup>r</sup> Kyrle, the celebrated Man of Ross -- I gave the Window Shut - ter a few Verses, which I shall add to the end of the letter. The walk from Llangunnog to Bala over the mountains was most wild and romantic -- there are immense and rugged Clefts in the moun - tains; which in winter must form Cataracts most tremendous. Now there is just enough sun-glittering water dashed down over them to soothe, not disturb the Ear. I climbed up a precipice, on which was a large Thorn-tree, and slept by the side of one of them near two hours. At Bala I was apprehensive, that I had caught the Itch from a Welch Democrat, who was charmed with my sentiments -- he bruised my hand with a grasp of ardor, and I trembled, lest some discontented Citizens of the animalcular Republic might have emigrated. Shortly after, in came a Clergyman well drest, and with him other Gentlemen. I was asked for a public Character. I gave, D<sup>r</sup> Priestley -- the Clergyman whispered his Neighbour -- who, it seems, is the apothecary of the Parish (Republicans!)



Accordingly when the Doctor (as they call apothecaries) was to have given a name, "I gives a sentiment, Gemmen! May all Republicans be gulloteen'd! Upstarts the Democrat. "May all Fools be gulloteen'd -- and then you will be first! Fool, Rogue, Traitor, Liar &c flew in each other's faces in hailstorms of Vociferation. This is nothing in Wales -- they make it --: necessary vent-holes for the sulphureous Fumes of their Temper! I endeavoured to calm the Tempest by observing "that however different our Political Opinions might be, the appearance of a Clergyman in the Company assured me, that we were all Christians -- though I found it rather difficult to reconcile the last sentiment with the spirit of Christianity." "Pho!" quoth the Clergyman. "Christianity! Why an't at Church now -- are we? The Gemmen's Sentiment was a very good one, because it shews him to be sincere in his principles." Welch Politics could not however prevail over Welch Hospitality. They all shook hands with me, (except the Parson) and said, I was an open-speaking, honest-hearted Fellow, tho' I was a bit of a Democrat. On our Road from Bala to Druid House we met Brookes and Berdmore -- our rival Pedestrians, a Gemini of Powells, were vigorously marching onward -- in a post-chaise. Berdmore had been ill. We were not a little glad to see each other. Llangollin is a village most romantically situated -- but the Weather was so intensely hot, that we saw only what was to be admired -- we could not admire. At Wrexham the Tower is most magnificent -- and in the Church is a white marble monument of Lady Middleton superior <sup>mea</sup> quidem sententiâ to any thing in Westminster Abbey. It had entirely escaped my Memory, that Wrexham was the residence of a Miss E. Evans, a young Lady with whom in happier days I had been in habits of fraternal correspondence -- she lives with her Grandmother. As I was standing at the Window of the Inn she passed by, and with her to my utter astonishment her Sister, Mary Evans -- quam affliction



et perdit amaram -- yea, even to anguish. They both started -- and gave a short cry -- almost a faint shriek -- I sickened and well nigh fainted -- but instantly retired. Had I appeared to recognize her, my Fortitude would not have supported me.

Vivit, sed mihi vivit -- nova forte mavita

Ah dolor! alterius cavâ a cervice pendit.

Vos, male fida valetis accense insomnia mentis,

Littora amata, valetis! Vale ah! formosa Maria! --

Hucks informed me, that the two Sisters walked by the Window 4 or 5 times, as if anxiously. Doubtless, they think themselves deceived by some Face strikingly like me -- God bless her! Her Image is in the Sanctuary of my Bosom -- and never can it be torn from thence but with the strings that grapple my heart to Life. This circumstance made me quite ill -- I had been wandering among the wild-wood scenery and terrible graces of the Welch mountains to wear away, not to revive, the Images of the Past! But Love is a local Anguish -- I am 50 miles distant, and am not half so miserable.--- At Denbigh is the finest ruined Castle in the Kingdom -- it surpassed every thing, I could have conceived. I wandered there two hours in a still Evening, feeding upon melancholy. Two well drest young Men were roaming there. "I will play my Flute here" said the first -- "it will have a romantic effect." Bless thee, Man of Genius and Sensibility! I silently exclaimed. He sate down amid the most awful part of the Ruins -- the Moon just began to make her Rays predominant over the lingering Day-light -- I preattuned my feelings to Emotion -- and the romantic Youth instantly struck up the sadly-pleasing Tune of -- Mrs Casey!

The British Lion is my Sign,

A Roaring Trade I drive on &c.

Three miles from Denbigh on the Road to St Asaph is a fine Bridge with one Arch -- of great grandeur -- stand at a little dis-



tance, and through it you see the woods waving on the Hill-bank of the River in a most lovely point of view. A beautiful prospect is always more picturesque, when seen at some little distance thro' an Arch. I have frequently thought of Mich. Taylor's way of viewing a Landscape by putting his head between his Thighs. -- Under the arch was the most perfect Echo, I ever heard. Hucks sung, "Sweet Echo" with great effect. At Holywell I bathed in the famous St Winifred's Well -- it is an excellent cold Bath. At Rudland is a fine ruined Castle. Abergeley is a large Village on the Sea Coast-- Walking on the sea sands I was surprized to see a number of fine Women bathing promiscuously with men and boys -- perfectly naked! Doubtless, the citadels of their Chastity are so impregnable strong, that they need not the ornamental Outworks of Modesty. But seriously speaking, where sexual Distinctions are least observed, men & women live together in the greatest purity. Concealment sets the Imagination a working, and, as it were, cantharidizes our desires.

Just before I quitted Cambridge I met a countryman with a strange walking Stick, 5 feet in length -- I eagerly bought it -- and a most faithful servant it has proved to me. My sudden affection for it has mellowed into settled Friendship. On the morning of our leaving Abergeley just before our final departure I looked for my Stick, in the place where I had left it over night. It was gone -- ! I alarumed the House. No one knew anything of it. In the flurry of anxiety I sent for the Cryer of the Town -- and gave him the following, to cry about the town and on the beach -- which he did with a gravity, for which I am indebted to his stupidity.

Missing from the Bee Inn, Abergeley -- A curious Walking Stick. On one side it displays the head of an Eagle, the Eyes of which represent rising Suns, and the Ears Turkish Crescents; On the other side is the portrait of the Owner in Wood-work. Be-



neath the head of the Eagle is a Welch Wig -- and around the neck of the Stick is a Queen Elizabeth's Ruff in Tin. All adown it waves the Line of Beauty in very ugly Carving. If any Gentleman (or Lady) has fallen in love with the above-described Stick & secretly carried off the same, he (or she) is hereby earnestly admonished to conquer a Passion, the continuance of which must prove fatal to his (or her) Honesty: and if the said Stick has slipped into such Gentleman's (or Lady's) hand thro' Inadvertence, he (or she) is required to rectify the mistake with all convenient Speed. --- God save the King.

Abergeley is a fashionable Welch Watering Place -- and so irregular a proclamation excited no small crowd on the Beach -- among the rest a lame old Gentleman, in whose hands was descried my dear Stick. The old Gent, who lodged at our Inn, felt great confusion, and walked homewards, the solemn Cryer before him, and a various Cavalcade behind him. I kept the Muscles of my Face in tolerable Subjection. He made his lameness an apology for borrowing my Stick, supposed he should have returned before I had wanted it &c. There it ended except that a very handsome young Lady put her head out of a Coach Window, and begged my permission to have the Bill, which I had delivered to the Cryer. I acceded to the request with a compliment, that lighted up a blush on her cheek, and a Smile on her Lip.

We passed over a ferry and landed at Aberconway. We had scarcely left the Boat ere we descried Brookes & Berdmore with whom we have joined Parties, nor do we mean to separate. Our Tour thro' Anglesea to Caernavon has been repaid by scarcely one object worth seeing. To morrow we visit Snowdon &c. Brookes, Berdmore and myself at the imminent hazard of our Lives scaled the very Summit of Penmaenman -- it was a most dreadful expedition! I will give you the account in some future Letter.



I sent for Bowles's Works, while at Oxford -- how was I shocked. Every Omission and every alteration disgusts Taste & mangles Sensibility. Surely some Oxford Toad has been squatting at the Poet's ear, and spitting into it the cold venom of Dullness. It is not Bowles -- He is still the same (the added Poems prove it) -- descriptive, dignified, tender, sublime. The Sonnets added are exquisite -- Abbe Thule has marked Beauties -- and the little Poem at Southampton is a Diamond -- in whatever light you place it, it reflects beauty and splendour. The "Shakespeare" is sadly unequal to the rest -- yet in whose Poems, except in those of Bowles, would it not have been excellent?

(Do write to) me, my dear Fellow! to be left at the (Post) Office, Bristol -- and tell me every thing about yourself, how you have spent the Vacation &c. -- (&) believe me with gratitude and fraternal friendship

Your obliged

S. T. Coleridge

July 22<sup>nd</sup>  
1794



Lines written at Ross, at the King's Arms,  
once the House of Mr Kyrle

Richer than Misers o'er their countless hoards,  
Nobler than Kings or king-polluted Lords,  
Here dwelt the Man of Ross! O Stranger, hear!  
Departed merit claims the glistening tear.  
If 'neath this Roof thy wine-cheer'd moments pass,  
Fill to the good man's name one grateful glass.  
To higher zest shall Memory wake thy soul,  
And Virtue mingle in the ennobled Bowl.  
But if, like me, thro' Life's distressful Sc  
Lonely and sad thy Pilgrimage hath be  
And if, thy Breast with heart-sick angu  
Thou journeyest onward tempest-tost in  
Here cheat thy cares; in generous Vision  
And dream of Goodness thou hast never fe

#### The Faded Flower

Ungrateful He, who pluck'd thee from thy stalk,  
Poor faded Floweret! on his careless way;  
Inhaled awhile thy odours on his walk,  
Then onward passed and left thee to decay.  
Ah melancholy Emblem! had I seen  
Thy modest Beauties dew'd with evening's Gem  
I had not rudely cropt thy parent stem;  
But left thee blushing 'mid the enliven'd Green.  
And now I bend me (o'er) thy wither'd Bloom,  
And drop the tear -- as Fancy at my Side  
Deep-sighing points the fair frail Abra's Tomb, --  
"Like thine, sad Flower! was that poor Wanderer's pride!  
"O lost to Love & Truth! whose selfish Joy  
"Tasted her vernal sweets -- but tasted to destroy!



Letter

1. 1.  
To Henry Martin

[Original letter in the possession of Mr. W. Hugh Peal. First published with omissions Gentleman's Magazine, N.S., Vol. V, 242, (March 1836) from a transcript now in the Guildhall Library, London. This transcript, which is in an unknown handwriting and contains neither of the poems Coleridge copied at the end of his letter, was sent by William Lisle Bowles to the editor of the Gentleman's Magazine. H. N. Coleridge reprinted this text in the second edition of the Biographia Literaria, 1847, II, 338, but erroneously addressed the letter to "Mr. Masters of Jesus College." In August 1836 the letter was published in the New Monthly Magazine, Part II, 420, from the holograph. Although there are extensive omissions in the text as there printed, the two poems, Lines written at Ross and The faded Flower, are both included. The poems are followed by a fragmentary essay of Coleridge's, "the study of History is preferable to the study of Natural Philosophy." The holograph of Coleridge's letter, including the two poems, and the manuscript of the essay, which was probably written in 1794, have been kept together since their first publication in 1836, and both are now in the collection of Mr. W. Hugh Peal.]

July 22<sup>nd</sup>

1794

[Postmark July 25, 1794.]

[Stamped Caernarvon.]

Dear Martin

From Oxford to Gloucester x, to Ross, x, to Hereford, to Leominster x, to Bishop's castle x, to Montgomery, to Welchpool, Llanvilling x, Llangunnog, Bala x, Druid House x, Llangollin, Wrexham xx, Ruthin, Denbigh x, S<sup>t</sup> Asaph, Holywell x, Rudland, Abergeley x, Anglesea  
Aberconway x, Abber x over a ferry to Beaumaris x Amlock x, Copper mines, Gwindu, Moeldon over a ferry to Caernarvon have I journeyed, now philosophizing with Hucks, now melancholizing by myself, or else

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1. It was to Henry Martin of Jesus College that Coleridge dedicated The Fall of Robespierre. See Letter 61.



2

indulging those day-dreams of Fancy, that make realities more gloomy. To whatever place I have affixed the Mark x, there we slept. The first part of our Tour was intensely hot — the roads white and dazzling seemed to undulate with heat — and the country bare and unhedged presented nothing but stone-fences dreary to the Eye and scorching to the Touch — At Ross we took up our Quarters at the King's Arms, once the House of M<sup>r</sup> Kyrle, the celebrated Man of Ross — I gave the Window shutter a few Verses, which I shall add to the end of the letter — The walk from Llangunnog to Bala over the mountains was most wild and romantic — there are immense and rugged Clefts in the mountains; which in winter must form Cataracts most tremendous — now there is just enough sun-glittering water dashed down over them to soothe, not disturb the Ear. I climbed up a precipice, on which was a large Thorn-tree, and slept by the side of one of them near two hours. At Bala I was apprehensive, that I had caught the Itch from a Welch Democrat, who was charmed with my Sentiments — he bruised my hand with a grasp of ardor, and I trembled, lest some discontented Citizens of the Animalcular Republic might have emigrated. Shortly after, in came a Clergyman well drest, and with him 4 other Gentlemen — I was asked for a public Character — I gave, M<sup>r</sup> Priestley<sup>1.</sup> — the Clergyman whispered his Neighbour who it seems, is the Apothecary of the Parish — (Republicans!) — Accordingly when the Doctor (as they call apothecaries) was to have given a name, "I gives a sentiment, Gemmen! May all Republicans be gulloteen'd! [u] Up starts the Democrat "May all Fools be gulloteen'd — and then you will be the first! [u] Fool, Rogue, Traitor, Liar &c flew in each other's faces in hailstorms of Vociferation. This is nothing in Wales — they make it —: necessary vent-holes for the Sulphureous Fumes of their Temper! I endeavoured to calm the Tempest by observing "that however different our Political Opinions might be, the appearance of a Clergyman in the Company assured me, that we were all Christians — though I found it rather difficult to reconcile the last sentiment with the

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1. Joseph Priestley, 1733-1804, theologian and scientist, immigrated to the United States in April 1794 and in July settled in Northumberland, Pennsylvania. Coleridge paid him tribute in a sonnet (Poems, I, 81) and in lines 371-376 of Religious Musings, I, 123.



3

spirit of Christianity." "Pho." quoth the Clergyman. "Christianity! Why an't at Church now - are we? The Gemman's Sentiment was a very good one, because it shews him to be sincere in his principles." - Welch Politics could not however prevail over Welch Hospitality - they all shook hands with me, (except the Parson) and said, I was an open-speaking, honest-hearted Fellow, tho' I was a bit of a Democrat. - On our Road from Bala to Druid House we met Brookes and Berdmore - our rival Pedestrians, a Gemini of Powells, were vigorously marching onward ----- in a post-chaise! Berdmore had been ill. We were not a little glad to see each other - Llangollin is a village most romantically situated - but the Weather was so intensely hot, that we saw only what was to be admired - we could not admire. - At Wrexham the Tower is most magnificent - and in the Church is a white marble monument of Lady Middleton superior mea<sup>^</sup> quidem sententia<sup>^</sup> to any thing in Westminster Abbey. It had entirely escaped my Memory, that Wrexham was the residence of a Miss E. Evans, a young Lady with whom in happier days I had been in habits of fraternal correspondence - she lives with her Grandmother - As I was standing at the Window of the Inn she passed by, and with her to my utter Astonishment her Sister, Mary Evans - quam afflictim et perdit<sup>^</sup> amabam - yea, even to Anguish - . They both started - and gave a short cry - almost a faint shriek - I sickened and well nigh fainted - but instantly retired. Had I appeared to recognize her, my Fortitude would not have supported me

Vivit, sed mihi non vivit -- nova forte marita

Ah dolor! alterius cara<sup>^</sup> a cervice pependit.

Vos, malefida valetate accensae insomnia Mentis,

Littora amata, valetate! Vale ah! formosa Maria! --

Hucks informed me, that the two Sisters walked by the Window 4 or 5 times, as if anxiously -- Doubtless, they think themselves deceived by some Face strikingly like me -- God bless her! Her Image is in the Sanctuary of my Bosom - and never can it be torn from thence but with the strings that grapple my heart to Life. -- This circumstance made me



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quite ill - I had been wandering among the wild-wood scenery and terrible graces of the Welch mountains to wear away, not to revive, the Images of the Past! But Love is a local Anquish - I am 50 miles distant, and am not half so miserable. - - At Denbigh is the finest ruined Castle in the Kingdom - it surpassed every thing, I could have conceived. I wandered there two hours in a still Evening, feeding upon melancholy. - Two well drest young Men were roaming there - "I will play my Flute here" - said the first - "it will have a romantic effect." Bless thee, Man of Genius and Sensibility! I silently exclaimed. He sate down amid the most awful part of the Ruins - the Moon just began to make her Rays predominant over the lingering Day-light - I preattuned my feelings to Emotion - and the Romantic Youth instantly struck up the sadly-pleasing Tune of M<sup>rs</sup> Casey! The British Lion is my Sign -  
A Roaring Trade I drive on &c. -

Three miles from Denbigh on the Road to S<sup>t</sup> Asaph, is a fine Bridge with one Arch - of great grandeur - stand at a little distance, and through it you see the woods waving on the Hill-bank of the River in a most lovely point of view. A beautiful prospect is always more picturesque, whensseen at some little distance thro' an Arch. I have frequently thought of Mich. Taylor's <sup>1.</sup> way of viewing a Landscape by putting his head between his Thighs. - Under the arch was the most perfect Echo, I ever heard. Hucks sung, "Sweet Echo" with great effect. At Holywell I bathed in the famous S<sup>t</sup> Winifred's Well - it is an excellent cold Bath - at Rudland is a fine ruined Castle - Abergeley is a large Village on the Sea Coast - Walking on the sea sands - I was surprized to see a number of fine Women bathing promiscuously with men and boys - perfectly naked! Doubtless, the citadels of their Chastity are so impregnable strong, that they need not the ornamental Outworks of Modesty. But seriously speaking, where sexual Distinctions are least observed, Men & women live together in the greatest purity. Concealment sets the Imagination a working, and, as it were, cantharidizes our desires.

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1. Probably Michael Angelo Taylor, 1757-1834, frequently caricatured by James Gillray.



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Missing from the Bee Inn, Abergeley — A curious Walking-Stick. On one side it displays the head of an Eagle, the Eyes of which represent rising Suns, and the Ears Turkish Crescents. On the other side is the portrait of the Owner in Wood-work. Beneath the head of the Eagle is a Welch Wig — and around the neck of the Stick is a Queen Elizabeth's Ruff in Tin. All adown it waves the Line of Beauty in very ugly Carving. If any Gentleman (or Lady) has fallen in love with the above-described Stick & secretly carried off the same, he (or she) is hereby earnestly admonished to conquer a Passion, the continuance of which must prove fatal to his (or her) Honesty: and if the said Stick has slipped into such Gentleman's (or Lady's) hand thro' Inadvertence, he (or she) is required to rectify the mistake with all convenient Speed. God save the King.

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I sent for Bowles's Works, while at Oxford - how was I shocked - Every Omission and every alteration disgusts Taste & mangles Sensibility. Surely some Oxford Toad has been squatting at the Poet's Ear, and spitting into it the cold Venom of Dullness. It is not Bowles - He is still the same (the added Poems prove it) - descriptive, dignified, tender, sublime. The Sonnets added are exquisite - Abbe Thule has marked Beauties - and the Little Poem at Southampton is a Diamond - in whatever light you place it, it reflects beauty and splendor. The "Shakespeare" is sadly unequal to the rest - yet in whose Poems, except in those of Bowles, would it not have been excellent?<sup>1.</sup>

Direct to me, my dear Fellow! - to be left at the Post Office, Bristol - and tell me every|thing about yourself, how you have spent the Vacation &c --

believe me, with gratitude and fraternal friendship

Your obliged

S T Coleridge.

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1. On the transcript of this letter now in the Guildhall Library, London, Bowles wrote the following note to the editor of the Gentleman's Magazine: "My dear Sir I send you an original letter of poor Coleridge.... You can say, if you print this letter, & I think many parts most interesting - with regard to his criticism on me, that it is suppos'd he alludes to some negligent comp's ... in [the] 2<sup>d</sup> volume - but M.<sup>r</sup> Pickering is about to publish in two volumes, the selected & best works -." Bowles was obviously pleased with Coleridge's praise and wished to explain the adverse comments. Accordingly, the editor, in printing Coleridge's letter in the Gentleman's Magazine in March 1836, incorporated Bowles's explanation.



Lines written at Ross, at the King's Arms' - once the House  
of M<sup>r</sup> Kyrle.<sup>1.</sup>

Richer than Misers o'er their countless hoards,  
Nobler than Kings or king-polluted Lords,  
Here dwelt the Man of Ross! O Stranger, hear!  
Departed Merit claims th' glistening tear.  
If 'neath this Roof thy wine-cheer'd moments pass,  
Fill to the good man's name, one grateful glass.  
To higher Zest shall Memory wake thy soul,  
And Virtue mingle in th' ennobled Bowl.  
But if, like me, thro' Life's distressful Scene]  
Lonely and sad thy Pilgrimage hath been;]  
And if, thy Breast with heart-sick anguish fraught,]  
Thou journeyest onward tempest-tost in [thought;]  
Here cheat thy cares; in generous Visions [melt,]  
And dream of Goodness, thou hast never felt.

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1. Poems, I, 57.



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1.  
The faded Flower.

Ungrateful He, who pluck'd thee from thy stalk,  
Poor faded Flowret! on his careless way;  
Inhaled awhile thy odours on his walk,  
Then onward pass'd and left thee to decay.  
An melancholy Emblem! had I seen  
Thy modest Beauties dew'd with evening's Gem,<sup>[1]</sup>  
I had not rudely cropt thy parent stem;  
But left thee blushing 'mid the enliven'd Green.  
And now I bend me o'er thy wither'd Bloom,  
And drop the tear - as Fancy at my Side  
Deep-sighing points the fair frail Abra's Tomb,<sup>2.</sup> —  
"Like thine, sad Flower! was that poor Wanderer's pride?  
"O lost to Love & Truth! whose selfish Joy  
"Tasted her vernal sweets - but tasted to destroy!"<sup>[10]</sup>

Of course B and B desire their kind remembrances.

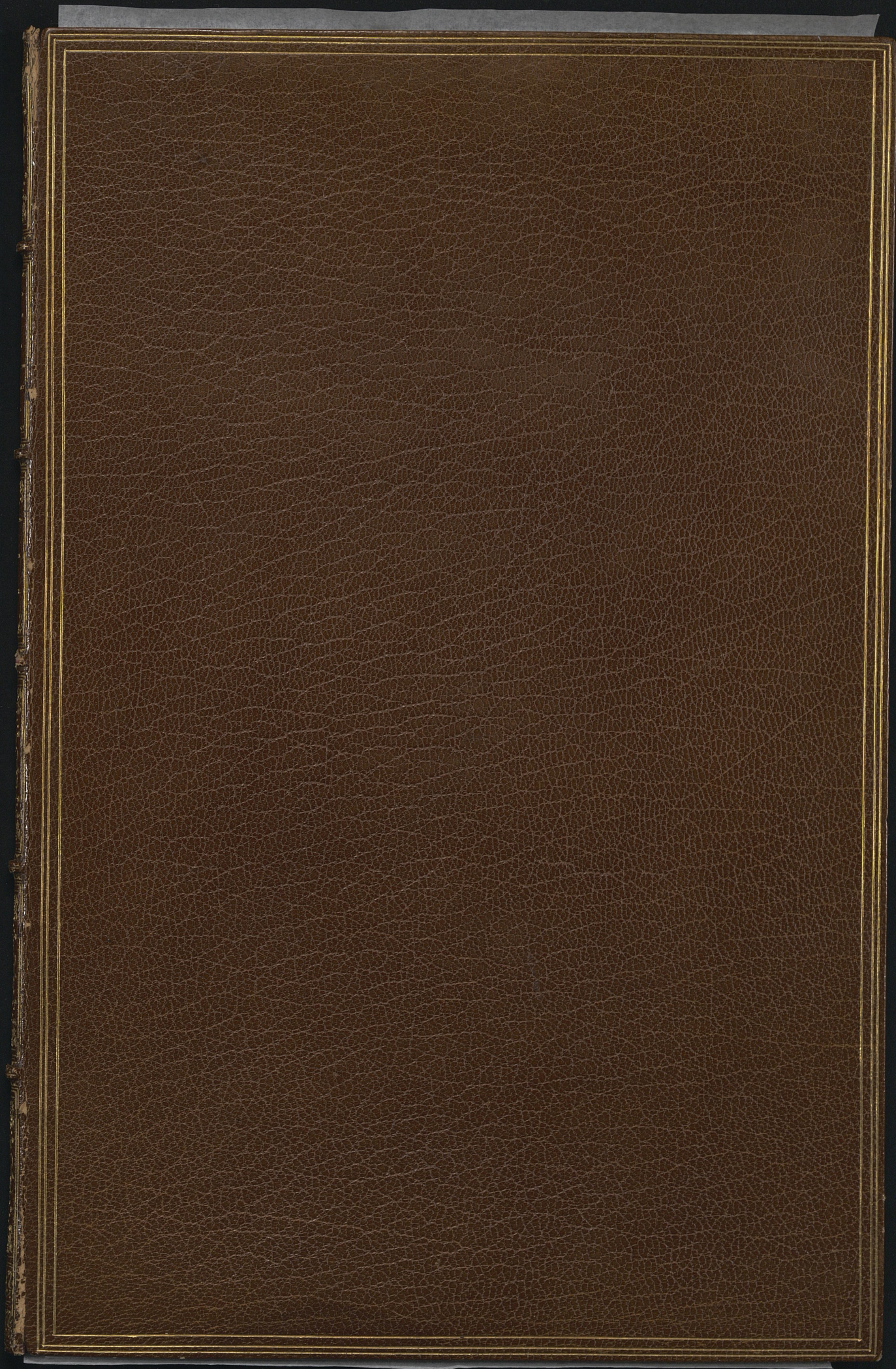
[Addressed] [Henry] Martin Esq.  
Silton (or Sirton)  
near Mere  
Wilts.

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1. This sonnet was first published in 1795 in Poems by Robert Lovell and Robert Southey, p. 68, over the signature Bion, the pseudonym Southey used to distinguish his contributions to that volume. Neither Coleridge nor Southey included the poem in later editions of his poetical works. On the basis of its appearance in the New Monthly Magazine, J. D. Campbell first added it to the Coleridge canon in 1893, and E. H. Coleridge included it Poems, I, 70.

2. In the Southey (1795) version read "Emma" for "Abra." A transcript of this sonnet in an unknown handwriting is in the Pierpont Morgan Library. It is dated July 10, 1794, is signed S.T.C., and in line 11 reads "Emma" rather than "Abra."

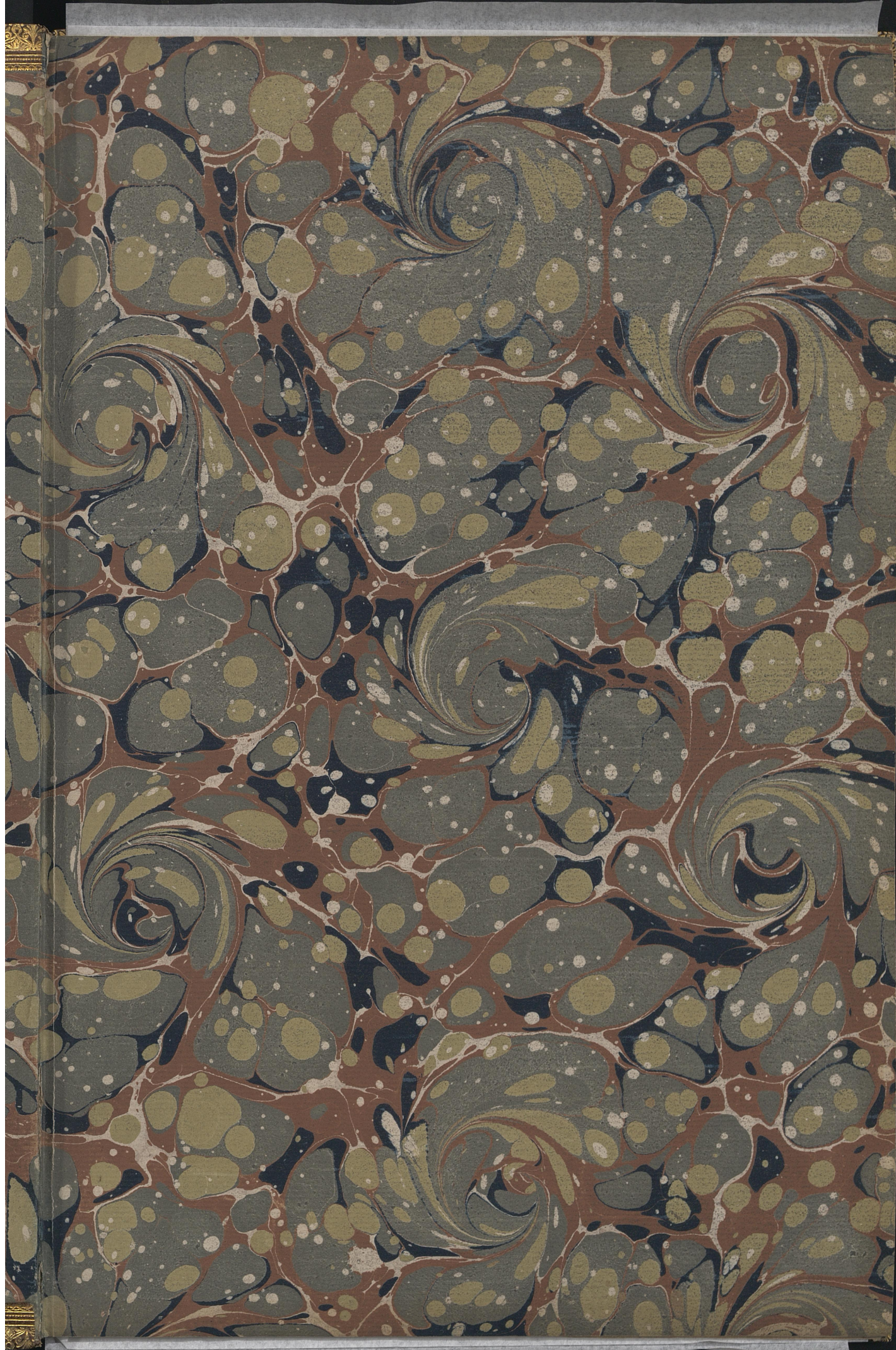














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HW



70. COLERIDGE, SAMUEL T. ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT, written while an undergraduate at Cambridge, of his essay,—*"The Study of History Preferable to the Study of Natural Philosophy"*. Manuscript of about SEVEN HUNDRED WORDS written on 3 pp. of 2 folio sheets. (Small piece cut from bottom of last page, not affecting text.); [also] Autograph Letter Signed,—*"S. T. Coleridge"*, 6 pp. folio, no place [Carnarvon] July 22, 1794. To H. Martin of Siltton, or Sirtton, near Mere Wilts, describing a tour in Wales; ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH POEMS, entitled,—*"Lines written at Ross, at the King's Arms—once the House of Mr. Kyrle"* and,—*"The Faded Flower"*, comprising 28 lines on one page folio, which formed the fourth leaf of the preceding

[Continued]

*The Study of History preferable to the study of Natural Philosophy.*

Truth is the natural aliment of the human mind, and the investigation of Truth its nobler pursuit. But of all the modes of conveying Truth that must be the most interesting ~~are~~ to us, which by extending our knowledge of moral and intellectual facts makes us more thoroughly acquainted with our own nature. The recesses of the human heart are not to be explored by the ~~and~~ microscopic eye of the metaphysician, nor its labyrinth unfolded by the clue of logical analysis. In the mirror of History only can man contemplate his mental proportions. From the actions of George I. similar to himself he must infer the operations of his own passions, and by the Analogies of the Past learn to apprehend the Present and anticipate the Future. Physical and Mathematical Truths frequently lie hid in their abstruseness— but sentences ~~are~~ in expression, which display the human soul, are as obvious to the understanding as they are delightful to the heart. Removed from the enlarged prospect <sup>and active energies</sup> of the moral world and the active energies of national ~~action~~ <sup>history</sup> the Natural Philosophy of Science too often produces only the jargon of technical arrangements, or accumulates the impotence of Academical ~~dog~~ <sup>dogma</sup>. But Society is the historian's school, and it defines his subject. By ascertaining the effects of ~~history~~ <sup>history</sup> and vice his pages give force to the dictates of Religion, and by exhibiting Liberty in its most exalted states they awaken those germs of Freedom, which would expand



An Essay

The Study of the

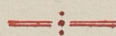
A Letter to H. Martin

A Poem

Alfred, Lord Tennyson



S. T. COLERIDGE



AN ESSAY

THE STUDY OF HISTORY



A LETTER TO H. MARTIN

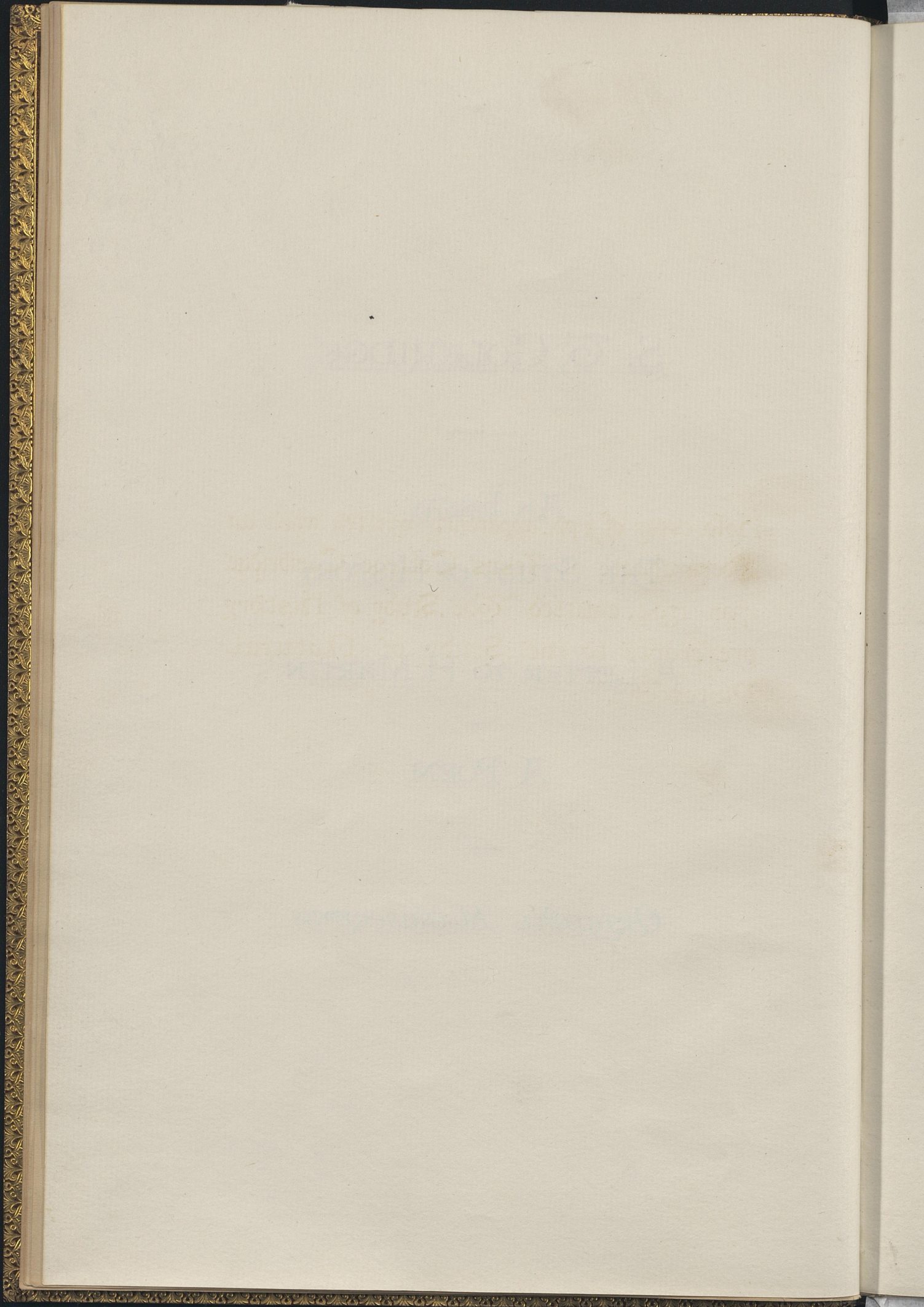


A POEM



ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS

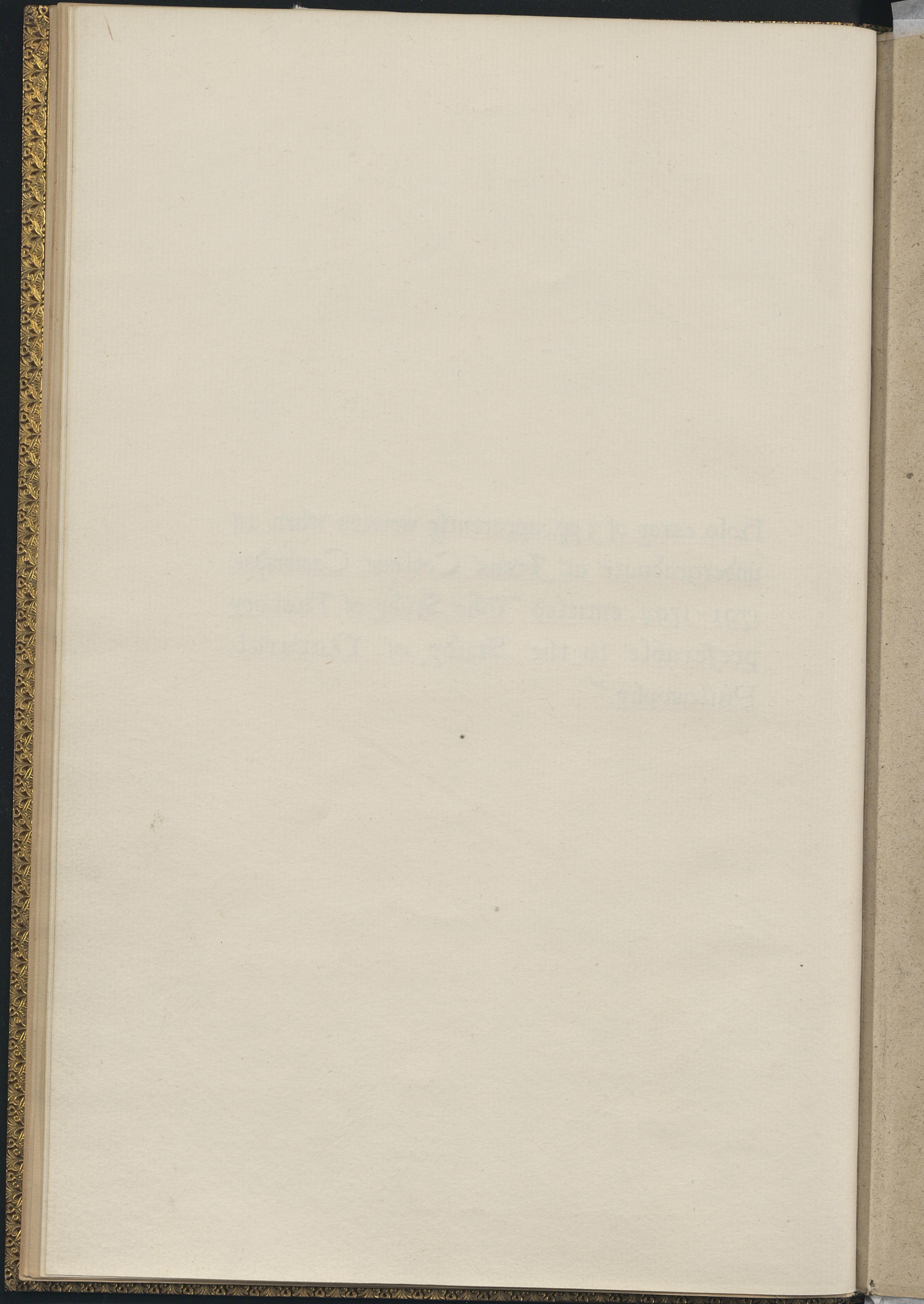






Holo. essay of 3 pp., apparently written when an  
undergraduate at Jesus College, Cambridge,  
1791 - 1794, entitled "The Study of History  
preferable to the Study of Natural  
Philosophy."



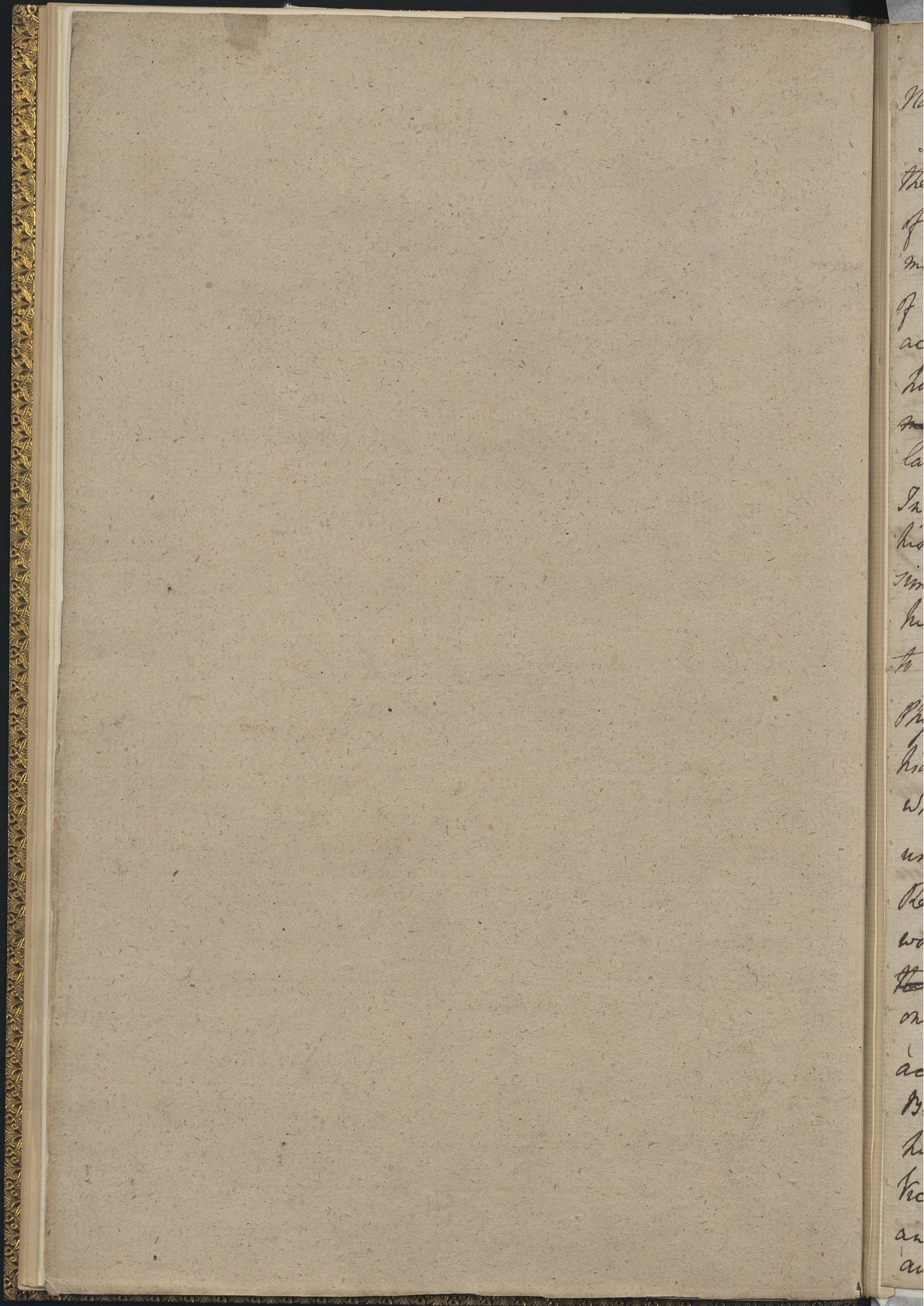




Coleridge

A College Theme & an  
Original Letter  
By the Author of  
Christabel







The Study of History preferable to the study of Natural Philosophy.

Truth is the natural aliment of the human mind, and the investigation of Truth its noblest pursuit. But of all the modes of conveying Truth that must be the most interesting ~~us~~ to us, which by extending our knowledge of moral and intellectual facts makes us more thoroughly acquainted with our own nature. The recesses of the human heart are not to be explored by the ~~most~~ microscopic eye of the metaphysician, nor its labyrinth unfolded by the clue of logical analysis. In the mirror of History only can man contemplate his mental proportions. - From the actions of beings similar to himself he must infer the operations of his own passions, and by the Analogies of the Past learn to apprehend the ~~Present~~ and anticipate the Future. Physical and Mathematical Truths frequently lie hid in their abstruseness - but sentiments ~~and~~ and experiments, which display the human soul, are as obvious to the understanding as they are delightful <sup>and active energies</sup> to the heart. Removed from the enlarged prospects of the moral world and the active energies of rational ~~action~~ ~~the natural philosopher~~ science too often produces only the jargon of technical arrangements, or accumulates the impertinence of Academical form. But Society is the historian's school, and M Leffing his subject. By ascertaining the effects of ~~polity~~ <sup>virtue</sup> and Vice his pages give force to the dictates of Religion, and by exhibiting Liberty in its most exalted states they awaken those germs of Freedom, which ~~would~~ <sup>ill</sup> expand



in the Breast of every rational Being, if they are not stifled by the frosts of Prejudice, and <sup>or</sup> blasted by the mildews of Corruption. - The contemplation of great characters never fails to warm the young and generous student into the noble attempt of imitative virtue, and helps to guard the mind against the impulse of selfish passions, and the contagion of example. It is indeed only by dwelling on the sublime beauties of heroic character, that we can discover that amazing opposition of the hateful and the lovely in moral excellence and moral deformity, and that we can be animated into a passion for disinterested virtue. The effect which almost constantly attends such a course of reading operates on our inclinations in the strongest manner, and virtue and liberty become the objects of a secondary worship in the delighted imagination.

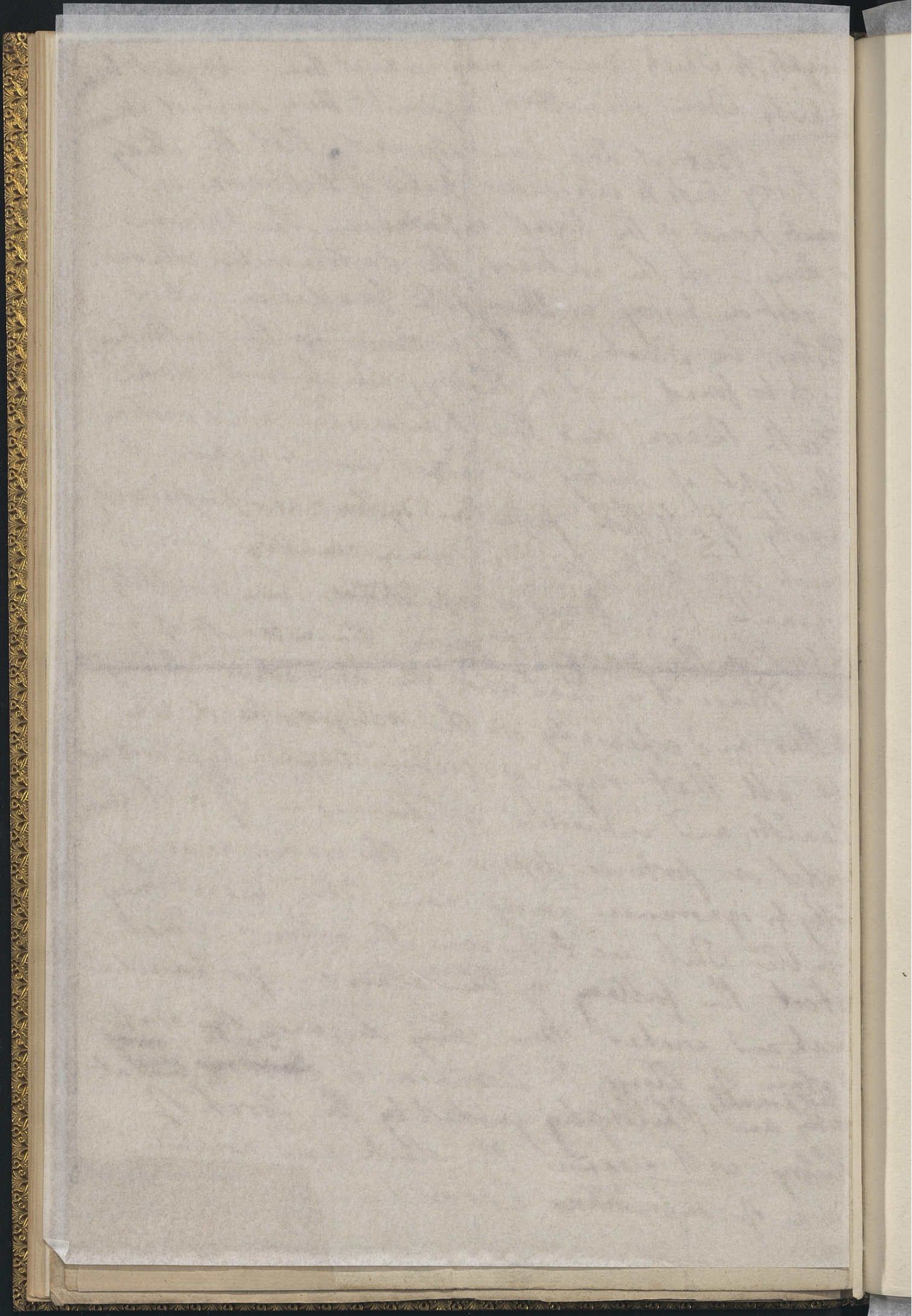
These motives apply to Britons with peculiar force: while they enjoy privileges unpossessed by other nations, it were ingratitude in them to be ignorant of the <sup>illustrious</sup> ~~secret~~ character, by whose virtues these privileges were obtained - patriots, who with the sacrifice of their tenderest affections and even with the loss of their lives have set up the banner of Liberty against Tyranny, and made Monarchs shrink into Citizens. The history of England is the history of liberty - and the lives of a Russell and a Sidney seem designed by providence to shew mankind the sublime



height, to which Freedom may conduct them. Neglect becomes  
iniquity when committed against these sacred names.

But it has been objected, that the study  
of History tends to introduce habits of scepticism in  
~~great~~ points of the highest importance. This however  
we deny — on the contrary, the doctrines here alluded  
to rest on history as their sole foundation — it is  
History, in which all the evidences for their authenticity  
are to be found, — it is History, which must make  
Faith Reason, and the Philosopher a Christian.  
The light of history is indeed sure to expose the  
vanity of all those popular systems and prejudices,  
which are to be found in every country: derived  
originally from fraud or superstition; and craftily  
imposed on the many to serve the interests of a  
few. Hence it is, that upon the detection of any  
of these, and especially of the religious kind, we  
see all that rage of fierce bigots, hypocritical  
Zealots, and interested politicians — of all, whose  
credit or fortunes depend on the continuance of  
folly or ignorance among men. There indeed may  
tremble, while we turn over the volumes, which  
detect the fallacy of their claims — for however  
weak and wicked men may disguise, the real  
nature of things, the Dominion of ~~Truth~~ <sup>Truth</sup> ~~must at~~  
~~last prevail~~, and Philosophy guided by the Torch of  
History will cleanse the dark and noisome  
cave of superstitious Error! — R







†

Holo. letter of 6 pp. to H. Martin, Silton  
(or Sirton), near Mere, Wilts., describing the  
tour — undertaken during a vacation from  
Cambridge — in Wales, a minute itinerary  
of which is in Huck's A Pedestrian Tour  
through N. Wales, 1795, see also Biographia  
Literaria (1847), ii, p. 338, etc., Carnarvon,  
22 July, 1794.



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Dear Martin From Oxford & Gloucester x, to Ross, x, & Hereford, to  
 Leominster x, to Bishop's castle x, to Montgomery, to Melchport, Llanvelling x,  
 Llangunnoy, Bala x, David House, Llangollen, Wrexham xx,  
 Ruthin, Denbigh x, St Asaph, Holywell x, Rudland, & Bergeley x,  
 Aberconway x, Alber x <sup>over a ferry to</sup> Beaumaris x <sup>Anglesea</sup> Ambock x,  
 Copper mines, Gwindu, Moel don <sup>over a ferry to</sup> Caernarvon  
 have I journeyed, now philosophizing with Hacks, now melancholizing  
 by myself, or else indulging those day-dreams of Fancy, that  
 make realities more gloomy. O! to whatever place I have  
 affixed the mark x, there we slept. The first part of our  
 Tour was intensely hot - the roads white and dazzling seemed  
 to undulate with heat - and the country bare and unhedged  
 presented nothing but stone-fences dreary to the eye and  
 scorching to the touch - At Ross we took up our quarters  
 at the King's Arms, once the House of Mr Kyrle, the celebrated  
 Man of Ross - I gave the Widow shutters a few verses,  
 which I shall add to the end of the letter - The walk from  
 Llangunnoy & Bala over the mountains was most wild  
 and romantic - there are immense and rugged clefts in  
 the mountains; which in winter must form Cataracts  
 most tremendous - now there is just enough sun-glittering  
 water dashed down over them to soothe, not disturb the  
 ear. I climbed up a precipice, on which was a large  
 Thorn-tree, and slept by the side of one of them near  
 two hours. At Bala I was apprehensive, that I had  
 caught the itch from a Welch Democrat - who was  
 charmed with my sentiments - he <sup>bruised</sup> ~~grasped~~ my hand with a  
 grasp of ardor, and I trembled, lest some discontented  
 citizens of the animalcular Republic might have emigrated.  
 Shortly after, in came a Clergyman well dressed, and with  
 him 4 other Gentlemen - I was asked for a public Character  
 I gave, Dr Priestley - The Clergyman whispered his neighbor  
 who it seems, is the apothecary of the Parish (Republicans!) - According  
 when the Doctor (as they call apothecaries) was to have given a



a name "I gives a sentiment, Gemmen! May all Republicans  
be gulloteen'd! Upstarts the Democrats! May all Fools be  
gulloteen'd - and then you will be first! Fool, Rogue, Traitor,  
Liar &c flew in each other's faces in hailstorms of Vicifentia.  
This is nothing in Wales - they make it - : necessary vent-holes  
for the sulphureous fumes of their Temper! I endeavoured to  
calm the Tempest by observing - "that however different our  
Political Opinions might be, the appearance of a Clergyman  
in the Company, assured me, that we were all Christians -  
though I found it rather difficult to reconcile the last  
sentiment with the spirit of Christianity." "Pho!" quoth  
the Clergyman. "Christianity!" Why an't ~~be~~ at Church now -  
are we?" The Gemmen's sentiment was a very good one,  
because it shews him to be sincere in his ~~own~~ principles.  
Welsh Politics could not however prevail over Welsh Hospitality  
they all shook hands with me, (except the Parson) and said, I was an  
open-speaking, honest hearted Fellow, tho' I was a bit  
a Democrat. - On our Road from Bala to ~~St. David's~~ Dour  
House we met Brookes and Bardonmore - our rival  
Pedestrians, ~~and~~ a Gemini of Powells, were vigorously  
~~foraging~~ <sup>marching</sup> onward - in a post-chaise! Bardonmore  
had been ill. We were not a little glad to see each  
other. Llangollen is a village most romantically ~~and~~  
~~romantically~~ situated - but the weather was so intensely hot,  
that we saw only what was to be admired - we could not  
admire. - At Wrexham the Tower is most magnificent -  
and in the Church is a white marble monument of Lady  
Middleton ~~superior~~ superior *mea quidem sententia* to any thing  
in Westminster Abbey. ~~So~~ ~~It~~ It had entirely escaped my  
Memory, that Wrexham ~~is~~ was the residence of a Miss E. Evans,  
a young Lady with whom in happier days I had been in habits  
of fraternal correspondence - she lives with her Grandmother -  
As I was standing at the Window of the Inn she passed by,  
and with her - to my utter Astonishment her Sister, Mary



Evans - quam afflictum et perditum amaram - yea, even to  
anguish - They both started - and gave a short cry - almost a faint  
shriek - I sickened and well nigh fainted - but instantly retired.  
Had I appeared to recognize her, my Fortitude would not have  
supported me

Vivit, sed mihi non vivit - nova forte marito  
ut dicitur! alterius carâ a cervice pependit.

Vos, male fida valetis accensae insomnis Mentis,  
Littora amata, valetis! Vale ah! formosa Maria! -

Hucks informed me, that the two sisters walked by the window  
4 or 5 times, as if anxiously - Doubtless, they think themselves  
deceived by some face strikingly like me - God bless her!

Her Image is in the Sanctuary of my Bosom - and never  
can it be torn from thence but with the strings that  
grapple my heart & Life. This circumstance made  
me quite ill - I had been wandering among the wild-wood  
scenery and terrible graces of the Welsh mountains to  
wear away, not to revive, the Images of the Past! But  
Love is a local Anguish - I am 50 miles distant, and  
am not half so miserable. - At Denbigh is the  
finest ruined Castle in the Kingdom - it surpassed every  
thing, I could have conceived. I wandered there two hours  
in a still evening, feeding upon melancholy. - Two well  
drest young Men were roaming there - "I will play my  
Flute here" said the first - "it will have a romantic  
effect" Bless thee, Man of Genius and Sensibility! I  
silently exclaimed. He sat down amid the most awful parts  
of the Ruins - the Moon just began to make her  
Rays predominant over the lingering Day-Light -  
I breathed my feelings to ~~the~~ Emotion - and the  
Romantic Youth instantly struck up the sadly-pleasing  
Tune of Mrs Casey! The British Lion is my sign -  
A Roaring Trade I drive on &c.



Three miles from ~~St. Asaph~~ Denbigh on the Road to St. Asaph  
is a fine Bridge with one Arch — of great grandeur.  
Stand at a little distance, and through it you see  
the ~~woods~~ waving on the Hill-bank of the River in  
a most lovely point of view. A beautiful prospect  
is always more picturesque, when seen at some little  
distance thro' an Arch. I have frequently thought of  
Mich. Taylor's way of viewing a Landscape by putting  
his head between his Thighs. — Under the arch ~~the~~  
~~Arch~~ was the most perfect Echo, I have heard. Hucks  
sang, "Sweet Echo" with great effect. At Holywell  
I bathed in the famous St. Winifred's Well — it is an  
excellent cold Bath — at Rudland is a fine ruined  
Castle — Abergeley is a large Village on the Sea Coast —  
walking on the sea sands, (I was surprised to see a  
number of fine women bathing promiscuously with men  
and boys — perfectly naked! Doubtless, the citadels  
of their Chastity are so impregnable strong, that they need  
not the ornamental Outworks of Modesty. But seriously speaking,  
where sexual Distinctions are least observed, Men & women live  
together in the greatest purity. Concealment ~~sets~~ sets the  
Imagination a working, and, as it were, cantharidizes our  
desires.

Just before I quitted Cambridge I met a countryman  
with a strange walking stick, 5 feet in length — I easily  
bought it — and a most faithful servant it has  
proved to me. My sudden affection for it has mellowed  
into settled Friendship. ~~fast~~ On the morning of  
our leaving Abergeley just before our final departure  
I looked for my stick, in the place where I had left  
it over night. It was gone — I alarmed the House —  
no one knew anything of it — In the flurry of anxiety I



sent for the cryer of the Town - and gave him the following  
to cry about the town and on the beach - which he did with  
good gravity, for which I am indebted to his stupidity.

Slipping from the Bee Inn, Abergeley - A curious Walking Stick.  
On one side it displays the head of an Eagle, the eyes of which  
represent rising suns, and the ears ~~of~~ Turkish Crescents. On  
the other side is the portrait of the Owner in Wood-work.  
Beneath the head of the Eagle is a Welch Wig - and around the  
neck of the stick is a Queen Elizabeth's Ruff in Tin. All  
adown it waves the line of Beauty in very ugly carving.

If any Gentleman (or Lady) has fallen in love with the above -  
described stick <sup>he (or she) is hereby earnestly admonished to</sup>  
conquer a Passion, the continuance of which must prove fatal  
to his (or her) Honesty: and if the said stick has slipped  
into such Gentleman's (or Lady's) hand thro' Inadvertence, he  
(or she) is required to rectify the mistake with all convenient  
speed. - God save the King.

Abergeley is a fashionable Welch Watering Place - and so  
singular a proclamation excited no small crowd on the  
beach - among the rest a lame old Gentleman, in  
whose hands was described my dear stick. The old  
Gent. who lodged at our Inn, felt great confusion, and  
walked homewards, the solemn cryer before him, and  
various Cavalcades behind him. I kept the thought  
of my face in tolerable subjection. He made his  
lamest apology for borrowing my stick, supposed  
he should have returned before I had wanted it &c -  
Thus it ended except that a very handsome young Lady  
put her head out of a Coach Window, and begged my  
permission to have the Bill, which I had delivered to  
the cryer. I acceded to the request with a compliment,  
that lighted up a blush on her cheek, and a smile on her lip.



We haped over a ferry and landed at Aberconway - we had scarcely left the boat ere we descried Brooks & Berdmore with whom we have joined Parties, & nor do we mean to separate. - Our Tour thro' Anglesea to Caernarvon has been repaid by scarcely one object worth seeing. To morrow we visit Snowdon - &c. Brooks, Berdmore and myself at the imminent hazard of our lives will ascend the very Summit of Penmaenmaur - it was a most magnificent expedition! I will give you the account in some future Letter.

I sent for Bowles's Works, which at Oxford - how was I shocked - Every omission and every alteration disgusts Taste & mangles Sensibility. Surely some Oxford Fiend has been squabbling at the Poet's Ear, and spitting into it the cold venom of Dullness. It is not Bowles - He is still the same (the address Poems prove it) - descriptive, dignified, tender, sublime. The Sonnets added are exquisite - Abbe Thule has marked Beauties - and the whole Poem at Southampton is a Diamond in whatever light you place it, it reflects beauty and splendour. ~~in a thousand times~~ The "Shakespeare" is sadly unequal to the rest - yet in those Poems, except in those of Bowles, would it not have been excellent?

I beg to inform me, my dear William - I be left at the Office, Bristol - and tell me every thing about yourself, how you have spent the vacation &c - believe me with gratitude and fraternal friendship

July 22<sup>nd</sup>

1794

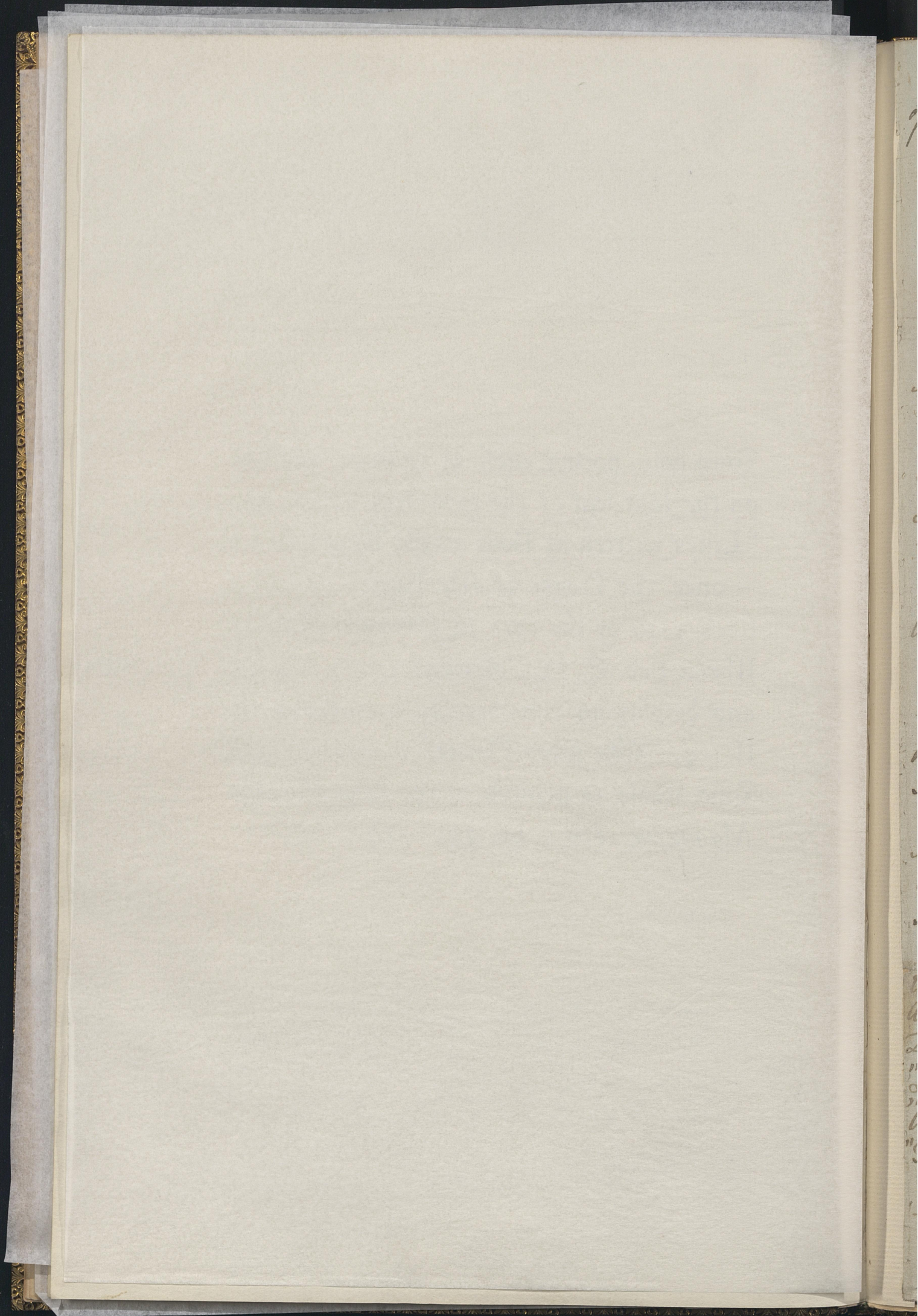
Yours Obliged

J. T. Coleridge



Two holo. poems, each of 14 lines, written  
on the last leaf of the preceding letter, viz.:  
“Lines written at Ross at the King’s Arms  
— once the House of Mr. Kyrle,” omitting  
lines 5-10 of the text in *Complete Poetical  
Works* (ed. E. H. Coleridge, 1907), i, p. 57,  
and displaying considerable variations in  
ll. 1-4, “The faded Flower,” vide *ibid*, i, p. 70.  
The whole is printed in the *New Monthly  
Magazine*, 1836, ii, pp. 420-424.







Lies written at Rofs, at the King's Arms - once the House  
of Mr Kyrle.

Richer than Misers ~~had~~<sup>deck</sup> their countless hoards,  
 nobler than Kings or King-possessed Lords,  
 Here dwelt the Man of Rofs! O Stranger, hear!  
 Departed merit claims the glistening Tear.  
 If 'neath this Roof thy wine-Cheer'd moments pass,  
 Gift to the goodman's name one grateful glass,  
 To higher zest shall Memory wake thy soul,  
 And virtue mingle in the ennobled bowl.  
 But if, like me, thine 'Life's distemp'ful &  
 Lonely and sad thy Pilgrimage hath be-  
 And if, thy Breast with heart-sick anguish  
 Thon journeyest onward tempest-tost in  
 Here cheat thy cares; in generous Vision  
 And dream of Goodness thou hast never seen

The faded Flower.

Ungrateful He, who pluck'd thee from thy stalk,  
 Poor faded Floweret! on his careless way,  
 Inhaled awhile thy odours on his walk,  
 Then onward pass'd and left thee to decay  
 The melancholy Emblem! had I seen  
 Thy modest beauties dew'd with evening's Gen  
 I had not rudely crop'd thy parent stem;  
 But left thee blushing 'mid the exuberant green.  
 And now I bend me ~~and~~ thy wither'd Bloom,  
 And drop the Tear - as Fanny at my side  
 Deep-sighing points to the fair frail Abra's ~~poor~~ Tomb,  
 "Like thine, sad Flower, was that poor Wanderer's pride!  
 "O lost to Love & Truth! whose selfish Joy  
 "Tasted her vernal sweet - but tasted to destroy!

Of course B and B. desire their kind remembrance.



Wilton (p. 101)

Wilton

Wilton

WILTON



and



