

# Wordsworth, Coleridge and the poetic revolution

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*C. A. Goussier del. pinx.*

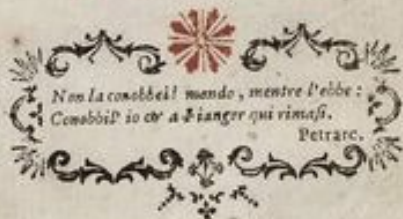
*De Longueval Sculp.*

LA NOUVELLE  
**HÉLOÏSE,**  
OU  
**LETTRES**  
DE DEUX AMANS,  
HABITANS

D'une petite Ville au pied des Alpes;  
RECUEILLIES ET PUBLIÉES  
Par **J. J. ROUSSEAU.**

*Nouvelle Edition, revue, corrigée & augmentée  
de Figures en taille douce, & d'une Table  
des Matieres.*

**TOME I.**



**A NEUCHÂTEL;**

*Et se trouve*

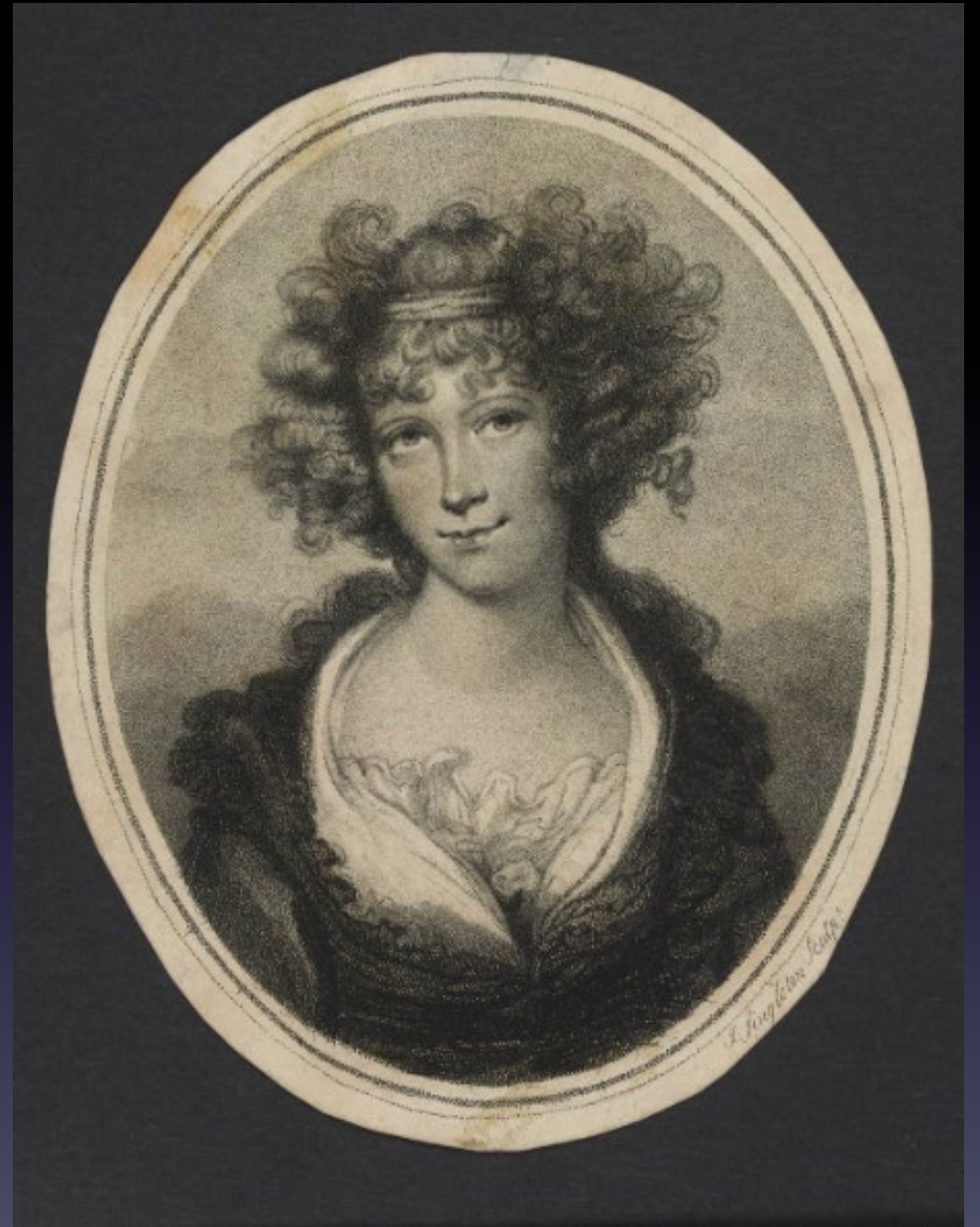
**A PARIS,**

Chez **DUCHESNE**, Libraire, rue Saint-Jacques,  
au Temple du Goût.

— — — — —  
**M. DCC. LXIV.**

She wept.—Life's purple tide began to flow  
In languid streams through every thrilling vein;  
Dim were my swimming eyes—my pulse beat slow,  
And my full heart was swell'd to dear delicious pain.  
Life left my loaded heart, and closing eye;  
A sigh recall'd the wanderer to my breast;  
Dear was the pause of life, and dear the sigh  
That call'd the wanderer home, and home to rest.

'Sonnet on seeing Miss Helen Maria Williams Weep  
at a Tale of Distress'



HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS:

So liv'd in solitude, unseen,  
                    This lovely, peerless maid;  
So grac'd the wild, sequester'd scene,  
                    And blossom'd in the shade.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH:

She dwelt among th' untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dove,  
A Maid whom there were none to praise  
And very few to love.

A Violet by a mossy Stone  
Half-hidden from the Eye!  
—Fair as a star when only one  
Is shining in the sky!

She *liv'd* unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceas'd to be;  
But she is in her Grave, and oh!  
The difference to me.

L E T T E R S  
WRITTEN IN  
F R A N C E,  
IN THE SUMMER 1790,  
TO A  
FRIEND IN ENGLAND;  
CONTAINING,  
VARIOUS ANECDOTES  
RELATIVE TO THE  
FRENCH REVOLUTION;  
AND  
M E M O I R S  
OF  
MONS. AND MADAME DU F—.

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BY  
HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

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THE SECOND EDITION.

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L O N D O N:  
PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.

M.DCC.XCI.

1791

Jones! when from Calais southward you and I  
Travell'd on foot together; then this Way,  
Which I am pacing now, was like the May  
With festivals of new-born Liberty:  
A homeless sound of joy was in the Sky;  
The antiquated Earth, as one might say,  
Beat like the heart of Man: songs, garlands, play,  
Banners, and happy faces, far and nigh!

O pleasant exercise of hope and joy!  
 For great were the auxiliars which  
   then stood  
 Upon our side, we who were strong in love;  
 Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
 But to be young was very heaven ...  
 When Reason seem'd the most to  
   assert her rights  
 When most intent on making of herself  
 A prime Enchanter to assist the work  
 Which then was going forwards  
   in her name:  
 Not favor'd spots alone, but the  
   whole earth  
 The beauty wore of promise ...

And when we chanced  
 One day to meet a hunger-bitten Girl  
 Who crept along, fitting her languid self  
 Unto a Heifer's motion, by a cord  
 Tied to her arm, and picking thus from the lane  
 Its sustenance, while the Girl with her two hands  
 Was busy knitting, in a heartless mood  
 Of solitude, and at the sight my Friend  
 In agitation said, "Tis against that  
 Which we are fighting," I with him believed  
 Devoutly that a spirit was abroad  
 Which could not be withstood, that poverty,  
 At least like this, would in a little time  
 Be found no more, that we should see the earth  
 Unthwarted in her wish to recompense  
 The industrious and the lowly Child of Toil,  
 All institutes for ever blotted out  
 That legalized exclusion, empty pomp  
 Abolish'd, sensual state and cruel power  
 Whether by edict of the one or few,  
 And finally, as sum and crown of all,  
 Should see the People having a strong hand  
 In making their own Laws, whence better days  
 To all mankind.



Leigh Hunt

This has undoubtedly been owing, in the first instance, to the political convulsions of the world, which shook up the minds of men, and rendered them too active and speculative to be satisfied with their common-places. A second cause was the revived inclination for our older and great school of poetry, chiefly produced, I have no doubt, by the commentators on Shakspeare, though they were certainly not aware what fine countries they were laying open. The third, and not the least, was the accession of a new school of poetry itself, of which Wordsworth has justly the reputation of being the most prominent ornament, but whose inner priest of the temple perhaps was Coleridge,—a man who has been the real oracle of the time in more than one respect, and



Until, the breath of this corporeal frame,  
 And even the motion of our human blood,  
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
 In body, and become a living soul;  
 While with an eye made quiet by the power  
 Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
 We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft,  
 In darkness, and amid the many shapes  
 Of joyless day-light, when the fretful stir  
 Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,  
 Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,  
 How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,  
 O sylvan Wye! Thou wanderer through the woods,  
 How often has my spirit turned to thee!  
 And now, with gleams of half-extinguish'd thought,

LYRICAL BALLADS,

WITH

A FEW OTHER POEMS.

By *M<sup>r</sup> Southey*  
*WORDSWORTH*

BRISTOL:

PRINTED BY BIGGS AND COTTE,

FOR T. N. LONGMAN, PATERNOSTER-BOW, LONDON.

1798.

-- As to anonymous Publications,  
depend on it, you are deceived. -  
Wordsworth's name is nothing --  
to a large number of persons mine  
stinks --

Samuel Taylor Coleridge to Joseph Cottle, Bristol publisher, 28 May 1798



**SATIRE OF RADICAL ENGLISH WRITERS OF THE 1790s WORSHIPPING AT THE SHRINE OF JUSTICE, PHILANTHROPY and SENSIBILITY**

'New morality; - or - the promis'd installment of the high-priest of the Theophilanthropes, with the homage of Leviathan and his suite' by James Gillray, with poem from the *Anti-Jacobin* by George Canning ...



Detail from NEW MORALITY: Coleridge with ass's head.

Note also the twin frogs: STC & WW's friends Charles Lamb & Charles Lloyd, Authors of "Blank Verse".

The Canning poem copied by Gillray includes the lines:

— And ye five other wandering Bards that move  
In sweet accord of harmony and love,  
C—DOR and S—TH—Y, L—D and L—B and Co.  
Tune all your mystic harps to praise LEPAUX! —

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner . . . . .	1
The Foster-Mother's Tale . . . . .	53
Lines left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree which stands near the Lake of Esthwaite . . . . .	59
Lewti; or the Circassian Love Chant . . . . .	63
The Female Vagrant . . . . .	69
Goody Blake and Harry Gill . . . . .	85
Lines written at a small distance from my House, and sent by my little Boy to the Person to whom they are addressed . . . . .	95
Simon Lee, the old Huntsman . . . . .	98
Anecdote for Fathers . . . . .	103
We are seven . . . . .	110
Lines written in early spring . . . . .	115
The Thorn . . . . .	117
The last of the Flock . . . . .	133
The Dungeon . . . . .	139
The Mad Mother . . . . .	141
The Idiot Boy . . . . .	149
Lines written near Richmond, upon the Thames, at Evening . . . . .	180
Expostulation and Reply . . . . .	183
The Tables turned; an Evening Scene, on the same subject . . . . .	186
Old Man travelling . . . . .	189
The Complaint of a forsaken Indian Woman . . . . .	193
The Convict . . . . .	197
Lines written a few miles above Tintern Abbey . . . . .	201

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner . . . . .	1
The Foster-Mother's Tale . . . . .	53
Lines left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree which stands near the Lake of Esthwaite . . . . .	59
The Nightingale, a Conversational Poem . . . . .	63
The Female Vagrant . . . . .	69
Goody Blake and Harry Gill . . . . .	85
Lines written at a small distance from my House, and sent by my little Boy to the Person to whom they are addressed . . . . .	95
Simon Lee, the old Huntsman . . . . .	98
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We are seven . . . . .	110
Lines written in early spring . . . . .	115
The Thorn . . . . .	117
The last of the Flock . . . . .	133
The Dungeon . . . . .	139
The Mad Mother . . . . .	141
The Idiot Boy . . . . .	149
Lines written near Richmond, upon the Thames, at Evening . . . . .	180
Expostulation and Reply . . . . .	183
The Tables turned; an Evening Scene, on the same subject . . . . .	186
Old Man travelling . . . . .	189
The Complaint of a forsaken Indian Woman . . . . .	193
The Convict . . . . .	197
Lines written a few miles above Tintern Abbey . . . . .	201

Bristol [left] & London [right] editions of 1798 *Lyrical Ballads* – “Lewti” (by Coleridge, though based on an earlier one by Wordsworth) had been published before, so might have revealed identity of authors, so was replaced with Coleridge’s ‘The Nightingale’ (at same time, Wordsworth wrote ‘Advertisement’, which is not in the Bristol edition.

*ADVERTISEMENT.*

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It is the honourable characteristic of Poetry that its materials are to be found in every subject which can interest the human mind. The evidence of this fact is to be sought, not in the writings of Critics, but in those of Poets themselves.

The majority of the following poems are to be considered as experiments. They were written chiefly with a view to ascertain how far the language of conversation in the middle and lower classes of society is adapted to the purposes of poetic pleasure. Readers accustomed to the

THE RIME  
OF THE  
ANCYENT MARINERE,  
IN SEVEN PARTS.

---

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I.

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It is an ancyent Marinere,  
And he stoppeth one of three;  
" By thy long grey beard and thy glittering eye  
" Now wherefore stoppest me?  
  
" The Bridegroom's doors are open'd wide  
" And I am next of kin;  
" The Guests are met, the Feast is fet,—  
" May'st hear the merry din.



Our poetical literature had, towards the close of the last century, degenerated into the most trite, insipid, and mechanical of all things, in the hands of the followers of Pope and the old French school of poetry. It wanted something to stir it up, and it found that some thing in the principles and events of the French revolution. From the impulse it thus received, it rose at once from the most servile imitation and tamest common-place, to the utmost pitch of singularity and paradox. The change in the belles-lettres was as complete, and to many persons as startling, as the change in politics, with which it went hand in hand. There was a mighty ferment in the heads of statesmen and poets, kings and people. According to the prevailing notions, all was to be natural and new. Nothing that was established was to be tolerated. All the common-place figures of poetry, tropes, allegories, personifications, with the whole heathen mythology, were instantly discarded; a classical allusion was considered as a piece of antiquated foppery; capital letters were no more allowed in print, than letters-patent of nobility were permitted in real life; kings and queens were dethroned from their rank and station in legitimate tragedy or epic poetry, as they were decapitated elsewhere; rhyme was looked upon as a relic of the feudal system, and regular metre was abolished along with regular government.

WILLIAM HAZLITT

And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean, and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still  
A lover of the meadows and the woods,  
And mountains; and of all that we behold  
From this green earth; of all the mighty world  
Of eye and ear, both what they half-create,  
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize  
In nature and the language of the sense,  
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
Of all my moral being.



THE  
**LIFE AND ADVENTURES**  
OF  
**THE CELEBRATED**  
**WALKING STEWART:**

INCLUDING  
**HIS TRAVELS**  
IN THE  
EAST INDIES, TURKEY, GERMANY, & AMERICA.

BY A RELATIVE.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

London:  
PRINTED FOR R. WHEATLEY, ENGLISH AND FOREIGN BOOK-  
SELLER, 10, NUNN'S COURT, LEICESTER SQUARE;  
BY A. MILL, 17, GREAT ST. MARTIN'S, 1809.  
ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

1822.

OPUS MAXIMUM,  
AN  
**ESSAY ON MATERIALISM:**  
TO REDUCE THE  
MORAL WORLD  
FROM CONTINGENCY TO SYSTEM.  
TO WHICH IS APPENDED  
**THE PHILOSOPHY OF NATURE.**



BY JOHN STEWART,  
THE PEDISTRIAN PHILOSOPHER.

*Non rhetor, non grammaticus, non magna scientia doctor,  
Sapientia sola, hoc operit fide, hanc hominum dux atque magister.*

NEW-YORK.  
1841.