CHAPTER 4

WORDSWORTH: THE VISIONARY GLEAM

by Meg Harris Williams

Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?
(‘Ode: Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood’)

In these lines from the ‘Immortality Ode’, Wordsworth formulates the sense of loss of vision which he saw as both a personal grief and also as an ubiquitous phenomenon or phrase in the mind’s history. In his own ‘thought of grief’ there is also perhaps a sense of relief, which he proceeds to justify through his account of historical inevitability. Wordsworth and Coleridge both considered the intensity of poetic vision to be an aspect or manifestation of a universal experience of spiritual nourishment, beginning in infancy. Hence Wordsworth’s description of the birth of the soul which follows in the ode, with its beautiful evocation of the newborn infant’s radiance in its new heavenly home, not naked but clothed in clouds of glory:

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life’s Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy, . . .
Wordsworth’s use of the Platonic myth is uncharacteristic and, in this
case, seems to invite the encapsulation of what Keats would call ‘the Soul’s
own home’ in a distant place, from which it can become separated. The
ode (which seems to have been written in sections over a period of two or
three years) ends with a reunion which is a consolation rather than a redis-
covery of the soul’s home:

Hence, in a season of calm weather,
      Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
      Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
      And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

This vision is not a present faculty of the mind but a nostalgic recollection
which can only occur in ‘a season of calm weather’, when mental change
and turbulence is not active. Meanwhile, in between these passages, lies the
account of ‘shades of the prison-house’ which, like Blake’s cavern, encloses
perception in accordance with the ‘acting’ which life’s roles require. The
young child is still an ‘Eye among the blind’ since it still keeps its ‘heri-
tage’, but soon,

thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
   And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
   Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

Unlike Blake, however, Wordsworth does not seem to have a conception of
internal negative forces against which the mind needs to struggle in a quest
to purify its vision. The weight of custom is literally that; in Wordsworth’s
myth, the soul’s imprisonment is an inevitable result of continuing exis-
tence. Hence the sentimentality in the central section of the ode (the ‘four
years’ Darling of a pigmy size’, etc.) to which Coleridge strongly objected;¹
though Coleridge also was guilty of sentimentalizing childhood. At one
moment the child has its visionary eye; the next moment, or next year, this
has gone; the child has left one abode and taken residence in another, and
the most that can be hoped for is an occasional glimpse in periods of calm
weather, to remind it of what was once its spiritual life.
The ‘Immortality Ode’ was written in 1803-6, in association with and possibly in answer to, Coleridge’s ode ‘Dejection’, in which he formulates his ‘shaping spirit of imagination’. It is generally considered to mark the end of Wordsworth’s creative career. There is no suggestion in Wordsworth’s ode that the visionary eye was ever a *shaping* spirit - a spirit which shapes the developing mind; in Wordsworth, it is a vision which possesses the mind, or is absent from it, leaving the mind open to the encrustation of ‘custom’. Correspondingly, the concept of symbol formation which is a cornerstone of Coleridge’s aesthetic principles, is absent in Wordsworth’s theory of poetry as stated in the prefaces to the *Lyrical Ballads*. Instead of an organic growth culminating in a symbol, Wordsworth speaks in terms of a mixture or balance of flux and permanence: flowing emotions and ‘laws’ of nature or of human nature, and a ‘balancing’ of painful emotions with the ‘superadded’ charms of metre, ‘a principal source of the gratification of the Reader’.² He does not really have a concept of poetic language (again, as Coleridge objected in the *Biographia*) - regarding it as a mixture of metre and the ordinary language of men. Both poets rejected the triviality of contemporary poetic diction, but Wordsworth (unlike other poets) also ridiculed the concept of ‘Sing heavenly Muse’ as an outmoded fiction.³ Possibly owing to his own technical facility, he seems to have been inquisitive about the nature of the symbol-making power lying behind his own language, and saw the poet’s job in terms of restoring the equilibrium in which ‘pleasure’ consists, smoothing the rawness of emotions and controlling the ‘fluxes and refluxes’ of emotion in such a way as to demonstrate the ‘primary laws of our nature’,⁴ or even the importance of ‘good sense’.⁵ ‘States of excitement’ need to be ‘tempered’ by ‘ordinary feeling’, and the only artificiality required of verse is that it should produce an ‘overbalance of Pleasure’.⁶ His most famous definition of poetry is the one containing ‘emotion recollected in tranquillity’:

I have said that Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity: the emotion is contemplated till by a species of reaction the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion, similar to that which was before the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the mind.”⁷

Even though Wordsworth modifies the ‘tranquillity’ by the statement of an emotion actually ‘existing’ in the mind at the time of composition,
the picture is still essentially a recollective one, viewing a past state through a window not unlike the `season of calm weather’ which allows a nostalgic illumination to disperse the shades of the prison-house. Perhaps the nearest Wordsworth’s theory comes to an idea of symbol formation is in formulating how `the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature’, yet even here there is no investigation of what `incorporated with’ might mean; and the context is an idealized view of how rural life becomes a monument to stories of passion. Wordsworth’s theory is thus essentially un-Romantic, and though he uses Coleridge’s distinction between fancy and imagination (to criticize it) he does not take its implications on board, nor recognize that his own theory is a mixture of the mechanistic and the moral - to stabilize emotional flux by interdigitating aspects of permanence:

For our continued influxes of feeling are modified and directed by our thoughts, which are indeed the representatives of all our past feelings; and as by contemplating the relation of these general representatives to each other, we discover what is really important to men, so by the repetition and continuance of this act feelings unconnected with important subjects will be nourished, till at length, if we be originally possessed of much organic sensibility, such habits of mind will be produced that by obeying blindly and mechanically the impulses of those habits we shall describe objects and other sentiments of such a nature and in such connection with each other, that the understanding of the being to whom we address ourselves, if he be in a healthful state of association, must necessarily be in some degree enlightened, his taste exalted, and his affections ameliorated?

Wordsworth’s idea of the working of an ‘organic sensibility’ (be this the poet in relation to his objects, or the reader in relation to the poet) is quite different from Coleridge’s, and consists essentially in ‘obeying blindly and mechanically’ when in a ‘healthful state of association’ whose flux of feelings is ready to be moralized, exalted, ameliorated. Wordsworth’s theory of poetry is thus strangely divorced from his poetic practice and does not form part of a vital philosophical tradition proved on the pulses, as does Coleridge’s.

Wordsworth’s creative thinking was done in his poetry before the ‘Immortality Ode’, and this is where we must look for an expression of
the mind’s sources of nourishment and vision which has itself fertilized the vision of our culture. The *Lyrical Ballads* were published in 1798; after this Wordsworth began to be increasingly preoccupied with *The Prelude, or, Growth of a Poet’s Mind*, which he completed in 1805 (though not allowing its publication during his lifetime). The ‘Immortality Ode’ was written towards the end of this period, and in 1803 he wrote one of his best sonnets, ‘On Westminster Bridge’. This sonnet is, like Blake’s ‘Tyger’, a perfect expression of the aesthetic conflict which occurs at a point when the mind takes a leap forward in its apprehension of the rich and awesome potential of its internal deities ‘Westminster Bridge’ is also a marriage of contraries, of innocence and experience:

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Earth has not any thing to shew more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
Ne’er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!```

In Wordsworth’s personal religious doctrine at this point, the country is heaven and the city is hell; in the mythology of both Wordsworth and Coleridge, to be brought up in the city is to be a spiritual chimney-sweep, permanently scarred as in Blake’s ‘London’. (This Romantic mythology is itself founded on *Paradise Lost’s* ‘As one who long in populous city pent’, IX. 445). Yet in this sonnet, Wordsworth allows the visionary gleam to penetrate his doctrine or preconceptions about what constitutes beauty. The city is transformed by the ‘garment’ of beauty, such that it embodies within it the naked forms of nature - its ships, towers, domes, echoing valley, rock and hill in a way which is a revelation to the poet. Its new garment is not one of Blake’s ‘opaque coverings’ for the truth, but a cleansing
of perception through which the city’s inner life seems to breathe and emanate, trailing clouds of glory - ‘bright and glittering in the smokeless air’. In effect this is another version of ‘trailing clouds of glory’. In the face of this revelation, the poet’s own preconceptions are made powerless, and instead, his visionary eye links him to the ‘will’ of the river which glides powerfully through the whole picture uniting its elements, like Blake’s ‘line of the Almighty’. It is the only moving object in the picture, the ‘mighty heart’ which testifies to the awesome reserves of life coiled up within the city, both revealed and veiled by its beauty. The exclamation ‘Dear God!’ has a tinge not just of wonder but of fear, as the poet realizes the implications of ‘that beauty which (as Milton sings)/ Hath terror in it’ - as Wordsworth describes it in The Prelude (XIII.225-26). The visionary gleam, as he well knew, was ‘fostered’ from the beginning ‘by beauty and by fear’ (I. 306). Yet, as in ‘The Tyger’, the fear of disintegration or destruction is contained or ‘framed’ by the poem’s formal symmetry, which upholds the poet’s identity in its network of contrary tensions at the same time as it appears to negate his selfhood or preconceptions. The poet’s vision itself wears the garment of beauty which is perhaps more likely to nurture than devour him; his emotional conflict has become symbolized. And unlike the analogous point in the ‘Immortality Ode’, the sense of ‘heaven’ does not belong to a distant realm of reality from which the poet is shortly to be cut off; it is present now in the ‘calm so deep’ which frames the underground tumult. This is not emotion recollected in tranquillity but revelation at the time of writing; its implications point forwards to unknown acts of knowledge between city and river, sun and valley - not backwards to the imprisonment (or is it the relinquishment?) of vision.

Wordsworth’s visionary passages in The Prelude embody a vivid perception of the ambiguous force of this vital spark that etherealised his narration of boyhood activities into the stuff that dreams are made of. In Book I, Wordsworth describes rowing in a boat as a boy and being frightened by a cliff:

She was an elfin Pinnace; lustily
I dipp’d my oars into the silent Lake,
And, as I rose upon the stroke, my Boat
Went heaving through the water, like a Swan;
When from behind the craggy Steep, till then
The bound of the horizon, a huge Cliff,
As if with voluntary power instinct,
Uproar’d its head. I struck, and struck again,
And, growing still in stature, the huge Cliff
Rose up between me and the stars, and still,
With measur’d motion, like a living thing,
Strode after me. (I. 401-12)

The boy in his feminine boat (which is both tiny and somehow magical, ‘elfin’) feels himself a protected, inviolate explorer upon the lake of his mind, ringed by mountains which seem to contain rather than threaten: the function of the ‘craggy Steep’ at first is to give bounds to his mental horizon, to contain the lake of consciousness. The pattern of rise and fall which ripples the surface of the ‘silent lake’ is initiated by himself: ‘I dipp’d my oars . . . I rose upon the stroke’. Suddenly the nature of the horizon which securely bounds his world, changes: the ‘craggy Steep’ releases the figure of the huge cliff, whose genie-like powers dwarf those of the elfin rower. The movement of the oars is described as if their disturbance of the lake is identical with a feeling of striking against the cliff itself ‘I struck, and struck again’. This action, or feeling-action, seems to animate the cliff further, till ‘growing in stature’ in response to the boy’s fear, it pursues and seems to swallow in its shadow the figure of the boy in the boat. The pursuing cliff becomes the source of a ‘darkness’ in his mind, which takes the shape of

    huge and mighty Forms that do not live
    Like living men mov’d slowly through the mind
    By day and were the trouble of my dreams. (I. 424-6)

Now, explicitly, the oar-strokes trouble not water but dreams; the cliff’s ‘measur’d motion’ over the lake becomes ‘mov’d slowly through the mind’; though it started ‘like a living thing’ it has now become part of the world of Platonic forms whose life is not ‘like living men’. Through an un-tranquil abstraction, external nature becomes symbolic of the inner world, reflecting the drama between the boy-like self and the giant-like gods of consciousness who at first seem to be evoked by him and are then recognized to have independent life and mysterious power. The giant cliff is a
masculine aspect of the feminine goddess-mountain whose arms encircle the scene of the poet’s life experiences in a way both secure and frightening, in response to the outgoing quality of his identification with these forces of his inner life. He `drank the visionary power’ from sounds which were ‘the ghostly language of the ancient earth’ (II. 328): seeing the lines of his own emotional tensions transcribed directly on the face of nature, symbiotically linked with his own boyhood body and present creative mind.

Wordsworth states that both the `light’ and the `dark’ qualities of aesthetic experience contributed to his sense of being one of Nature’s `favour’d Beings’ (I. 364). Each visionary experience is founded on a network of dramatic tensions in chiaroscuro which are suddenly lit up by the `planting’ of inward eyes (in Milton’s phrase): in Wordsworth’s words, these are

visitings
Of awful promise, when the light of sense
 Goes out in flashes that have shewn to us
 The invisible world . . . .
 Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light
 Were all like workings of one mind, the features
 Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree,
 Characters of the great Apocalypse,
 The types and symbols of Eternity,
 Of first, and last, and midst, and without end. (VI. 533-'72)

Tumult and peace, darkness and light, are all necessary to the ability to symbolize - that is, to see - the invisible or eternal world whose `promise’ is `awful’ (awe-ful). And each visionary experience, though transcribed in the past tense, is not a recollection but an enactment which poetry itself makes meaningful: only now becoming part of the growing mind which is fictitiously being traced in memory. We begin to see how the vision of The Prelude differs in quality from the nostalgic picture of childhood as the eye among the blind, in the ‘Immortality Ode’. Indeed the exploring faculty imaged by the `boy’ in The Prelude has more in common with Milton’s Satan than with the innocent child of nature which was to become conventional. The clash of qualities and identifications which comprise true aesthetic vision was imaged by Milton in terms of a mist (the distortion of light by water) - beginning with the
fallen archangel looking like the sun in mist shorn of its brightness; and the chasms and vapours which so frequently surround visionary experience in *The Prelude* have their origin, or the origin of their meaning, in *Paradise Lost* at the time of the fall, just as much as in the Lake District. The influence of Milton at these points is itself one of those ‘huge and mighty Forms’ which shape the imagination, an internal deity or poetic object waiting to resonate with the poet. Thus Wordsworth describes an ‘ocean’ of mist on moonlit Snowdon:

and from the shore
At distance not the third part of a mile
Was a blue chasm; a fracture in the vapour,
A deep and gloomy breathing-place through which
Mounted the roars of waters, torrents, streams
Innumerable, roaring with one voice.
The universal spectacle throughout
Was shaped for admiration and delight
Grand in itself alone, but in that breach
Through which the homeless voice of waters rose,
That dark deep thoroughfare had Nature lodg’d
The Soul, the Imagination of the whole. (XIII. 54-65)

Satan entered Eden in the same mists; his complaint ‘with what delight could I have walk’d thee round’ is echoed in the spectacle ‘shaped for admiration and delight’; and his infiltration of Eden’s smooth texture is echoed in the ‘fracture’ or ‘breach’ in Nature’s front which is nevertheless the core of its meaning, a ‘dark deep thoroughfare’ to its Soul. Paradoxically it is the breach which gives a home to the ‘homeless voice’ of waters (the innumerable figments of imagination clamouring to be heard, like Blake’s minute particulars). This breach in perfection provides a home or ‘lodge’ for the Imagination which then colours the ‘whole’, the entire picture, making it in fact a symbol for the poet’s own sense of loss or exclusion being ultimately understood and contained. It is Wordsworth’s version of Shakespeare’s giving to airy or vaporous nothing a local habitation and a name. Imagination is lodged, quite literally, at the heart of nature.

Another of Wordsworth’s explorer figures, likewise founded on Milton’s Satan, is the sheepdog whose movements of mountain-
knowledge seem to trace emotional conflicts and reveal latent lines of imagination embedded in nature’s flesh. In Book VIII two separate recollections of sheepdogs seem blended into a single poetic experience: the first taking place on

a day of exhalations, spread
Upon the mountains, mists and steam-like fogs
Redounding everywhere,

when the shepherd and his dog suddenly `emerge from the silvery vapours:

Girt round with mists, they stood and look’d about
From that enclosure small, inhabitants
Of an aerial Island floating on,
As seem’d, with that Abode in which they were,
A little pendent area of grey rocks,
By the soft wind breath’d forward. With delight
As bland almost, one Evening I beheld . . . (VIII. 84-102)

The passage is full of echoes again of Satan’s first view of Eden and its inhabitants, a pendent world hanging from heaven by a chain and miraculously wreathed in clouds of glory. This is the first stage in the archetypal Wordsworthian vision; the second stage (vision of another evening of delight) concerns the sheepdog in action, revealing to the observer the inner drama which takes place in the brave new world of that `aerial Island’ which emerges from the mists. The dog,

with a Man’s intelligence
Advancing, or retreating on his steps,
Through every pervious strait, to the right or left,
Thridded away unbaffled; while the Flock
Fled upwards from the terror of his Bark
Through rocks and seams of turf with liquid gold
Irradiate, that deep farewell light by which
The setting sun proclaims the love he bears
To mountain regions. (VIII. 112-19)

Like Milton’s convoluting burnished serpent, the dog - an inspired vehicle of intelligence - weaves the sheep into the mountains, in response
to the command of the distant shepherd (his god). His tracks follow the mountain’s veins, ‘rocks and seams’ - the inner tensions or routes towards knowledge which lie implicitly in its face, like the breach which allowed the homeless waters a voice. As the waters were ‘innumerable’ yet spoke with ‘one voice’, so the massed Flock moves with one accord in a vertical line up towards the sun, as if engendered by the mountain itself ‘Fled upwards from the terror of his Bark’. Both the dog and the flock represent aspects of the poet’s mind, responding to some inherent guiding principle which unites both ‘terror’ and ‘unbaffled’ persistence in a form of complex artistic tracery. The path towards knowledge which they demarcate is not a straightforward one but an interweaving of tensions (across the mountain), yet still progressing in one direction, upwards. Suddenly, on this foundation, a species of revelation takes place: the weaving tracks are seen to be irradiated by the setting sun, but as though from within the mountain, filling its seams with ‘liquid gold/Irradiate’ - a line which echoes in language and meaning Milton’s plea for inspiration: ‘through all her powers the mind/Irradiate, there plant eyes’. The setting sun in his proclamation of love, plants eyes in the mind-mountain breast: eyes which have always been there but not revealed. Thus is established the serenity of internal deities, in response to the poet’s quest for knowledge. This is Wordsworth’s presentation of the ‘visionary power’ from which he ‘drank’ as a child, from which he now drinks as a poet.

In the face of Wordsworth’s inimitable yet archetypal vision of the infant-mind’s confident link with its ultimate sources of knowledge, who always seem to respond to the identifications woven by his linguistic magic, it is understandable that Coleridge could write - only half jokingly - that Wordsworth had ‘descended on him, like the [“Know Thyself”] from Heaven; by showing him what poetry was, he made him know, that he himself was no poet.’ Coleridge endeavoured to drown his envy through idolization, taking refuge in the self pitying idea that he ‘was no poet’. A myth was invented and maintained between the two of them that Wordsworth (reared in the Lakes) was the poet, and Coleridge (inevitably, reared in the City) was to play the role of observer, supporter, admirer and interpreter to the world. At the end of The Prelude, Wordsworth praises Coleridge’s ‘most loving Soul! Placed on this earth
to love and understand’ - that is, to love and understand he, Wordsworth, who has here exemplified ‘the discipline/And consummation of the Poet’s mind’ (XIII. 249-72). Coleridge, in his poem ‘To William Wordsworth’ (written after hearing Wordsworth recite *The Prelude* to him), envisages him as raised on a pedestal and speaking “calm and sure/From the dread watch-tower of man’s absolute self’; and sees himself as a sort of adoring slave, a ‘listening heart’:

> The tumult rose and ceased: for Peace is nigh
> Where Wisdom’s voice has found a listening heart.

Coleridge’s later irritation with Wordsworth must derive partly from this diffident stance adopted to shield himself from confronting his own envy. His criticism of Wordsworth in the *Biographia Literaria*, though apparently rational and coherently argued, seems slightly off key as though he were not confronting the real issue at the heart of the matter. The myth of poet with his pet-critic was probably detrimental to them both, and must have encouraged the self idealizing aspect of Wordsworth’s character (called by Keats the ‘egotistical sublime’). In Book IX of *The Prelude*, Wordsworth substituted the romance of ‘Julia and Vaudracour’ in the place where he should have analysed his own feelings of guilt about Annette Vallon, illustrating how even *The Prelude* could be used as a false covering over unpalatable truths, not an exploratory mode of writing. Later in the preface to *The Excursion*, Wordsworth compares his epic intentions to Milton’s in a way which suggests that his own subject (‘the Mind of Man,/My haunt, and the main region of my Song’) is a new one, as if he had forgotten or was never totally aware of the nature of his debt to Milton. Wordsworth’s growing self idealization as he retreated into the ‘dread watch-tower of man’s absolute self’ was his own refuge from the conflicts and tensions integral to poetic vitality. Already by the ‘Immortality Ode’, the ‘visionary gleam’ has taken on a nostalgic quality, distanced from the visionary experience of *The Prelude*, and poetry is being promoted as a vehicle for consolation rather than for exploration. Coleridge early on recognized that “‘Tis a strange assertion, that the Essence of Identity lies in *recollective* Consciousness.’ Wordsworth never confronted the negative forces arising from within the poet himself, which other poets
constantly present as temptations to be overcome. Milton’s formulation of the temptation to be a ‘petty god’, in relation to Samson’s recollection of past heroic feats in *Samson Agonistes*, would have applied fairly accurately to Wordsworth’s internal negativism - which went unacknowledged and so, undefeated. Instead of analysing the ‘petty god’ within himself as did Milton, Wordsworth accepted the position of god-on-earth offered by Coleridge, as his sanctimonious identity-shield. The moralizing words written later in ‘Laodamia’ - ‘the Gods approve/The depth and not the tumult of the soul’ - surely represent his own implicit philosophy of escape from poetry itself after the ‘Immortality Ode’. Wordsworth’s poetic spirit was not so much entombed by accumulating years relinquished by inner weakness - by inability to continue with the tumult of the soul in which the life of poetry consists. Indeed, Wordsworth seems to have relinquished it almost as soon as he knew what it was, if we take *The Prelude* to embody present experience rather than past experience. The concept of envy, of internal nihilism, which was so fully explored by Shakespeare and Milton and understood by Blake, is somehow left out of the Wordsworthian model of the mind (and to some extent the Coleridgean), weakening its own ability to continue exploring emotional reality. Keats, who was the least spiteful and egotistical of all the Romantic poets, and a ‘three parts’ admirer of Wordsworth himself, gave the most virulent condemnation of Wordsworth:

> For the sake of a few fine imaginative or domestic passages, are we to be bullied into a certain Philosophy engendered in the whims of an Egotist - Every man has his speculations, but every man does not brood and peacock over them till he makes a false coinage and deceives himself.\(^{12}\)

He formulated what perhaps Coleridge did not quite dare to express - the suspicion that Wordsworth with his supreme innate genius had somehow betrayed the cause of the imagination, the continuing life and development of the mind through the poetic spirit. After initially presenting a seminal vision of the mind’s sources of spiritual nourishment, he then covered his own identity with a ‘false coinage’, thereby not only curtailing his own development, but also disappointing succeeding generations who needed to know how their identity could - in Keats’s phrase - ‘create itself’.
Notes


1 See Coleridge, *Biographia Literaria*, ch. 22, for his criticism of Wordsworth.
5 Ibid., p. 229.
6 Ibid., p. 229.
7 Ibid., p. 230.
8 Ibid., p. 222.
9 Ibid., pp. 223-4.
11 Coleridge, letter to Poole, 6 April 1799, ibid. vol. 1, p. 274.