

## 1801

### **Immanuel Kant, *Critik der reinen Vernunft* [*Critique of Pure Reason*], Leipzig, 1799.**

*The works of Kant were of the profoundest influence upon Coleridge, who memorably described them as having taken possession of him “as with a giant’s hand” when he was a young man; he goes on to say, in Biographia Literaria, that “after fifteen years familiarity with them, I still read these and all his other productions with undiminished delight and increasing admiration.” The following notes from Coleridge’s first reading of the Critique of Pure Reason date from about 1801.*

*An aeolian or eolian harp is a stringed box that is left out of doors or in a window to make music as the wind passes over the strings. “Linley” is a reference to Thomas Linley the Younger, a celebrated violinist; “mind’s eye” is a phrase from Hamlet 1.2.185; Fichte was one of the two or three most important successors to Kant in the next generation.*

**[# 1]** Doubts during a first perusal—i.e. Struggles felt, not arguments objected.

1. How can that be called ein mannigfaltiges ὕλη [a confused manifold], which yet contains in itself the ground, why I apply one category to it rather than another? one mathematical form and not another? The mind does not resemble an Eolian Harp, nor even a barrel-organ turned by a stream of water, conceive as many tunes mechanized in it as you like—but rather, as far as Objects are concerned, a violin, or other instrument of few strings yet vast compass, played on by a musician of Genius. The Breeze that blows across the Eolian Harp, the streams that turned the handle of the Barrel Organ, might be called ein mannigfaltiges [a manifold], a mere sylva incondita [unformed matter], but who would call the muscles and purpose of Linley a confused Manifold?

**[# 2]** The perpetual and unmoving Cloud of Darkness, that hangs over this Work to my “mind’s eye”, is the absence of any clear account of—was ist Erfahrung [what is experience]? What do you mean by a *fact*, an empiric Reality, which alone can give solidity (inhalt [content]) to our Concep-

tions?—It seems from many passages, that this indispensable Test is itself previously manufactured by this very conceptive Power—and that the whole not of our own making is the mere sensation of a mere Manifold—in short, mere influx of motion, to use a physical metaphor.—I apply the Categorical forms to a Tree—well! but first *what* is this tree? How do I come by this Tree?—Fichte I understand very well—only I cannot believe his System. But Kant I do not understand—i.e. I have not discovered what he proposes for my Belief.—Is it Dogmatism?—Why then make the opposition between Phaenomena and Things in themselves— $\tau\alpha\ \sigma\upsilon\tau\omega\varsigma\ \sigma\upsilon\tau\alpha$  [things that really exist]? Is it Idealism? What Test then can I find in the different modifications of my Being to verify and substantiate each other? What other distinction between Schein and Erscheinung, Illusion and Appearance more than the old one of—in one I dream to myself, and in the other I dream in common: The Man in a fever is only *outvoted* by his Attendants—He does not see their Dream, and they do not see his.

## 1803

### **Robert Anderson, ed., *The Works of the British Poets*, Edinburgh and London, 1792–95.**

*Coleridge wrote notes in three different sets of Anderson's popular anthology. This set is unusual in containing notes by William Wordsworth as well; in fact, in the example given, Coleridge's note begins as a comment on an earlier note by Wordsworth, written at the end of the section devoted to Shakespeare's sonnets. The book belonged to Coleridge, but he expected that his brother-in-law and housemate Robert Southey, whom he mentions, would be reading his notes, and that his own son Hartley, whom he addresses directly, would one day inherit the set.*

*"Potter's Antiquities" was a common schoolbook, John Potter's Archaeologia Graeca: or the Antiquities of Greece; Coleridge mentions specifically a chapter about the Greeks' "Love of Boys" which maintains that there was nothing sexual about it. "Johnson" means the playwright Ben Jonson, whom Coleridge frequently uses, as here, along with Beaumont and Fletcher and Massinger, as a more or less contemporary point of comparison with Shakespeare.*

#### **[# 3]**

[ Wordsworth's note:] These sonnets, beginning at 127, to his Mistress, are worse than a puzzle-peg. They are abominably harsh obscure & worthless. The others are for the most part much better, have many fine lines very fine lines & passages. They are also in many places warm with passion. Their chief faults, and heavy ones they are, are sameness, tediousness, quaintness, & elaborate obscurity.—

With exception of the Sonnets to his Mistress (& even of these the expressions are unjustly harsh) I can by no means subscribe to the above pencil mark of W. Wordsworth; which however, it is my wish, should never be erased. It is *his*: & grievously am I mistaken, & deplorably will Englishmen have degenerated, if the being *his* will not, in times to come, give it a Value, as of a little reverential Relict—the rude mark of his Hand left by the Sweat of Haste in a S<sup>t</sup> Veronica Handkerchief! And Robert

Southey! My sweet Hartley! if thou livest, thou wilt not part with this Book without sad necessity & a pang at Heart. O be never weary of re-perusing the four first Volumes of this Collection, my eldest born!—To day thou art to be christened, being more than 7 years of age, o with what reluctance & *distaste* have I permitted this unchristian, & in its spirit & consequences anti-christian, Foolery to be performed upon *thee*, Child of free Nature. On thy Brother Derwent, & thy Sister Sara, somewhat; but chiefly on thee. These Sonnets then, I trust, if God preserve thy Life, Hartley! thou wilt read with a deep Interest, having learnt to love the Plays of Shakespere, co-ordinate with Milton, and subordinate only to thy Bible. To thee, I trust, they will help to explain the mind of Shakespere, & if thou wouldst understand these Sonnets, thou must read the Chapter in Potter's Antiquities on the Greek Lovers—of whom were that Theban Band of Brothers, over whom Philip, their victor, stood weeping; & surveying their dead bodies, each with his Shield over the Body of his Friend, all dead in the place where they fought, solemnly cursed those, whose base, fleshly, & most calumnious Fancies had suspected their Love of Desires against Nature. This pure Love Shakespere appears to have felt—to have been no way ashamed of it—or even to have suspected that others could have suspected it/ yet at the same time he knew that so strong a Love would have been made more compleatly a Thing of Permanence & Reality, & have been blessed more by Nature & taken under her more especial protection, if this Object of his Love had been at the same Time a possible Object of Desire/ for Nature is not bad only—in this Feeling, he must have written the 20<sup>th</sup> Sonnet, but its possibility seems never to have entered even his Imagination. It is noticeable, that not even an Allusion to that very worst of all possible *Vices* (for it is wise to think of the Disposition, as a *Vice*, not of the absurd & despicable Act, as a *crime*) not even any allusion to it in all his numerous Plays—whereas Johnson, Beaumont & Fletcher, & Massinger are full of them. O my Son! I pray fervently that thou may'st know inwardly how impossible it was for a Shakespere not to have been in his heart's heart chaste. I see no elaborate obscurity & very little quaintness—nor do I know any Sonnets that will bear such frequent reperusal: so rich in metre, so full of Thought & *exquisitest* Diction.

S. T. Coleridge, Greta Hall, Keswick, Wed. morning,  
½ past 3, Nov. 2. 1803.

## 1804

**Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, *The Emperor Marcus Antoninus His Conversation with Himself . . . To which is added The Mythological Picture of Cebes the Theban,*  
trans. Jeremy Collier, London, 1701.**

*The earliest notes in this volume appear to have been written aboard the ship Speedwell when Coleridge went to Malta in the spring of 1804, but he returned to the book later—in 1808, 1811, 1818–19, and 1826.*

### [# 4]

That Remedies were prescrib'd me in a Dream, against Giddiness, and Spitting of Blood; As I remember, it happen'd both at *Cajeta*, and *Chrysa*. . . .

I am not convinced that this is mere Superstition. Providence is at once general & particular/ there is doubtless a sort of *divining* power in man/ Sensations awaken Thoughts congruous to them. I could say much on this Subject. A Gentleman told Dr Beddoes a remarkable Dream: the Dr immediately examined his pulse, &c &c, bled him &c—and it was evident that in a day or two he would otherwise have had an apoplectic Fit. My Father had a similar Dream 3 nights together before his Death, while he appeared to himself in full & perfect Health—He was blest by God with sudden Death. That was the only part of our Liturgy, which he objected to/ the prayer against sudden Death.

### [# 5]

Therefore don't forget the Saying of *Heraclitus*; *That the Earth dies into Water, Water into Air, Air into Fire, and so Backward.*

Expressed in the present chemical nomenclature/ Solids by increased repulsion of their parts become fluids, by a still greater repulsion aeriform Gasses, and it is possible that these may all be resolvable into imponderable & igniform natures, Light, Electricity, Magnetism, Heat—and that all these four may be but detachments of one & same substance—the plastic Fire of the ancients—in different proportions of repulsion & attrac-

tion in se [in itself], acting on other proportions—Then to comprehend attraction & Repulsion as one power is perhaps the point of the Pyramid of physical Science.

[# 6]

[From “The Picture of Cebes”:] *Resumptions* are very common with this Lady [Fortune], and there’s no depending upon her Favour; And therefore the *Genius* advises People to be loose and indifferent with her, and neither be transported when she gives, nor dejected when she takes away. For she never acts upon Reason, but throws out every thing at Peradventure. Therefore the Rule is never to be surpriz’d at any of her Proceedings. . . .

This is the most defective Passage of the whole Treatise. It is not true, and it is of pernicious consequence, to represent Fortune as *wholly* mad, blind, deaf, and drunk. On the *average* each man receives what he pays for—the miser gives care & self-torment, and receives increase of Gold—the vain give clamour, & bustle, pretensions & flattery, & receive a *Buz*—the Wise man Self-conquest & neighbourly Love, and receives sense of Dignity, of Harmony, and Content. Each is paid in sort—Virtue is not rewarded by Wealth, nor is the Eye affected by Sound.

**Johann Gottfried Herder, *Kalligone*, Leipzig, 1800.**

*This work on aesthetics attacks Kant’s analysis of the sublime in the Critique of Judgment; the other works that Coleridge refers to also attack aspects of Kant’s philosophy to a greater or lesser extent. “Philosophism,” merging “philosophy” and “sophism,” could be applied to any false system of thought but was commonly applied especially to eighteenth-century French rationalism by its enemies.*

[# 7] Dec. 19. 1804. Malta.—And thus the Book impressed me, to wit, as being Rant, abuse, drunken Self-conceit that kicking and sprawling in the 6 inch-deep Gutter of muddy Philosophism from the drainings of a hundred Sculleries dreams that he is swimming in an ocean of the Translucent & the Profound/—I never read a more disgusting Work, scarcely so disgusting a one except the Meta-critik [*Metacritique of the Critique of Pure Reason*] of the same Author. I always even in the perusal of his better works, the Verm. Blätter, the Briefe das Stud. Theol. betref-fends and the Ideen zur Gesch. der Mensch. [*Miscellaneous Papers, Let-*

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*ters Concerning the Study of Theology, and Ideas Towards a Philosophy of the History of Mankind*] thought him a painted Mist with no sharp outline—but this is mere Steam from a Heap of Mans dung.—

[# 8] Herder mistakes for the SUBLIME sometimes the GRAND, sometimes the MAJESTIC, and sometimes the INTENSE: in which last sense we must render a [. . .] or magnificent, but as a *Whole*, (a visual Whole, I mean) it cannot be sublime. A mountain in a cloudless sky, its summit smit with the Sunset is a beautiful, a magnificent Object—the same with its Summit hidden by Clouds, & seemingly blended with the Sky, while mists & floating Vapors of [. . .]

## 1807

**Aulus Persius Flaccus, *Satirarum liber [Book of Satires]*,  
ed. I. Casaubon, London, 1647.**

[# 9] 616 pages in this Volume, of which 22 are text; and 594 Commentary and introductory matter. Yet when I recollect, that I have the whole works of Cicero, of Livy, and Quintilian, with many others, the whole works of each in a single Volume, either thick Quarto with thin paper & small yet distinct print, or thick Octavo or duodecimo of the same character & that they cost me in the proportion of a Shilling to a Guinea for the same quantity of worse matter in modern Books, or Editions, I a poor man yet one whom “βιβλίων κτήσεως ἐκ παιδαρίου δεινὸς ἐκτέτηκε πόθος” [I from childhood have been penetrated by a passionate longing to acquire books] feel the liveliest Gratitude for the Age, which produced such Editions, and for the Education, which by enabling me to understand and taste the Greek and Latin Writers, has thus put it in my power to collect on my own Shelves for my actual use almost all the best Books in spite of my so small Income. Somewhat too I am indebted to the ostentation of expense among the Rich, which has occasioned these cheap editions to become so disproportionately cheap.

**Andrew Fuller, *The Calvinistic and Socinian Systems  
Examined and Compared, as to their Moral Tendency*,  
Market-Harborough, 1793.**

*Coleridge spent part of the summer of 1807 visiting his old friend Thomas Poole, a prosperous tanner, in Nether Stowey, Somersetshire. Poole gave him the run of his library and invited him to write notes in his books—the first of many book owners who actively solicited his marginalia. This book, probably Poole’s copy, takes up contemporary religious issues raised especially by the success of the Socinians, who deny the divinity of Christ. The leader of the late-eighteenth-century resurgence of this move-*



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ment and founder of the Unitarian sect (in 1791) was Joseph Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen. Coleridge had considered himself a Unitarian as a university student and for a few years afterward, until a conversion experience in 1804 brought him back to orthodox Trinitarianism.

In the passage first commented on, Fuller quotes from Priestley's writings on necessity; as Coleridge points out, he also drew on the American theologian Jonathan Edwards's Careful and Strict Enquiry into the Modern Prevailing Notions of that Freedom of the Will which is supposed to be Essential to Moral Agency (1754). Coleridge's second note alludes to Baruch (or "Benedict") Spinoza (1632–77), whose theological and philosophical writings he greatly admired in spite of their alleged atheism.

### [# 10]

As to our being *passive* in regeneration, if Dr. Priestley would only admit that any one character could be found that is so depraved as to be destitute of all true virtue, the same thing would follow from his own Necessarian principles. According to those principles, every man that is under the dominion of a vicious habit of mind, will continue to chuse vice, till such time as that habit is changed, and that by some influence from without himself. "If says he, I make any particular choice to day, I should have done the same yesterday, and should do the same to morrow, provided there be no change in the state of my mind respecting the object of the choice." [*On Necessity*] p. 7. Nor can any person in such a state of mind be supposed to be active in the changing of it; for such activity must imply an inclination to have it changed, which is a contradiction; as it supposes him at the same time under the dominion of evil, and yet inclined to goodness.

I have hitherto made no objection to, no remark on, any one part of this Letter; for I object to the whole—not as Calvinism, but—as what Calvin would have recoiled from. How was it that so good and shrewd a man as Andrew Fuller should not have seen, that the difference between a Calvinist and a Priestleyan Materialist-Necessitarian consists in this:—The former not only believes a will, but that it is equivalent to the *ego ipse* [I itself], to the actual self, in every moral agent; though he believes that in human nature it is an enslaved, because a corrupt, will. In denying free will to the unregenerated he no more denies will, than in asserting the poor negroes in the West Indies to be slaves I deny them to be men. Now the latter, the Priestleyan, uses the word will,—not for any real, distinct,

correspondent power, but,—for the mere result and aggregate of fibres, motions, and sensations; in short, it is a mere generic term with him, just as when we say, the main current in a river.

Now by not adverting to this, and alas! misled by Jonathan Edward's book, Fuller has hidden from himself and his readers the damnable nature of the doctrine—not of necessity (for that in its highest sense is identical with perfect freedom; they are definitions each of the other); but—of extraneous compulsion. O! even this is not adequate to the monstrosity of the thought. A denial of all agency;—or an assertion of a world of agents that never act, but are always acted upon, and yet without any one being that acts;—this is the hybrid of Death and Sin, which throughout this letter is treated so amicably! Another fearful mistake, and which is the ground of the former, lies in conceding to the Materialist, *explicite et implicite* [explicitly and implicitly], that the νοούμενον [*noumenon*; object of purely intellectual intuition], the *intelligibile* [that which can be apprehended by the mind], the *ipseitas supersensibilis* [supersensible selfness], of guilt is in time, and of time, and, consequently, a mechanism of cause and effect;—in other words, in confounding the φαινόμενα, τὰ ρέοντα, τὰ μὴ ὄντως ὄντα [phenomena, things in flux, things that have no real being]—all which belong to time, and cannot be even thought of except as effects necessarily predetermined by the precedent causes, (themselves in their turn effects of other causes),—with the transsensual ground or actual power.

After such admissions, no other possible defence can be made for Calvinism or any other *ism* than the wretched recrimination: “Why, yours, Dr. Priestley, is just as bad!”—Yea, and no wonder:—for in essentials both are the same. But there was no reason for Fuller's meddling with the subject at all,—metaphysically, I mean.

### [# 11]

Secondly, If the unconditionality of election render it unfriendly to virtue, it must be upon the supposition of that view of things, “which ascribes more to God, and less to man,” having such a tendency; which is the very reverse of what Dr. Priestley elsewhere teaches, and that in the same performance.

But in both systems, as Fuller has erroneously stated his own, man is annihilated. There is neither more nor less; it is all God; all, all are but *Deus infinite modificatus* [God infinitely modified]—in brief, both systems are not Spinosism, for no other reason than that the logic and logical consequence of 10 Fullers + 10 × 10 Dr. Priestleys, piled on each other, would

not reach the calf of Spinoza's leg. Both systems of necessity lead to Spinosis, nay, to all the horrible consequences attributed to it by Spinoza's enemies. O, why did Andrew Fuller quit the high vantage ground of notorious facts, plain durable common sense, and express Scripture, to delve in the dark in order to countermine mines under a spot, on which he had no business to have wall, tent, temple, or even standing-ground!

**Patrick Colquhoun, *A Treatise on Indigence*, London, 1806.**

*This book was certainly in Poole's library when Coleridge annotated it. The lines that Coleridge refers to at the end of his note, in Milton's Comus, have to do with the just distribution of wealth.*

**[# 12]**

*Poverty* is . . . the state of every one who must labour for subsistence. *Poverty* is therefore a most necessary and indispensable ingredient in society, without which nations and communities could not exist in a state of civilization. It is the lot of man—it is the source of *wealth*, since without poverty there would be *no labour*, and without labour there could be no *riches*, no *refinement*, no *comfort*, and no *benefit* to those who may be possessed of wealth—inasmuch as without a large proportion of poverty surplus labour could never be rendered productive in procuring either the conveniences or luxuries of life.

Certainly! if the present state of general Intellect and morals be supposed a fair average of the capabilities of society. Otherwise I can not see why without this *Poverty* (even as here contra-distinguished from Indigence) A. might not agree to make Shoes, B. Cloth, C. Breeches, &c: and the whole Alphabet of Labor carry on a similar Barter to the present, even tho' one third of Society were *not* devoted to the production of useless & *debasing* Luxuries for those who are privileged to live in Idleness.—For mark, the definition of Poverty is invidious—he is not a poor man whose subsistence depends on constant Industry, but he whose bare wants can not be supplied without such unceasing bodily Labor from the hour of waking to that of sleeping, as precludes all improvement of mind—& makes the intellectual Faculties to the majority of mankind as useless a boon as pictures to the Blind. Such a man is poor indeed: for he has been robbed by his unnatural Guardians of the very house-loom of his *human nature*, stripped of the furniture of his Soul.

See Milton's Comus. line 765 to 779.

**William Hayley, *Life of Milton*, London, 1796.**

*Another of Poole's books. In the first note, Coleridge speaks up for Milton's Paradise Regained while regretting a few lines in which Milton has Christ reject imaginative literature, like Pope Gregory the Great, who was said to have gone about burning copies of Livy and Cicero. "Martyr-worshippers" is Coleridge's contemptuous phrase for those who participated in the annual church service, held on January 30 from 1662 to 1859, in honor of "Charles the Martyr." "Mrs. Hutchinson" is Lucy Hutchinson, author of Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson—her husband John, one of those who signed the king's death warrant. The Latin qui cum victus erat etc. is from Ovid, Metamorphoses 13.20. Samuel Butler's Hudibras (1662–78) is a burlesque poem attacking the Puritans. Coleridge's last note considers charges of plagiarism, such as were later leveled at him.*

**[# 13]**

[Hayley quotes from *The Reason of Church Government* as illustrating] the mental character of Milton, with a mild energy, a solemn splendor of sentiment and expression peculiar to himself.

"Time serves not now, and, perhaps, I might seem too profuse to give any certain account of what the mind at home, in the spacious circuits of her musing, hath liberty to propose to herself, though of highest hope and hardest attempting; whether that epic form, whereof the two poems of Homer, and those other two of Virgil and Tasso, are a diffuse, and the book of Job a brief, model; or whether the rules of Aristotle herein are strictly to be kept, or nature to be followed. . . ."

These words deserve particular notice. I do not doubt, that Milton intended his *Paradise lost* as an Epic of the first class, and that the poetic Dialogue of Job was his model for the general Scheme of his *Paradise Regained*.

Readers would not have been disappointed in this latter poem, if they had proceeded to it with a proper preconception of *the kind* of interest intended to be excited in that admirable work. In its kind it is the most *perfect* poem extant; tho' its *kind* may be inferior Interest, being in its essence didactic, to that other sort, in which Instruction is conveyed more effectively because more indirectly, in connection with stronger & more pleasurable Emotions, & thereby in a closer affinity with *action*. But might we not as rationally object to an accomplished Woman's conversing, however agreeably, because it has happened that we have received a keener

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pleasure from her singing to the Harp? Si genus sit probo et sapienti homine haud indignum, et si poema sit in suo genere perfectum, satis est! quod si hoc autor idem altioribus numeris et carmini diviniore ipsum pene divinum superadderit, mehercule, satis est, et plusquam satis [If the kind be not unworthy of a good and wise man, and if the poem be perfect in its kind, that is enough. But if the same author shall have superadded this, itself almost divine, to heightened numbers and still more divine song, that by heaven is enough and more than enough]. I cannot however but wish, that the answer of Jesus to Satan in the fourth book, l. 285 et sequentia [following], had breathed the spirit of this noble quotation rather than the narrow bigotry of Gregory the Great. The passage indeed is excellent, & is partially true; but partial Truth is the worse mode of conveying falsehood.

[# 14]

The sincerest friends of Milton may here agree with Johnson, who speaks of his controversial merriment as disgusting. . . .

The man who reads a work meant for immediate effect on one age, with the notions & feelings of another, may be a refined gentleman, but must be a sorry Critic. He who possesses imagination enough to *live* with his forefathers, and leaving comparative reflection for an after moment, to give himself *up* during the first perusal to the feelings of a contemporary if not a partizan, will, I dare aver, rarely find any part of M.'s prose works *disgusting*.

[# 15]

[Hayley refers to John Bradshaw, president of the parliamentary commission that tried and condemned Charles I.] The odium which the president justly incurred in the trial of Charles seems to have prevented even our liberal historians from recording with candour the great qualities he possessed: he was undoubtedly not only an intrepid but a sincere enthusiast in the cause of the commonwealth.

Why *justly*? What would the contemptible Martyr-worshippers, (who yearly apply to this fraudulent would-be-despot the most awful phrases of holy writ concerning the Saviour of Mankind, concerning the Incarnate *Word* that is with *God* & *is God*, in a cento of ingenious blasphemy, that has no parallel in the annals of impious Adulation) what would even these men have? Can they, as men, expect that Bradshaw & his Peers

*should* give sentence against the Parliament & Armies of England, as guilty of all the blood that had been shed—as Rebels and Murderers! Yet there was no other alternative. That he or his peers were influenced by Cromwell is a gross Calumny, sufficiently confuted by their after lives & by their death-hour—and has been amply falsified by M<sup>rs</sup> Hutchinson in her incomparable Life of her Incomparable Husband, Colonel Hutchinson. O that I might have such an action to remember on my Death-bed! The only enviable part of Charles's Fate & Life is that his name is connected with the greatest names of ancient or modern times—Qui cum victus erat, *tantis* certâsse feretur [Who, when conquered, will be famed for having fought against *such great men*].

[# 16]

[Referring to Milton's answer to *Eikon Basilike*, an account of the sufferings and prayers of Charles I before his execution, allegedly composed by the king himself:] Milton himself may be also urged as an example to enforce the same caution [against prejudice]; for although he was certainly no impostor in imputing the prayer in question to the king, yet his considering the king's use of it as an offence against heaven, is a pitiable absurdity; an absurdity as glaring as it would be to affirm, that the divine poet is himself profane in assigning to a speech of the Almighty, in his poem, the two following verses:

Son of my bosom, son who art alone  
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might—

Because they are partly borrowed from a line in Virgil, addressed by a heathen goddess to her child:

"Nate, meae vires, mea magna potentia solus."  
[Son, my strength, my great power alone.]

Assuredly, I regret that Milton should have written the passage alluded to/ and yet the adoption of a prayer from a Romance on such an occasion does not evince a delicate or deeply sincere Mind. We are the creatures of association—there are some excellent moral & even serious Lines in Hudibras/ but what if a Clergyman should adorn his Sermon with a quotation from that Poem? Would the abstract propriety of the Lines leave him "*honorably acquitted*?" The Xtian Baptism of a Line of Virgil is so far from being a parallel, that it is ridiculously inappropriate—"an absurdity as glaring" as that of the bigotted puritans, who objected to some of the noblest & most scriptural prayers ever dictated by wisdom & piety simply because the Catholics had used them.

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[# 17]

In the course of this discussion we may find, perhaps, a mode of accounting for the inconsistency both of Dryden and Voltaire; let us attend at present to what the latter has said of Andreini!—If the Adamo of this author really gave birth to the divine poem of Milton, the Italian dramatist, whatever rank he might hold in his own country, has a singular claim to our attention and regard.

If Milton borrowed a hint from any writer, it was more probably from Strada's Prolusiones, in which the fall of the Angels &c is pointed out as the noblest subject for a Christian Poet. The more dissimilar the detailed images are, the more likely it is that a great genius should catch the general idea.

**Robert Percival, *An Account of the Island of Ceylon*,  
London, 1803.**

*Another of Poole's books, Percival's Ceylon was especially interesting to Coleridge for its account of the use of the drug called "bhang" or "bang" or "bangué," which, like hashish, is made from the dried leaves of Indian hemp. In 1803, Coleridge and his patron Thomas Wedgwood had themselves experimentally taken bhang that they obtained from the president of the Royal Society, Sir Joseph Banks, with the help of another of Poole's friends, Samuel Purkis. Tippoo Sahib (1751–99) was the sultan of Mysore.*

[# 18]

All day long they chew the betel or penang, and smoke *bang*. From this last herb a species of opium is prepared, which they chew in great quantities, as Europeans use strong drinks, to exhilarate their spirits. Too much of it, however, entirely deadens their senses, and reduces them to a state of complete stupefaction. I have frequently seen these people, after having chewed too large a portion of this noxious drug, lying speechless on the ground with their eyes fixed in a ghastly stare. Yet, such is the effect of habit, that they get completely infatuated with fondness for this drug, and absolutely cannot do without it.

*The Bang* is the powder from the dried Leaves of the Cannabis Indica, or Indian Hemp/ It is commonly blended with opium; & in Turkey and Barbary with Saffron & Spices. It is either chewed in large Pills, or smoked