'In weakness strength':[1] The Problem of Alcohol in the Reception of Hartley Coleridge's Life and Work

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MOST MODERN ACCOUNTS OF HARTLEY COLERIDGE that mention him in passing cast him as a hopeless alcoholic whose literary career was ruined by this alleged addiction. Critics still reproduce what have become clichéd summaries of his personal struggles, and their similarities with his father's disordered life, which are often then exaggerated in journalistic prose, especially when the studies in question focus on another member of the Coleridge family. In a review of Sara Coleridge's poems, for example, Jonathan Bate dismisses Hartley as an 'alcohol-soaked wreck', who 'fail[ed] miserably in his literary aspirations'.[2] More recently, Donelle Ruwe, also discussing Sara Coleridge, calls Hartley an 'alcoholic' 'shambles'.[3] Neither critic makes any reference to Hartley's unique poetic achievements, nor considers that he may have been struggling with psychological ill health. Yet Bate can assert that '[Sara Coleridge's] work on her late father's unfinished literary business was all the more impressive given that her own health was always fragile.' What of Hartley's impressive work, in becoming one of the finest sonneteers in the English language, given his 'fragile' health?[4] Sara's addiction to and struggles with opium have been treated with far more sympathy than Hartley's struggle with alcohol. Why is a woman using opium to relieve physical pain, leading to addiction, more morally acceptable to us than a man using it, or alcohol, to relieve mental pain? As STC writes, on what he calls his own '*involuntary* Intoxication' (via 'three glasses running of whisky & water'), 'I have never loved Evil for its own sake, no! nor ever sought pleasure for its own sake, but only as the means of escaping from pains that coiled round my mental powers, as a serpent around the body & wings of an Eagle! My sole sensuality was *not* to be in pain!—'.[5]

Hartley's difficult life is often used as an example of the real-life cost of Romantic over-investment in the ideal of childhood innocence, or ideals in general, to the neglect of family life. While this may hold some truth, it is only part of the truth—his life, like anyone's, is wider than the sum of his

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1 Hartley Coleridge, 'What is the meaning of the word "sublime"', l. 14; *The Complete Poetical Works of Hartley Coleridge*, ed. Ramsay Colles (London: George Routledge and Sons, 1908), 117, l. 14. Hereafter abbreviated to CPW.

2 Jonathan Bate, 'Her Father's Voice', Review of *Collected Poems* by Sara Coleridge, ed. Peter Swaab, *The Guardian*, Arts and Entertainment (10 March 2007): 18.

3 Donelle Ruwe, *British Children's Poetry in the Romantic Era: Verse, Riddle, and Rhyme* (Basingstoke and New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2014), 159.

4 For a study that traces acclaim for Hartley's poetry, see Nicola Healey, 'The Reception of Hartley Coleridge's Poetry, from 1833 to the Present', *Romanticism*, 16.1 (2010): 25–42.

5 Samuel Taylor Coleridge, *Coleridge's Notebooks: A Selection*, ed. Seamus Perry (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2002), 73, entries 373 (22 December 1804) and 374 (23 December 1804). STC also states that he used opium and laudanum through '*terror* […] first of mental pain, & afterwards as my System became weakened, even of bodily Pain' (Perry 2002, 210; excerpted from CCL, III, 491).

upbringing. That he did not meet parental expectations does not necessitate his life and works being critically written off—'throwing out the baby with the bath water', to risk an infantilising idiom—by defining him with pejorative and reductive terms such as 'wreck' and 'shambles', which blight both his memory (which matters), and, more worryingly, thwart the continued re-discovery of his work. Bate's remarks were published in a newspaper, which is particularly regrettable for having disseminated the myth of Hartley as a personal and literary failure across a wide readership, thereby misleading the general reader and discouraging them from seeking out his work. Often, the pat implication (at once doubly erroneous and illogical) is that Hartley was ruined by his father, but he himself should have pulled himself together. These defamatory terms are not only factually inaccurate, they show a remarkably narrow view of, and intolerance for, the complexity of wider, human problems and consequences, without consideration of which, prejudice and unfair discrimination inevitably fill the murky vacuum of mystery.

When Hartley was fifty, Derwent wrote a long letter to him imploring him to stop drinking, in which he states: 'Oh my Brother, need I remind you what this cruel enchantment has cost you? that it cuts you off from those who yearn to have you with them, to love and cherish you'.[6] The truth of the matter, however, was that Derwent did not want Hartley around in case he caused him embarrassment, given his standing as a clergyman: 'My circumstances', Derwent continues, 'have ever been such that the bare possibility of your losing your self-respect—has put it out of my power to see you'. Hartley's drinking did not cut him off from his more immediate society in the Lakes, where he was widely revered and loved, nor did it cut him off from his readers in the outside world, who did not deem him a failure, as we will see. This essay, which will draw upon Hartley's unpublished writings, will clarify what exactly this 'cruel enchantment' was within Hartley's life. By focusing on how his drinking was perceived in his lifetime and the early-twentieth century—by his friends, contemporary medical debates, reviewers, and literary criticism—I will counter the continued misunderstandings that taint his reputation and legacy. The phrase 'weakness of will' has become synonymous with the Coleridge name. Hartley's readers, however, conversely, found strength in Hartley's 'weakness', which is thus a fulfilment of Christ's teaching that 'My strength is made perfect in weakness'.[7] By highlighting this hidden and humble Christian legacy, this essay will also reconsider what constitutes 'weakness'. As Hartley wrote, 'the true sublime' is that 'which can confess / In weakness strength' (CPW, 117, ll. 13–14).

The way in which Hartley has been treated, and continues to be treated, also raises important general concerns regarding critical responsibility in balancing literary and biographical judgements. Specifically, it raises the question of how

[6] Raymonde and Godfrey Hainton, *The Unknown Coleridge: The Life and Times of Derwent Coleridge, 1800–1883* (London: Janus Publishing Company, 1996), 223–4. See also Fran Carlock Stephens, *The Hartley Coleridge Letters: A Calendar and Index* (Austin, TX: Humanities Research Center: 1978), 138. This letter is dated September 1846.

[7] 2 Corinthians 12: 9. All references to the Bible are to the King James Version.

biographers and critics treat, or should treat, a writer's human weaknesses, illnesses, and transgressions, which is of broad and current significance. For instance, Philip Larkin's work was undermined when the publication of his letters revealed some apparently unsavoury, or unpopular, political and social views. More recently, Jonathan Bate's *Ted Hughes: The Unauthorised Life* (2015) has been widely reviewed as allowing prurient speculation over the poet's private life to cloud rather than inform critical judgement of the poet's texts, a practice which distracts from original poetic achievement, and propagates myths.[8] A writer's personal life and opinions should have nothing to do with our reception of their texts, if those texts have intrinsic excellence and reach their readership. As Maurice Riordan writes (with regard to Bate's study of Hughes), 'the imperative of keeping the life and the work on different burners is acute. The personal tragedies cannot be kept from our minds. […] But that mustn't distort our view of the poems'. Anything else is a 'travesty'.[9] This travesty has been allowed to go on for too long with Hartley Coleridge. This essay argues for the importance of separating and respecting the discrete integrities of the life and the text, and that, ironically, the human conflicts that are conventionally perceived as constituting 'failure' in life can still co-exist with, and even fuel, the greatest poetic achievement. It is by this standard that writers should surely be judged, if, as literary critics, we are judging literature.

Vice or 'Insanity': Drunkenness and Dipsomania

In Hartley's case, the critical problem of not 'keeping the life and the work on separate burners' is exacerbated by the inaccuracy of prevailing biographical assumptions about him. To begin with, there is not a single record of Hartley being 'drunk and disorderly' or seriously offending anyone with his drinking.[10] This glaring omission in evidence for a statement such as Bate's immediately casts doubt on its veracity, as the nature of alcoholism is such that it does usually end up causing disruption to those who live in the immediate surroundings of the drinker. As a reviewer in *The Spectator* writes in 1929, Hartley 'was never a drunkard; but from time to time he would drink too much and then hide himself away from the world in shame.'[11] More accurately, Richard Gravil terms this 'peripatetic dipsomania', an important distinction to identify.[12] The term 'Dipsomania' (deriving from the Greek word 'thirst') was coined in 1819 to classify 'A morbid and insatiable craving for alcohol, often of a paroxysmal character'; it consists of periods of intemperance alternating with

[8] See, for example, Craig Raine, 'An unauthorised, and unconvincing, biography of Ted Hughes', *The Spectator* (3 October 2015), available at: http://www.spectator.co.uk/2015/10/an-unauthorised-and-unconvincing-biography-of-ted-hughes/; and Janet Malcolm, 'A Very Sadistic Man', *The New York Review of Books* (11 February 2016), at: http://www.nybooks.com/articles/2016/02/11/ted-hughes-very-sadistic-man/. (Both accessed on 27 May 2016).

[9] Maurice Riordan, Editorial, *The Poetry Review*, vol. 105: 4 (Winter 2015): 6.

[10] To my knowledge, there is no evidence that Hartley's drinking affected others negatively. The only sign of potential physical risk to others (in fifty years of life) was when he accidentally set fire to his bed curtains in 1846. See the letter from Derwent detailing the incident in Stephens 1978, 138.

[11] Review of Earl Leslie Griggs, *Hartley Coleridge: His Life and Works* (1929), *The Spectator* (7 December 1929): 44.

[12] Richard Gravil, Review of Molly Lefebure, *Private Lives of the Ancient Mariner: Coleridge and his Children* (Cambridge: Lutterworth Press, 2013), *Romanticism*, 20.3 (October 2014): 329–31, 329.

periods of sobriety.[13] In the late-nineteenth century, the differences between dipsomania and habitual drunkenness were much debated. Medical discussions and newspapers often used the 'case' of Hartley Coleridge (along with Thomas De Quincey and Branwell Brontë, but especially Hartley, because of the hereditary implications) to aid discriminations between 'drunkenness as a vice and inebriety as a symptom of bodily or mental disorder', where a disorder of the mind (or body) preceded the drink, rather than vice versa (although, of course, drinking disordered the mind further).[14] This presentation was classified as 'dipsomania' or 'periodical vino-mania'.[15] Individuals labouring under such pre-existing afflictions could not simply be tarred with the same broad-sweeping brush of moral dissolution, the medical discussions insisted, but required understanding and intervention. Influential writers such as Harriet Martineau and Eliza Cook, on the other hand, used Hartley as fodder for their puritanical polemic of sobriety—as a 'lesson and [a] warning to others'.[16] This might have been fashionable in the early-Victorian era, when the temperance movement was becoming extreme, and the principles of hard work and self-improvement were being promoted, but it wholly misses the point in question—Hartley's ignored health difficulties, and safeguarding his memory and legacy. Moreover, it cast Hartley as a hopeless failure right at the vital time when his reputation should have been reinforced for posterity.

Harriet Martineau's thoughts on Hartley, as expressed in her autobiography (1877), are, however, worth noting, both for their (unintentional) humour, and because they reveal that it was her self-importance, and—by her own admission—her prim lack of 'courage', that prevented her from doing what everyone else in Cumbria did do: accept the 'conditions' by which they could enjoy Hartley's incomparable company and conversation:

> I have nothing to tell of poor Hartley, of my own knowledge. Except meeting him on the road, I knew nothing of him. I recoiled from acquaintanceship,—seeing how burdensome it was in the case of persons less busy than myself, and not having, to say the truth, courage to accept the conditions on which his wonderfully beautiful conversation might be enjoyed. The simple fact is that I was in company with him five times; and all those five times he was drunk. I should think there are few solitary ladies, whose time is valuable, who would encourage intercourse with him after that.[17]

Even Hartley's greatest critic could not insult him without conceding that he

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[13] See the *Oxford English Dictionary* (*OED*). The term 'dipsomania' was coined by the Russian-German physician C. von Brühl-Cramer; see James Nicholls, *The Politics of Alcohol: A History of the Drink Question in England* (Manchester and New York: Manchester University Press, 2009), 167.

[14] Quotation taken from 'Sanatoria for the Intemperate', Correspondence, *The Pall Mall Gazette*, Issue 507 (24 September 1866): 3.

[15] 'Periodical Vino-Mania' ('wine madness') was another term for 'dipsomania', used, for example, in the *London Medical Gazette: Or, Journal of Practical Medicine*, vol. 32 (15 September 1843): 859, and in the above-mentioned *Pall Mall Gazette* article.

[16] See Eliza Cook, *Eliza Cook's Journal*, vol. V (London: Charles Cook, August 1851), 217.

[17] *Harriet Martineau's Autobiography* [first published in 1877], ed. Maria Weston Chapman (New York: Cambridge University Press, 2010), 243–4.

had 'wonderfully beautiful conversation'. Judging by how much Hartley was celebrated by those who lived around him, considered a Lake District luminary and sought out by those who visited the area, and mourned after his death, Martineau must have been the only person who 'recoiled' from his 'acquaintanceship'. Amusingly, and fairly, on reviewing Martineau's *Autobiography* in 1877, *The Standard* wrote that 'Hartley Coleridge, perhaps, said the best and truest thing of her [Martineau] when he observed that she had a "*mono*mania for *every*thing." We wish she had been more tolerant of other persons and other opinions.'[18]

Happily, Hartley greatly disapproved of Martineau and her intolerant views. He could not bear any form of stuffiness or repression, which he saw as obstacles to truth, which was both his driving force and, he believed, what should be the driving force of all life. One of the reasons that Hartley disliked Martineau, or people like her, is because he could tell that she lacked consideration for mental suffering. He wrote to Derwent in 1830 that he was 'no general lover of strong-minded women, who go about doing good, as it is call'd. They are often coarse natures, who think compassion a weakness, and utterly insensible to any sorrow that is not absolute physical suffering'.[19] Ultimately, Hartley felt that this spread what he calls the 'vice' of 'Hypocrisy' (LHC, 120). This is a very advanced consideration: even in the early-nineteenth century, Hartley was aware of, and voiced, the double standards and ignorance regarding mental health which pervade society.

The Scottish writer Charles MacFarlane recalled that the only time that he heard Hartley use 'hard words' or any 'improper language' (which 'was given in frolic and not in anger') was when he mentioned Martineau:

> "What! do you know her too?" said Hartley. "Only by sight," was my reply. "Then," said he, filling his glass to the brim, "suppose we drink d—n to her! I abhor the woman as a woman, and I detest her rampant irreligion and all her principles!" The second magnum was telling on him; but he continued to talk, and to talk admirably, consecutively, logically, and with a vast deal of originality and spirit, about books, poetry, history, men, and politics, uttering many an admirable specimen of table talk; this he continued till nearly the midnight hour, when the wine was all gone, and when, quite suddenly, his senses went too.
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> "Never mind, sir!" said the landlord […] "we know his ways; we are used to him; we will put him to bed upstairs […]"[20]

MacFarlane goes on to note that the next morning, Hartley was up before him, no worse for wear: 'I found him, standing meditatingly, on the margin of the lake […]. He was as fresh as a daisy, and as gay as a skylark in June.' (57) This

[18] *The Standard* (London), Issue 16415 (5 March 1877): 2.

[19] Hartley Coleridge, *Letters of Hartley Coleridge*, ed. Earl Leslie Griggs and Grace Evelyn Griggs (London: Oxford University Press, 1936), 120. Hereafter abbreviated to LHC.

[20] Charles MacFarlane, 'Hartley Coleridge', in *Reminiscences of a Literary Life*, intr. John F. Tattersall (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1917), 52–66, 56, 62. For further thoughts from Hartley on Martineau, see LHC, 170–1, where Hartley satirises Martineau in a doggerel poem-letter to his sister, Sara.

does not mean that Hartley was not suffering inwardly (another commonplace misconception of human behaviour): Hartley always rallied, out of duty and respect for his company. He told MacFarlane that he 'despised "lackadaisicals," and had a contempt for the man who could not be cheerful whenever he had a congenial companion.' As such, MacFarlane found that 'all the time I was with him I scarcely saw one sad or lasting expression on his countenance, or heard a melancholy word drop from his lips.' But MacFarlane also observed that, 'Now and then, when I caught his mobile features and changeful countenance in repose, I could read in them the man who had deeply thought and deeply suffered' (61). MacFarlane concludes his vivid reminiscences of Hartley by declaring that, 'Next to Shelley, and in degree scarcely inferior to him, he gave me the idea of what I understand by a "Man of Genius." He was all over genius, and his father was conscious of it.' (66) MacFarlane's recollections of Hartley are full of colour and give us an idea of what Hartley's company and conversation must have actually been like. As John Tattersall writes in his introduction, 'What a life-like sketch he draws of the wayward and loveable Hartley' (xi).

To return to nineteenth-century medical opinion of Hartley's predicament, eight years after Hartley's death, Dr Thomas Laycock used the 'case' of Hartley and his father in a lecture on 'Social and Political Relations of Drunkenness' (1857):

> Now, if there be a predisposition to any disease of the brain or nervous system, alcohol will excite that predisposition into activity. But smaller doses will be as effectual in persons thus predisposed as large doses in persons otherwise constituted. Insanity is thus often induced where there is a family predisposition, or paralysis and various other affections of this kind.[21]

This observation of induced 'insanity' and 'paralysis' fits in exactly with Hartley's own account of his first experience of self-treatment through alcohol, which came after his great disappointment in not winning the Newdigate Poetry Prize whilst he was at Oxford:

> I foresaw that all my aims and hopes would prove frustrate and abortive; and from that time I date my downward declension, my impotence of will, and melancholy recklessness. It was the first time I sought relief from wine, which, as usual in such cases, produced not so much intoxication as downright madness.[22]

The simplistic framework that underpins the Cognitive Behavioural Therapy school of psychology, ubiquitous in the twentieth and twenty-first centuries,

[21] Thomas Laycock, M. D., F. R. S. E., 'The Social and Political Relations of Drunkenness: Two Lectures' (Edinburgh: Myles Macphail, 1857), 6–7, 6.

[22] Derwent found this confession from Hartley in one of his notebooks; see *Poems by Hartley Coleridge with a Memoir of His Life by his Brother*, 2 vols, ed. Derwent Coleridge (London: E. Moxon, 1851), vol. I, lxxxix–xc. Hereafter abbreviated to *Memoir*. (I am using the second edition).

would have told Hartley that these were cognitive distortions: that he was 'catastrophising', 'predicting the future', being 'black and white', falling into 'stereotypical', 'negative thinking', but no matter—this is what he deeply felt. Hartley, a visionary, would have said that he was seeing the truths of the limits of his life (which he arguably was). So, either Hartley was wrong (unlikely), or the dominant psychological approach in the present day is mistaken, deceiving society, and has woefully sold the human condition and millennia of intellectual enlightenment short. Though Hartley continued to drink at intervals after Oxford, in order to escape his painful feelings and to become a more congenial version of himself in company, it never became an unremitting, overwhelming habit, and he strove to conquer his dependency. As Earl Leslie Griggs points out, Hartley was 'too religious and too moral to indulge in such a habit without making an effort to repress it.'[23] *Fraser's Magazine* (1851), too, stresses that 'Wine always tempted, often mastered, but never enslaved him.'[24] That Hartley did not allow alcohol to overpower him, when it easily could have, shows immense strength, not weakness, of will.[25] It seems that Hartley drank to excess when he did drink, but in a controlled or compensatory way after the event, as though to atone for the 'sin' of drinking. This does not amount to clinical addiction/alcoholism, as the very nature of addictive behaviour is that the sufferer eventually loses all control.

A Dr Joseph Seaton, writing to *The Lancet* on 11 December 1871, took pains to stress the true nature of the drinking problem that someone such as Hartley suffered:

> "habitual drunkenness" and "dipsomania" [are] *totally distinct*—the one having the origin in vice, the other being the result of disease […]. I therefore urged upon the members, as medical men, the importance of their doing, individually and collectively, everything in their power to guard the general public against the error of confounding "habitual drunkenness" and "dipsomania" with each other.[26]

The Standard, meanwhile, on 10 August 1875, wrote that 'the doctors are right in affirming that there are cases in which excessive drinking is simply a form of insanity, for which no charitable man would hold the drunkard morally answerable. Such is very often the case with the children of insane parents. Such was the case with HARTLEY COLERIDGE'.[27]

As for what Hartley's original 'disorder of the mind' might have been, it is

[23] Earl Leslie Griggs, *Hartley Coleridge: His Life and Work* (London: University of London Press, 1929), 223.

[24] 'Hartley Coleridge as Man, Poet, Essayist', *Littell's Living Age*, No. 375 (26 July 1851): 145–52, 147. (Extracted from *Fraser's Magazine*).

[25] That is not to say that alcoholics are weak, only to clarify the facts of Hartley's particular battle, and that a pre-existing condition complicates the question of 'will'.

[26] Joseph Seaton, 'Drunkenness and Dipsomania', *The Lancet*, volume 98, Issue 2520 (16 December 1871): 867–8. See also 'On Dipsomania and Habitual Drunkenness', in *St Andrews Medical Graduates' Association. Transactions, 1871*, ed. Leonard W. Sedgwick, M. D. (London: J. & A. Churchill, 1872), 93–119, which asked different doctors their views on the subject.

[27] *The Standard* (London), Issue 15924 (10 August 1875): 4. The use of upper-case to emphasise Hartley's name here is the journalist's.

of course problematic to attempt to diagnose through the thickets of literature and time, but it seems likely that, at the very least, he suffered from severe episodic depression.[28] The defining characteristic of Hartley's letters is sparkling humour (it is often overlooked that he is very funny) combined with Christian endurance, but they occasionally slip into despondency, and even, at times, carry hints of suicidal despair.[29] Hartley was too polite and considerate of others to fully complain, so when he does, one knows that it is only the tip of the psychic iceberg. He must have withdrawn from writing to people at such times, as there are many letters from correspondents chiding him for not writing to them and begging to hear from him.[30] Correspondents also noted that he was too hard on himself. In 1835, Robert Temple wrote to Hartley that he had 'no reason to be discontent with himself', while John Lord alludes to Hartley's isolation in 'the north' and felt that Hartley underrated himself (Stephens 1978, 187, 170–1). In 1832, commenting on Sara's own struggle with 'Frickerish nerves', Hartley wrote to his mother and sister that he suffered from 'nervous disorder', 'Blue Devils'[31] (by which he means deep melancholy), and 'disease' 'at intervals' in his youth, from which 'sprung the root of [his] misdoings' (by which, presumably, he means a tendency to drink).[32] Hartley's poem 'Presentiment' (1851) shows his bewilderment with his mood changes and reads like someone at the mercy of recurrent, paralysing depression: 'Sometimes', he writes, 'as if with mocking guile / The pain departs a little while', 'But soon, too soon, it comes again / The sulky, stifling, leaden pain'.[33] Between these bouts, Hartley states, 'I can dance and sing and smile / With merry glee' (ll. 11–12). That Hartley often uses the phrase 'blue devils' to describe his melancholic feelings is particularly sad: it suggests—as would have been a commonly-held view at the time—that he felt they were a form of demonic possession, a sin in themselves (the 'sin' of despair), and thus a source

[28] Kay Redfield Jamison, a professor of psychiatry, and a sufferer of manic-depression, has suggested that both STC and Hartley 'seem likely to have suffered from' 'Manic-depressive illness' (otherwise known as bipolar disorder); see Kay Redfield Jamison, *Touched with Fire: Manic-Depressive Illness and the Artistic Temperament* (Simon & Schuster, 1994), 62. I don't really see enough evidence for this diagnosis within Hartley, however, and feel that recurrent depression is more likely. It is possible that he also had another condition that led to his depressions, but it may just be that his intense sensibility and the difficult circumstances of his life were the constant igniting factors.

[29] For a fascinating unpublished essay by Hartley which discusses suicide, see 'Suicide – involuntary imitation'; Hartley Coleridge Manuscript Collection MS-0859, Harry Ransom Center, The University of Texas at Austin (hereafter abbreviated to HRC, Texas). I am grateful to both the Harry Ransom Center and Priscilla Coleridge Cassam for permission to quote from Hartley's manuscripts.

[30] For example, Elizabeth Scambler frequently chides Hartley for not writing to her; see Stephens 1978, 184, 185. There are many further letters in Stephens's book which do the same.

[31] The *OED* defines '(the) blue devils' as 'Feelings of depression or melancholy; low spirits, despondency'. Its first usage was in 1756, although the first usage of 'blue devil' (singular) – 'A harmful or malignant demon, esp. one that causes melancholy' – was *c.* 1616.

[32] For Hartley's references to 'Blue Devils', see LHC, 147 and Stephens 1978, 27 (where Hartley counsels Thomas Blackburne on his own 'disease'). See also the *Memoir*, lxxvii, where Chauncey Hare Townshend recalls that, after going to church with Hartley, and then on to a Sunday-school, where Hartley had asked the children questions, Hartley 'whispered' to him: 'This is a capital cure for blue devils.'

[33] Hartley Coleridge, *New Poems, Including a Selection from his Published Poetry*, ed. Earl Leslie Griggs (London: Oxford University Press, 1942), 88, ll. 9–10, 13–14. (Hereafter abbreviated to NP.) All dates given to poems are date of publication, unless otherwise stated. 'Presentiment' was first published in the *Memoir* (1851), lxxxiii–iv. See also LHC, 136, where Hartley writes to his mother, in February 1832: 'even in the brighter intervals a gloomy presentiment hung over me'.

of guilt and shame. This will, no doubt, have compounded the damaging effect of these uncontrollable depressions on his psyche, and weakened any sense of self-governing power—otherwise known as 'will'.

An unpublished essay by Hartley, 'On the conflict of the soul', goes further to describe the nature of his periods of melancholia, and how they affected him. He rationally deconstructs and analyses a feeling of 'sadness' in a passage which sounds remarkably like someone trying to determine whether their depression is endogenous (caused by an internal cognitive or biological factor) or reactive (caused by an external factor):

> I am sad—and I have cause to be so—yet is the sadness for the cause—for it was before it—it laid in my heart—and I knew it not—It was sickness and I felt it not—it was sin and I mourned not for it. And when I saw fair faces—then sadness became love—and I thought of myself as of one despised and abhorred—for the sadness was Lord over my soul, and over my mind and it sealed up my lips that I should not speak even good words—and it was a strong charm and a delusion, and it prevailed over my eyes, and over my ears, and was nightly among my thoughts and in my dreams—So from the love that was sadness there came forth hatred and pride and vexed me sore, even almost unto death—but then, the good spirit awoke in my heart—and strove with the sadness yet it cast it not out—neither did the sadness cast out the good spirit and behold they fight together even unto this day![34]

Hartley describes how this 'sadness' seals off his senses ('it prevailed over my eyes, and over my ears'); disrupts his sleep ('was nightly among my thoughts and in my dreams'); leads to low self-worth, and so cuts him off from those he loves ('I thought of myself as of one despised and abhorred'); and ruins his ability to communicate ('it sealed up my lips that I should not speak even good words')—much like our modern understanding of what are the life-destroying symptoms of clinical depression. He also shows how the combined effect of this pernicious battery of assault is a warping of his natural feelings, which are perpetually in conflict, as though he is overcome by toxic waste within his own soul. What this essay suggests is that—from Hartley's point of view—it was not alcohol that cruelly 'enchanted' him and cut him off from those he loved, as Derwent had insisted (as quoted above), but his struggle with the 'charm and delusion' of depression's mind-altering effects, which seduced him into believing that he was at times worthless, unfit for company, and unlovable. Of course, we know from his correspondents, friends, and family that the complete opposite was the case. As Sara Coleridge wrote just after Hartley's death, 'Never was a man more loved in life or mourned in death'.[35]

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[34] Hartley Coleridge, 'On the conflict of the soul', Hartley Coleridge Manuscript Collection MS-0859, HRC, Texas.

[35] Sara makes this observation in a letter to Miss Morris, dated 17 January 1849; see *Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge*, edited by her daughter [Edith Coleridge] (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1874), 370. For further references by Sara to how much Hartley's character was not just loved, but deemed very rare, and even divinely influenced, see also pages 368–9 and 371–2.

Another worrying sign of depression in Hartley is that he repeatedly refers to emotional numbness and feelings of dissociation; specifically, the fact that he can no longer cry, and so is deprived of the emotional release of crying. Contrary to general awareness, a dangerous sign of severe depression is not feeling depressed, but feeling nothing.[36] For example, in his sonnet, 'Pains I have known, that cannot be again', Hartley writes: 'For loss of pleasure I was never sore, / But worse, far worse it is, to feel no pain.' (CPW, 113, ll. 3–4) Pain is, ironically, a sign of life and capacity for living: 'The throes and agonies of a heart explain / Its very depth of want at inmost core' (ll. 5–6). He thus laments not 'for happy childish years', 'But for the pain I felt, the gushing tears / I used to shed when I had gone astray.' (ll. 9, 13–14) In a letter to Derwent after the death of their father (dated 1 August 1834), Hartley similarly regrets that 'In times past I have shed tears, hot, scalding, painful tears for mere nothings, and now I cannot weep', an emotional deadness which causes him further anxiety, self-disgust, and a sense of inadequacy: 'I declare that I reproach my own heart for its unfilial insensibility. All the sorrow I feel were scarce adequate to the loss of an affectionate dog.' (LHC, 163) Five years later, after the wedding of Bertha Southey, in a letter to Louise Claude [March 1839], Hartley remarks: 'I believe the Parson, who is used to such things, and myself, who cannot weep, however deeply I may be affected, were the only dry vessels.' (Stephens 1978, 32) For someone who was such a naturally feeling person, losing the cleansing, regenerative outlet of weeping—where 'Tears might be a second Baptism, washing [his] soul from sins of many days' (LHC, 163)—would have been a severe loss, and a source of intense interior conflict and self-alienation. These references to his 'insensibility' suggest that Hartley may have sometimes drank not to escape pain, but to feel something—even if it was pain. As Don Paterson notes, Hartley had a tendency towards self-harm from an early age.[37]

Hartley's awareness of his own psychological malaise also demonstrates its very physical manifestation: 'Presentiment' portrays him as being weighed down and suffocated by a 'stifling, leaden pain' (NP, 88, l. 14). This could be compared to Sara Coleridge's description of STC's constitution: 'His body was originally full of life, but it was full of death also from the first; there was in him a slow poison, which gradually leavened the whole lump, and by which his muscular frame was prematurely slackened and stupefied.'[38] Like Hartley's self-

[36] For visceral modern-day testimonies of depression and its symptoms, see, for example, William Styron, *Darkness Visible: A Memoir of Madness* (London: Vintage, 2004), 36, where Styron cleverly objects to the modern use of the word 'depression' ('a true wimp of a word for such a major illness'), and finds the earlier term 'melancholia' 'a far more apt and evocative word for the blacker forms of the disorder'. See also, Kay Redfield Jamison, *Nothing Was the Same: A Memoir* (New York: Vintage, 2011), 168–82, where Jamison succinctly outlines the differences between grief and clinical depression, 'mourning and melancholia'. A letter to Sara in 1847 reveals that Hartley was familiar with Robert Burton's, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, first published in 1621; see LHC, 295.

[37] See Don Paterson, 'Enthusiasms: Hartley Coleridge', *Poetry*, CLXXXVII, No. 6 (March 2006): 490–92, 490. Paterson must be referring to Derwent's reference to the fact that Hartley would 'bit[e] his arm or finger violently' as a child when unable to manage or control his feelings; see *Memoir*, lxiv.

[38] Samuel Taylor Coleridge, *Biographia Literaria, or Biographical Sketches of My Literary Life and Opinions by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, second edition prepared for publication in part by the late Henry Nelson Coleridge, completed and published by his widow* [Sara Coleridge], 2 vols (London: Pickering, 1847), vol. II, 409.

awareness, Sara identifies an original and innate 'poison' within her father—an insidious, slackening corrupter of the psyche or personality, and body—that pre-exists the subsequent added 'poison' of opium or alcohol.

The death of Hartley's mother in 1845, after the death of his father in 1834, was a further blow to his ability to endure his life. The loss of her 'correcting' influence left him feeling entirely alone, unmotivated, and less able to cope with his 'deadly foe despondency',[39] as he confides to Sara:

> With her I have lost one great argument for exertion and self-correction, one auxiliary against my deadly foe despondency. May God preserve me from indolent despair and enable me to feel and to bear the chastening pain— (LHC, 284).

Two years prior to this letter, even Derwent—usually so judgemental of Hartley (from a detached and relatively ignorant distance)—began to see the true nature of Hartley's drinking problem, and its underlying, uncontrollable cause, once he actually visited him in 1843, after not seeing him for twenty-one years (Derwent tends to use the word 'propensity' for drinking). He conceded in a letter to his wife Mary, in surprise, that those who knew and lived near Hartley treated him as though he was not responsible for his 'infirmity': 'Hartley is everywhere and by everyone beloved and excused—his propensity as a sort of bodily infirmity, like palsy, for which he is hardly accountable' (Hainton 1996, 216).[40] For Derwent to observe this is the strongest evidence that Hartley's psychological difficulties and behavioural idiosyncrasies were so innate, or advanced, that they were on a par with physical disability. As Derwent subsequently wrote in the *Memoir*, 'It looked like an organic defect—a congenital imperfection.' (lxiv) It is this view which has been considerably and unfairly sidelined in assessment of Hartley's life and work.

'The communication of truth': Hartley's Coleridgean Strength of Will

When the *Examiner* announced Hartley's death in 1849, they wrote that 'He was one of the most original and pleasing of living writers'.[41] They also, however, suggested that 'he sadly wasted and misused his powers'. Phrases such as this place the entire onus of blame for any shortfall in achievement on personal responsibility, rather than considering the delicate balance and interplay of external and internal factors which make up a life, and a writer's living and writing circumstances. Put simply, it's just not realistic. The following week, a member of the public wrote in to the *Examiner* objecting to their phrase 'wasted and misused'. Their retort is brilliantly put and stands as an astute defence of both Hartley's character and his bravery and strength, not

[39] 'Despondency' is a term that Hartley often uses, and a state into which he often fell, when feeling desperate, or that he was not in control of his future, and weighed down by sad events of the past. See, for example, his letter to his father in 1822 protesting that he did not want to return to Ambleside, but wanted to remain in London; LHC, 75. See also a letter to a 'Kate' in Stephens 1978, 111–12

[40] In a further letter, dated 28 July 1843, Derwent writes that locals everywhere 'seem to look upon him [Hartley] as a sort of superior being' (Hainton 1996, 216).

[41] Hartley's death notice in *The Examiner*, Issue 2137 (13 January 1849): 19

weakness of will. When Hartley used his brain, the correspondent writes, he 'ploughed it to its very depths', and 'many are the risks which a man escapes by keeping at a safe distance from the surface'. Signing themselves only 'Ofellus', they continue:

> But Hartley Coleridge's toils were ever in the deepest shafts; and it is needless to remind you that there are certain virtues and proprieties, to the healthy life of which the air, at that depth, is perilously unfavourable. Fellow sinners as we are, let us, as far as we are concerned, allow the grave-sod to lie lightly on the frailties of a brother. It is granted, then, on his own testimony, that our lost friend did not till his fine genius to its full capabilities; but *mis*use?—that is a hard word, which I should be loath to couple with the name Hartley Coleridge.[42]

By adopting the pseudonym 'Ofellus', this correspondent is pointedly paying tribute to Hartley as the poet of 'ordinary' and honest people, for whom 'Ofellus' speaks here collectively, across all time. In Horace's *Satires*, Ofellus is a farmer, 'a peasant whom Horace knew in his boyhood days'; 'an unprofessional philosopher of sturdy common sense', who advocated the virtues of simple and plain living.[43] Ordinary, honest people defended Hartley because of his true living, his integrity, and because he spoke for them; despite his suffering, he mined and brought forth the 'frailties'—the 'sins', to use the language of the time—as well as the jewels, of the human condition in order that we could consume them; or rather, use them as 'fuel'. They saw him as a 'brother', a 'friend', a 'fellow sinner', which echoes the lesson against hypocrisy and judgement in the Gospel of John: 'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone' (John 8: 7). These 'toils' are not so apparent to people in positions of stability, privilege, or comparative health, and the toils themselves of poetic 'mining' bring hazards. As 'Ofellus' describes, with his clever mining metaphor, life's quality of air alters. Thus, poetic instability, or collapse, could be thought of as a psychic form of respiratory failure. Readers such as 'Ofellus' were wounded by a slight on Hartley's character as if they themselves—or even 'truth' itself—had been slighted (which is testament to how much he represented his readership). And surely that is one of the main goals of a poet: to represent the human condition—all of it, not just its 'strengths'.

Hartley himself said that the one thing of which he was not guilty was 'misuse' of his powers. Just after their mother's death, he wrote to Sara: 'for of my intellectual powers I cannot accuse myself of any serious misuse' (LHC, 284). If anyone is guilty of 'misuse' it is Hartley's critics; indeed, John Lord wrote to Hartley that he felt Hartley was 'misused', although does not complain (which entirely goes against the stereotype of Hartley as self-pitying (Stephens 1978, 170–1)). In many ways, Hartley was so honest that it has counted against him: critics have often embellished and twisted his honesty,

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[42] 'Hartley Coleridge', *The Examiner*, Issue 2138 (20 January 1849): 38.

[43] Horace, *Satires*, Book 2, Satire 2, in *Horace: Satires and Epistles; Persius: Satires. A verse translation with an Introduction and Notes by Niall Rudd* (London: Penguin, 2005), 42, ll. 1–3.

just as Hartley recognised that the Fellows of Oriel College embellished and twisted his 'confession' over his alleged misdemeanours, which led to his dismissal. After that incident in 1820, he wrote to his father in dismay: 'If a humble Christian, in his prayers, calls himself a miserable sinner—shall this be made a handle to accuse him of murder, or theft?' (LHC, 40). Hartley innocently turned his atoning poems into prayers, for us, and in some hands his prayers, that probe the bewildered states of the universal human condition, and reveal doubt, fear, and other natural negative feelings, intensified by his depressions, have been used against him as evidence of greater social 'crimes': weakness and self-obsession (LHC, 284).

In 1830, when Hartley was thirty-three, he wrote to Derwent: 'Willingly would I give up whatever Genius I possess' and 'I would gladly sacrifice every prospect of fame, and even of fortune' if 'it [was] possible to exchange my imagination, fancy, or whatever I possess of the Poet and Philosopher, for the confiding faith, the purity of heart, and the zeal and love of Souls which constitute the simplest Christian pastor' (LHC, 120–1). Hartley believed that he no longer had 'any prospect of doing good in [his] generation, but by the communication of truth' (LHC, 121). He thus saw his remaining poetic vocation as a humble form of Christian ministry in the service of 'truth'—whether on the written page, or just invisibly, verbally, in the company of Grasmere locals—rather than chasing fame and fortune.[44] It should be remembered that there are different ways of being literary. Even though Hartley apparently 'failed' to publish a second collection of verse, he continued to publish sporadically in newspapers, magazines, broadsides, anthologies, charity ventures, and other avenues, from which several poems have not been collected and are unknown.[45] Hartley must have realised that this ephemeral and haphazard mode of transmission would not be doing his posthumous 'life' any favours—that it would become all but invisible to the annals of literary history, and thus critical awareness—but that wasn't his priority—other people were. From 1846 to 1847 (just two years before his death) he also gave occasional lectures on poetry at the Kendal Natural History and Scientific Society to great acclaim.[46] Even when he did not publish, he circulated his work amongst friends and acquaintances, at their request: he never stopped writing. This quiet, 'incalculably diffusive' 'communication of truth'—his 'secret ministry, / Unhelped by any wind'—was, evidently, gratefully witnessed and heard by his loyal audience. As a result of 'Ofellus's' intervention, the *Examiner* were moved to say that they had written Hartley's death notice

[44] For a study of Hartley's religious vocation, see Robin Schofield, '"One / Inseparable Communion": Hartley Coleridge's Poetry of Religious Devotion', *The Coleridge Bulletin*, 40 (Winter 2012): 69–77.

[45] For example, Hartley contributed to *Temple Offerings*, ed. Joshua Fawcett (London, 1838), which was sold in aid of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Bradford. He also often wrote on topical social and political issues: his poem 'Impromptu', on the introduction of the Penny Postage (hitherto uncollected), was published in *The Kendal Mercury* on 29 February 1840. And, two years before his death, 'Laugh No More. A ballad in [sic] behalf of poor Paddy', was printed on a broadside and sold in 1847 in aid of the Irish Relief Fund; see NP, 120. See also *The Westmoreland Gazette* (13 March 1847): 2, for an advertisement for this poem.

[46] For reviews of Hartley's lectures, see *The Kendal Mercury* (24 October 1846): 2; and *The Westmoreland Gazette* (18 September 1847): 3

hastily and regretted their word choice. But words stick: their death announcement was reprinted in many other newspapers, so it is easy to see how the phrase 'wasted and misused' was picked up in the mid- to late-nineteenth century and perpetuated—both with Hartley, and almost as synonymous with the Coleridge name.

Similarly, writing on 'the shadow that hung over Hartley's life'—his apparent holding back from ideal action—a reviewer in *Tait's Magazine* (May 1851) takes a clever tactic in making us understand Hartley by asking us not to look to him, but to ourselves, with the honesty that he did:

> […] we will only say that every man who feels in himself (and who does not?) the truth of the ancient confession—
>
> Video meliora proboque;
> Deteriora sequor—[47]
>
> has in himself the germ of an infirmity which may explain to him the nature of it, and enable him to sympathise with [Hartley's] strain of passionate contrition […]. It is an infirmity which takes many different directions, and meets with much variety in treatment from society—not so much according to the amount of criminality in each case, as according to the degree in which it interferes with social arrangements. In its highest degree it is called madness, and exempted from moral censure as a disease in humanity; in its lowest degree it is almost universal, and […] a characteristic of humanity; in its middle degrees it is denounced as a vice. But the difference is in degree, not in kind; and any man who lies in bed after he has distinctly felt that he ought to get up, or eats of a dish which he knows he had better not eat of, or feels that he will be too late for his appointment if he does not go at once and yet remains sitting where he is—any such man can understand how he *might* have come to be incapable of keeping an engagement, or of resisting the temptation of a glass beyond nature's allowance, and yet retained a strong religious sense of duty, a deep feeling of shame, and a devout hope of redemption.[48]

They, too, make the astute point that, though many of Hartley's poems are deeply confessional, the 'expressions of humiliation and remorse, the struggles of hope and despair […] apply themselves more or less exactly to the case of each and all; and there is no man who, if he knows anything of the ways of his own heart, will not recognise in them the voice of emotions which he himself either has felt, or ought to have felt, and, we hope, will feel hereafter.' It is an important and lucid account of the widespread but simmering (as opposed to curt and dismissive) awareness that Hartley was not a moral failure, but rather had an extreme case of the human condition in which we all share; a distinctly Coleridgean fusion of flawed genius, where the 'flaw' might stymie visible

[47] 'I see and approve of the better, but I follow the worse'; Ovid, *Metamorphoses*.
[48] *Manchester Times*, Issue 263 (10 May 1851): 3. (Extracted from *Tait's Magazine* for May 1851).

emergence, but it might also, like the shifting of unstable tectonic plates, be the dormant, numinous conflict that sparks it.[49] Another newspaper correspondent of this time calls this human 'shadow', pronounced within both Hartley and his father, 'Akrasia': lacking command over oneself.

The *OED* defines 'akrasia' as a 'Lack of physical or (esp. in later use) mental strength; weakness of will. Also: the state of tending to act against one's better judgement', which fits in with the above-quoted view from *Tait's Magazine* (and Ovid). Critics often use the language that Hartley and his father used to condemn themselves—as lacking this mysterious 'will', or having 'weakness of will', which implies moral fibre (see Hainton 1996, 237, for example). One can't make a moral judgement of mental disorder, however. It is now widely accepted that 'lack of will'—in other words, of motivation, determination, resolve, energy, spirit—and thus of smooth action and momentum, can come from something such as recurrent depression, or any chronic illness, as indicated above—both as a symptom, and because it wears people down over time and exhausts them; the cumulative attack of manic depression's cycles; being imprisoned by both the behavioural habits of addiction and its neurochemical effects; bereavement (as suggested by Hartley above, after the loss of his parents, particularly his mother); or 'just' the consequences of unstable, or unsuitable, housing and poverty, due to their pressure on and fragmentation of a human's sense of control and volition. All of these factors can happen without there being an original lack of moral purpose or courage; and if a sensitive individual was to suffer them all, they would, no doubt, fuel each other, trapping them in a lethal cycle of destruction, where 'will'—the natural resilience of the spirit—becomes eroded. People need to be relatively settled to have 'will', along with sufficient external sustenance for their particular needs. Hartley's awareness of the basic requirements of life is most clear in his sonnet 'There was a seed' (1851), where the seed 'sought to plant itself; but never, never, / Could that poor seed or soil or water find.' (CPW, 137, ll. 7–8) Hartley was all too aware that the mind and self are 'fed' and sustained through environmental grounding just as the body is fed through food.

A letter to Hartley's publisher highlights how people just weren't aware of the depths of his isolation, and his lack of practical as well as emotional resources. Moxon had asked him to prefix a commentary on Spenser to an edition of his work; Hartley somewhat crisply replies: 'Had I access to the many collections of papers in private hands, I would willingly perform the task; but in my present Patmos this is impossible.' (LHC, 250) 'Patmos' is a small barren island in the Aegean Sea, mentioned in the Book of Revelation, where

[49] Andrew Keanie also makes this point: that Hartley's subject is often universal states of feeling, not himself (or rather, universal truths distilled through subjective experience, the only real source of truth); see Andrew Keanie, *Hartley Coleridge: A Reassessment of His Life and Work* (New York and Basingstoke: Palgrave Macmillan, 2008), particularly pages 18, 114, 117, 126, 142. Relatedly, while I am interested in Anya Taylor's comprehensive study *Bacchus in Romantic England: Writers and Drink, 1780–1830* (Basingstoke: Macmillan, 1999), I disagree with her equation of Hartley with 'failure' from the first paragraph of the chapter 'In the Cave of the Gnome: Hartley Coleridge' (126–56), and her suggestion that his poems on subjective suffering show 'self-obsession' (156, 150).

John was banished by the Roman emperor Domitian for preaching 'the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ.' (Revelation 1: 9)[50] The allusion suggests that Hartley is referring not only to a state of isolation, but one of exile, punishment, infertile ground, and anti-Christian persecution, for the 'crime' of telling the truth (being too honest with the Oriel Fellows, as referred to above). This intellectual and physical isolation, combined with Hartley's natural perfectionism and attention to detail, and the deleterious effects of his periodic 'deadly foe despondency', would have made it hard for him to undertake big and ambitious projects.

The self-condemnations of Hartley and his father are, then, perhaps the one area where they were not always accurate, however lucidly they were expressed. As Don Paterson puts it, '[Hartley] was so eloquently convincing […] that he managed to be partly complicit in his own oblivion.' (Paterson 2006: 491) To some degree, our listening to every self-disparaging statement that the Coleridges express would be the equivalent of a psychologist/psychiatrist agreeing with every negative thought that a patient might have about themselves, and thus conflating what may be the brain-distorting symptoms of clinical illness with traits of character. Nevertheless, in his late twenties, Hartley believed that the true 'illness' and 'weakness' in their family was, ironically, intelligence and overwhelming insight—seeing and knowing too much. He wrote to Derwent—in response to Derwent's own low spirits—that unhappiness and sapping of will, specifically 'a want of inward strength—faith, hope & fortitude', 'is the common, perhaps universal fine paid for the possession of extraordinary faculties' (a different version of Hartley's statement has the word 'illumination' in place of 'faculties') .[51] This seems a very accurate summation of the magnitude of their family's interlaced mental faculties and difficulties. As Hartley wrote to Derwent, on his son Derwent Moultrie—who was deemed a family failure on a scale even greater than Hartley, because, his mother wrote, he was 'not as gifted as a Coleridge ought to be'—in Hartley's view, this was a blessing: 'For my part I think distinguish'd intellect no more to be desired than distinguish'd beauty. They who possess either should be thankful and beware.' (Hainton 1996, 231; LHC, 268)

In an 1851 review of Hartley's poems, James Spedding, who knew Hartley well, gives an incisive 'diagnosis' of Hartley's state which rings so true in its clarity, logic, and measured simplicity—he makes what was 'wrong' with him look obvious—that it is unlikely to be bettered. It also makes psychiatric endeavours to analyse and understand mental disorder, and to transpose these onto the past, seem like clumsy and futile attempts to pin down water. Importantly, Spedding takes into account all of the aspects of Hartley's life: his

[50] Hartley mentions 'Patmos' again two months later, in a poem incorporated into a letter to his close friend Mrs Louise Claude (dated 11 October 1841), in which he remarks that he sometimes finds his home at Nab Cottage 'rather too retired'. See LHC, 251–2.

[51] Hartley makes this statement in an essay which is an elaboration of a letter that he had sent to Derwent; see 'On the problem of having extraordinary faculties' (1824), Hartley Coleridge Manuscript Collection MS-0859, HRC, Texas. In the earlier sent version of this letter to Derwent (June 1823), Hartley writes that 'a want of inward strength, of faith, of hope, and of fortitude' 'is the common, perhaps the universal fine paid for the possession of extraordinary illumination' (LHC, 82).

nature, intelligence, age, and, crucially, the social context of his disposition, rather than just isolating his symptoms (the terrible, reductive habit which is commonplace in twenty-first-century medical approaches). He, too, recognises that Hartley's 'exquisitely tender' nature and his ability to self-analyse would have made his condition worse:

> Hartley Coleridge—whose spirits were subject to those vicissitudes which so often afflict the *genus irritabile vatum*,[52] especially where the nature is exquisitely tender and affectionate, and a strong thirst for sympathy is irritated by a depressing consciousness of personal disadvantages—had occasionally found a temporary relief in wine. His popularity as a guest exposed him to the temptation;[53] and his constitution was such that a small quantity excited him. […] infirmities which are not eradicated in youth commonly increase with age. The very habit of introspection, though it be with the purpose of understanding and ejecting them, makes a man familiar with their company, and aggravates the evil. The direction which Hartley's infirmity took was not one of the worst either for body or mind,—certainly not as bad as opium-eating,—but it had a worse name […].[54]

It is important to note (as Spedding does) that alcohol did not ruin Hartley's physical health, which is another sign that he was not an 'alcohol-soaked wreck'. He was, unlike his father, rarely physically ill, and certainly not obsessed with his physical health, on which he rarely comments, other than brief mentions of respiratory problems: a recurring bad cold, influenza, a cough, and a chest complaint—'oppression on the chest' (LHC, 261)—perhaps due to smoking; indeed, it was bronchitis from which he eventually died. All of which he takes in his stride rather than ever veering into hypochondria. It is strange that Hartley is often accused of being self-pitying as the complete opposite is the case: he is constantly telling his mother not to worry and downplaying any ailments that he does have. He remarks on his relatively stable physical health in letters to his mother in February 1831 (when he was thirty-four), to Henry Coleridge in 1833, and Sara Coleridge also notes this when Hartley was dying—news which came as a greater shock to her because, she writes, he 'has never suffered from any [physical] malady'.[55] Hartley did, however, lack self-care (another sign of depression): MacFarlane's *Reminiscences* observe that Hartley did not eat properly, and that he was often getting caught out in the cold and wet—a passive-destructive habit which

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[52] '*genus irritabile vatum*': 'The irritable race of poets'; Horace, *Epistles* II. ii, l. 102.

[53] For amusing anecdotes from occasional and eminent drinking companions of Hartley, see, for example, the delightful account by Charles MacFarlane of his meeting with Hartley, quoted above; MacFarlane 1917, 52–66. See also an 1850 letter from Alfred, Lord Tennyson to Derwent Coleridge, which relates how Tennyson had had a drink with Hartley and James Spedding at the Salutation Inn, Ambleside, given Hartley his address so that they could keep in touch, but then found the address under the table the next day. See *The Letters of Alfred Lord Tennyson*, vol. II, ed. Cecil Y. Lang and Edgar Finley Shannon (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1981), 341.

[54] James Spedding, 'Hartley Coleridge', in *Reviews and Discussions* (London: C. Kegan Paul & Co., 1879), 299–315, 307. This article was first published as a review of Derwent's 1851 edition of Hartley's poems, in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. 190 (June 1851): 583.

[55] See LHC, 126, 153; and *Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge*, 369.

played Russian roulette with his life.[56] On the night (in November 1848) when he developed the bronchitis that would eventually kill him, Henry Crabb Robinson noticed that Hartley was 'five hours in the open air on a wet wintry night.'[57]

Alcohol also did not ruin Hartley's mind or his ability to write. Indeed, his psychological conflict no doubt aided the luminous insights and clarity of his work. As Sara Coleridge recognised, regarding her own nervous disorder, suffering is, unfortunately, inextricably linked with deep insight and creativity: 'my nervous trials have been the source of some of my most valuable acquisitions'.[58] That's not to say that excessive alcohol use and psychological distress are positive or desirable things—they quite clearly are not, and Hartley, as we have seen, would have forgone everything to have the constitution of the 'simplest Christian pastor'. Rather, that the perceived 'weakness'—which is really intense sensitivity, and its attendant low threshold for pain; laser-focused intelligence; and pathology, or a fault line straddling all three—in these writers, which led to substance dependence, may, in fact, be a part of their creative strengths, or at the very least, their literary identities. In a lecture on Hartley delivered to the Kendal Literary and Scientific Society in 1857, the Rev. John Richardson, like Spedding, identified Hartley as having 'had a heart as sensitive as photogenized paper'.[59] Richardson's strikingly evocative simile suggests that everything that Hartley felt seared an indelible mark on his memory and heart. This overpowering sensitivity was both the making of him poetically, and, personally, his downfall; as George Eliot writes, to have 'a keen vision and feeling of all ordinary human life' is beyond the limits of the mortal condition.[60] The oft-asked question of what a writer such as Hartley would have achieved without such an affliction is perhaps irrelevant, as he equally would not then have achieved what he did, such as his oft-overlooked lucid and inimitable essays, or such pure, heartfelt and penitential sonnets as 'Multum Dilexit' (1851), 'What is the meaning of the word "sublime"' (1851), and 'What can a poor man do but love and pray?' (1833). As a reviewer in *Fraser's Magazine* wrote in 1851, 'we know of no single man who has left, as his legacy to the world, at once poems so graceful, thoughts so just, and essays so delectable.'[61]

The American author and lawyer George Stillman Hillard, who made

[56] See MacFarlane 1917, 54.

[57] Henry Crabb Robinson – who was very unsympathetic towards Hartley – is quoted in Griggs 1929, 208–9. Friends had evidently been worried for some time that something like this would happen to Hartley. Ten years earlier, Anna Maria Briggs (Ambleside), wrote to Hartley in concern upon hearing that, when he left the houses of his friends late at night, he often sheltered overnight in sheds or outhouses. She writes that she had quietly engaged a bedroom for Hartley at a 'Mrs MacKaneth's' for the remainder of the winter (of 1838), which he could occupy whenever he wanted. See Stephens 1978, 120.

[58] Sara Coleridge quoted in Kathleen Jones, *A Passionate Sisterhood: The Sisters, Wives and Daughters of the Lake Poets* (London: Virago Press), 293.

[59] Rev. John Richardson, 'Lecture on Hartley Coleridge', *The Westmorland Gazette and Kendal Advertiser* (17 January 1857): 6.

[60] George Eliot, *Middlemarch* [1871–2], ed. David Carroll (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1998), 182.

[61] 'Hartley Coleridge as Man, Poet, Essayist', *Littell's Living Age*, No. 375 (26 July 1851): 145–52, 152. (Extracted from *Fraser's Magazine*).

Hartley's acquaintance during a visit to Ambleside the year before Hartley's death, corroborates Spedding's observation that Hartley had 'a depressing consciousness of personal disadvantages'. In an article in the *Transcript* (1849), Hillard remarks: 'I have no question that the consciousness of personal defects, which is an element so noticeable in the poetry of Pope,[62] had its influences upon the life of Hartley Coleridge, and made him offer less resistance to the assaults and temptations of an inherited tendency.'[63] By 'personal defects', Hillard meant physical oddities: Hillard believed that Hartley was too aware of looking rather strange; he notes, in particular, that Hartley had a neck, 'legs and arms of a most disproportionate shortness' (161).[64] This seems a rather extreme interpretation of Hartley's appearance, and it may be more likely that Hartley himself irrationally magnified his felt sense of physical 'defects', due to his sensitivity, shyness, and sense of inferiority in female company, in such an extreme way that it would now be interpreted as a form of body dysmorphia.[65]

For example, in a letter to Owen Lloyd in 1831 (when Hartley was in his thirty-fifth year), Hartley makes the painfully shocking statement that it is better 'to be aware as I am, that nature has let the Devil set his cloven foot upon your face, and made you the abhorrence of every sweet and lovely [woman]' (LHC, 126–7). Elsewhere, Hartley writes that he had a 'tormenting sense of deficiency—and an imagination that I was by nature unsightly'.[66] This was simply not how others saw him. Observations of the adult Hartley suggest that he retained the captivating and bright-eyed radiance evident in the famous David Wilkie portrait of his ten-year-old self: after meeting him in 1835, when Hartley was in his thirty-ninth year, Lord Tennyson called him a 'sun-faced' man, while Thomas Carlyle, after also meeting him in Cumbria, said that Hartley had 'eyes that gleamed like two rainbows over a ruined world'.[67]

Hartley also had many female admirers who were constantly writing to him and imploring him to write to them. The most notable attachment is with Mary Harris. Hartley was in love with Mary, the daughter of an architect, whilst he was at Oxford, but she and her family were used by John Taylor Coleridge to

[62] Hillard refers to Alexander Pope, who suffered several health problems from the age of twelve, including rickets, which caused a curvature of the spine (kyphoscoliosis), and Pott's disease, a form of tuberculosis that also affects the bone of the spine. See E. M. Papper, 'The influence of chronic illness upon the writings of Alexander Pope', *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, 82 (June 1989): 359. Pope's physical deformities made him an easy target for his literary enemies. The same could be said in Hartley's case, in the repeated references to him as 'elfish', and the critical scaling down of his literary stature to match his relatively diminutive physical stature.

[63] G. S. Hillard, 'Hartley Coleridge', *Littell's Living Age*, 21 (28 April 1849): 161–2, 161 (From the *Transcript*). This intriguing account even describes what Hartley sounded like when he was speaking.

[64] Interestingly, Hartley wrote a five-page essay (unpublished) entitled 'On biological deformities', which is listed in his Manuscript Collection at the HRC, Texas. 'Deformity' evidently interested Hartley, as he writes to Derwent (on 30 August 1830) that 'Nothing but deformity can be accurately described.' (LHC, 107)

[65] Earl Leslie Griggs, too, feels that Hartley had an exaggerated 'misconception of himself as others saw him', and that he 'magnified his defects', which exacerbated his feelings of inferiority; see Griggs 1929, 99. See also Edward Shorter, *A Historical Dictionary of Psychiatry* (New York: Oxford University Press, 2005), which states that 'body dysmorphic disorder', which entered the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders* (DSM) in 1987, was originally termed dysmorphophobia (from 1891), to describe 'unrealistic fear of personal ugliness' (92–3).

[66] Quotation taken from a transcribed fragment (not in Hartley's hand) dated 1824, developed from an 1823 letter to Derwent; see Hartley Coleridge Manuscript Collection MS-0859, 'Untitled Essays', 'On the problem of having extraordinary faculties', HRC, Texas.

[67] Hallam Tennyson, *Alfred, Lord Tennyson: A Memoir*, vol. I (New York: Cambridge University Press, 2012), 154; Charles Gavan Duffy, *Conversations with Carlyle* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1892), 60.

support Oriel College's allegation that Hartley had a 'love of low company', which outraged Hartley.[68] (Hartley—ever aware of hypocrisy—bit back in a letter to STC: 'Nor does this observation beseem one, whom I have heard charged with marrying a linnet without one gold feather in her wing.' (LHC, 55–6)) Fifteen years later, in 1835, Mary got back in touch with Hartley: there are two letters from a Mary Harris Barnard in Hartley's manuscript collection at the Harry Ransom Center, in which she recalls their Oxford days and expresses the desire to see him.[69] Her second letter invites Hartley to visit, but as there is no further correspondence, we can only assume that Hartley did not take up the invitation. Given how appallingly he was treated at Oxford, it's unlikely that he would have wanted to return there.

Hillard's reading of Hartley—that he internalised his felt lack of physical attractiveness, which transformed it into a crushing lack of self-esteem, and made him more susceptible to his predisposed tendency to drink, and to hide himself away—is convincing. It also accords with Derwent's (somewhat fatalistic) belief that there are some difficulties 'for which time offers no cure, and for which the best feelings and the strongest intellects are sometimes unable to contend' (Hainton 1996, 238). Hillard continues:

> He appeared conscious that he had in a great measure cut himself off from society by his unfortunate habits, and this feeling threw over his manners an air of self-distrust and deprecation which was somewhat touching. He seemed bowed down by the weight of his wrongdoing, and all severity of censure was disarmed by the attitude of entire non-resistance which he assumed. (Hillard 1849: 162)

As Hartley was fully aware of and penitential for his 'wrongdoing', it would be fairer to keep in mind Hillard's concluding observation: 'It is cruel to wound one already bleeding from the shaft of self-reproach.' (162) Ultimately, as Spedding infers, Hartley's reputation has suffered more because his particular 'relief', or 'infirmity', 'habit', 'propensity', or 'wrongdoing'—which was probably linked to intense sensibility, psychological disorder, his surroundings, and genes—'had a worse name'. Being drunk seems more sordid, or perhaps too common, and does not have the 'glamour', exoticism, or artistic mystery of opium.

It is also interesting to note that critics are often much harder on Hartley when their main subject is another Coleridge, as though he becomes a casualty of a form of familial-critical favouritism. For instance, in a review of Winifred Gérin's biography of Branwell Brontë in 1961, with no other Coleridge in the picture, *The Times* wrote the surprising and refreshing following statement, which opens with words so similar to those which we are used to seeing applied to Hartley, that the reader almost re-reads to be sure they are not actually talking about Hartley:

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[68] For references to Mary Harris, see LHC, 55–6 and 306, and Stephens 1978, 39, 57, 72, and 114–15. It is likely that several of Hartley's love poems published in his 1833 *Poems, Songs and Sonnets* are inspired by Mary Harris.

[69] For excerpts of these letters from Mary Harris, see Stephens 1978, 114–15.

> The lack of will-power to apply his [Branwell's] considerable gifts might not have led to disaster in other circumstances—for Hartley Coleridge, for instance, who gave Branwell what was probably the happiest afternoon of his life,[70] it did not matter very much—but failure in the context of Haworth Parsonage broke Branwell. When his daydreams of escape centred on the worthless Mrs. Robinson were shattered there was nothing left for him to do but die.[71]

While this reviewer still implies that Hartley lacked 'will-power', at least they discern that his life was not a 'disaster'. With all due respect to Branwell Brontë—whose end was, arguably, even more tragic than Hartley's—Hartley might have often wanted to give up in this way, but he didn't; and yet, he is often portrayed as if he did, or as if he might as well have. In August 1830, when Hartley was thirty-three, he wrote to Derwent that 'were I fit to die, I should say, the sooner the better, but unfit as I am to live, I am far more unfit to die.' (LHC, 120) Demonstrating great strength of will, Hartley saw it as his Christian duty to fight for, and to redeem, his difficult life until the end.

In 1874, the Rev. W. G. Beardmore, a Wesleyan minister of York, gave a lecture entitled 'The Homes, Graves, and Genius of three Lake Poets', arising from reminiscences of a year's residence in the neighbourhood of the homes of William Wordsworth, Robert Southey, and Hartley Coleridge. A review of this lecture in the *York Herald* remarks that 'Mr Beardmore commenced his lecture by referring to the names of Wordsworth and Southey, and by claiming for Hartley Coleridge a social, and poetic, and domestic interest scarcely inferior to their own.'[72] It is a great shame that both nationally and regionally, over the last century and a half, Hartley's social, poetic, and domestic significance has not been preserved and is no longer viewed in the way that his contemporaries, and near-contemporaries, viewed his rare presence and influence, with the exception of a few critics who have continually tried to resurrect interest in him (but, because he had the misfortune of not being a woman, it seems that battle to turn the tide is always doomed from the outset).[73] At the very least, there should have been a dedicated physical site to memorialise Hartley in Grasmere, where locals in his time respected him more than they respected William Wordsworth, who was perceived as a remote

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[70] Branwell Brontë (who was then an aspiring writer, from an unknown family) wrote Hartley a fan letter in April 1840 asking for his advice; in reply, Hartley invited Branwell to spend the day with him at Ambleside. For further details of their encounter, see Lefebure 2013, 308–12. Branwell had previously written to W. Wordsworth and received no reply. As Lefebure writes, 'by nature Hartley was humble, simple, wholly without any sense of his own importance, and generously kind to all men, not excluding youthful strangers' (309–10).

[71] 'The Parson's Son', Review of Winifred Gérin: *Branwell Brontë* (Nelson), *The Times* (27 July 1961): 13.

[72] 'Lecture on Wordsworth, Southey, and Hartley Coleridge', *York Herald*, Issue 5496 (19 September 1874): 2

[73] The following critics, amongst others, have notably or consistently endeavoured to raise further interest in Hartley: Earl Leslie Griggs, Herbert Hartmann, Molly Lefebure, Don Paterson, Andrew Keanie, Robin Schofield, and Joanna E. Taylor. Don Paterson put it well when he said: 'Correcting the canon for the disproportionate dominance of the Dead White English Male was, of course, necessary and long overdue work – but it has left the task of rehabilitating them a pretty thankless one, on those rare occasions when you actually need to.' And: 'The truth, if we're honest, is that the poems of Harriet Coleridge (if there were such a person) would by now be an unforgivable omission in every anthology.' (Paterson 2006: 490, 491)

figure locally; this would have aided a continuous preservation of Hartley's memory, and cultivated interest in his life and work amongst new and young generations. When Canon Hardwicke Drummond Rawnsley, in 1882, sought to gather local thoughts on W. Wordsworth, he found that everyone to whom he spoke wanted to talk about Hartley instead.[74] In 'Mapping "Wordsworthshire"', meanwhile, Christopher Donaldson and his co-authors touch on celebrities other than W. Wordsworth who drew visitors to the area in the early Victorian period, such as Thomas De Quincey and Hartley Coleridge, and their former home at Nab Cottage.[75] Such literary tourism inevitably wanes, with time, if there is no protected site to preserve and shape a writer's legacy. This omission in literary heritage then conditions the (in)security of literary reputation, and further solidifies the exclusivity of the prevailing literary canon.

That's not to say that Hartley's audience was limited to a local or even a national sphere. In 1836, the American educator Henry Hope Reed, who prepared an American edition of W. Wordsworth's poems in 1837, wrote to Hartley from Philadelphia enclosing a recent American review of Hartley's 1833 *Poems, Songs and Sonnets* and urging him to publish a second volume. In his letter, Reed assures Hartley that he has, in America, 'friends and supporters who are anxious to read more of Hartley's poetry'.[76] Reed also told Hartley that he had been using passages from Hartley's writings in his notes to his forthcoming edition of Wordsworth. And, in 1873, at a Banquet to inaugurate the annual Exhibition of Works of Art at the Royal Academy, Burlington House, the American Minister General Schenck chose Hartley Coleridge (and his defining poetics of relationship) to support his point on the importance of lateral relations and ties between Great Britain and America, and a 'common sympathy' between men: 'It was a remark of Hartley Coleridge, I think, that men are too apt to look more for the slender threads which separate them from the rest of mankind than for the cables which should bind them together'.[77] This observation recalls the *Examiner* correspondent quoted above, and the *Tait's* article, and many other accounts, which all suggest that Hartley's readers were aware of, and influenced by, the unifying spirit of brotherhood and humanity that pervades his writings. Nevertheless, once Hartley's dedicated followers began to die, the reverence in which he and his less visible poetic ministry were widely held inevitably began to evaporate. And what remained was the looming (un)identifiable problem of alcohol.

The widespread view from the majority of nineteenth-century and turn-of-the-twentieth century observers and critics is that Hartley was not responsible for his 'infirmity'. While we cannot measure writers definitively against twenty-

[74] See Hardwicke Drummond Rawnsley, *Reminiscences of Wordsworth among the Peasantry of Westmoreland*, intro. Geoffrey Tillotson (London: Dillon's, 1968 [*Transactions of the Wordsworth Society*, 1882]).

[75] See Christopher Donaldson, Ian N. Gregory, and Patricia Murrieta-Flores, 'Mapping "Wordsworthshire": A GIS Study of Literary Tourism in Victorian Lakeland', *Journal of Victorian Culture*, 20: 3 (2015): 287–307. Nab Cottage is now a language school and a B&B.

[76] See letter from Henry Reed to Hartley in Stephens 1978, 179. Reed is referring to the following volume: William Wordsworth, *Poems*, ed. H. Reed (Boston, 1837).

[77] Quoted in 'Banquet at the Royal Academy', *The Morning Post*, Issue 31464 (5 May 1873): 3.

first-century understandings of mental health—which often, with their neat labels, pathologise the human condition and spirituality, and disregard very real existential and external causes of instability—it is surely an essential truth in any age that health or personal problems, especially when combined with fragmentation of the family, un(der)employment, and poverty, obstruct lives and careers, trapping people in vicious circles of dysfunction. This was evidently the case with Hartley, who was mired in his complex and inhibiting circumstances, preventing ideal progression. There is a tendency, expressed by Derwent, too, to assume that Hartley's difficult life was predestined and that he was constitutionally and irredeemably hopeless, but this is a 'Romantic' view, and Hartley deserves more cognitive effort on our part. More support, a simple change of environment, or a more stable job might have helped him considerably.[78] For instance, he was a transformed man when he was twice called upon to work as a schoolmaster at Sedbergh.[79] In other words, rather than judging Hartley's life through a blinkered perspective, or through his genes, it is important to look more closely at the environments of his adult life and writings, and at the more impartial accounts of his friends, as well as contemporary newspaper coverage of his life, work, and influence. As his own poetics of relationship demonstrate, environments and relationships transfigure the self through enabling individual grounding and fortitude, leading to motivation, will, confidence, and survival. Hartley never wanted to be 'confined' to the Lakes and he was painfully aware that it was thwarting his life potential. 'I am not what I might be elsewhere', he hauntingly confided to a notebook (LHC, 96).

Furthermore, disallowing the full complexity of a writer's apparent self-destruction, or failure to thrive personally, strips them of their own (negative) autonomy, which is the worst kind of negation and violation. By resorting to an inaccurate stereotype of Hartley, critics such as Bate and Ruwe, as quoted above, and many others, fail to acknowledge his complex psychology, which is a slight not only on Hartley and his future, but on wider awareness of complex psychology and its validity in critical approaches—just as a single act of misogyny stalls the wider cause and advancement of feminism and feminist literary criticism. Bate's epithet for Hartley is gratuitously cruel; if this form of thoughtless mental-health discrimination is not allowed between citizens in the twenty-first century, it should surely no longer be allowed in literary criticism, where our subjects are, after all, human beings and not abstractions. That said, if psychological awareness is, unlike feminism, still not a 'trendy' topic, it is

[78] Griggs also identifies environment as being Hartley's main problem, and suggests that he lacked support fitted to his immense capacities: 'In a different environment from that of Grasmere, with more opportunity, encouragement, and intellectual stimulation, he might, perhaps, have done full justice to his genius.' (LHC, 139)

[79] Hartley writes to Mrs Gillman, on 9 December 1840: 'Twice have I been an assistant at Sedbergh school, and in both instances, though I say that should not say it, I acquitted myself to the satisfaction of Master and Pupils. I should much like to have a permanent situation of the kind, provided I was only required to teach, and not to manage or be managed further than the regular discharge of my contract involved.' (LHC, 246) When Hartley was fully occupied in this way, his letters become more focused, confident, and business-like, less digressive and gossipy. In the year before his death (1848), Hartley wrote to Sara that 'Were [his] course to run again […] rather than be without a settled occupation', he would have liked to have had a regular job, like Charles Lamb (Stephens 1978, 67).

probably too much to expect for it to extend into the past, if it does not yet even fully enlighten the dark present. Even if critical disparagement of Hartley is merely careless (and he deserves more than carelessness), it violates his individuality, and thus dehumanises him; this denies him not only the authorship of his life, but the specifics, truths, and 'authorship' of his inner struggle and 'after-life', treating him as though he was an extra in his own life 'story'. The critical habit of automatically and casually shaming a dead man for a drinking problem that was not his fault—and, moreover, one who was, as Molly Lefebure recognised, by nature 'humble, simple, wholly without any sense of his own importance, and generously kind to all men'—is a sad indictment of a stratum of modern critical values and the power imbalance between voiceless subject and privileged critic.[80] To coin a word, it is healthist. In such instances of marginalisation of what is not wholly visible or understood, this habit continues the patriarchal fear and (self-)condemnation of anything perceived as 'weakness of will' that was begun by STC, continued by the Oriel Fellows, Derwent, and, at times, even Hartley himself. The Liverpool journalist and editor, Hugh Shimmin summed it up best in 1857: 'Some people, here and elsewhere, say hard things of Hartley Coleridge. They would do better were they to read his works'.[81]

The way in which Hartley has been (mis)treated also raises important questions concerning what exactly it is that we want poetry to do: to impress critics, or to enter the lives and minds of the poet's readers (Hartley did both). Hartley recognised the humble ministering, 'real' function of poetry, and of the life of the poet, and he put these into practice, as every account from anyone who ever knew him attests. There are factors besides gender that historically (and in the present day) cause conflict and oppression; it is a critical double standard if we don't truly recognise this fact. It is no longer sufficient to imply that all men of the past were immediately advantaged and should have fulfilled their full potential, but if women didn't it was because they were women subjugated in a patriarchal world; the truth has to be more complicated and nuanced than that. Humans in general are far less in control of their lives than we might want to believe, and when they are in control, it is not just due to intrinsic gifts, 'strength', and effort, but good fortune and health. Even—especially—if you have the 'extraordinary faculties', and 'illumination', that Hartley communicated, to those who listened, until his early death.

[80] Lefebure 2013, 309–10.

[81] Anon., 'A Few Days in the Lake District. Part VIII.', *The Westmoreland Gazette* (19 September 1857): 3. (On what would have been Hartley's sixty-first birthday). Reprinted from the *Liverpool Albion*. Harry Hardknot's *Rambles in the Lake District* (1857) were originally printed in the *Liverpool Albion*; Harry Hardknot is a pseudonym for Hugh Shimmin, who was the editor of the *Porcupine*.