CHAPTER II

Formative Influences on Wordsworth's Poetry
Formative Influences on Wordsworth's Poetry

An endeavour in the present chapter shall be made to focus light upon the influences which have engendered the feelings of humanism in him. William Wordsworth has always been found taking interest in touring to different corners of the country side and this has profitted him too much, during these excursion he has gathered knowledge and meets many persons who have directly or indirectly influenced him.

William Wordsworth has been influenced from many sides i.e. natural objects, characters, things in the society, political development and French Revolution. William Wordsworth has picturised natural objects which stand as guides and supporters. The power which exists in the nature is the soul and wisdom of universe and this power gives thinking power to all thinking beings. It is also the power which shows itself as the power of motion and breath in all living creatures.
The powerful influence of Natural objects purify man's mind through the impulses of pain and fear till man recognizes the loftiness of the human heart. It also fills man with high ideals, lasting principles of conduct, and glimpses of the secrets of life and Nature. There are certain objects in Nature which fill the beholder with a sensation of joy, well-known of such Nature objects are the flowers such as the daisies, the daffodils:

A host, of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never ending line
Along the margin of the a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance,
Daffodils teaches us -

"For oft when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils."\(^2\)

And joy by natural objects will ultimately heal up all the spiritual wounds of a person. Nature's calm and peace are the well-known unseen agents of Nature that soothe the pain of aching soul.

Nature also casts a healing influence on the sad and the unhappy, if they go to her lap. Nature casts a great formative influence on those who live in her lap. In this poem entitled -

**Education of Nature** or **Three Years She grew in Sun and Shower** Lucy is brought up by nature as her own child :

Three years she grew in sun and shower
Then Nature said, A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown ;
This Child I to myself will take;  
She shall be mine, and I will make  
A lady of my own. 3

William Wordsworth has humanized the character of Lucy Gray in his poem "Lucy Gray":

"O'er rough and smooth she trips along,  
and never looks behind;  
and sings a solitary song  
That whistles in the wind." 4

Human life, indeed, is for him at first, only an additional, accidental grace on an expressive landscape, he thinks of man, it is of man as in the presence and under the influence of these effective natural objects, and links to them by many associations. The close connection of man with natural objects, the habitual association of his thoughts and feeling with a particular spot of earth, is sometimes seeming to degrade those who are subject to its influence as if it does but reinforce that physical connection of our nature with the actual lime and clay of the soil, which always drawing us nearer to our end. But for Wordsworth, these influences tend to the dignity of human nature, because they tend to tranquillize it.
By raising nature to the level of human thought he gives it power and expression: he subdues man to the level of nature, and gives him there by a certain breadth and coolness and solemnity. The leech-gatherer on the moor, the woman stepping westward are for him natural objects, almost in the same sense as the aged thorn or the lichenized rock on the health.

In those periods of intense susceptibility, in which he appears to himself as but the passive recipient of external influences, he is attracted by the thought of a spirit of life in outward things, a single, all pervading mind in them, of which man, and even the poet's imaginative energy, are but moments—that old dream of the anima mundi, the mother of all things and their grave, in which same desires to lose themselves, and others become indifferent to the distinctions of good and evil.

The persons of William Wordsworth have no habits of mind that are necessarily connected with their occupation, they are not drawn as clearly marked types; much less are they individuals. They are simply men, old or young, or women, or children, as nature makes them and as little affected as may be by the convention of society.
Wordsworth becomes a man, and a poet of man, only because of the influence of the French Revolution. It builds him into a man; it adds the enthusiasm of Man to the enthusiasm of Nature; it took him away from contemplation of his own soul to live in the hopes, to proclaim the faith to seek the love of mankind. It makes him the singer of simple life, of honest manners, of poverty and its sorrow, and of the honour of humanity in all its ranks.

It also makes him a poet of the poor, in his poem Michael, the hero is an old poor shepherd called Michael. In Resolution and Independence, the lonely figure is a poor leech-gatherer. He is dwarfed in body but gigantic in spirit. The poet learns from him the lessons of courage and independence of character. He writes to recover for the poor the rights of the human family and the franchise of universal brotherhood of which they had been robbed by the wealthy and noble; to impress the world with their dignity in suffering and the moral grandeur of their honest poverty.

His creative originality is aroused and stirred only by the influence of the French Revolution. The influence is alive and active throughout the great decade of 1797-1807. Almost all the great poems on man and political ideals have been composed by 1807.
William Wordsworth is influenced by the poor persons who work in the factories and mills, the conditions of these working-classes give him more and more anxiety. "The division of labour, work soon became the perpetual repetition of a simple task, or the minding of a machine; such works often had to be done for fourteen hours a day, six days a week, and there were no special provisions for the women and very young children who were considered especially suitable for work in the textile industries—the new generations who were born into this environment appeared stunted and uncouth; their cheap clothing and strange variations on the English language made them seem like another species, almost subhuman. Disraeli was later to talk of the Two Nations, the rich and the poor, who could exist side by side in the same country with no knowledge of each other's way of life. With these human problems Wordsworth was deeply concerned, though it must be admitted that a superficial reading of his poetry gives the impression that he ran as hard as he could to get away from them." 5

"Wordsworth poems about factories, steam-engines and so on, it is not generally realized that he did write on such topics, though it must be admitted that a frontal attack on the factory system was not likely to be poetically successful. His own time the Wanderer has seen the face of England changed;" 6
"at social Industry's command,
How quick, how vast an increase! From the germ
Of some poor hamlet, rapidly produced,
Here a huge town, continuous and compact,
Hiding the face of earth for leagues - and there,
Where not a habitation stood before,
Abodes of men irregularly massed
Like trees in forests,-spread through spacious tracts,
O'er which the smoke of unremitting fires
Hangs permanent, and plentiful as wreaths"7

"The echo of Milton's Hell in the final image is significant.
Gas-Light, the factory bell and shift work seem to call up similar echoes, for at night- time"8 -

"an unnatural lights
Prepared for never-resting Labour's eyes
Breaks from a many windowed fabric huge;
And at the appointed hour a bell is heard
Of harsher import than the curfew-knoll
That spake the Norman Conqueror's stern behest
A local summons to unceasing toil !
Disgorged are now the ministers of day;
And, as they issue from the illumined pile,
A fresh band meets them, at the crowded door-

                . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

                . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

       Men, maidens, youths,
Mothers and little children, boys and girls,
Enter, and each the wonted task resumes
Within his temple, where is offered up
To Gain, the master-idol of the realm,
Perpetual sacrifice." 9

"Wordsworth comparison of mill and religious building is extremely apt as those who have seen some of these early industrial temples will agree. They are often indistinguishable in external appearance from the larger nonconformist chapels in the next street." 10

"Wordsworth's doubts about the growth of industry show original thinking on his part." 11 Wordsworth is influenced by these poor persons, Wordsworth thinks that he can learns from them; he regards no man as his inferior. He approaches the vagrants with feelings of reverence and holy fear; their very names seem more awe-inspiring than feudal titles: The Old Cumberland Beggar, The Pedlar, The Discharged Soldier, The Female Vagrant and The Beggar woman. Their mere existence fascinates him.
Wordsworth wanders the roads himself in search of case histories - Guiltland Sorrow or Old Man Travelling - and when he settles at Grasmere he lives alongside a road which is used by travellers to Whitehaven and to Scotland in bad weather. Dorothy's Journals are full of encounter with wanderers. Wordsworth always tries to help those persons. The emblematic quality is seen clearly in the description of the London Beggar, whom Wordsworth does not help and yet who manifestly affects him considerably. Lost in the confusion of 'the moving pageant' of the streets he tells us -

"I was smitten
Abruptly, with the view (a sight not rare)
Of a blind Beggar, who, with upright face,
Stood, propped against a Wall, upon his chest
Wearing a written paper, to explain
His story, whence he came, and who he was.
Caught by the spectacle my mid turned round.

As with the might of waters; an apt type
This label seemed of the utmost we can know
Both of ourselves and of the universe;
And, on the shape of that unmoving man,
His steadfast face and sight less eyes, I gazed,
As if admonished from another world." 12
We notice that the vagrants and the beggars lead us away from economic man towards other kinds of existence. The Old Cumberland Beggar is more obviously a sermon addresses to the political economist, who believes that only people who show a profit are important, and that people who are poor or old or ill should be shut away because they are 'useless to society'. Wordsworth defends the Beggar:

"deem not this man useless- statesmen! Ye who are so restless in your wisdom, ye who have a broom still ready in your hands To rid the world of nuisances;" 13

The middle class may shut themselves off from life in a mental suburb of self-righteousness.

"But of the poor man ask, the abject poor; Go, and demand of him, if there be here In this cold abstinence from evil deed, And these inevitable charities, Wherewith to satisfy the human soul?
No-man is dear to man; the poorest poor
Long for some moments in a weary life
When they can know and feel that they have been,
Themselves, the fathers and the dealers-out
Of some small blessings; have been kind to such
As needed kindness, for this single cause,
That we have all of us one human heart." 14

The Beggar has a 'use' in his society:

"May never HOUSE, misnamed of INDUSTRY
Make him a captive! for that pent up din." 15

Wordsworth realizes that he is supporting the weaker side, and is against the transfer of power to mere financiers and political economists. He dislikes industrialists, and successful merchants, preferring the company of 'gentry' who can be convinced of their duty to those they controlled on their landed estates. He regards the new ideas as a trick to give even more power to the manufacturers- Wordsworth's poems refer more and more to the virtue of endurance in the face of suffering, age and death-Michael, The Small Celandine, Resolution and Independence, Ode to Duty. In the Immortality Ode he declares -
"we will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind."  

In these lines the primal sympathy seems to represent all that is left of the relation between Man and Nature.

Wordsworth is peculiarly influenced by the Lake District. Wordsworth thinks that the influence of mountains is one of vague moral uplift is only part of the truth. In the poem Michael, he confesses that he loves the hills and fields first, and the men who work in them as a result. Humanity is sometimes reduced, one feels, to an object in the landscape; the Leech-gatherer seems like 'a huge stone,' and his endurance seems more important than his economic difficulties which Wordsworth has difficulty in comprehending.
We have noted evidence of Wordsworth's concern for the plight of the poor; but it is frequently the wanderers through the Lake District, not its inhabitants, whom he pitied. The Lake District people who survives him regards him as a curious old man, wanderers has usually been noticed by Dorothy in the first instance, and we have seen William Wordsworth works up the poems about them from entries in her Journals. He has a strange sympathy for large stones.

William Wordsworth is influenced by the social problem in country. Social problem is the apparent occasion for the poem, and some people feel that it is an intrusion. But even the theme of agricultural distress is subordinate to the attack that property is evil. The peasant has identified himself with his flock. Wordsworth chooses common people in his poem. Low and rustic life is generally chosen, because in that condition the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, Alice fell, The Solitary Reaper and many other poems are Wordsworth assimilates other people's experiences and tells them as if they are his own.

Wordsworth shows a great reverence for man. He sings the homely sanctities and virtues of the poor. He finds his theme in
the qualities that are common to all men. Wordsworth is a Keen psychologist, endeavouring to discover what Man is when stripped of the artificiality due to the conventions and institutions of society—what the "feelings and passions" are which constitute his fundamental life. And it is among these simple folk that he believes the essentials of our common nature are to be found. It has therefore been said that Wordsworth's range is narrow. He is the poet of man, alone, facing the sublimities and simplicities of nature, or of men and women who are a portion of these simplicities. Man in Society; in Cities, and the State, he does not know. He takes us once to the gates of a factory, he describes London with the eyes of a friendless countryman; but to tell of the 'sorrow barricaded within the walls of cities' remained the unfulfilled programme of a recluse.

Wordsworth is a lover of the poor and lowly, and a champion of their rights and interests. He sympathizes with them in their suffering, and honours their fidelity and spirit of endurance, their patience and resignation. It is the broad, rough life of man that confronts us, not the life of the sentimentalist; its trials are those which come through the universal affections, neither sensualised on the one hand, nor sophisticated and
volatilised on the other; and their challenge reaches us through no euphemistic dialect, but the vulgare eloquenza of natural speech. We have, for example, Ruth, the deserted bride, the deserted mother, the "Complaint of a forsaken Indian woman," "The Brothers", the tale of Margaret, the, "Solitary," "Michael", The Affliction of Margaret," "The White Doe of Rylstone"-poems in which we find ourselves in the presence of poverty, crime, insanity, ruined innocence, torturing hopes doomed to extinction, solitary anguish, even despair. It is therefore wrong to say that Wordsworth put by the cloud of human destiny. No only isolates expressions as -

"The still sad music of humanity
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power.
To chasten and subdue" 17

Wordsworth has sounded the depths of the human heart, and seems to appreciate and understand nearly every phase of human woe. Yet he endeavours to show that sometimes pain and wrong are the conditions of a happiness and good, in suffering
and even in misery there may still be such a strength as fills us with awe or with glory. Man's heart is represented as a thing so vast and swelling with vital emotion so strong that whatever its trials, it can never be crushed. Wordsworth's poetical temperament combines great susceptibility and tenderness with not less of strength and vivacity. The general view which he takes of human life is eminently a cheerful one.

Wordsworth guards the moral claims of lowly folk against the evils of the social order. He makes an earnest protest against an industrial system that destroys the moral equality of men. Men must be regards as ends in themselves, not means or tools.

He dwells upon the evils of large estates and the factory system in the Excursion in language, which foreshadows Socialism. Moral ideals dominate his views and feelings. His social grasp is always surer than his political, and his finest sonnets are those in which he combines his social insight with patriotic passion. Wordsworth makes us feel that God is with simple men and women, that in their lives are profound lessons, all men are brothers in the charities which soothe and bless, in the feelings which Nature awakens in their hearts, that a spirit of
independence and stern liberty is the birth-right and the passion of the poorest shepherd as well as of the patriots who fill the pages of history. Man can raise himself on the moral and spiritual planes, by living a life of simplicity in the lap of Nature. Man is born to be perfect and he can attain to perfection only through the healthy influence of Nature upon his soul and body.

"Wordsworth stepped into France in 13 July 1791, accompanied by a fellow collegian named Robert Jones. He is at first "unconcerned, Tranquil almost", as he saw the Revolutionary power Toss like a ship at anchor, rocked by storms". His affections are yet "without a vital interest." That "vital interest" comes in the summer of 1792 at Blois. The prelude tells us the reasons that made our poet a "patriot" whose "heart is all given to the people" Firstly, the passion and prejudice of the Royalist attacks on the Revolution roused his zeal. Secondly, he is deeply stirred-"tears have dimmed my sight" as he sees the bravest youth of France on their way to the front, the sad farewell, the "domestic severings". Last, but not least, is a radiant personality, an ardent Revolutionary, Michael Beaupuy, who "influenced the poet's mind, is great."
"Wordsworth’s interest in the Revolution is largely sentimental; it now becomes practical and reasoned, if not a little doctrinaire."\textsuperscript{18} Beaupuy’s influence is an interwoven texture of intellect and emotion. On the hand, he lays bare to Wordsworth the vice and tyranny of the royal courts; on the other, he reveals the power and potentiality of man, the glorious chapters of history, “of single spirits that catch the flame from Heaven”, “rational liberty, and, hope in man, justice and peace”. The emotional impact of it all is enshrined in a memorable event. Walking along the streets they meet “a hunger-bitten girl”, a picture of misery,-

"------and at the sight my friend
In agitation said, Tis against that
That we are fighting"\textsuperscript{19}

Beaupuy is mainly responsible for awakening Wordsworth’s mind to a faith in the forces of democracy, in “a benignant spirit-------abroad which might not be with stood.”
"We shall not understand Wordsworth till we accept up to
the hilt the depth and force of his feeling for humanity: it lat at
the core of his nature and lasted his lifetime."20

Wordsworth enters into the Pairs of the Republic a month
after the "September Massacre" of 1792. The Prelude records a
deeply sensitive mind recoiling with horror at the "Lament-able
crimes,------dire work of massacre" perpetrated by "the senseless
sword" of the Revolution. In his night mares he sees them and
touches; and, Macbeth-like, he seems to hear a voice that cries to
the whole city, 'sleep no more'. It is a remorse on humanity's
behalf for the atrocities committed on man-like the admonition
from the blind beggar in London. Nevertheless, though evil-forces
"strong through their impiety" stirs his soul, yet this faith in man
and in the Revolution is firm as a rock:—

"-----in the People was my trust,
And in the virtues which mine eyes had seen".21

Wordsworth is confident of the ultimate triumph of the
noble cause the Revolution stood for; confident that "he triumph-
--- in the end" shall be "Great, universal, irresistible." The three
successive adjectives rising in a crescendo are a measure of Wordsworth's boundless faith in the young Republic. They throw light, if not directly, on the intensity of the crisis that is soon to come—a crisis deepened by an unfortunate love for a French girl, Annette Vallon, who carries his child, whom he wants to marry, but cannot.

Financial reason forces Wordsworth to return home in December 1792. He returns "a Patriot of the World". In early February 1793, England declares war against France. "Wordsworth gives us a glimpse into the convulsions of his soul, the profound shocks that his moral nature suffers as with the open war Britain opposes the liberties of France. So far, he affirms, he "has approaches—the shield of human nature from the golden side"; the worst excesses of the Revolution pains him but can never shake his trust in man. But all this is changed and changed utterly as England goes to war. A remarkable utterance in Shaw's Major Barbara perhaps, best describes Wordsworth's mental reaction; "He stands on the rock he thinks eternal, and without a word it reels under his feet." For the rock that reeled away his very faith in man; and along with it tottered the ancient ties of love that had once bound him with his own country:
“Now was I from that peasant station torn
And tossed about in whirlwind.”

Wordsworth narrates with vivid power the “conflict of sensations”, of loyalties, that raged in his heart, torn between his love for his motherland and his devotion to the ideal cherished so long and so ardently:—

------ for I felt
The ravage of this most unnatural strife
In my own heart; there lay it like a weight
At enmity with all the tenderest springs
Of my enjoyments”

It is only when we consider where lay these “springs” and what the words “enjoyment” and “joy” meant for Wordsworth that the extremity of the suffering he was undergoing can be realized. Wordsworth’s “Own darling vale” of Hawkshead and the Rocks of Westmoreland and Cumberland has once meant to him,

“All that happy intercourse of nature and man with which his inner being was bound up, which for him was history and
patriotism and happiness, was being flung into what he believed to be a wellnigh diabolical warfare."24

Returning to The Prelude we mark how that "most unnatural strife" is vividly caught in two candid confessions; first he exults in the triumph of his soul when the English is being routed by the French; second sitting at a congregation prayer for England's victory, he alone can not join in the prayer. The dire results are: he is thrown "out of the pale of love" for mankind; his sentiments are "soured and corrupted upwards to the source"; and lastly, a total revision takes place in him when his pride in and love for England becomes "a shame". In deep despair he seeks support in abstract rationalism, in "wild political theories afloat".

"A thus a way was opened for mistakes
And false conclusions of the intellect,
As gross in their degree and in their kind---"25

In June 1793 begins the "Reign of Terror" in France. Wordsworth dwells upon the ghastly nature of the "domestic carnage", of the crimes committed in the name of Liberty and...
their repercussions on him. With profound political insight he touches upon the deeper forces acting behind the “Terror”.

“In France, the men, who, for their desperate ends, Had plucked up mercy by the roots, were glad Of this new enemy. Tyrants, strong before In wicked pleas, were strong as demons now.”

“Wordsworth points with statesmanlike sagacity to the one fact which, as every candid historian now sees, provides a main explanation, though not the justification of the Reign of Terror.”

Wordsworth’s description of the “Terror” is as sensitive as it is powerful. Then follow the terrible reactions:

“Such ghastly visions had I of despair And tyranny, and implements of death; And innocent victims sinking under fear, 
.............................................................. .............................................................. and a sense, Death, like, of treacherous desertion, felt In the last place of refuge -my own soul.”
In France, he falls in love with a French girl, Annette Vallon. She responds to his love and bore him a daughter. He leaves France in December 1792, just before England declares war against France; and the marriage never comes off. The deep rooted psychological effects of this desertion on Wordsworth have been the source of endless controversy in Wordsworthian criticism. "this passion and all its melancholy aftermath is the deepest experience of Wordsworth's life- the emotional complex from which all his subsequent career flows in its intricacy and uncertainty. It is this experience, which Wordsworth sees fit to hide - to bury in the most complete secrecy and mask with a long sustained hypocrisy. About this shock the mental agony is tremendous and the suffering unique. Everything on which he puts his faith seems to be letting him down; his faith in man, in chronicle history, in the heroic figures of legend "It is utter loss of hope itself and things to hope for." Only one prop remains, hung perilously over the abyss, engulfing his mind : his faith in the Republic. And that too is to go before long.

Meanwhile there is another powerful force active, - Godwin and his famous treatise, Political Justice, Godwinism was a "disease" that infect most of the major Romantics and
Wordsworth is not free from it. But the nature of the infection is uncertain. "Political Justice has been", says Bateson, "a veritable king Charles's head to Wordsworthian commentator's"

In The Prelude Wordsworth is significantly reticent, about Godwin. He speak of -

"................ Speculative schemes
That promised to abstract the hope of man
Out of his feelings, ........" 29

Finding "ready welcome". Earlier in the same book he says:

".......... Wild theories were afloat,
To whose pretensions, sedulously urged,
I had but lent a careless ear, ........"30

Suffice it to note that rationalism - whether Jacobinical or Godwinian, or both- is a momentary phase and it failed to satisfy Wordsworth's deeper questionings at this period-social, political, above all, ethical. Let us pause to grasp fully Wordsworth's predicament at this stage - the grave crisis he is
passing through. On the one hand, in personal life remorse for Annette Vallon episode and dark uncertainty about his own future; on the other, the props he had built his golden dream on, faith in man, in France, in the Revolution, in the regeneration of mankind - all crumbling down one after another. It is a dismal void that an earnest soul is facing. The Prelude vivifies the predicament:


So I fared,

Dragging all percepts, judgements, maxims, creeds,

Like culprits to the bar; calling the mind,

now believing,

Now disbelieving; endlessly perplexed

Sick, wearied out with contrarieties,

Yielded up moral questions in despair, "31

"The word "moral" is the key to the understanding of this passage, since the problems which troubles Wordsworth are no longer those of politics . . . . . but of morality. It only moral questions, and social problems arising out of them, that he yielded up in despair.
Wordsworth comes to despair of freedom through political revolutions. He is looking into the whole issue more deeply and comes to despair of the individual too at the back of the social fabric that he dreams of building up. With that moral prop goes, Wordsworth's political radicalism also falls to pieces. It is "All changed, changed utterly", waiting for a serene "beauty" to be born.

The rest of the story is that of spiritual reconstruction of a soul "The perturbations of a youthful mind under a long-lived storm of great events "were over. Late in 1795, Wordsworth comes to settle at Racedown with his sister Dorothy. And Racedown is indeed "a leeport in a storm." Dorothy is a symbol as it is of all the happy memories of his childhood, the receptive sharer of all his deepest joys. She is now "like a brook . . . . . . . . . . . . . . seen, heard, felt and caught at every turn". She maintains for her brother "a saving intercourse" with his "true self".

The other great reconciling factor is "Nature's self, by all varities of human love assisted". Interposing, "Even as a sleep between the heart of man and outward troubles". A soul that has been turned aside from Nature's way by outward accidents", returns to her. With the "creative breeze" on him that the
"Preamble" to The Prelude would joyously celebrate, Wordsworth goes back to a life that he has once lived in the arms of Nature, in the midst of human affections.

From the self defeating extreme of Rationalism, Wordsworth seems to recede, not by gradations, but suddenly. With never a word, he lays his head again in the lap of nature. A mysterious resurgence of the pimaeval carries him from deep to deep.

That "mysterious resurgence of the pimaeval "would be the story of Lyrical Ballads. The last regenerating factor is Coleridge. Never before in literature did two great poets influence each other so profoundly. In extricable currents of thought and feeling flows from one to other and shapes the fermenting minds of both. Wordsworth's debt to Coleridge, varied and complex as it is one of the bones of contention in literary criticism. "Coleridge is the guardian angel of Wordsworth's poetical genius. Coleridge's greatest work is Wordsworth and, like all his other work. Coleridge left it unfinished . . . . . From Coleridge Wordsworth had derived the elements of his metaphysics; . . . . . . . . ."32
"What he did awe to Coleridge was a sympathetic understanding and encouragement. Nor can I agree that Wordsworth's genius died of a metaphysical atrophy."\(^3^3\)

"Perhaps the truth lies midway. Suffice it to note that Coleridge with his "learning, gorgeous eloquence, and all the strength and plumage of . . . . youth", with his subtle speculations of a metaphysical mind, opened up new vistas of thought and feeling and brought new light to a mind once lost in the abyss of rationalism. Above all, Coleridge gave what Wordsworth needed most - a faith in his own genius."\(^3^4\)
REFERENCES


5. A Preface to Wordsworth: John Purkis P - 46

6. Ibid, P - 47.


11. Ibid.


15. Ibid. P - 445 ll 179 - 180


18. E. De. Selincourt, Wordsworth's Prelude 1928, P - 569.


30. Ibid. P - 571. ll - 189 - 191.

31. Ibid. P - 573, ll - 293 - 305.


34. No Critic has lavished higher praise on Wordsworth than Coleridge. It was he who first discovered the true greatness of Wordsworth's poetry and called him the greatest poet since Milton. (Letter to Poole, March, 1802, quoted by Marry Moorman,)