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'Believe me sincerely yours': A New Letter by Sara Coleridge

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Nb: in the final version of this article, high-res images of the letter can be reproduced.

Abstract: This article provides a discussion of a previously unpublished letter in the Keats House Collection written by Sara Coleridge, the poet and editor, and the only daughter of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The aim was to include a transcription of the letter – addressed to the artist Samuel Laurence – and an analysis of its contents in relation to Sara's creative writing and life. The essay considers what the letter might be able to tell us about the author, her writing, her engagement with the arts, her position as a woman of letters in the late Romantic period/early Victorian period in London, and her health, both physical and mental.

Keywords: Sara Coleridge, Samuel Laurence, women's writing, sickness, manuscripts, correspondence

A previously unpublished letter written by Sara Coleridge (1802-1852) on 12 November 1850 has been rediscovered in the Keats House Collection.¹ The letter provides insight into the writer, editor and poet in her final years. She addresses Samuel Laurence, the painter,

¹ With thanks to Rob Shakespeare and Keats House Museum for giving me the permission to transcribe and publish this letter. I would also like to thank Laura Kirkley, Peter Swaab, Ken Page, and Isabel Vaquero García de Yébenes for advice regarding the transcript of the letter. I would also like to add that I follow the work of Swaab, Nicola Healey and Joanna Taylor in referring to the later generations of the Coleridge family by their forenames for clarity.

from 10 Chester Place, close to Regent's Park, London. She moved to this house with her husband Henry Nelson Coleridge in 1837; Henry died six years later leaving his wife and two surviving children, Edith and Herbert. In the letter, Sara complains of being 'too unwell' to speak to Laurence, apologising and expressing a hope to see him again soon: 'I shall always feel a warm interest in your progress and performances and news of art'. She also states her views on a recent article in *The Spectator* – revealing that acute political and literary observations were very present in her mind despite her failing health. Often remembered as a successful children's author and the meticulous and brilliant editor of her father's posthumous papers, Sara's correspondence often reveals another side to her as a poet and thinker, and this letter is no exception. As Peter Swaab has shown in studies of her lives and works, she was 'a trenchant, opinionated, and often funny writer [...] her social circle was wide and cultured, and she was an avid reader of the publications of her day'.² She died in 1852 of breast cancer; Chester Place was her final home.

I reviewed this letter on the 15 September 2022 in the London Metropolitan Archives. The letter is marked K/MS/02/096; another label notes it as 'KH 198: Coleridge, Sara. Letter to Mr Laurence. 12 November 1850'. The letter was first placed on display at Keats House for June-September 2023 as part of the 'Young Romantics in the City Exhibition'.³ It does not appear in printed volumes of Sara's letters. As an appendix to this essay I have provided a full transcript of the letter for the first time. I will discuss in this article Sara's possible

² Peter Swaab, *The Regions of Sara Coleridge's Thought: Selected Literary Criticism* (New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2012), p. ix.

³ Co-curated by Anna Mercer and Keats House with support from Cardiff University's 'Innovation for All' fund. See <<https://www.cityoflondon.gov.uk/events/young-romantics-in-the-city-exhibition>>.

relationship with Laurence, and what the letter tells us about her final years, political views, engagement with the art world, and her illness.

The letter's subjects include Sara's apology for not seeing Laurence, citing ill-health, and a 'distressing conversation', which is not explored further. She also expresses regret that she cannot sit for a portrait at this time. The letter is formal yet friendly; 'if you do not mind me interrupting you at your easel', Sara says, she will see him soon. The other section of the letter beyond these practicalities is a revealing discussion of a recent *Spectator* article that Sara clearly enjoyed, and with which she agrees; she calls it 'excellent'. The letter's topic relates to the Bishop of London, Bishop Blomfield, condemning German philosophy as a threat to Christian understanding of divine inspiration. Her response, as a Christian herself, is to identify such religious fervour as wrong; she points out that such progressive and expansive thinking has 'awakened' a 'deep spiritual life' in those who are exposed to it. The inclusion of such detail suggests that she and Laurence engaged in political discourse, perhaps whilst she was sitting for him, or at social engagements they both attended.

Samuel Laurence (1812-1884) was a portrait painter, associated with the literary elite of the mid nineteenth century. His portrait subjects include Leigh Hunt (c. 1837), Charles Dickens (c. 1838), and Alfred, Lord Tennyson (c. 1840). Most of his eminent sitters were men, but there were also women of letters, such as Jane Baillie Carlyle, and Sara Coleridge. Laurence's portrait of Sara was used for the frontispiece of the *Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge* edited by her daughter Edith, published in 1873. By late 1850, the date of Sara's letter, Laurence would have been well-established (his Tennyson portrait helped to make him

famous).⁴ It was not long after Sara's death that Laurence left for New York, 'hoping to export his popularity among British intellectuals to an American audience'.⁵ Laurence is also alluded to in a letter from Sara to a friend 'Miss Morris' a year earlier on 16 November 1849 in which she considers meeting Lord Macaulay, who reminded her of her father:

I saw the likeness (amid great unlikeness) to my father, as I never had seen it before. It is not in the features, which in my father were, as Laurence says, more vague, but resides very much in the look and expression of the material of the face, the mobility, softness, and sensitiveness of all the flesh⁶

It seems likely that 'Laurence' here is her friend, the painter Laurence, as another Laurence – Sir Thomas Laurence – is alluded to with a full name just below in the same letter. The conversation between Sara and Samuel Laurence about Macaulay's likeness to her father obviously stems from an interest in considering the sense of portraiture and examining human features. It seems that Sara was herself somewhat preoccupied with the idea of the wholesomeness of one's face, the 'sensitiveness of the all the flesh' and what the passing of time or experience can do to one's countenance. It appears her memory of Samuel Taylor Coleridge here was one of animation despite his age and sickness in later life: 'the mobility'. The importance of the mind as having an effect on the outward appearance of the person is discussed in her poem, 'Why those tears my little treasure', which begins:

⁴ R. E. Graves, revised by Alisa Boyd, 'Laurence, Samuel (1812-1884)' in *The Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*. Online edn. 23 September 2004 <<https://doi.org/10.1093/ref:odnb/16130>>.

⁵ David Southern, "'That unhappy War of yours": Eight Letters from Samuel Laurence to Old Friends in New York City, 1861-1875', *Carlyle Studies Annual* No. 24 (2008) <<https://www.jstor.org/stable/26592958>> p. 9.

⁶ Sara Coleridge, *Memoir and Letters edited by her daughter* (London: Henry S. King, & Co, 1874), p. 328.

Why those tears my little treasure

Why that sad and piercing cry?

Yours should be a life of pleasure

Sorrow's coming by and by.

Care will come and steal your roses

Grief may dim your sparkling eye,

Ere your light in darkness closes

You may feel as sad as I. (1-8)⁷

Later in this essay I will turn more directly to Sara's struggle with illness. However, it is interesting to pause and reflect on this poem, in which she considers the inevitability that unhappy experiences take a toll not just on the mental state but the way a person looks: 'Grief may dim your sparkling eye'. The poem concludes:

Sad experience, strong foreboding

Make me shudder when you cry;

Anxious thought my bosom loading

Lest you e'er should feel as I. (21-24)

The poem uses Sara's address to her children to capture observations on the human mind and the tension between innocence and experience with an almost Blakeian simplicity and precision. There is a duplicity here in the deeper understanding that will be revealed when

⁷ Sara Coleridge, 'Why those tears my little treasure' in *Collected Poems* ed. Swaab (Manchester: Carcanet, 2007), p. 86. All further references to this poem are from this edition.

the addressee can enjoy the true meaning of the rhyme as an adult, much like her most famous poem, 'Poppies', published in her volume of children's poetry, *Pretty Lessons in Verse for Small Children* (1834). This similarly dark poem has a comparable form and tone in its celebration of the 'Poppy-flower, / Which brings the sleep to dear Mama, / At midnight's darksome hour' (22-24).⁸ Address and 'temporal doubleness' is crucial in these works by Sara, as Swaab expands upon, when discussing 'Why those tears my little treasure':

Sara filled five volumes mainly with children's verses. The second volume begins with a series of intensely dejected poems. Against one of these she has written out in a later hand 'Not this one'. Like 'Poppies', it evidently asked to be 'left out' – in this case, left out of the successor to *Pretty Lessons in Verse* which she was planning in 1848 [...] the addressee here seems to be Edith, but although these might be the things her mother *wants* to say to her, they surely aren't things you *could* say to any small child [...] They express Sara's inner voice projected outwards into a new acoustic, the space of the page. Their eloquence is the suppression of the spoken utterances they seem to represent [original emphasis].⁹

Sara's letter provides insight into other griefs, but our curiosity remains unsatisfied; what was the 'distressing conversation'? It seems linked to what in her poetry she termed 'sad experience' ('Why those tears', 21).

In earlier accounts of Sara's time in Chester Place one can find more engagements with Samuel Laurence, including her account of sitting for the portrait; we assume this report

⁸ Sara Coleridge, 'Poppies' in *Collected Poems* pp. 70-71.

⁹ Swaab, 'Sara Coleridge: Poems and Their Addressees' in *The Coleridge Bulletin*, New Series 33, Summer 2009, pp. 52-53.

relates to Laurence's work on the painting eventually used for the frontispiece, probably the most famous portrait of Sara. Such exploration leads to another unpublished letter, this time in the Royal Academy archives. On 13 April 1837 Sara writes to a Mr Richmond inviting him to dine the following Thursday to meet her friends Mr. Laurence, Mr. de Vere and Mr. Farrer, 'I hope, and one or two other friends'.¹⁰ She then explains how 'I am sorry to find that Mr Lawrence has been very unwell since my last sitting and can finish no pictures for the exhibition', suggesting an important empathy with the painter.¹¹ The date of this letter is also testimony to the long friendship between Sara and Laurence (sometime spelt Lawrence). In another, much later letter, closer to the time of the Keats House letter, we find her musing on the way in which outward countenance, that is appearance, can provide an insight into 'sad experience', and how one's appearance can be so profoundly altered by pain. In another, this time published letter, from 7 July 1848, Sara writes to Mrs Richard Townsend, mentioning that her portrait by Laurence is in progress:

I am now sitting to Mr L—— for my dear old friend Mrs Stanger. E. thinks that the picture promises well. Some of my friends decline sitting because they are middle-aged, and middle-age is neither lovely nor picturesque. *My objection is not the plainness of the stage of life, but the variability of my nervous state, and consequently of my looks. (original emphasis)*¹²

The portrait was finished in 1850. It is interesting that the letter transcribed here shows Sara reflecting on the importance of looking well (and perhaps young) for a portrait. 'If you saw

¹⁰ Original MS, viewed in facsimile, courtesy of the Royal Academy. <<https://www.royalacademy.org.uk/art-artists/archive/sara-coleridge-10-p-ortland-place-to-george-richmond>>. With thanks to Mark Pomeroy.

¹¹ Ibid.

¹² *Memoir and Letters*, pp. 265-266.

my face now you would think that an infusion of its present aspect into the picture would be no improvement'. Here we might compare her 'Essay on Beauty' in which she argued against female vanity.¹³ This early November letter in the year the portrait was eventually completed suggests a pause in proceedings – possibly Sara was unwilling to sit for the completion for a time.

Which leads us back to Sara's failing health. Sara died in in 1852 at the age of 49. She had been unwell for much of her adult life. Even before her marriage to Henry Nelson Coleridge, her first cousin, in 1829, she was starting to develop a dependence on opium. Henry also suffered from various ailments. The birth of her first two children Herbert (1830) and Edith (1832) led to further health complications, with her second biographer (after E. L. Griggs) Bradford K. Mudge describing her as 'an invalid soon after the birth of her children'.¹⁴ Further tragedy ensued when in early 1834 she gave birth to twins that died only a few days later, leaving her dangerously depressed; throughout this whole period, her dependence on opium continued to increase. On 25 July 1834 Samuel Taylor Coleridge died, and Sara began working to preserve her father's legacy with her work by careful editing (at first in a collaboration with her husband). Sara had three miscarriages between 1836 and 1839, and Henry died in May 1842. Her terminal illness, breast cancer, is described by Mudge as 'long and horrific'.¹⁵

¹³ Bradford K. Mudge, *Sara Coleridge: A Victorian Daughter* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1989) p. 62. Although Mudge suggests Sara was indeed known to be beautiful herself.

¹⁴ Mudge, 'Coleridge, Sara (1802-1852)' in *The Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*. Online edn. 23 September 2004 revised 4 October 2007 <<https://doi.org/10.1093/ref:odnb/5889>>. See also Mudge, *A Victorian Daughter* p. 62.

¹⁵ Mudge, 'Coleridge, Sara (1802-1852)'.

Despite poor health, Sara continued her editorial commitments, and her biographers also pay tribute to the originality of her creative work. She first published *Pretty Lessons*, followed by the fairytale *Phantasmion* (1837), another testament to the richness and diversity of her writing. Joanna Taylor has written on how Sara's 'conception of this imaginary world was more complex than has hitherto been recognised'. In using her memories of her native Lake District, she builds on existing topographical insights but moreover creates her own quest narrative and imaginative landscape.¹⁶ The combination of literary prowess in the Romantic period, an era of subsequent patronising neglect in favour of a male canon, and various undiagnosed illnesses both physical and mental, means our approach to Sara can be influenced by Polly Atkin's recent work on Dorothy Wordsworth. Atkin's study aimed not just to restore Dorothy's narrative, but also to understand her illness, rejecting scholars who in the past who have unfairly looked 'at the lives of dead writers – writers they claim to admire – and disavow their testimony of their own bodies'.¹⁷ Sara too is due such review. As well as Taylor and Swaab, Beatrice Turner's work has endeavoured to re-examine Sara's writing. Turner's attention to Sara Coleridge's manuscripts held in the Jerwood Centre in Grasmere and on her correspondence more broadly examined the ways in which her papers are a visceral connection to ill-health:

Sara was a deeply committed Christian, and her letters to friends and family throughout her life refer again and again to a wished-for escape from bodily suffering in an immaterial heaven, and for a reunion not defined or occasioned by sickness.¹⁸

¹⁶ Joanna Taylor, '(Re-)Mapping the "native vale": Sara Coleridge's *Phantasmion*, *Romanticism*, 21.3 (2015), p. 265.

¹⁷ Polly Atkin, *Recovering Dorothy* (Salford: Saraband, 2021), p. 9.

¹⁸ Beatrice Turner, *Romantic Childhood, Romantic Heirs: Reproduction and Retrospection, 1820-1850* (London: Palgrave Macmillan, 2017), p. 109.

Under mental duress, her scrawling handwriting becomes more illegible, and again the idea of ‘the space on the page’, to use Swaab’s words, becomes emblematic of her suffering and our connection to her experiences. Indeed, *Phantasmion* was, as Taylor comments:

a tale of Sara’s ‘inward eye’; it was written to enliven her ‘couch hours’ when she was laid low by one of her frequent spells of post-natal depression.¹⁹

This letter in the Keats House Collection is therefore important. Composed during her final years of life it has a distinct sense of melancholy: ‘a cloud has passed into my prospect which will not pass away’, suggesting both her mental and physical ill-health. However, although the letter is a relic of her distress and sickness, it seems important to also mention here that Sara was, as her interaction with Laurence implies, throughout this time deeply engaged in the art world. The following letter of 18 May 1845, for example, contains her reflections on the Royal Academy:

Turner [...] I can find but few persons who agree with me that he *is* to be admired [...] I do not like Turner’s Venetian views, of which he has four in the present Exhibition, so much as two pictures called “Whalers,” in which sea and sky are mixed up together in most (by me) *admired* confusion. No other man gives me any notion of that infinity of hues and tints and gradations of light and shade which Nature display to those who have eyes for such sights, except Turner: no one else gives me such a sense of the power of the elements, no one else lifts up the veil and discloses the penetralia of Nature, as this painter does. The liquid look of

¹⁹ Taylor, p. 266. See also Swaab, *Regions*, p. 7.

his ocean and its lifesomeness, and that wonderful steam that is rising up and hovering over the agitated vessel, are what one might look for in vain in any but the Turnerian quarter.
(original emphasis)²⁰

In this engaging evaluation of Turner's skill, we see Sara's vivid attention to detail and her appreciation of the kind of artistic aesthetics that ensured Turner's works would indeed endure. This quote is not indiscriminate praise; she mentions plenty of other painters in the same letter that she does not enjoy in the way she enjoys Turner. Another letter slightly more contemporary to the Keats House letter is one addressed to Professor Henry Reed in Philadelphia on 29 November 1850, where she describes her opinion on the placing of paintings in galleries:

I remember seeing an exhibition of Calcott's landscape painting in the third room of the British Gallery, ancient masters occupying the first and second. You can hardly imagine the deadening effect upon them. They were reduced to chalk and water.²¹

The letter goes on to discuss Ruskin, and then switches back to a discussion on literature (Cowper, Gray, Scott) before concluding with something distinctly political:

I own I rejoice in the anti-papal demonstration [...] there is a deep-seated and wide spread aversion to Popery in this fair realm of England, which will come into effective action

²⁰ *Memoir and Letters*, pp. 166-67.

²¹ *Memoir and Letters*, p. 375.

whenever any attempt is made to re-introduce a form of religion which is the natural and necessary enemy to liberty in all times and in every place.²²

Now if we return to the Keats House letter, the focus of this essay, Sara is writing to an artist, and furthermore also comments explicitly on ecclesiastical politics: the 'Bishop of London Charge' and 'the baseness of these times'. She writes in frustration. She is angered by Bishop Blomfield condemning philosophical approaches to a contemporary concern, that is, the question of 'inspiration' with regards to the Scripture. The article from *The Spectator* can be found in the archives. It is fairly lengthy, but Sara's focus seems to be towards the end of the piece, including the following section:

But the Bishop holds, that 'from the theology of Germany, grafted upon or grown out of the idealism of the German philosophers, we have more to fear than from that of Rome'. Particularly he anticipates danger from those 'who think they may deny the inspiration of the Holy Scripture as the Church understands it, without calling in question the historical evidences of Christianity' – who wish to 'cast off' what they term a 'superstitious reverence for the text of the Bible.' This, we have no doubt, means something, and is the Bishop's honest conviction; but taken strictly, it is so sweeping that we cannot suppose the Bishop intends it to be so taken; and as no qualification is hinted, it remains so indeterminate that every man will give it his own interpretation, and it is consequently useless as a direction or a beacon.²³

Later, Sara's letter quotes some of the article verbatim. The final section, from 'The writer

²² *Memoir and Letters*, p. 377.

²³ *The Spectator*, Saturday, 9 November, 1850, pp. 1066-1067.

<<https://babel.hathitrust.org/cgi/pt?id=mdp.39015084586513&view=1up&seq=447>>.

takes leave to...’, until ‘the basenesses of these times’, includes phrases taken directly from the *Spectator* article, indicating just how recently she has perused it, or show that she had the original copy to hand, indicating her commitment to conveying the message of the work. It is via this collation that we can unpack Sara’s (often dense and confusing) handwriting, such as the word ‘rhodomontades’ which also appears in the original *Spectator* article.²⁴ The conclusion of the letter suggests a confirmation of Sara’s commitment to the importance of spirituality and Christianity. Sara (and indeed her father) was not like the Shelleys, leaning toward what was then called ‘atheism’, which is interesting when we think of Sara as ‘Victorian’ rather than ‘second-generation Romantic’; Mary Shelley was born five years earlier than Sara and died just one year before her.

The *Spectator* article concludes by saying:

Christianity, be it remembered, is not a series of propositions nor a system of opinions, but the revelation of a divine guide and teacher, educating humanity, and ever drawing all men to Himself. To make Him known – to make all men free in the knowledge of Him – this is the high privilege of the ministers of his Church; and they then best fulfil their mission, when, leaving subtle disputes and abstruse speculation, they follow their Divine Master in his life of love in action and patience in suffering.²⁵

Such commentary, and Sara’s positive response to it, suggests her political leanings towards separating certain disciplines and views from one another for clarity. That is, the Church

²⁴ Laura Kirkley has suggested to me this could be a misspelling of the French ‘rodomontade’.

²⁵ *The Spectator*, pp. 1066-1067.

should not impede on philosophy. We have also seen how that aesthetically, she implies painting and portraiture should convey the very nature of either the landscape or the character of that individual; becoming an expression of the essence of the original sitter and/or scene. Saying that, Sara's response might be positive, but her tone is also emboldened. As Swaab comments with regards to her letter writing, she would often use the format to let off steam: 'Sara could rant with brio'. Swaab also confirms her range as letter-writer, including 'her strong willingness, intellectually speaking, to reshape and readdress her own views in the light of how she imagined an encounter with the views of others.'²⁶ Political comment was key to her correspondence, and indeed other letters show her complaining about the same political figure (in July 1845 she wrote to Mary Stanger about the idea of baptism and regeneration and Bishop Blomfield).²⁷ Mudge's biography also interestingly identifies such a moment in relation to one of her own areas of work, children's literature: 'Sara felt the imaginative realm of literature was in danger of being contaminated by overtly political intentions'.²⁸ As Swaab has explained, Mudge's biography, titled *Sara Coleridge, A Victorian Daughter*, 'brought her to the attention of a new generation [...] but Mudge's book took little account of Sara's *poetry*' [emphasis added].²⁹ She was, overall, a poet. She read novels avidly, but she wrote once that: 'To read novels is all very well; but to write them, except the first-rate ones, how distasteful a task it seems to me! to dwell so long as writing requires on what is essentially base and worthless!', showing some characteristic humility and anxiety about her talent, of course dwelling in some way in relation to the giant shadow of her father, as explored in her poem 'For my Father on his lines called "Work

²⁶ Swaab, *Regions*, p. xxix, xxvii.

²⁷ Swaab, *Regions*, p. 16.

²⁸ Mudge, p. 63.

²⁹ Swaab, *Poems and Their Addressees*, p. 64.

Without Hope”³⁰. The Keats House letter may also suggest a direct call back to the language of Wordsworth: the section on ‘the hues and forms’ recalling William Wordsworth’s *An Evening Walk* (‘How pleasant, as the sun declines, to view / The spacious landscape change in form and hue!’ (99-100)),³¹ or even the emphasis on the ‘forms of beauty’ (25) in ‘Tintern Abbey’.³²

In Mudge’s biography, the ‘daughter’ title remains important to understanding Sara and her place in the literary world. The Coleridge dynasty continues to engage and excite new readers interested in the anxiety of influence, literary family and inheritance, and the ever-neglected women in these eminent artistic circles from the past. But it is also a little patronising. Sara dedicated so much of her life to her father that in order to do her justice it is crucial to keep chasing *her* literary remains. As Mudge himself admitted more recently in 2004:

When she died at her home at 10 Chester Place, on 3 May 1852, after a long and horrific battle with breast cancer, Sara Coleridge left hundreds of pages of unpublished manuscripts—essays, letters, journals, poems, and theological dialogues in the style of Landor’s *Imaginary Conversations*. Many were fragments. For a woman who spent the greater part of her intellectual life putting her father’s literary house in order, it is the last irony that she, arguably the most Coleridgean of Coleridge’s offspring, was unable to order her own.³³

³⁰ *Memoir and Letters*, p. 250. Sara Coleridge, ‘For my Father on his lines called “Work Without Hope”’, *Collected Poems*, p. 156.

³¹ William Wordsworth, *An Evening Walk* in *The Major Works* ed. Stephen Gill (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1984 repr. 2008), pp. 1-12.

³² Wordsworth, ‘Lines written a few miles above Tintern Abbey’ in *The Major Works*, pp. 131-135.

³³ Mudge, *Coleridge, Sara (1802-1852)*.

Sara's poetry is distinctive; it is direct and meaningful. Its complexity deserves further exploration. The letters too, as Swaab has written, are a medium by which Sara can be understood more comprehensively. As 'the most Coleridgean of Coleridge's offspring', it is not surprising that, as Swaab writes, 'for Sara as for her father, the relative informality of letters had certain gains: trenchancy, humor, frank speaking, emotional openness, an easy liveliness of utterance in the absence of public-speaking strain'.³⁴ In returning to this letter in the Keats House Collection, and as Swaab implies, increasingly reading her *poems* alongside it, Sara Coleridge can possibly be re-evaluated once more for a new generation.

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³⁴ Swaab, *Regions*, p. xxvi.

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The last Spectator has an excellent article on the Bishop of London's Charge – his superficialities and clever plausibilities – and cavalier treatment of the great Inspira

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tion question – with a word

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to indicate what view he *himself* would systematically teach and deliberately defend in this age of thinking and revision of old opinion.

The writer takes leave to

tell Bishop Blomfield that if, fifty years hence, there be a Bishop and a Church in England, it will be verily through that deep spiritual life which the German philosophers, he so vaguely yet by wholesale condemns, have awakened in the European mind.

But those 'vague and vehement rhodomontades' which religious people indulge in against men of 'whose very language they are ignorant,' are among the basenesses of these times.