

# “The Laudanum Bottle Loomed Large”: Opium in the English Literary World in the Nineteenth Century

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**H**ARRIET Martineau recorded in her autobiography that a clergyman, who “knew the literary world of his time so thoroughly that there was probably no author of any mark then living in England, with whom he was not more or less acquainted,” told her that he had reason to believe that “there was no author or authoress who was free from the habit of taking some pernicious stimulant; either strong green tea, or strong coffee at night, or wine or spirits or laudanum. The amount of opium taken, to relieve the wear and tear of authorship was, he said, greater than most people had any conception of: and *all* literary workers took something.”<sup>1</sup>

The second half of this pronouncement is more significant than the first half. If tea, coffee, wine, and spirits are to be classed equally with opium as “pernicious stimulants,” it would be difficult to find authors in any period who never resorted to stimulus of this kind. But the statement that authors used opium with the conscious intention of “relieving the wear and tear of authorship” merits further investigation.

There is plenty of evidence that a good many English nineteenth century literary figures took opium occasionally, and a fair number took it habitually, though their reasons for doing so, and whether these were directly connected with their approach to their work, are more debatable. The opium dependence of Coleridge and De Quincey is notorious, and a few other writers such as George Crabbe, Francis Thompson and Wilkie Collins are fairly well known to have been lifelong addicts. But

they were only the tip of an iceberg which spread its clammy shelves and shivering crevasses far and wide below the surface of the literary world. Everybody kept laudanum in the house and used it on occasion for minor ailments and aches. Many, perhaps most, writers took it a few times in their lives, generally on medical prescription and without misgiving.

Some of them (particularly the women writers) were interested in the psychological effects of this common household remedy, and recorded these in letters and journals, as they did for no other medicine. It would be hard to find two more eminently sane and well-balanced women than the novelists Mrs. Gaskell and Mrs. Oliphant, yet both of them noted and remembered the effect which a dose of laudanum had had on them. Mrs. Gaskell remembered it as "vivid and exaggerated presence of objects, of which the outlines were indistinct, or lost in golden mist."<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Oliphant, who was prescribed laudanum in Rome when her husband was dying and she herself was seven months pregnant, recollected vividly many years later "the sudden floating into ease of body and the dazed condition of mind, — a kind of exaltation, as if I were walking upon air, for I could not sleep in the circumstances nor try to sleep. I thought then that this was the saving of me."<sup>3</sup>

To have a confirmed opium addict among your acquaintances was an experience common to, and recorded by, many nineteenth century writers. The poet Robert Hawker had a respected country neighbour, Oliver Rouse, whose favourite tittle was gin and paregoric. Charles Kingsley knew "poor dear old opium-eating Dr. Turton."<sup>4</sup> Virginia Woolf and her family, as late as the early 1900's, were used to "Professor Wolstenholme" [who] "would relapse into a drowsy ursine torpor, the result of eating opium to which he had been driven by the unkindness of his wife and the untimely death of his son Oliver who was eaten, somewhere off the coast of Coromandel, by a shark."<sup>5</sup> Opium was the succour first thought of in times of domestic affliction or anxiety; we find, for instance, that that formidably strong-willed Beatrice Webb said of herself in the 1880's, when she was suffering emotional stress, that "the laudanum bottle loomed large as the dominant figure."<sup>6</sup>

The general trend of opium dependence among nineteenth century English literary figures may be illustrated by short case-histories of three men and two women, some of them addicted for years, others not fully habituated but having recourse fairly often to the drug.

The first case is that of Shelley, whose fairly frequent use of laudanum has been so much overshadowed by the more famous addictions of other great Romantics that it has been comparatively little studied. If we are to believe Edward Trelawny, Shelley started taking laudanum even in his schooldays, took it at intervals all through his life, but tried to keep his habit a secret. At Eton, Trelawny suggests, Shelley experimented with various drugs. "The power of laudanum to soothe pain and give rest especially delighted him; he was cautioned, and knew it was wrong; the seductive power of that drug retained a hold on him during the rest of his life, used with extreme caution at first and at long intervals. People who take to opiates are enslaved and never abandon them; these may be traced in some of Shelley's flights of imagination, and fancies of supernatural appearances. On one occasion in London, and again in Italy, he so over-dosed himself that his life was only saved by those measures that are used to counteract the drug; but it must not be thought that, like De Quincey and many others, he habitually used it: he only took it on rare occasions, when in deep dejection. He was impatient of remonstrances, and so made a mystery of it. The effect of opiates is to deaden pain, but they benumb the vital powers and derange our vital organs; with Shelley they caused spasms. The professor of anatomy at the University of Pisa, Vaccà, was renowned for his skill in surgery and medicine, and he came to the conclusion that Shelley was drugging himself, and earnestly interdicted medicine in all its forms. . . . Seeking to allay the perturbation of his seething brain [Shelley] had from early life tampered with opiates. He used them in the shape of laudanum. He had always a bottle of that, which he endeavoured to conceal from everyone, disliking to be remonstrated with. He used it with caution at first, but, in time of extreme dejection or in paroxysms of passion, was heedless, and on more than one occasion his life was only preserved by re-

medies to counteract the poison. Whether he intended to destroy himself or no, is not clear . . . This habit of taking laudanum accounts for all his visions and occasional delusions, but startled his wife and friends, and was one cause of the pains he had in his side: for it is the effect of opiates, if not counteracted by other means, to paralyse the stomach and other vital organs.”<sup>7</sup>

Trelawny wrote this thirty-six years after the death of Shelley, whom he met for the first time only six months before Shelley was drowned, and everything he says about him is notoriously untrustworthy. The evidence of Shelley’s more reliable and longer-standing friends is that he had only short periods of anything like addiction to opium, and that, far from making a secret of it, he positively brandished his laudanum bottle before his frightened family and friends.

The only direct references in his own letters to his taking laudanum are in January 1812, when the “nervous attack” which he suffered after his row with his friend Hogg, over Hogg’s attempted seduction of Shelley’s first wife Harriet, caused him to take “a quantity of laudanum”; but a fortnight later he wrote that he hoped to have no further need to resort to laudanum as “my health is re-established and I am now strong in hope and nerve.”<sup>8</sup>

No more is heard of laudanum-taking till the summer of 1814, when he met and fell in love with Mary Godwin, and told Harriet he must separate from her. The passion and anxiety of his situation made him take laudanum as an anodyne, and also propose its use as a suicide weapon. All his life he was inclined to keep poison by him, for possible use to kill himself,<sup>9</sup> and in this crisis he made sure that everyone knew it. Mary Godwin’s stepmother described his wild descent on the Godwin household in Skinner Street, where he rushed up to Mary saying “‘They wish to separate us, my beloved; but Death shall unite us’ and offered her a bottle of laudanum. ‘By this you can escape from tyranny; and this,’ taking a small pistol from his pocket, ‘shall reunite me to you.’” Mary was terrified and implored him with tears to be calm; she refused to take the laudanum, but prom-

ised eternal fidelity. Calmed by this, Shelley left, forgetting his laudanum bottle which remained on the Godwins' table.<sup>10</sup>

Mrs. Godwin was a hostile witness, but Thomas Love Peacock was a friend of Shelley's, and he too described a meeting with Shelley at this time. "His eyes were bloodshot, his hair and dress disordered. He caught up a bottle of laudanum, and said 'I never part from this.'" Peacock adds, however, "I believe that up to this time he never travelled . . . without laudanum as a refuge from intolerable pain."<sup>11</sup> This suggestion that Shelley's primary use of opium was as an anodyne against physical pain is supported by Thomas Hookham, who told Browning that at the time of Shelley's separation from Harriet, he was suffering from such intense pain that he would roll writhing on the ground, and to alleviate this "he would actually go about with a laudanum bottle in his hand, supping thence as need might be."<sup>12</sup>

Shelley's next period of recourse to opium (less well documented than the 1814 one) was in 1816 to 1817 when he was suffering much mental stress over Harriet's suicide, the Chancery lawsuit which cut him off from his two eldest children, and financial worries, and was also physically ill with "a decisive pulmonary attack" which his doctors told him indicated a dangerous tuberculosis which could only be cured by removal from the damp gloom of his Marlow house to a warmer climate.<sup>13</sup> Laudanum was then very often prescribed for tubercular patients, and Shelley's description of his symptoms at this time strongly suggests that he was taking it regularly.<sup>14</sup>

After his move to Italy in 1818, his health greatly improved, and we hear no more of laudanum; there is nothing definite to confirm Trelawny's statement that he was still taking it in Pisa or that he nearly killed himself twice by overdoses of laudanum. Trelawny's sweeping pronouncement that "This habit of taking laudanum accounts for all his visions and occasional delusions" is clearly baseless. Shelley already walked in his sleep, had violent nightmares, and experienced some form of trance, when he was a boy of eleven or twelve at his first school, long before he could have had any opium habit.<sup>15</sup> Perhaps it was Shelley's natural tendency to trance-like reveries and waking dreams in

later life that made Trelawny and others suspect that he was on drugs. In fact he seems to have taken laudanum primarily as a pain-killer, occasionally as a tranquillizer. There is no evidence that he thought it affected his perceptions in any way that might be valuable to him as a poet, and certainly no man ever had less need of a stimulus to the imagination. He was forever whirled along in an incandescent chariot of visionary ideas. His occasional periods of opium-taking may possibly, as Trelawny suggested, have helped to induce the visual hallucinations, "fancies of supernatural appearances," which haunted him at intervals throughout his life. Opium may also have reinforced his fantasies of persecution, his fears that his father meant to have him shut up in a madhouse, his belief in the mysterious assailants who broke into his house in Wales and fired shots at him, or struck him in an Italian post office, his stories of diamond necklaces sent to him by post as proof of conspiracies against him. But many excitable men who have never taken opium have similar delusions of persecution, often with less justification from real events than Shelley had.

A much clearer sign of a well-known effect of opium is the hyperaesthesia which he described in a letter to Godwin written in 1817 when he was under medical treatment for incipient tuberculosis. "My feelings at intervals are of a deadly and torpid kind, or awakened to a state of such unnatural and keen excitement that only to instance the organ of sight, I find the very blades of grass and the boughs of distant trees present themselves to me with microscopical distinctness. Towards evening I sink into a state of lethargy and inanition, and often remain for hours on the sofa between sleep and waking a prey to the most painful irritability of thought."<sup>16</sup>

There seems to be no correlation between Shelley's poetic impulse, or the content of the resultant poems, and his periods of laudanum indulgence. *Alastor* was written in September 1815 in an interval of tranquility and good health after a beneficial boat excursion up the Thames, when Shelley is unlikely to have taken laudanum for nearly a year; his next main work, *The Revolt of Islam*, was written in the summer of 1817 when he fairly certainly was taking laudanum for his chest complaint.

Yet of the two poems, the dreamy introspective *Alastor*, rather than the sustained polemic of *The Revolt of Islam*, would be selected as the more typical of opium effects if there were no external evidence about this. Whether Shelley's imagery may have been affected by hyperaesthesia and other alterations of spatial and temporal perception produced by opium-taking is a question that would repay further study; but it seems fairly certain that he himself was not in general observant of, or interested in, any such effects, and that his motive in taking opium was not any form of experiment in modifying his poetic consciousness.

Byron's daughter, Ada Countess of Lovelace, who was a talented mathematician, was addicted to laudanum for the last nine years of her life. In 1843 she began to suffer from some kind of gastric disorder; she is also said to have suffered from asthma, but this is more likely to have been a symptom of opium dependence than a pre-existing condition. She was prescribed laudanum for her gastric complaint; she also took brandy as a stimulant to counteract the drowsiness induced by the laudanum. But in January 1844, when her doctor prescribed morphine or laudanum regularly once or twice a week, she revealed in a letter to her mother that she had in fact been taking it for some years past. "I must tell you that latterly — the last 2 or 3 years — Opium had seemed strongly to *disagree* with me. But I now understand why this has been, and why it deceived me. I was all the time taking wine or other stimulant; and the two things made a terrible jumble." She continued, however, to take laudanum (tincture of opium in alcohol), regardless of the "terrible jumble" that the mixture of opium and alcohol had produced in the past. By 1852 she was in severe pain from cancer, and was prescribed ten drops of laudanum every two hours, and in the increasing agony of her last weeks of life she took opium continually.

She often described the physical and mental effects which laudanum had on her. "The Opium has a remarkable effect on my eyes, seeming to *free* them, and make them *open* and *cool*"; "a sensation of delicious *coolness* — like a release from Hell-fire" — but the concomitant of this was that during withdrawal

periods she suffered severely from the cold, and craved for warmth, a well-known withdrawal symptom. She was convinced that laudanum tranquillized and regulated her mind. "I am indebted to Laudanum for such sense and tranquillity as is really creeping over me this evening"; "it makes me so philosophical, and so takes off all *fretting* eagerness and anxieties. It appears to harmonize the whole constitution, to make each function act in a *just proportion*; (with *judgment, discretion, moderation*)."

"It makes me so philosophical"; Lady Lovelace became more and more convinced, as her opium addiction increased, that she was a prophetess born to inspire and enlighten the world, "the Deborah, the Elijah of Science". She was indeed a mathematician of remarkable ability, but in her own opinion she stood higher than that. She was convinced that her brain power was unique, phenomenal, that she was destined to make vast discoveries in mathematics and computer science, to penetrate to the uttermost secrets of the universe — a conviction she shared with other notable opium addicts such as Coleridge, De Quincey and (if he really was an opium-eater) Edgar Allan Poe. She was prescribed laudanum for physical pain, but she came to value it for cooling and calming the heated fret of anxiety, for freeing her mind to embark on vast airy voyages into the luminous clouds of inanity which seemed to her to be arcane and immortal wisdom.<sup>17</sup>

Opium can be seen leaving fainter traces in the case of a very different personality, that of the Reverend Charles Tennyson Turner, brother of the poet Tennyson and himself a minor but delightful sonneteer and lyricist. He shared the isolated home life of the twelve wildly eccentric children of a half-mad father, and was as weird and untidy in his habits as the rest of his family, but he had a sounder core. He had an engaging unselfish personality, and he was the only member of the family to follow a regular calling. He was ordained and appointed curate of a Lincolnshire parish in 1833, but at this time he was prescribed laudanum for severe neuralgic pains. Opium addiction was more widespread in Lincolnshire than in any other English



county, and Charles Tennyson Turner soon joined the ranks of addicts. Before long he was "making no use of body or soul" as his brother Frederick said, and his relations were convinced that he would soon kill himself with laudanum. But by 1835 he had freed himself from his opium habit, and a year later he married. Soon after his marriage he relapsed into addiction again. His wife's attempts to free him from his habit drove her into a nervous breakdown in 1839, and she had to be under medical care for years. Charles Tennyson Turner blamed himself for causing his wife's breakdown, and this gave him the courage to free himself permanently from opium. His wife eventually recovered and returned to him in 1849, and they settled down to thirty years of peaceful happiness in their remote vicarage till both of them died, within a month of each other, in 1879.

There is little in Charles Tennyson Turner's poems to indicate that opium altered his perceptions. His poetry has a fresh unforced pathos, its feeling is gently compassionate and affectionate, its style graceful. Perhaps there is a shadow of albatross-guilt about his lifelong remorse for shooting a swallow when he was a boy, a touch of De Quincey's special sympathy for outcasts and oddities in his sonnets *The Prisoner*, *The Drunkard's Last Market*, *The Little Heir of Shame* and his haunting picture of the scarecrow which is "not wholly make-believe" and might still push a human hand out from its ragged sleeve. But on the whole his addiction seems to have been a pure accident, due to an unwise prescription, which met no special need and made no special dint in his agreeable personality<sup>18</sup>

The case of Jane Welsh Carlyle is very different. She certainly needed, or was convinced that she needed, opium for a variety of physical and mental ills during ten years of her later life. As a young woman she had shunned it; she told Carlyle in 1838, when she was already suffering from insomnia, that she had asked her doctor for "any sort of sleeping-draught, which had no opium in it." But in the late 1840's, when she was tortured by insomnia, by coughs and digestive troubles, and by jealousy of her husband's friendship with Lady Harriet Baring, she took to regular doses of morphine. "Confined to my bedroom

with a dreadful cough and the usual accompaniment — never getting a wink of sleep except by means of Morphia” she wrote in February 1848. In 1851 she took an overdose — probably a genuinely involuntary one, from her description. “I merely wished to get myself some sleep after having gone without it for three nights, and took about four of the third morning a dose of Morphine which might or might *not* have been the right quantity — for the little black pills had melted and run all together and I had to divide them with a pen-knife. All next day I felt quite *dead* — as if I were only kept going by galvanism . . . and at night I took to fainting and having horrid spasms . . . I still feel sick and sore and miserably all-overish.”

This experience perhaps frightened her; moreover in the early 1850's two doctors warned her against the injurious effects of morphia; and though she still took an occasional dose if she had not slept at all for several nights, by 1857 she had given it up altogether. She lived for another nine years, in health always bad but not apparently much affected for better or worse by her ten years' dependence and subsequent abstinence.

She left some vivid descriptions of the mental effects of opium. It seems to have bestowed on her, or stimulated in her, the power of hypnagogic visions, sharply distinct ocular spectra; “every sad image that presents itself is thrown out in such gigantic relief on the darkness, and made so haggard by bodily weariness” she said in a letter of condolence; she was speaking metaphorically, but it sounds as if she was using an image from her own experience. She knew the timeless Buddha-on-the-lotus sensation which Coleridge and many other addicts experienced and described; “one night . . . I passed in as near an approach to the blessed state of Nirwana” (sic) “as anyone not a worshipper of Buddha need aspire to; *that* was from a dose of morphia.” She knew the sensation of petrification which De Quincey, Coleridge, Baudelaire and Francis Thompson recorded; Caroline Fox noted in her journal a significant conversation with Mrs. Carlyle about this on a visit in May 1847. “We soon settled into an interesting talk with Mrs. Carlyle. She has been very ill, and the doctors gave her opium and tartar for her cough, which induced, not beautiful dreams and visions, but

a miserable feeling of turning to marble herself and lying on marble, her hair, her arms, and her whole person petrifying and adhering to the marble slab on which she lay. One night it was a tombstone — one in Scotland which she well knew. She lay along it with a graver in her hand, carving her own epitaph under another, which she read and knew by heart. It was her mother's. She felt utterly distinct from this prostrate figure, and thought of her with pity and love, looked at different passages in her life, and moralized as a familiar friend. It was more like madness than anything she has ever experienced."

Mrs. Carlyle was a famous *raconteuse* and no doubt she heightened her story a bit to make Caroline Fox's flesh creep. But all the same it is a striking vision, obviously linked with the fully awake sensation of corpse-like lethargy, from which nothing but galvanism could resurrect her, which she experienced after her overdose of opium four years later. There seems to be no evidence, however, that she took opium in search of such visionary experiences; she valued it, and was for ten years partly addicted to it, because of the much-needed sleep which it could bring to her endless nights of insomnia.<sup>19</sup>

My last case history is of a wildly eccentric personality, the violent and extraordinary poet Robert Hawker. He spent his life as vicar of an isolated Cornish parish, where one of his most frequent duties was conducting funerals of men drowned in shipwrecks. Hawker was fantastically idiosyncratic in his habits and dress (he was wont to wear a claret-coloured cassock, a fisherman's jersey and thigh boots, a yellow blanket with a hole cut for his head, a pink beaver hat and crimson gloves). He must always have been neurotic and melancholy, long before he took to opium. When he began the habit is uncertain. He himself kept his addiction a secret. His brother suggested after his death that he began taking opium in 1863 at the time of his first wife's death, but it is likely that he began using it in the 1850's for insomnia and as an anodyne for acute neuralgia. After some years of addiction he gave it up suddenly when he got engaged to his second wife, whom he married at the end of 1864. At the end of his life, when he suffered from heart trouble, eczema, sciatica and insomnia, and was deeply worried about financial provision

for his second wife and her children, he again started regularly drinking laudanum, on medical advice. He died in 1875.

Since he never owned to his addiction, there are no descriptions by him of its effects on him, but his brother reported that it "had a most injurious effect on his nerves: it violently excited him for a while, and then cast him into fits of the most profound depression. When under this influence he wrote and spoke in the wildest and most unreasonable manner, and said things which in moments of calmer judgment, I am sure, he bitterly deplored. He would at times work himself into the greatest excitement about the most trivial matters, over which he would laugh in his more serene moments."

Hawker's son-in-law believed that his opium habit affected the way he wrote, in fact that it stimulated him to write some of his finest poetry; and it is true that *The Quest of the Sangraal*, his most substantial work, was written in the year of his first wife's death, the year in which, according to his brother, he started taking opium. But other evidence, as has been said, suggests that his first experiences with opium were some years earlier, and in any case he had certainly been meditating on the subject of the *Sangraal* for many years before he actually got it down on paper, so there is no solid link between his addiction and his literary achievement. *The Quest of the Sangraal* does have more sinew, more strangeness, an incoherence shot with more imaginative significance, than his banal earlier poems, which have only an occasional powerful line among much tired conventional phraseology (it is as though all Hawker's poetic idiosyncrasy went into his way of life, none into his poetry). If *The Quest of the Sangraal* does seem richer and stranger than Hawker's other poetry, it contains none of the imagery which has elsewhere been found in common between opium-addicted poets.

A much more obvious effect of his opium addiction was his picture of himself as an inspired mystic mastering "vast Themes" which would enlighten all mankind. The "Thought Books" in which he recorded these cosmic secrets are in fact a

jumble of scraps of ideas and information, not unlike Coleridge's notebooks without the genius.<sup>20</sup>

Shelley, Lady Lovelace, Charles Tennyson Turner, Mrs. Carlyle and Robert Hawker had little in common with each other except that they all probably started taking opium on medical prescription as an anodyne for physical pain, a soporific for insomnia, or a tranquillizer for mental stress. Relieving the "wear and tear" specifically of authorship does not seem to have been among their motives for taking opium; indeed, the notion that they needed relief from what was their chief *raison d'être*, pleasure and refreshment is a diagnosis of a man who did not understand authors very well, however many of them he may have known. The fragmentary records which these five literary figures left about the effects of opium-taking on their imaginations suggest that some of them may have had glimpses into the world made familiar by Coleridge and De Quincey and others — the world of inexplicable guilts and sacred outcasts, of hierophants of cosmic mysteries, of vivid ocular spectra seen against darkness, of sensations of icy cold and petrification and of floating in timeless Buddha-like repose. But there is nothing to indicate that the poets among them thought of the drug, as Baudelaire did, as a tool to stimulate their imagination and promote poetic inspiration, a "machine à penser." Lady Lovelace seems to have believed that opium aided her creative thinking, but there is no sign that Shelley, Charles Tennyson Turner or Robert Hawker thought of it in this way. It was the medical observers, rather than the poets themselves, who suspected a close and sinister connection between opium and the desire for imaginative adventure. Many nineteenth century doctors bitterly complained that their patients had been seduced into experimenting with opium by reading De Quincey's *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*; the charge was so often made that De Quincey felt he had to make a public defence against it. But though no doubt most nineteenth century writers had read his work, Francis Thompson and perhaps Branwell Brontë seem to be the only instances of literary men in England deliberately experimenting with opium, inspired by De Quincey's example, in order to induce new types of sensation and imaginative ex-

perience. Nearly all the English literary figures of the age who regularly took opium did so to deaden, not quicken, their feelings and imaginations. They were seeking Nirvana, not Xanadu.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup>Harriet Martineau, *Autobiography*, 2 vols. (London: Smith Elder, 1877), I, pp. 192-3.
- <sup>2</sup>Mrs. Gaskell, *Life of Charlotte Brontë* (London: Dent, 1971), p. 386.
- <sup>3</sup>Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant, *Autobiography and Letters* (Edinburgh: Blackwood, 1899), p. 63.
- <sup>4</sup>Brenda Colloms, *Charles Kingsley* (London: Constable, 1975), p. 39.
- <sup>5</sup>Virginia Woolf, *Moments of Being* (Sussex University Press, 1976), p. 142.
- <sup>6</sup>K. Muggerridge and R. Adam, *Beatrice Webb. A Life, 1858-1943* (London: Secker & Warburg, 1967), p. 114.
- <sup>7</sup>Edward John Trelawny, *Records of Shelley, Byron and the Author* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1973), pp. 51, 188-9.
- <sup>8</sup>*Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, ed. F. L. Jones, 2 vols. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1964), I, pp. 232, 246.
- <sup>9</sup>*Letter of P. B. Shelley*, I, p. 36, II, p. 432.
- <sup>10</sup>Richard Holmes, *Shelley: The Pursuit* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1974), p. 233 n.
- <sup>11</sup>"Memoirs of Percy Bysshe Shelley," *Works*, T. L. Peacock (London: Bentley, 1875), III, pp. 417-8.
- <sup>12</sup>*Letters*, Robert Browning, ed. T. L. Hood (London: John Murray, 1933), pp. 223-4.
- <sup>13</sup>*Letters of P. B. Shelley*, I, pp. 556, 572-3; II, p. 12.
- <sup>14</sup>*Letters*, I, p. 572; Holmes, pp. 391-2.
- <sup>15</sup>Thomas Medwin, *Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley* (Oxford: O.U.P., 1913), pp. 27-8.
- <sup>16</sup>*Letters of P. B. Shelley*, I, pp. 572; see also II, p. 256.
- <sup>17</sup>Doris Langley Moore, *Ada Countess of Lovelace: Byron's Legitimate Daughter* (London: John Murray, 1977), pp. 158-60, 185, 214-9, 226, 299, 302-5.
- <sup>18</sup>Sir Charles Tennyson and Hope Dyson, *The Tennysons: Background to Genius* (London: Macmillan, 1974), pp. 80-1, 92, 109; Brenda Colloms, *Victorian Country Parsons* (London: Costable, 1977), pp. 152-65; Charles Tennyson Turner, *A Hundred Sonnets* (London: Hart-Davis, 1960).
- <sup>19</sup>*Jane Welsh Carlyle. A New Selection of Her Letters*, ed. Trudy Bliss (London: Gollancz, 1950), pp. 75-76; *Jane Welsh Carlyle: Letters to Her Family, 1839-1863*, ed. Leonard Huxley (London: John Murray, 1924), pp. 307, 346-7; *New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, ed. A. Carlyle, 2 vols. (London: Bodley Head, 1903), II, pp. 132, 124; *Journals*, Caroline Fox, ed. Wendy Monk (London: Elek, 1972), p. 171.
- <sup>20</sup>S. Baring-Gould, *The Vicar of Morwenstow, Being a Life of Robert Stephen Hawker* (London: Methuen, 1939), pp. 188, 191-4, 196; Piers Brendon, *Hawker of Morwenstow*, (London: Cape, 1975), pp. 194-212, 232; *Poetical Works*, R. S. Hawker, ed. A. Wallis (London: Bodley Head, 1899).