

Poor Wanderer of the Night! How pale & cold!  
 Remove that man on his death-bed possess,  
 Who in the credulous hour of kindness  
 Betrayed - then left thee to the hard World's scorn!  
 The hard World <sup>is pitiless:</sup> ~~mocks thy tears~~ - the fairer hearted one! Poor  
 Mimic of Virtue <sup>scorns</sup> ~~makes thy~~ <sup>on this</sup> ~~distress~~  
 Thy Loves and they, that envied thee, deride:  
 And Vice alone will shelter Wretchedness!  
 O I am sad to think, that there should be  
 Cold-bosom'd Lewd ones, who endure to place  
 Foul Offerings on the shrine of Misery,  
 And force from Famine the carest of Love!  
 May He shed healing on thy sore disgrace,  
 He, the great Comforter that rules above!

misdated and garbled, enumerates his generosity to the young pantisocrats, and in spite of Cottle's obtuseness, has some significance as a contemporary record of their endeavours to bring their ideal society into being. A copy of the book bearing a bookplate of Alexander Turnbull contains Cottle's autograph letter written from Bedminster, 4 November 1837, accompanying his gift "... of my 'Early Recollections' of our old friend Coleridge" to Richard Smith Esq.; the handwriting identifies Cottle as the writer of "Coleridge" on the draft of *Effusion 15*.

*Effusion 15* can be regarded as one clue in establishing the measure of collaboration between the two poets. "Coleridge" wrote Southey on 8 February 1795, "is writing at the same table: our names are written in the book of destiny, on the same page".<sup>13</sup> However before this state of blissful proximity was achieved a letter Coleridge wrote from London on 17 December 1794 to Southey, then at Bath,<sup>14</sup> reveals that the sonnet began as a product of Southey's pen. The latter's poetry "is criticised with gusto"<sup>15</sup> while in return Coleridge asks Southey for his "minutest opinion" of sonnets published or to be published in the *Morning Chronicle* in December 1794—January 1795.<sup>16</sup> Coleridge's somewhat confused comment on Southey's poems runs:

I am astonished at your preference of the 'Elegy'! I think it is the worst thing you ever wrote . . .