CRABTREE THE ONOMAST

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The study of place-names has reached a point where it may help to reveal yet another trace of Crabtree. I have devised my discourse upon three topics: the toponymic riddles in the marginalia to folio 75 recto in the Anyon Ms; Hazlitt's essay *My First Acquaintance with Poets*; and Wordsworth's *Poems on the Naming of Places*.

The Anyon Ms is not yet published and perhaps not yet known to some members of the Foundation (see page 318). It is, of course, the remnant of a seventeenth-century or eighteenth-century paper notebook — apparently of a clerk at law. We are not concerned with the text preserved in these papers — a copy of the Parliament Roll for the tenth year of the reign of King Henry VI. However, we are concerned with certain marginalia — in a rather cramped italic which could belong to the latter years of the eighteenth century. For the purposes of this discourse, I shall call the writer of these marginalia 'X'.

I say nothing here about X's comments on Entry No. 43, a petition of the wine merchants of England against the swindles practised by the wine shippers of Bordeaux, in 1432, beyond the observation that, in a couple of words, X indicates that he is knowledgeable about, and is interested in, the ancient regulations of the Bordeaux wine trade and it might seem to members of the Foundation, as indeed it occurs to me, that — since Crabtree's career began in the Bordeaux wine trade — these annotations might be such as such a man might have made. This conjecture led me to examine the marginalia which follow:

Item 42 in the Anyon Ms is a long petition on behalf of the Burghers of Calais for a subsidy, in order to pay for sea-defence works:

> in divers places about the towne and marches of Caleys, and, amonges other, the Jetties of the Haven and a place there called Paradys, full needfull of great reparaciouns and mendment in hasty time.

On Folio 75 recto is a passage about *le dit lieu de Paradys*. And hereupon is the footnote:

> W. shd have took Paradise for his naming of places as Countesbury wch — or the Shinglewell in Hasted: nearer — a Rig-Maiden wd have no Bonus of a Stone-Willey.

This footnote obviously alludes to Wordsworth's *Poems on the Naming of Places*, which X thinks might have been the better for the inclusion of some other items in addition to — or instead of — those which were included. But the real significance of the note emerges from the realization that X is also rather curious about place-names and their etymology. And he goes in for riddles and puns of the naughtier sort, sparked off by the place-name *Paradise* — the name of a garden outside the town wall beside the inner harbour of medieval Calais.

This word *paradise*, a common element in English minor place-names, means 'a sheltered, enclosed area or garden' and also 'a pleasure-garden, a heavenly place, a blissful spot, the Garden of Eden, etc.'. X plays upon these meanings and suggests that there is a 'paradise' at or in or to be identified with *Countesbury*. That *Countesbury* is paradise. He is riddling on the old spelling of the name Countisbury, of the place in North Devon. The riddle is not hard to solve.

We are all familiar with Shakespeare's toponymic nonceformation *Lipsbury Pinfold* (*King Lear* Act II, Scene ii), coined as a kenning for the teeth in the mouth — that is to say, the paddock or the fence of teeth forming the pinfold which belongs to, and is situated in, the borough of the Lips — and so 'the pinfold in *Lipsbury*'.

X, here, interprets the place-name Countisbury as if it were such a formation as Lipsbury: 'the *bury* — the borough, the stronghold — of the female private parts'. The English Place-name Society's *Place-names of Devon*, and Ekwall's *Dictionary of English Place-names* both assert that the first element in the place-name Countisbury is not the Middle English word, *count*(*e*), for the female private parts, but X is using his own amateur etymology upon the current form of the name Countisbury for the sake of a sexual toponymic riddle. However, X's next remark — 'Or the Shinglewell in Hasted' — indicates that he was aware of at least one place-name in which the Middle English word for the female private parts does, historically, appear.

The Shinglewell in Hasted is a place-name mentioned by E. Hasted in *The History and Topographical Survey of*

Kent, Vol. I. Hasted identifies it with an alternative name-form which, however, he garbles. X has obviously read, and has corrected, his Hasted — either from his own researches or from a perceptive reconstruction of Hasted's material — and has recognised that the ancient alternative name for Shinglewell, in Ifield, Kent, was *Shavecountewell*. Why otherwise, in the making of the sexual riddle, should he have adduced Shinglewell as a parallel to his misconstruction of Countisbury?

X anticipates by more than 130 years the proof of *Shavecountewell* by J.K. Wallenberg in *The Place-names of Kent*, where he discusses the name as follows:

> The final part of the name is clear, but what is *Shavecunt-*? It is tempting to etymologize this as a compound connected with OE *scafan* 'to scrape, to cut off' and ME *counte*, *cunte*,'vulva', respectively ... Was perhaps *Shavecunte* originally equivalent to 'penis'?

He goes on to speculate:

> Of course, the element discussed may just as well indicate topographical features ... From a base of this meaning, stream-names and names for protuberances of the ground have been formed. If *Shavecunt* is a designation for a topographical feature, it is to my mind most likely that it refers to a stream, i.e. *Shavecunt* = 'penis' = 'water-producer'...

It seems hardly necessary to continue, for enough has been said to show up the important principle which is at work in this place-name riddle by X and which Wallenberg struggles to express — the anthropomorphism of natural features, of landscape, of scenery. This is a principle which we see again in Wordsworth's *Poems on the Naming of Places*, in which we are concerned with that aspect of this anthropomorphism which is elsewhere reflected in the use of the word for the female private parts, to denote clefts, nooks, bushy dells, secluded hollows, hidden springs and fountains and streams of water.

We must avoid, as no doubt did X, Wallenberg's ungraceful and embarrassed fumbling of the subject; but we must not be shy of handling it. We must not be diverted by the word's appearance in the common medieval street-name *Gropecuntlane* (nowadays euphemised to Grape Street or some such) which occurs in Reading, Windsor, London, Oxford, York, Northampton, Peterborough and many other places. We are more concerned with such other, topographical, instances as, for example, the Lancashire place-name *Cunliffe*, or the Derbyshire *Cuntelowe*, and not least the Cheshire place-name *Swillinditch*, anciently *Swillcuntditch* — this being a match for the Kent name *Shavecuntwell* — named perhaps from the Anglo-Saxon local custom as well as topography.

We have already seen that X seems to have thought Wordsworth's *Poems on the Naming of Places* might have been done better; but, more important, it may now be perceived that the first part of this footnote, 'W. shd have took Paradise' and so on, could indicate that our X had submitted a piece on 'paradise' and other toponymic themes, to Wordsworth, which Wordsworth had rejected — and could show us X as a disappointed and rejected would-have-been contributor and collaborator in the toponymic poems.

What sort of poem would X have liked Wordsworth to include, on place-names like Paradise, Countisbury and Shinglewell? What point is he making? That such ideas would, indeed, be quite conformable to what Wordsworth had in fact produced? Certainly, X seems to have an insight into what Wordsworth's poems are really about. This insight is revealed also by the second riddle in the footnote: 'a Rig-Maiden wd have no Bonus of a Stone-Willey'.

This second riddle, of a Rigmaiden and a stone-willey, is obviously another place-name puzzle. This place-name was anciently spelt Rig-maiden and is of the type called an inversion compound, in which the qualifier follows the denominative in a back-to-front fashion: Rigmaden, formerly Rigmaiden, means 'Maiden's ridge'.

X has repeated upon *Rigmaden* the trick which he played upon *Countisbury*; he is canting upon the form; he has taken the *Rig*-prototheme as the Modern English word *rig*, 'a wanton girl' (OED 1575). The joke is compounded, of course, by the antithesis of *rig* and *maiden*. Such a hot and loose piece would, the footnote says, have 'no Bonus' (no benefit? no profit?) 'of a Stone-Willey'.

What is a *stone-willey*? Or where is it? The toponymic answer will emerge, as an inversion-compound, from our reading of *The Poems on the Naming of Places*. For the time being, however, let us assume, quite simply, as the footnote text requires, that it is some sort of dildo: 'willey' in the old, homely, country sense 'a phallus' or the male member regardless of phase.

My second topic, Hazlitt's essay, *My First Acquaintance with Poets*, includes another mention of Wordsworth's *Poems on the Naming of Places* and it omits to mention by name not only Countisbury but also Crabtree. Such an omission is always to be viewed with suspicion.

See Hazlitt, here, trying to establish something about these Wordsworth poems:

> I remember ... stopping at an inn where I sat up all night to read *Paul and Virginia*. I recollect a remark of Coleridge's upon this very book, that nothing could show the gross indelicacy of French manners and the entire corruption of their imagination, more strongly, than the behaviour of the heroine in the last fatal scene, who turns away from a person on board the sinking vessel, that offers to save her life, because he has thrown off his clothes to assist him in swimming. Was this a time to think of such a circumstance?
>
> I once hinted to Wordsworth, as we were sailing in his boat on Grasmere Lake, that I thought he had borrowed the idea of his *Poems on the Naming of Places* from the local inscriptions of the same kind in *Paul and Virginia*. He did not own the obligation, and stated some distinction without a difference in defence of his claim to originality.

Observe how Hazlitt hints at Wordsworth's plagiarism, how he suggests that these poems are not altogether Wordsworth's. Observe how cleverly Hazlitt associates Wordsworth's poems with *Paul and Virginia*, which he has already associated with a ridiculous and unhealthy sexual attitude. And look how defensive Wordsworth was. There's irony in Hazlitt's hint — and supposition — that Wordsworth had taken the idea of the toponymic poems — with whatever sexual suggestion they contain — from the moral and priggish Bernardin de St. Pierre. Is it not already obvious that the idea and, for that matter, some of the content, could just as well have been taken from someone like our X?

In this passage, Hazlitt is roasting Wordsworth, but he is not giving the game away. Hazlitt, even Hazlitt, is a member of the great conspiracy — to silence, and keep silent about, our Immortal. Hazlitt's part in the conspiracy shows up in various ways. First, he does not press home a charge against Wordsworth, the plagiarism he suspects. Hazlitt's suspicions would be derived from that discussion, of the origin of these poems, with Coleridge, to which this passage refers:

> At Linton ... there is a place called the Valley of Rocks (I suspect this was only the poetical name for it) bedded among precipices overhanging the sea ... Coleridge told me that he and Wordsworth were to have made this place the scene of a prose tale, but they had relinquished the design.

Here is revealed the fact that Coleridge and Wordsworth began by planning a toponymic piece in prose, one of the proposed toponyms being *Valley of the Rocks* (this must be Coleridge's name for the place; Wordsworth's was, significantly, *Valley of the Stones*); the name was of 'poetical' character and probably invented by them for the valley near Lynton in North Devon. And, it is revealed, something had caused Coleridge to abandon the project. Wordsworth, however, obviously continued, but in verse instead of prose, about places far removed from North Devon — places nearer home at Grasmere — doubtless the allusion of the word 'nearer' in the footnote?

So it emerges that, as it was originally conceived, the work which eventually came out as Wordsworth's *Poems on the Naming of Places* might have been a collaboration of Wordsworth and at least one other person, and the places and place-names involved were to have been in North Devon, and perhaps in other districts such as Kent, but certainly not exclusively in Westmorland.

Again, Hazlitt conspires to conceal, in such a passage as this:

> Thus I passed three weeks at Nether Stowey and in the neighbourhood ... It was agreed, among other things, that we should make a jaunt down the Bristol Channel, as far as Linton. We set off together on foot, Coleridge, John Chester, and I.

No mention of Crabtree! Hazlitt has much to say in this essay about the adulating John Chester, but nothing about that other 'J.C.', although we know from Peake that Joseph Crabtree was in the vicinity at this time. And now it looks as if he may be connected with the famous walking-party from Nether Stowey to Linton; regard such a clue as this, in the passage where Coleridge, Chester and Hazlitt are at the inn at Linton:

> In the morning of the second day, we breakfasted luxuriously in an old-fashioned parlour on tea, toast, eggs and honey ... It was in this room that we found a little, worn-out, copy of *The Seasons*, lying in a window-seat, on which Coleridge exclaimed: 'That is true fame'.

Could we not hazard a guess to recognize the presence here, at this inn? Someone, perhaps, who — having taken early breakfast, avoiding company which had grown too disdainful, enjoying the quiet perusal of his beloved Thomson in a window looking out upon the garden — was suddenly disturbed by the descent of Coleridge and his itinerant audience, leaving the room in haste, without his book.

Hazlitt conspires, most significantly, to hide Crabtree by the handling of the place-names in the itinerary of this walking-tour. I quote:

> We passed Dunster on our right, a small town between the brow of the hill and the sea ... we had a long day's march . . . through Minehead and by the Blue Anchor and on to Linton, which we did not reach till near midnight.

Hazlitt gives us a few place-names as if at random — as if to generalize an itinerary of a long walk. But, look at the map — and we find that the order of places, from east to west along the Bristol Channel, is: (1) Blue Anchor — (2) Dunster — (3) Minehead — (4) Porlock — (5) Countisbury — and (6) Linton.

Hazlitt omits Porlock and Countisbury, whereas, for a random list, he might more usefully have omitted Blue Anchor or Minehead. And then, in an attempt to disguise the omission of Porlock and Countisbury, he preposterously inverts the order of itinerary, so as to produce an incredible zig-zag course: (2) Dunster — (3) Minehead — (1) Blue Anchor — (6) Linton. Why does Hazlitt take such pains to omit Porlock and Countisbury? The omission of Porlock would be out of deference to Coleridge, for Porlock was indelibly associated with Crabtree and the *Kubla Khan* disaster. Why, then, omit Countisbury? Could it not be for the same or a similar reason? That this place-name, also, was distasteful, in some way, by association with Crabtree?

Does it not, now, become a transparent possibility, if no more, that this X, whose footnote regrets Wordsworth's omission of Countisbury as a place-name on which to base a poem of sexual topography — that this could be Crabtree?

Crabtree, whose association thus with Countisbury — that of a man who saw sexual significance in the name — might have been so shocking to Coleridge, as to cause Hazlitt to erase not only Crabtree from the record but also the place-names which evoked him — to erase man and toponymies from this essay as thoroughly as Wordsworth rejected the Crabtree poem from the toponymic work in progress — rejected the poem whilst, nevertheless, borrowing the basic anthropomorphic metaphor of natural scenery which X — or Crabtree? — would appear to have been developing in his own toponymic studies.

So now to my third topic, and the nub of the business: Wordsworth's *Poems on the Naming of Places*, the poems referred to by the Anyon Ms footnote and the Hazlitt innuendo.

If we look through these poems, we soon see what our friend X was getting at, in his footnote. It begins in Wordsworth's *Advertisement*, which prefaces the things:

> ... many places will be found un-named or of unknown names, where little Incidents must have occurred, or feelings been experienced, which will have given to such places a private and peculiar Interest. From a wish to give some sort of record of such Incidents, and renew the gratification of such feelings, Names have been given to Places by the Author and some of his Friends, and the following Poems written in consequence.

Then follow five poems, of which three concern women. The 'Incidents' and 'feelings' took place at five different places. Let us now look at the 'little Incidents', the 'gratification of such feelings' which were to be re-lived in these reminiscences. In poem No. 1, which we could entitle *Emma's Dell*, the first 36 lines do well enough as a typical Wordsworth nature scene if we take them at face-value. But we are not to be deceived by this. We discern the suggestion behind:

> The Rivulet, delighting in its strength,
> Ran with a young man's speed …

We notice the real shape of the topography of the dingle in which the poet walks, a topography half obscured, in the lines:

> ... Green leaves were here;
> But 'twas the foliage of the rocks — the birch,
> The yew, the holly, and the bright green thorn,
> With hanging islands of resplendant furze ...

even though this imagery suggests the scene of a prickly encounter. We discern all this. And if we did not, then we should be alerted to our mistake by the bathos of the dedication which follows the descriptive passage:

> I gazed and gazed, and to myself I said,
> 'Our thoughts at least are ours; and this wild nook,
> My Emma, I will dedicate to thee'.

You will observe that Wordsworth does not here define, precisely, the association of this place with his Emma. What happened to Emma in this place? Or what did she do which Wordsworth enjoys recalling in order to 'renew the gratification of such feelings'? The chief feature of *Emma's Dell* is a waterfall and a running stream in a valley. This topography — the flow of water in a secluded valley with bushy growth about the slopes — is anatomical. The anatomical image behind the natural scenery is also discerned in poem No. 5 — which we can call *Mary's Nook* (the name of the place which is the subject of the poem). Listen to this camouflage:

> Our walk was far among the ancient trees:
> There was no road, nor any woodman's path;
> But a thick umbrage ...
> ... of itself had made
> A track, that brought us to a slip of lawn,
> And a small bed of water in the woods.

It needs little enough penetration to know what it is that Wordsworth is describing, in what appears to be just so much natural scenery. Here again he gives us the image of water in the hidden place — not this time the gushing vital torrent but rather the still waters, the secret pool in the secluded glade.

One might be forgiven for a suspicion that these poems are not so much *Poems on the Naming of Places* as *Poems on the Description of Parts*. So, we ask for the second time: if poems like *Emma's Dell* and *Mary's Nook* are acceptable to Wordsworth, why not have *Somebody's Paradise*, or a poem about Countisbury? The answer, apparently, would be that X may not have been devious enough for Wordsworth's liking. X, probably, had not sufficiently disguised the sexual allusions which his imagery would contain — trees, streams, pools, cloughs, hollows and hills and all the rest of the clap-trap landscape furniture used by Wordsworth to hide his object. More directly, Wordsworth would not like X because, as X's footnote shows, X could see through this nature-imagery screen behind which the voyeur Wordsworth crouched to evoke his remembered gratifications, his emotion recollected in tranquillity. And strange gratifications they are — such as he evokes in poem No. 2 of the series, which he inscribes TO JOANNA, but which we can call *Joanna's Rock*.

This is a poem about a place where a girl called Joanna burst out laughing at something which befell Wordsworth when they went for a walk up the glen together. In an advertisement at the head of this poem, Wordsworth writes: 'the effect of her laugh is an extravagance'. The effect for which he apologizes is indeed an exaggeration. He describes how her laugh, uttered beside the river Rotha in Grasmere Vale, echoed and reverberated from all the mountains, crags and scars in Lakeland for miles and miles about, and brought on a thunderstorm among the fells.

In this rhetorical hyperbole, Wordsworth is describing his own feelings when she laughed. He felt as if the whole of Nature was laughing with her — at him. He is recording the shock and astonishment which a severe embarrassment brought upon him. Let us look for it in the story. In lines 23-24, the vicar asks:

> How fares Joanna, that wild-hearted Maid?
> And when will she return to us?

The girl's been away for at least eighteen months now, and nobody's been to have a word with the vicar about it. But the story which Wordsworth tells the vicar is peculiar — more peculiar than even the long-suffering vicar had feared; lines 35-50 tell how he walked Joanna up the glen by the river to the foot of a cliff:

> ... As it befell,
> One summer morning we had walked abroad
> At break of day, Joanna and myself.
> — 'Twas that delightful season when the broom,
> Full-flowered, and visible on every steep,
> Along the copses runs in veins of gold.
> Our pathway led us on to Rotha's banks;
> And when we came in front of that tall rock
> That eastward looks, I there stopped short — and stood.

Wordsworth is suddenly brought to a stop; and stands, amazed. His story is that the view has amazed him. And there he is, staring into space, oblivious of the girl on hand, the purpose of the expedition, everything — well, that's what he says.

The whole thing is odd. We are not told why the poet and the girl are up the glen at daybreak. Have they been up all night already? Or has the poet some queer thing about dawn assignations? We are used to odd behaviour in Wordsworth. He had a thing about daffodils, we recall. And he himself owns, concerning his early youth, in the preface to one of his poems: 'I was an impassioned Nutter ...' But, the catastrophe is more clearly realized:

> When I had gazed perhaps two minutes space,
> Joanna, looking in my eyes, beheld
> The ravishment of mine, and laughed aloud.

The tell-tale word here is 'ravishment'. It was he, not she, who had experienced this 'feeling'. She is hardly laughing out of amusement — the laugh is not that sort. What we have here is something more like hysterics. And see, now, even as she stands before him while the echoes of her wild laughter ring and thunder in the fells:

> ... while we both were listening, to my side
> The fair Joanna drew, as if she wished
> To shelter from some object of her fear.

What 'object of her fear'? Why suddenly dart aside? Does it not appear that the impetuous poet had been brought to an unpremeditated crisis, whereby the girl was brought to a fearful hysteria of frustration? I take it, and I hope that we shall all be persuaded, that this hysteria and frustration which Joanna suffered could be the object of X's riddle in the Anyon MS. Might not Joanna, 'that wild-hearted maid' as the vicar calls her, be the *Rig-Maiden* who would 'have no Bonus of a *Stone-Willey*'? Then, might not the stone-willey represent the petrified Wordsworth at whom she laughed?

This brings us to Poem No. 3. Here one mystery is dissolved in the solution of another. The place-name which is the point of this story is not stated in the text of the poem. One has to guess it. We are given that a peak or crag, which rears itself up over the poet's home, has been re-named — presumably by his sister Dorothy:

> There is an Eminence, — of these our hills
> The last that parleys with the setting sun;
> ...
> And She who dwells with me, whom I have loved
> With such communion, that no place on earth
> Can ever be a solitude to me,
> Hath to this lonely Summit given my Name.

The expected form of place-name here would be something like *William Hill*, or *William's Knott*, even *William's Old Man* — at any rate, some typical Lakeland Hill-name. There is nothing to fit this in *The Place-names of Westmorland,* or *Cumberland*. The clue actually occurs in the preface which Wordsworth inserted in a later edition of the poem, in which he confesses that the original name of the hill was *Stone Arthur*. It is, in fact, still called *Stone Arthur* to this day. The name is an inversion compound like Rigmaden: it means *Arthur's Rock*. But if Dorothy Wordsworth wanted to give it a 'fun-name', to commemorate a certain aspect or feature of brother

William, she would make the obvious modification. She would merely insert a Willie where Arthur had been. She would name the hill *Stone-William* or *Stone-Willey* — depending on how she was looking at her brother. Wordsworth would be too prudish to print such a name. The Anyon Ms footnote seems to make a play upon this; it makes what appears to be an unmistakable allusion to poems 2 and 3 of Wordsworth's series: to Stone William or Stone Willie, the mountain, and to Stone Willie, the petrified Wordsworth and the overtaken dildo which exasperated the luckless Joanna.

Poem No. 4, about a place named, unconformably, *Point Rash Judgement*, describes a walking party: Wordsworth, Dorothy, Coleridge, idling along the shore of Grasmere, doing nothing in particular, amusing themselves with trifles, with no thought of toponyms, or Crabtree, in mind. And then, as they were enjoying the feeling that everybody but themselves is hard at it, doing something useful — just as they are savouring this — suddenly they see a man whom they take to be a peasant loafer, angling his rod at the water's edge on the end of a promontory, when all the rest of the neighbourhood are hard at it in the cornfield, reaping. In an outrage of bourgeois righteousness, they condemn his idleness, but their condemnation proves unjust and pointless. When they approach him, they find him far gone in a wasting ailment — we do not learn much about the disease save that it has done something funny to his knees, and has barely left him enough strength for his lonely pastime, never mind the industrious violence of the cornfield. And note how 'tactfully' they approach him:

> Thus talking of that peasant, we approached
> Close to the spot where with his rod and line
> He stood alone; whereat he turned his head
> To greet us ...

Here we notice very clearly that the whole poem is poorly got up. It is full of an appearance of detail and incident — but the essential information is omitted. We are not told two things: (1) what the man said when he heard them talking about him; and (2) who he turned out to be, when at last they saw his face. But Wordsworth chooses NOT to name the man. Who are we to suppose this fisherman was?

To my mind, there can be little doubt: the figure which Wordsworth mocks could very well be an unkind portrait of Crabtree; may we not see, here, a picture of an unexpected meeting with Crabtree beside Grasmere? Might this not be another instance of Crabtree haunting those who have used him ill? Again we think of the person from Porlock and the *Kubla Khan* disaster, the other man at the Linton inn, the reasons for the omission of Porlock and Countisbury, and Hazlitt's innuendo about plagiarism from *Paul and Virginia*.

And we can see why Hazlitt would choose the occasion of a boat-trip on Grasmere to try for a confession from Wordsworth about the true origin of the toponymic poems — he could have been trying to remind Wordsworth of that unexpected fisherman who had shamed him by that lake.

Now, farther than this, at the present state of knowledge, we cannot go. We have done enough to show, I think, that it is very likely that Crabtree had something to do with the inspiration of Wordsworth's *Poems on the Naming of Places*. Let me conclude now with a summary of the connection that is essential to this discourse — it turns on the identity of X, the writer of the footnote.

First: there appears to be a connexion of allusion common to the footnote in the Anyon Ms, Wordsworth's *Poems on the Naming of Places*, and Hazlitt's essay *My First Acquaintance with Poets.*

Second: although complicated, and sometimes inferential, the connexion is such as to show that the person X who wrote the Anyon Ms footnote, which is closely involved with these other works, might have been Crabtree; and this is indicated by the third point, namely the way that X uses the toponym STONE WILLEY — to represent a place-name and a dildo, and to mock the nonce-formation Stone-William omitted from Wordsworth's poem. This shows that X was one of the few people who were closely acquainted with the toponymic project which Coleridge and Wordsworth had planned — and from which Crabtree was excluded. *The Rig-maiden* allusion to *Joanna's Rock* underlines the intimate knowledge which X had of the biographical background to the poems.

The few people who could have been so involved were:
1. Coleridge and
2. Wordsworth (obviously);
3. Crabtree (as appears by inference from what has now been brought to notice);
4. Dorothy Wordsworth (who knew all about all of them); and

5. Hazlitt (as our discourse has now revealed).

The handwriting of X in the Anyon Ms footnote is not that of Wordsworth, Dorothy, Coleridge or Hazlitt. We are left with the equation: X = Crabtree.